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DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE

AN

ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY JOURNAL

JULY, 1907, TO DECEMBER, 1907.

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VOLUME LVIII.

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DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

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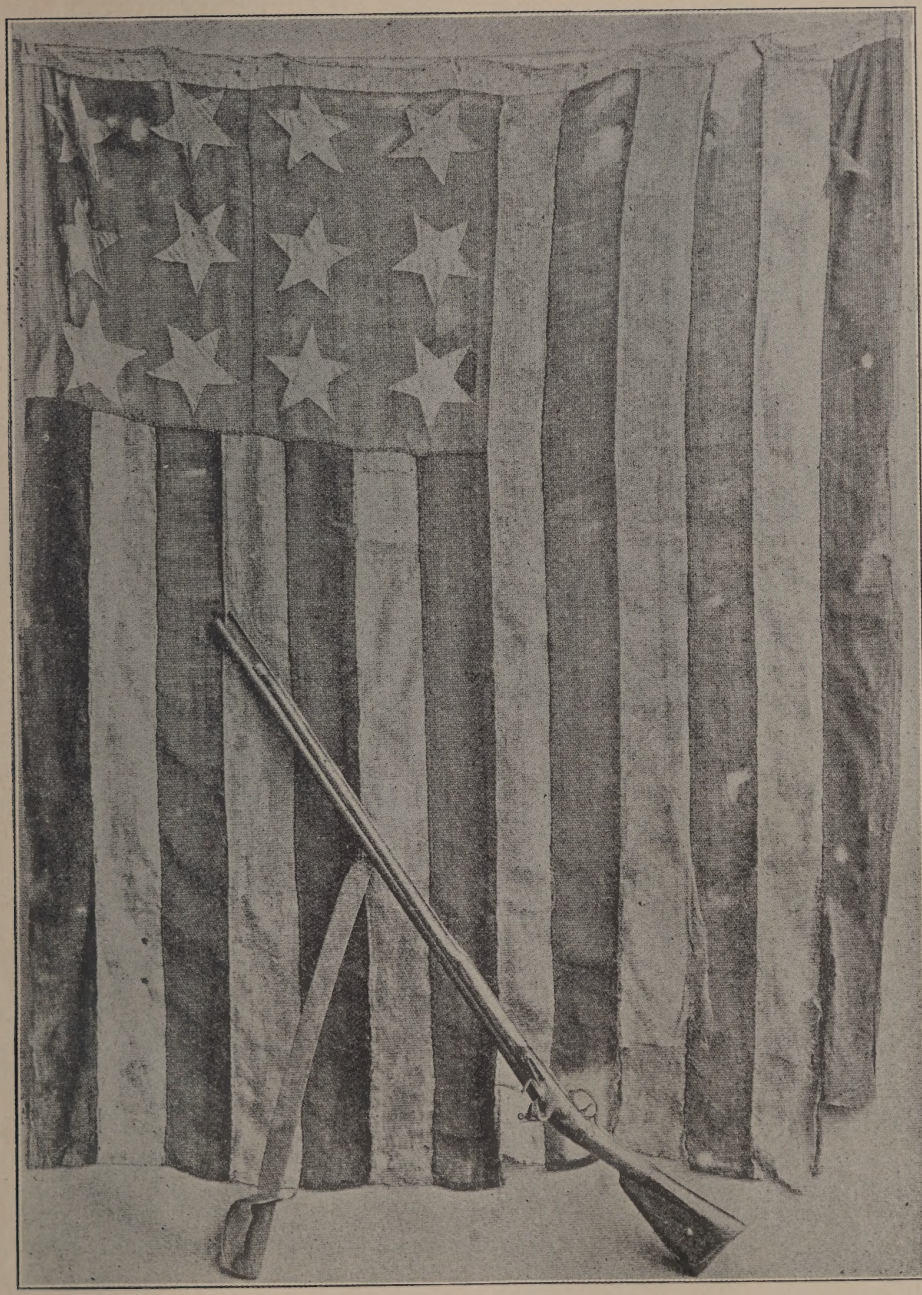
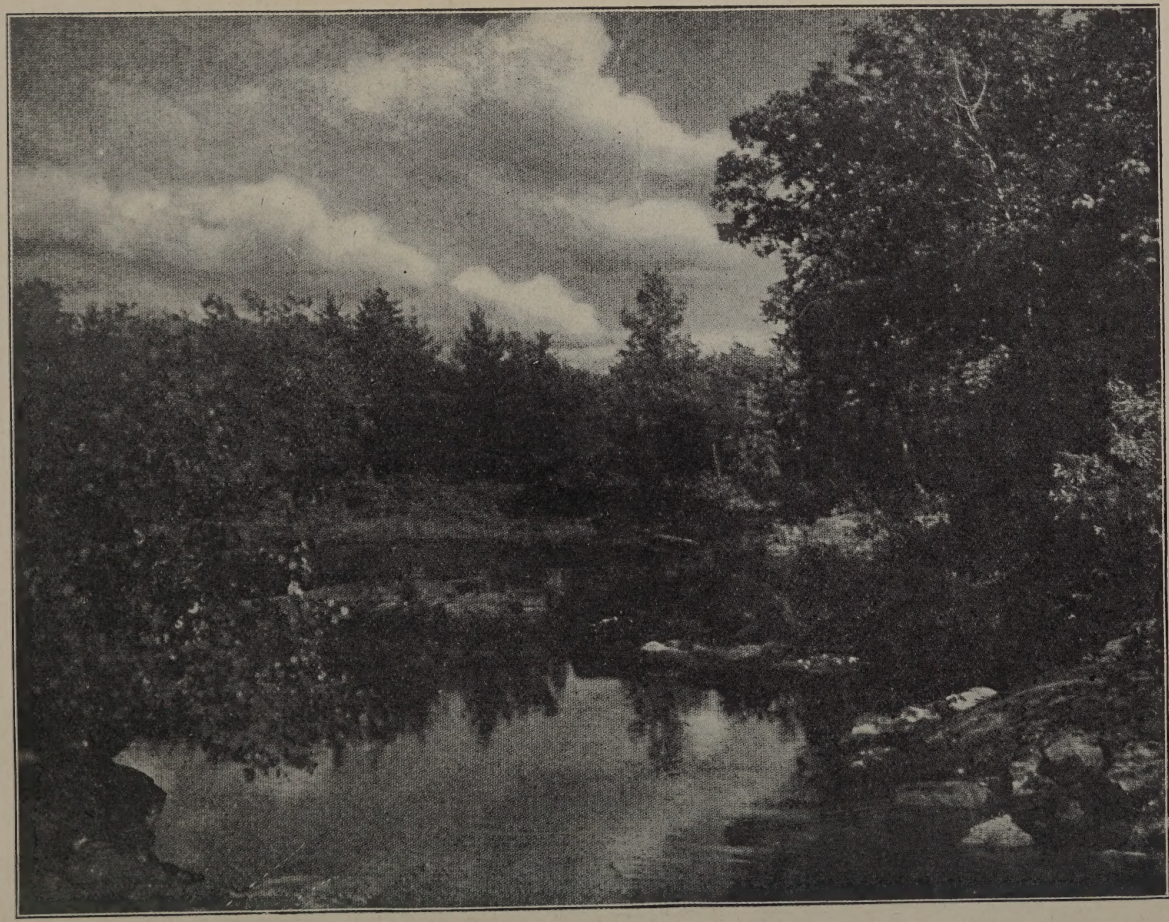


THE ORIGINAL STARS AND STRIPES.

Made in Philadelphia, under the supervision of Washington, and swung to the breeze from the masthead of the "Bon Homme Richard." The boarding sword and the musket from the "Serapis" are also shown.

See page 23.



SUMMER.

Donahoe's Magazine

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VOL. LVIII. JULY, 1907 No. 1

GREAT CATHOLIC LAYMEN.

BY JAMES REDDICK.

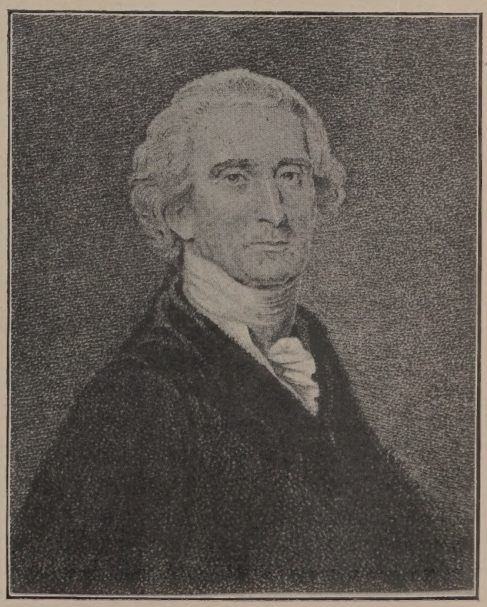
"The great writers, thinkers, and workers of other religions or no religion have been glorified by studies, memoirs, biographies, or reminiscences without number," wrote the Rev. P. A. Sheehan, D.D., when commending "Great Catholic Laymen," a book of Catholic biography.

Continuing, Dr. Sheehan comments on the care given to the production of the writings of non-Catholics,—their habits of life, their studies, books, and personal appearance being discussed in detail; young authors and aspiring workers have been advised to study them, to learn from them how to take the initial steps towards securing success in life.

"I cannot recall the name of one great pagan or Protestant who has been neglected. But what of our Catholic writers and workers?" he asks. "You seek their names in vain in encyclopedia or dictionary of biography. The world has deemed them unworthy of notice, and we have accepted the verdict." Thus, many volumes published under the title of "Great Statesmen," contain no reference to Windthorst or O'Connell; in philosophical classics Aquinas or Suarez are given no mention; Kant, Hegel, Hume, Berkley have place, but Montalembert, Brownson, Newman, and a host of other eminent Catholics are conspicuously absent; Coventry Patmore and Aubrey De Vere are excluded from many a so-called representative collection of poets.

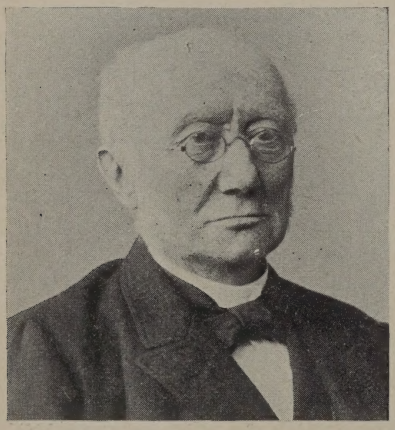
Seeking for the cause of this indifference to the achievements of Catholics, Dr. Sheehan places the blame in part on Catholics themselves, who, through lack of university training or other causes, have not shown sufficient interest in the personalities of their great co-religionists. And from this indifference those not of the Faith have drawn the erroneous inference that outside the domain of theology and philosophy the Church had little to show in the industry or intelligence of her children.

Apparently, Catholic thinkers had contributed but little towards the progressive tendencies of modern times. In art alone they seemed to have held their



CHARLES CARROLL OF CARROLLTON.

position. But in science, in industrial movements, in commercial advancement, in literature, embracing the different departments of history, poetry, the drama, etc., they seemed to have held no place. And as a result, "that word 'reactionary' has been applied to the Church itself; and the world, and many Catholics, who follow the world's direction and obey its behests, have labored themselves into the conviction that religion and progress are inconsistent; that dogma and science are incompatible; that there can be no truce, much less a treaty, between the ever-pro-



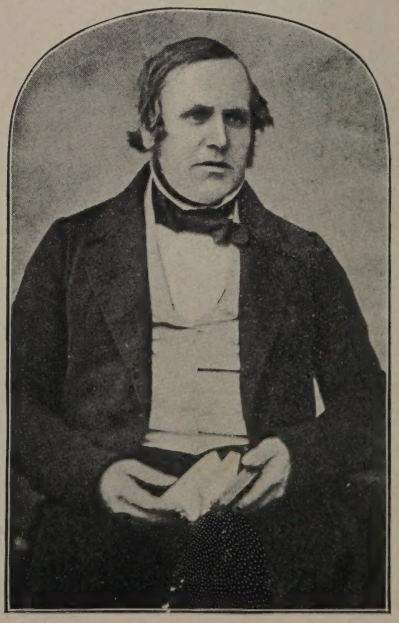
LUDWIG WINDTHORST.

gressive, ever-advancing spirit of the modern world and the granite immobility of Catholicism." Dr. Sheehan considers that it is quite possible that some such idea underlies the persistent refusal of English statesmen to grant a university to Catholic students, and he asserts that the same idea occupies the minds of many Catholics who know but little of the fundamental beliefs of the faith they profess, "and still less of the vast output of energy in every department of political and social science, of arts and letters, that has emanated from the genius and labors of Catholic scientists, politicians, and statesmen, during that period of three hundred years which marks the

CHATEAUBRIAND.

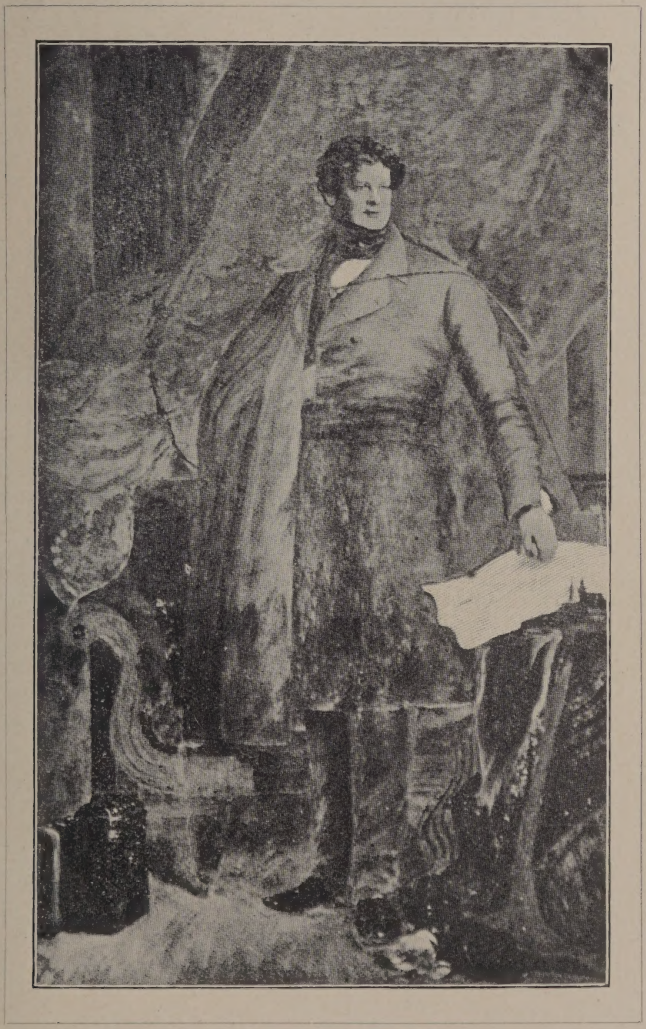
rise and development of all that passes under the name of modern progress and enlightenment."

The claim that hitherto the demand for Catholic biography was not sufficient



FREDERICK LUCAS.

to encourage publishers to bring out such works is supported by proof, and the Catholic public is urged to greater interest in the achievements of Catholics. At this time special interest attaches to Dr. Sheehan's thoughtful words and

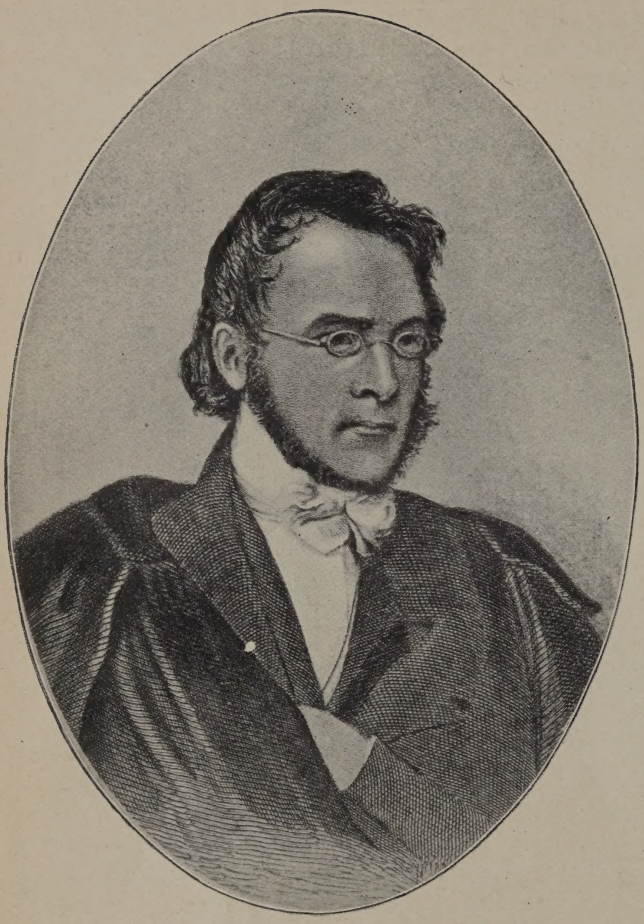


DANIEL O'CONNELL.

they should receive careful attention. The indifference of which he speaks is not confined to any one country. For instance how many Catholic Americans can give an intelligent account of the part that Charles Carroll of Carrollton

played in events that led to the signing of the Declaration of Independence?

Among the signers of the Declaration nine were Irish by birth or descent—all men of character and substance who had much to lose in case the struggle of the colonies for independence should prove unsuccessful. Conspicuous among the Irish-American signers must ever appear the name of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, who affixed his address that his identity might be established beyond a shadow of



ORESTES BROWNSON.

doubt. His parents were Irish, and he was born in September, 1737, at Annapolis on Chesapeake Bay. With his cousin, John Carroll, afterwards the great American Archbishop, he received his early education at the Jesuit College of Bohemia on the eastern shore of Maryland. Going later to Europe, the cousins remained there for some years, pursuing their studies. Charles Carroll represented Maryland in the Congress of '76, and with John Adams, Samuel Chase, Rev. John Carroll and Benjamin Franklin went on a mission to Canada, by authority of that body. Though their efforts met with only limited success, their patriotism was in no way lessened.

What a story of achievement is suggested in these sentences! And what a stirring chapter in American history the biography of Charles Carroll would open to the reader!

A century later another American republic, Ecuador, "The Republic of the Sacred Heart," was saved from internal revolutions by the heroism of its Catholic President, Garcia Moreno. His biography is inspiring reading — valuable as history, and absorbing as a recital of political situations, Masonic intrigues, and splendidly brave resistance offered by Moreno to the machinations of his enemies.

It fell to him to make Ecuador what Leo XIII. called it, "The model of a Christian State."

Gabriel Garcia Moreno was born at Guayaquil, December 24, 1821, and belonged to an old family. He was the last of eight children, and shortly after his birth his father suffered a reverse of fortune. The friendly interest of a monk, Father Betancourt, and his own mental gifts and application to study, enabled the boy to enter on a scholastic career. He took up a course comprising philosophy, mathematics, and natural sciences, and showed such superiority that the government placed a free burse at his disposal. He was deeply religious, and was always keenly interested in everything which might contribute to the glory

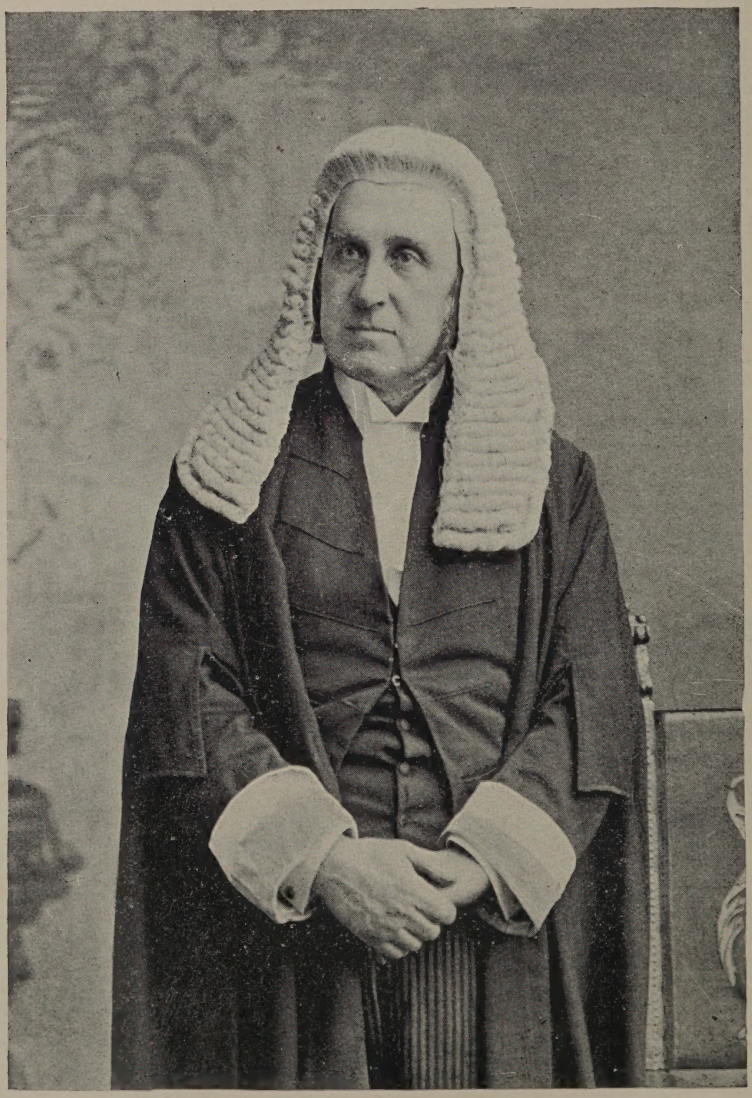
of God. At this time he fancied that he was called to the ecclesiastical state and went so far as to receive minor orders, but an all-absorbing passion for science took the place of his ecclesiastical preoccupation. He lived the life of a student, his only relaxation being the study of modern languages, French and English especially. This excessive application caused a loss of sight and failure of health at the end of his university career, when he was twenty years of age. Having to choose a profession, he determined to study law, and at twenty-three had obtained the rank of doctor and was called to the bar. He did not practice long, as public affairs soon engrossed his attention.

MONTALEMBERT.

A crisis had come in the affairs of the young republic, and Garcia Moreno could not remain a passive looker-on. He quickly gathered around him a group of young men of the best families, and prepared them for active resistance. The Government issued an ukase, insisting on every one taking an oath to the Constitution. Then civil war broke out in reality. Garcia Moreno took a leading part in this political and religious drama, and successfully performed a difficult mission for the Government, refusing all payment for his services. Later, corrupt election

ANDREAS HOFER CALLING THE TYROLESE TO DEFEND THE FLAG.

tactics so roused Moreno that he could not resist the temptation to expose the rascality of the ministers, and this drew on himself the wrath of the Government.



LORD CHARLES RUSSELL.

Subsequent developments convinced Garcia Moreno that the time had come to act, to sacrifice all party spirit and to unite as one man in defence of the country against Spain. He therefore offered his services to President Roca, who was only too glad to accept them.

Through his agency also interior insurrection was suppressed at least for a time. Moreno sailed for Europe in 1849, and traveled through England, France, and Germany, to study the political state of these countries. After six months in Europe he returned to Ecuador. At

Panama he met a body of Jesuits who had just been expelled from Grenada, by an irreligious government, and he offered them a refuge in his native land, where they were enthusiastically received by the people. Urbina at once began to intrigue for their banishment. The Freemasons published a furious pamphlet against the Society, to which Moreno replied in a rival pamphlet that silenced the Freemasons.

During the period of mis-rule, when Urbina, having succeeded installing himself as President, gave way to every abuse of office, Garcia Moreno had the courage to defy him, and through his weekly paper, *La Macion,* he exposed Urbina and his followers—a course of action that led to his arrest, and banishment to Peru. He then determined to cross the ocean, to France, where he arrived in 1854. The study of chemistry and the public questions that agitated France engaged his attention, and he resumed all his old pious habits, thus preparing himself for the great work he was to accomplish in his own country.

At the end of 1865, friends asked President Roblez, who had succeeded Urbina, for a safe conduct pass for one who had been so long exiled from his family and country. Roblez granted it, thinking to gain the hearts of the people of Quito.

Honors were heaped upon Moreno, and in the election of 1875 he was returned as the head of a new independent party. In the first session of the new Congress he intervened in three matters of capital importance—the capitation tax on the Indians, which he abolished; the closing of the Masonic lodges in Guayaquil; and the retraction of the powers previously given to Urbina's government.

As a warrior Moreno proved himself as efficient as in administering affairs of state—and ably directed the army of the republic that he had placed under "Our Lady of Mercy."

But the revolutionary element detested all these reforms, and again the republic was convulsed by strife, Moreno again gaining the victory. Moreno, on the 10th of January, 1864, wearied of public office, announced his intention of retiring to private life, but Congress unanimously refused to accept his resignation, and Ecuador would not hear of a change of President. So his enemies resolved to assassinate him. The plot was discovered, and the conspirators were pardoned by Moreno.

Again, in 1860, danger arose between Spain and the South American republics. Moreno was implored to take command of the army of the Ecuador. The new President decided to send him as Minister to Chili, because the Radicals were opposed to him. Once more they determined to take Moreno's life. He had a narrow escape from the assassin's bullet in Lima.

Moreno was considered a man necessary to the safety of the republic, and repeatedly office was forced upon him, and he was obliged to accept. In 1868 he again took the oath as President and once more entered on the performance of his duties with energy and zeal. He was determined to give his people a Christian constitution, and the Constitution was ratified unanimously by the votes of the nation. Another attempt was made on his life, but it failed. A complete calm fell on the country. He reduced the strength of the army and established a school for cadets. He provided a chaplain for every regiment, who gave the men religious instruction besides saying Mass. He made the criminal code more stringent.

His efforts for education were no less energetic. In 1871 he introduced the compulsory education bill. Secondary

education was equally considered, and he built at Quito a magnificent college for the Jesuit Fathers, from which professors were sent to open schools throughout the different provinces. He reopened the university at Quito, and thoroughly equipped it for the purpose of scientific instruction. Schools for the study of medicine and the fine arts were established within its walls, under the direction of specialists—chiefly German Jesuits,—and he established near Quito an observatory. In six years Moreno had accomplished for civilization what the Freemasons and revolutionists could not do in fifty years. He also reformed the prison system, and his charity was unwearying. People imagined he must be saving money, but after his death it was found that the whole of his official income had been devoted to works of charity. Even the wife of Urbina, his mortal enemy, had received a monthly pension from Garcia Moreno. He completely transformed the town of Quito by improvements, and through good government and honest administration was enabled to double the revenue of the state.

In carriage he was noble and dignified; his white hair, broad forehead, and large eyes gave him a look of distinction, and every feature denoted an inexorable will. He never coveted power for his own sake, and when the revolutionary papers were filled with calumnies against him, he would say calmly that he was "too happy to be treated like Jesus Christ and His Church." The routine of his daily life affords an admirable example in the conscientious employment of every moment. The tenderness of his great nature was shown in its fulness when he was with his family. Among the regulations by which he governed his conduct was the following: "I will never pass more than an hour in any amusement, and, in general, never before eight o'clock in the evening." When confronted by objections, difficulties, and impossibilities, his favorite words were, "God never dies. God is, and that is enough. What is impossible to God?" In 1873 he consecrated Ecuador by an official decree to the Sacred Heart.

After his final re-election the premonition of his death is shown in his letters. Writing to the Holy Father, he said: "I implore benediction, most Holy Father, having without any merit on my part, been again elected President of this Catholic Republic. The new presidential era only begins on the 30th of August, when I shall have to take the oath to the Constitution, and when it will be my duty to give official notice to your Holiness. But I wish to let you know it to-day so as to obtain from heaven the light and strength that I need now, more than at any other time, to remain the devoted son of our Holy Redeemer." With prophetic vision he continues: "What still great happiness would it be if your benediction could obtain from heaven the grace to shed my blood for Him Who, being God, has deigned to shed every drop of His at the pillar and upon the cross." More wonderful still were his words to his old college friend. "I am about to be assassinated," he wrote on the 4th of August, "but I am happy to die for my faith. We shall meet one another in heaven." Two days later he heard Mass as usual and received Holy Communion, it being the first Friday of the month.

The conspirators waited outside, but were deterred from their purpose by the number of people present, and the President came back safely to his home. Towards one o'clock he again left his house and stopped on his way at the house of a relative. On going out he buttoned up his coat—an insignificant act that had fatal consequences. The

conspirators were in a café on the square, and, emerging, followed the President, who entered the cathedral to adore the Blessed Sacrament exposed on the altar. He became so absorbed in prayer that one of the assassins, impatient of delay, sent a messenger to say to the President that he was wanted for some pressing business. Moreno rose at once, and had made three or four steps from the cathedral when Rayo, drawing a huge cutlass from under his coat, inflicted a terrible wound on the President's shoulder. "Vile assassins," cried the President, as he tried in vain to draw his revolver from his buttoned-up coat. Rayo inflicted a fresh wound on his head, and the other conspirators fired at him with revolvers. A young man passing by tried to disarm Rayo, but was wounded himself and had to let go. Pierced with balls and covered with blood, the President still tried to defend himself and disengage his revolver, but Rayo, with a double blow of the cutlass, severed Moreno's left arm and his right hand. The second discharge threw him to the bottom of the steps, where he remained motionless. "Die, destroyer of liberty," exclaimed the ferocious Rayo, assailing the prostrate man. "God never dies," murmured the President.

All this was the work of a moment. People came rushing to the scene, the conspirators fled and the dying man was carried into the cathedral and laid at the feet of Our Lady of the Seven Dolors. The surgeon's efforts to stop the flow of blood were useless, and all knew that the end was approaching. When asked by the priest to forgive his murderers, Moreno's eyes made answer that he had done so. Extreme Unction was administered, and a quarter of an hour later his soul passed to his Creator. An examination of the body revealed seven or eight mortal wounds. On his breast was a relic of the True Cross, a scapular of the Passion and that of the Sacred Heart, and his rosary was round his neck. In his pocket was a little memorandum in pencil, written that very day. "My Saviour, Jesus Christ, give me greater love for Thee and profound humility, and teach me what I should do this day for Thy greater glory and service."

His statue stands in the square at Quito, inscribed: "To Garcia Moreno, the noblest of the sons of Ecuador, dying for religion and his country, a grateful Republic."

His blood-stained message to Congress is treasured in the archives of the Vatican, and the example of his life will be for his people a beacon star amongst the quicksands and rocks of irreligion and political crime.

Turning from the career of the statesman and military leader to that of the philosopher and journalist, the life of Orestes Brownson is replete with suggestion as a remarkable instance of broad-minded, courageous effort. In his boyhood this great man had no schooling, but he learned early to read, and no doubt the part that he afterwards played was influenced in great measure by the reading he had done in his youth. "Good reading became my greatest delight," he said, "and my greatest want was books. I had a book in my hand whenever I had a leisure moment." The boy who learned thus early to spend his leisure so profitably was destined to contribute much to the literature of his time and to become an important factor in the development of New England. His generous nature that recognized the unfair prejudice of Protestants against the Catholic Church led him to the study of Bishop Hughes' views on the importance of a Christian basis for the science of political eco-

nomy, and unconsciously his growing sympathy for the Church was greatly increased.

When Brownson became a Catholic his change of faith compelled him to discontinue his paper, and thus the question of support was thrust upon him. He thought of the bar as a profession, but was dissuaded from taking up law, and the need of an earnest and bold champion for Catholicity in the press suggested the continuing of Brownson's *Review* as a Catholic periodical, and for several years he devoted himself chiefly to controversy. Unlike Cardinal Wiseman, Brownson was not equipped for the discussion of controverted questions as he was himself a learner, and he was also less fortunate in the character of his opponents. He had to address an indifferent or fanatical community.

Brownson's great industry enabled him to do a vast amount of work in addition to his lectures and the getting out of his review, and on one occasion he wrote the whole April number himself. He traveled much and met many notable men whose letters to him form an interesting part of the story of his life, as edited by his son. The recital of his struggles, defeats, and successes forms a valuable contribution to the literature of the period, and a careful perusal of his biography would be a profitable occupation for the leisure hours of Catholics of the present day, young or old.

Ireland's struggles for independence have brought to the front many great men, and a central figure in the past political life of Ireland is that of Daniel O'Connell, emancipator of his Catholic fellow-subjects as is recorded upon a scroll placed over his marble tomb. The public life of this eminent man has furnished material for many books and sketches, that might well be read again at the present time, when Ireland's recent action in regard to the Birrell Bill has placed in sharp contrast the present status of the people with that held by them in O'Connell's day.

It is pleasant reading, too, with its mixture of fun and flashes of wit, even in serious situations.

The late Bishop Stang, in a paper on Germany and the Catholic Party, in DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE (January, 1894), writes of "the Machabee of modern times, Ludwig Windthorst, the party leader without equal, the statesman without superior, the first jurist of the empire, the most devoted son of his Church."

For nearly twenty years visitors to the Reichstag were reminded of the olden story of David and Goliath, when contrasting Windthorst with Bismarck. The latter, a living picture of brutal force and cruel pride, a giant in size and physical proportions, constantly clad in the warlike uniform of a Prussian officer, full of arrogance and impudence, of duplicity and dishonesty, insulting in speech and despotic in measures, brooking no opposition and implacable to his adversaries, defying the power of Holy Church, and persecuting her adherents, he is justly called the man of "blood and iron." He himself provoked this epithet when he said: "It is not by speeches and decisions of the majority that the great questions of the time are settled, but by blood and iron." His tyranny and selfishness earned him the title of Attila, the scourge of God.

The former, a very insignificant-looking individual of low stature and ungainly mien and emaciated form, was the very opposite of Bismarck in appearance. And yet this little man would often bravely advance to the thundering Goliath, and say: "Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield; thou holdest in thine iron hand

all the power of government, and the terror of a standing army; thou disposest of all the wicked means that hell keeps ready for the destruction of the Church. But I am stronger. I do not rely on dishonest means, on physical force, on fluctuating politics. I do not trust in kings and princes of earth. I stand under the obedience of an Immortal King. 'I come to thee in the name of the Lord of Hosts whom thou hast defied. I will slay thee and take away the power from thee, that all may know that there is a God in Israel.'" The event proved the truth of this prediction.

Already in 1879 Windthorst caused the Iron Chancellor to fear and to retreat. In 1887 Bismarck formally disavowed the Kulturkampf, and publicly confessed his blunder and openly went to Canossa. In 1890 he was ignominiously forced into retirement by William I.'s grandson. During the twenty-eight years of his gloomy reign, in which he ruled Prussia and Europe, Bismarck cast down thrones, dismembered empires and kingdoms, crushed majorities of parliament, annihilated political parties, and consigned ministers and ambassadors, officers of state and generals of war, to oblivion and contempt. The indomitable Centrist party led by Windthorst alone withstood his diabolical fury and dashed his disastrous power.

The memory of Bismarck's greatest political enemy will live forever as that of a model Catholic leader. Yes, Windthorst was a most devout and unflinching Catholic, bearing through a long and precious life a character stainless and pure.

Even worldly honors were showered upon him in the evening of his life, and on the streets of Berlin he was the most popular figure. His appearance would cause more excitement and enthusiasm than that of the emperor or his chancellor. But he who well knew the fickleness of popularity and the perils of human applause remained as humble as a child.

Windthorst died a poor man. He could have been great and rich in a worldly sense, but, like Moses, he preferred to suffer with the people of God, rather than to bask in the sunshine of royal favors and subsidies.

When Windthorst celebrated his golden wedding, the Catholics of Germany gave expression to their deep-felt gratitude towards the "matchless pearl of Meppen," and presented him with a purse of 100,000 marks. He refused the gift, but suggested that it be devoted to the building of St. Mary's Church at Hanover. In that very church, in front of the exquisite high altar, the precious gift of Pope Leo XIII., the bones of the great German champion of our Holy Faith are resting in peace.

A name lustrous in the annals of Christian philanthropy is that of Frederic Ozanam, to whom Cardinal Manning paid the following beautiful tribute:

"Frederic Ozanam, a pure and noble soul, on fire with charity to all men, especially to the poor; consumed by zeal in the service of truth; pious, with a filial tenderness; exemplary in every path of life; more eloquent in the supernatual beauty of his thoughts than in the loving words which fell from his lips; more illuminated with the ardor of Christian faith than with the manifold lights of literary cultivation; such a man bore in him a Catholic heart full of all instinctive loyalty, as ready to give his life for a jot or tittle of the faith, or for a definition of the Divine authority of the Church, as he was to counsel the Archbishop of Paris to tread in the steps of the Good Shepherd, and to lay down his life for his sheep. May God raise up on every side laymen like Frederic Ozanam."

This is in itself a summary of his character, and should be an incentive to seek a full record of his life and works. He was born at Milan, April 23, 1813, and came of Jewish ancestry, but his parents were Catholics, as we may infer from what he himself wrote: "God gave me

the grace to be born in the bosom of the faith. As an infant he placed me upon the knees of a Christian father and a saintly mother; he gave me for my first teacher a sister as pious as the angels whom she has gone to join."

His education was begun under the tutelage of his father and elder brother, after which he entered the Royal College of Lyons, graduating full of honors in 1829. Two years later Frederic, then eighteen, entered the Paris School of Law, and despite the darkness of atheism that reigned around him the young man found that his lines had fallen in pleasant places, as he sought the company of kindred spirits, whose minds held firmly the truths of Christianity. The example of M. Ampere, the celebrated mathematician, was also a powerful incentive to right living; and another friendship that meant much for the moral well-being of the youth was that which he contracted with Chateaubriand. In his turn, Ozanam exercised a wholesome influence over the small Catholic party in the Sorbonne, where his brilliant law course came to a close in 1836, when he took his degree of Doctor of Law, an honor followed by a still more acceptable title—that of Doctor of Letters—which came to him in 1838.

In the competition for the Chair of Foreign Literature at the Sorbonne, Ozanam's efforts were crowned with success, and this fixed his vocation. The venerable M. Fauriel applied for Ozanam as his substitute, and to qualify himself in German literature, Ozanam went to Germany. On his return he entered upon his work at the Sorbonne, with all the zeal of an apostle, and his labors were fruitful in planting the seeds of religion in the minds of his young hearers. For four years he acted as substitute, and on the death of M. Fauriel was elected to the position of regular professor,—the youngest ever accepted by the Sorbonne. Thenceforward his work went on, ever increasing in strength and devotion to the cause of learning and of truth, but unfortunately his health, never robust, visibly declined, and presently physical weakness interrupted his lectures at the Sorbonne. His career as a professor ended in 1852, when he made his farewell to the public.

His lasting fame, however, rests upon his work as the founder of the St. Vincent de Paul Conferences, "the dear society," which, he said, "is also my family." As a man of letters the great literary masterpieces of his life were his lectures in the Sorbonne and the literary treasures collected in his travels in France and Italy. Almost every great movement of the day interested him, and in the field of journalism he found, perhaps, the means of reaching the largest numbers. He lent his genius freely to the columns of the journals that stood for real progress; nor was he wanting in courage when the revolution of 1848 agitated France. As a national guard, Ozanam performed his part, and he was one of the three who set out with Archbishop Affre to begin those negotiations which cost the venerable prelate his life.

The remaining years of Ozanam's life were filled with suffering, and in 1853 he received the last sacraments at Marseilles, passing away on the Nativity of Our Lady. "A noble and a great Christian," said Pius IX., thus giving the whole character of the man.

The patriotism of William Tell has justly been remembered, and their readers and histories have familiarized children with the story of his exploits, but how many of them know anything of Andreas Hofer, the Catholic hero of the Tyrol?

The inhabitants of the valley of Passeyer are sturdy peasants, full of faith, honesty, and brave to a fault. Half an

hour's walk from the little town of St. Leonard there stands a small inn, known as "The Inn on the Sand," and here lived he who was called the "Sandwirth" by the Tyrolese; "General Barbone," by the Italians; and who said himself, when he became Governor of Tyrol and they wished to call him Excellency, "I am Andreas Hofer, the peasant."

At the date of the Tyrolese Insurrection, Hofer was in the prime of life. He was strongly built; a thick-set figure, with broad shoulders, a brown, smiling, kindly face, big brown eyes, black curly hair, and a great beard falling on his chest, which he had vowed never to cut while a Bavarian remained in Tyrol.

From 1796 to 1805 he distinguished himself as a mountaineer and a hunter, and later on was elected captain of the Passeyer rifle club. In 1797 a part of the French army of Italy, commanded by General Joubert, marched on the Tyrol, and the inhabitants of Passeyer took up arms, Hofer fighting in the ranks as a common soldier. The Tyrolese barred Joubert's way and forced him to retire. Three years later the French entered the Tyrol from Switzerland, and their victories were followed by excesses peculiarly odious to the Tyrolese people. At Schluders the soldiers massacred the priest, broke open the tabernacle, and desecrated the Sacred Host.

When Napoleon decided to conquer the Tyrol, Ney was deputed to carry out the invasion, and entered Tyrol by the gorge of Scharnitz, having first crossed the Alps in the face of an obstinate resistance. Difficult as this route was, it offered him the advantage of striking straight at the heart of the country—Innsbruck. He swept the surprised Austrians before him in disorder. The victory of Austerlitz a few weeks afterwards made Napoleon master of Austria, and he demanded as the price of peace the cession of Tyrol to his ally, Bavaria, and the Tyrol became Bavarian territory.

Bavaria, though a Catholic country, was governed by a violent anti-Catholic ministry. They suppressed all monasteries and religious orders, they coerced the regular clergy, and through the police committed sacrileges and robberies of church property. This persecution inflicted on their priests and their religion was no doubt the cause of the Insurrection in 1809.

Hofer proved himself the William Tell of the Tyrolese. A conspiracy of a far-reaching character had been growing, the peasants met at the various shooting competitions held on Sundays and feast-days, and the leaders of the various parishes formed their plans and received ambassadors from Hofer and his friends. Hofer counted on help from Austria, for he had at Vienna a powerful and faithful friend, the Archduke John, brother of the Emperor, and Governor of the Tyrol, before it was ceded to Bavaria. On the 16th of January, 1809, Hofer and two companions set out for Vienna to complete the arrangements for the insurrection, and in the month of April the Austrian Emperor declared war on Napoleon, in fulfilment of his promise to Hofer.

Hofer called his people together with these words: "To-morrow we shall march for God, Emperor, and Fatherland." After four days' fighting the Tyroleans had captured two generals, seventeen staff officers, five hundred minor officers, five thousand nine hundred and ten men. But the struggle had only commenced. Napoleon's fury when he heard how his troops had been served by undisciplined mountaineers knew no bounds. On May 1st, a strong force of Bavarians and French, under General Wede, occupied Salzburg. The French and Bavarians marched upon Innsbruck, ravaging and burning as they went. Two

days later Napoleon was defeated by the Archduke Charles at the battle of Aspern Essling. On the evening of May 24th the little Tyrolean army camped three hours' march from Innsbruck. At Hofer's request one of the monks addressed some brave words to the peasants and gave them absolution. Hofer, as they were still kneeling, with raised hand, promised to God if He should give them victory, to celebrate as a national holiday the feast-day of the Sacred Heart, to whom he consecrated again the land of the Tyrol. The Tyrolese were victorious, and Hofer entered the town of Innsbruck at the head of his men; the inhabitants remained in their houses listening to the triumphant songs of the fierce mountaineers. Great was their astonishment when the tumult ceased, and profound silence reigned, the bells of the churches were ringing out the Angelus, and the victors prayed kneeling in the streets, their rifles in their hands.

A month of tranquillity passed; then Napoleon again crossed the Danube, to win at Wagram. Again Hofer was placed at the head, and again, after fierce fighting, the Tyrolese were victorious. By the unanimous consent of the nation, the Sandwirth took over the civil and military government of the country. With difficulty he was persuaded to take up his residence in the Palace at Innsbruck. He took the smallest and most unpretentious room, and placed in the dining hall a large crucifix and a statue of the Blessed Virgin. At all functions he wore his peasant's dress, and for decorations he wore a copper crucifix and medal of St. George. Morning and evening he visited the parish church to pray, and after supper in the presence of his retainers he recited the Rosary.

On the 4th of October a great thanksgiving service was held in the Hofkirche. The Bishop of Wilten received Hofer and his councillors at the church and conducted them to a place of honor before the high altar. The Te Deum was sung, and the Bishop placed a chain of gold, sent by Emperor Francis, on the neck of their leader.

But peace was short-lived.

Hofer's last days were tragic, but beautiful. He made his way over the snow, after placing his wife and family in safety, accompanied only by the secretary, to the top of the Brantach, where he took up his abode in a little Alp hut. Provisions were brought every night by a brave peasant. General Huart set out with 1,500 men to hunt him, and his family had to flee, his wife and son taking refuge with him. The other children were hidden in a house at St. Martin.

A worthless wanderer betrayed Hofer's hiding place, and the next morning at four o'clock it was surrounded by soldiers. Hofer stepped outside. "Art thou Andreas Hofer?" demanded an officer. "I am," answered Hofer. "You have come to take me prisoner? Well, do with me what you will, but spare, I pray you, my wife and child and this young man."

Hofer and his wife were bound; and the secretary and the boy were obliged to walk over ice and snow with bare feet to St. Martin. The following day Hofer arrived at Bozen, where General d'Hilliers treated him with great kindness, and released his wife and son. Under a strong escort Hofer was sent to Mantua in Italy, and on the 19th of February he was placed on trial. There was not a majority in favor of his death sentence, and they sent to Milan for instructions. The order came for Hofer to be shot in twenty-four hours. The few hours that remained to him he spent in writing to his wife and old friend. He heard Mass and received Holy Communion. The corporal would have bound his eyes, but Hofer refused, saying he

did not fear to look death in the face, whereupon the corporal came forward and shot him through the head.

So perished Andreas Hofer, the hero and martyr of Tyrol.

So replete with interest is the study of the lives of these great men, that it is difficult to turn from them without at least mentioning a few more that occur, as exemplars for Catholic men,—Pasteur, Montalembert, Lord Charles Russell—the list is endless, and no Catholic could be better employed than in filling it out for himself and selecting from it the companions of his intervals of leisure, be they few or many.

As the first Catholic layman mentioned in this article was Charles Carroll, we may fittingly bring it to a close with the following tribute paid to him by the late Hon. George F. Hoar in the Senate Chamber at Washington on the occasion of the presentation of the statue of Charles Carroll.

"There has been no time since the Revolution ended when the name of Charles Carroll of Carrollton was not a familiar household word in every home through the length and breadth of the country.

"Yet if you had asked, not merely common men, but well-informed men, students of history or graduates of the college or university, men themselves taking an important part in public affairs, they could tell you only that Charles Carroll was a Catholic; that he lived to survive all his companions who signed the Declaration, and that when he signed his name he took care that there should be no doubt of his identity, if the Revolutionary war were a failure and it were in the power of the Royal Government to inflict the death penalty for treason.

"Charles Carroll died at 95, in the year 1832. He survived Jefferson and John Adams over six years. Jefferson and John Adams and Carroll had been the only survivors of the signers of the Declaration for eleven years before. It seemed that as each of that immortal company died the affection his countrymen had felt for him was transferred to the survivors.

"I suppose, in spite of the bitter political antagonism of that day, in which Jefferson and Adams not only shared, but in which they were the great leaders of the opposite sides, that there were never figures in the history of any people dearer to the popular heart than Thomas Jefferson, as he comes down in history with the Declaration of Independence in one hand and the title deed of Louisiana in the other, and brave and honest old John Adams, who had argued with a power given to no other man, the side of the country in the great debate of liberty. When Adams and Jefferson died it seemed that the whole of this sentiment gathered and centered upon Carroll.

"I can remember when he died, though then but a child of six years. The schoolboy used to be asked the question in the school to name the only man living of that illustrious band. And I well remember when the solemn tidings went through the country that Charles Carroll was gone.

"Before he died men used to make pilgrimages to his dwelling as to a shrine. My honored and accomplished friend Mr. Winthrop has left on record a graphic account of such a visit.

"I cannot but remember that it was my privilege to see and know that venerable person in my early manhood. Entering his drawing-room nearly five and forty years ago, I found him reposing on a sofa and covered with a shawl, and was not even aware of his presence, so shrunk and shriveled by the lapse of years was his originally feeble frame. *Quot libras in duce summo!* But the little heap on the sofa was soon seen stirring, and, rousing himself from

his midday nap, he rose and greeted me with a courtesy and grace which I shall never forget.

"In the ninety-fifth year of his age, as he was, within a few months of his death, it is not surprising that there should be little for me to recall of that interview save his eager inquiries about James Madison, whom I had just visited at Montpelier, and his affectionate allusions to John Adams, who had gone before him; and save, too, the exceeding satisfaction for myself of having seen and pressed the hand of the last surviving signer of the Declaration.

"Webster described him as 'an aged oak standing alone on the plain, which time has spared a little longer after all its contemporaries have been levelled with the dust.' He says that his countrymen delight to gather around its trunk while it yet stands, and dwell beneath its shadow.

"I will not undertake to do what my honorable friend from Maryland has done so much better—draw the lesson of patriotism which is taught us by the life of Charles Carroll. I have no fear that the great Declaration will ever lose its primacy among the political State papers which have been produced since the beginning of time. To find its superior or its equal we must search the inspired pages of our venerable Scriptures. There have been times, and there will be again, when the great truths on which our fathers planted the Republic, as upon a corner stone, will be denied or scorned or scoffed at by men or parties who, in some fancied stress or political necessity, will endeavor to escape their obligations.

"That is true, unhappily, of the Ten Commandments and of the Sermon on the Mount. It is true of every moral and legal obligation, whether of divine or human sanction. The generation and the party and the individual who have disobeyed these high commands perish and are forgotten, while the eternal law of rectitude abides forever. The commanding authority of our great Declaration and the pure fame of the men who framed it and who signed it and who pledged to it their life, fortune, and sacred honor will remain so long as the Republic shall endure. Among them there is no purer and there are few more conspicuous reputations than that of Charles Carroll.

"But I should like to speak for a moment of one lesson which has been often forgotten, which the life of Charles Carroll teaches, alone among his illustrious companions.

"Charles Carroll was a devoted Catholic. He belonged to that Church which preserved for mankind religion, learning, literature, and law through the gloomy centuries known as the Dark Ages. Yet it is the only denomination of Christians against which anything of theological bitterness or bigotry seems to have survived amid the liberality of our enlightened day.

"Every few years we hear of secret societies, and even political parties, organized with the sole view of excluding the members of a single Christian church from their equal privileges as American citizens. Yet certainly the men of the Catholic faith have never been behind their countrymen, either as patriot citizens or as patriot soldiers. This spirit of bigotry would have denied the ordinary rights of Americans not only to Charles Carroll and his illustrious cousin, the Archbishop, to Daniel Carroll and Thomas Fitzimmons, who were among the framers of the Constitution, but to Montgomery and Phil Sheridan.

"The Pilgrim and the Puritan of Massachusetts encountered exile and the horrors of the winter voyage and the wilderness and the wild beast and the savage for civil and religious freedom. But even they saw 'as through a glass darkly.' They fell short of that conception of freedom which prevails now.

Their treatment of the Quakers and the Baptists will not bear the light to-day. Roger Williams, in his turn, made another forward step and founded his State on the principle of complete tolerance of all Christians. But he, in his turn excluded all men whom he did not deem to be Christians from a share in the government of his Commonwealth.

"The Catholic in Maryland was inspired by a like desire to establish principles of perfect religious tolerance. Even in Maryland, if Mr. Bancroft be right, as late as 1770, it was an offense punishable with death to deny the divinity of Christ. This was after the Catholic had been driven from power. Three of the five members of the committee who reported the Declaration of Independence—Mr. Jefferson, Dr. Franklin and John Adams—were avowed Unitarians. So, if the law of Maryland had been strictly enforced, these men would have suffered death there if they had declared their faith.

"The American Catholic did his full and noble share in winning the liberty and in framing the Constitution of the country which he loves as we do, and which we love as he does.

"Let the statue of Charles Carroll, the great Statesman of the Revolutionary day, the survivor of the most illustrious company of men that ever assembled on the face of the earth since the Apostles, stand in yonder stately chamber, with the statue of Pere Marquette, the discoverer, and with those of their peers of every State and of every faith, until time shall be no more!"

A PRAYER TO OUR LADY OF PERPETUAL HELP.

BY J. ASTLEY O'GALLAGHER.

O Gentle Mother, meek and mild,
Look down in pity on thy child,
Vouchsafe to him thy blessing dear
And help him on the pathway drear;
The pathway which leads on to Light
That now is so oppressed by night.
Dark shadows flit across the way
Enticing me to turn and stray,
But if thy star shine clear and true
I know 'twill guide me safe to you.

"GRAZIELLA."

BY JOHN KEVIN MAGNER.

Her name was not really Graziella but Mary, or rather Maria, with the sweet Italian intonation, as in the Latin of the litany. Somehow my mother took to calling the child Graziella when she heard of our adventure, and in time the pretty pet-name stuck, and ended by recalling the lithe, graceful little form much better than the one her sponsors gave her. It may stand, therefore, in these brief notes of remembrance.

Nevertheless, you must not think from what you may have read in Monsieur de Lamartine that there is even the slightest resemblance between the lot of *my* Graziella and that of the luckless fishermaid whom the poet loved at Naples. For, no matter how many years ago, I was not a philandering Frenchman, but a small exile of Erin at one remove who had opened eyes on a Saxon world in the valley of the Thames for barely eleven summers. Graziella was younger, and hailed from the Roman Campagna, whence hunger had driven her parents, as it had driven mine from the good county of Cork, to dwell by the waters of Babylon.

County Cork in a breath with the Campagna, that battle-ground of the Cæsars and the Church? Does it strip our tale of all romance? If so, there is worse to follow.

For Graziella, with all her beauty, was not nearly so picturesque a small person as her namesake of Naples, who dwelt in the sea-girt cave with her sunburnt father and brothers. She strummed her small guitar and sang beneath nursery windows for infrequent pence, and lived with parents who vended chestnuts in the Italian colony of Kingston.

Yet she was lovely, the dark-eyed tiny maid—lovely as a seraph from Fra Angelico's pencil. "I was a child, and she was a child," and we met but once, and for barely one brief, happy hour. And then our young lives drifted apart, before ever we knew what sin and sorrow meant. Let me try to call the picture out of the past.

I had been sent into Kingston of a summer's evening on some errand for my father. I forget what the message was; indeed, I forgot then, to my father's bewilderment. Yet I had more cause for oblivion than even the lapse of all these years.

At a lonesome corner in one of the loneliest of roads, I was made aware by sounds of drunken laughter of the proximity of the British excursionist. He is quite the nastiest person in the world, with the possible exception of the Japanese cornerboy in industrial Tokio. Of course I hardly knew this fully then. But, living by the main road of an orchard district, I knew something of the "tripper" and his ways.

As I rounded the corner, where the road bent between the hedge-rows and beneath the over-arching elms, I came full upon a sight to make one's blood boil. How I wished that I was big, and strong—and pugilistic. As it was, I stood and gasped in helpless rage.

Half a dozen gawky youths had pulled up their dog-cart and dismounted, and were tormenting a trembling little Italian maid. Their brains were fuddled in that dreadful English beer, of which English bards have sung too foolishly. One lout had dropped his whip to snatch her guitar, and was thrumming it with clumsy facetiousness. Another had a lurching arm around the quivering little neck. A third fool bawled a sentimental ditty of the hour in her ear, at the top of

a voice vibrant with ale. The rest stood about in varying stages of liquor, chuckling heavily.

"Per l'amor d'Iddio!"

The words shrilled out as I stood irresolute. It was a dreadful cry—that appeal from one child to another for help against animals far more degraded than the plump little pony grazing by the roadside.

"Presto, presto! O venga qui!"

I ran towards them, not knowing what to do, and was tripped up by the whip lying across the raised pathway and the road.

As I picked myself up, bruised and dusty, I took the thing in my hand, and a thought flashed into my mind. Perhaps it was an inspiration from one of the myriad ministering spirits that guide and guard little children. Whencesoever it came, it acted like a charm. The startled little beast tore off to London, with the shaky dog-cart rattling at his heels. The six other creatures gave chase forthwith, along the now darkening road. The pony was the noblest brute of the lot, and I now regret having lashed his poor flank so smartly. Yet my mood was not one of penitence as I peered through the gloaming, and saw the six figures describing fitful parabolas from hedge to hedge, while from the farther distance came the merry tattoo of unchecked hoof and wheel, growing fainter, but not less steady as the moments sped.

Some distance beyond the bend in the road lay the little guitar, where the runaways had dropped it. It was but little the worse for rough usage—a few scratches and a broken string; that was all. But I took a child's revenge, and smashed up the varnished whip-handle, throwing it, lash and all, over the hedge-row.

Then I turned to give the guitar to its owner.

Does English air give Irish children a self-consciousness they know not at home? Perhaps it does. "Undemonstrativeness" is the fetish of phlegmatic family circles of Babylon and its smug environs. I was certainly taken aback when Graziella flung her arms about me, and kissed me almost fiercely, and called me *"carissimo"*—the first word of the lovely Italian speech I ever learned by heart.

Surprise — awkwardness — shyness—call it what we will, it lasted but a moment. Faith calls to faith, and perhaps blood to blood, when Gael and Latin meet, and my Englishry dropped like a garment. And it was a very lovely, tearful little angel-face that I kissed upon the lips, with a sense as of kissing the picture of a saint.

Soon the tears dried, and presently there came a ripple of childish laughter —sweet, low, most musical. Graziella pointed triumphantly with a dimpled forefinger down the long, gray, winding road. Then, hand in hand, we walked onward through the shadows to where, a mile distant, the lights of Kingston gleamed upon the river.

Years have come and gone, and it is but matter of light jest now when I am reminded of my first love, my little *promessa sposa* in the days that come no more. Yet it was the happiest hour of my boyhood, and my boyhood has proven the happiest time of my life.

. . . . . .

I had written the foregoing, and laid it aside with other things

Where childhood's dreams are twined
In memory's mystic band,
Like pilgrim's wither'd wreath of flowers
Plucked in a far-off land.

I now pick up the sheets again to add what follows.

This morning I found myself on an omnibus with a college friend, now the

priest in charge of a West End London mission.

He is Flemish, and thus disposed to be critical of the Latin countries, and perhaps too lenient to the Irish, by whose missionary monks his native land was evangelized when the centuries were young. For the rest, with the marked linguistic gift of men from the Low Countries, he speaks English well; indeed, if anything, a thought too fluently.

"My dear fellow," he said, "the Celt and the Latin are Catholics, but their temperaments show up *very* differently when they come over here. There is both an Irish and an Italian colony in this parish, so I know. Broadly speaking, the poor Irish family driven to London becomes more devout and less thrifty; the Italians grow thriftier and less religious—just the reverse, you see. We have inter-marriages sometimes, and they work splendidly. The children especially—the little Italian-Irish—are a delight, as they are in Argentine and Queensland. Still, the pure Italian families are every bit as good as the cross-breeds when the husband keeps the faith and practices his religion. That's rare hereabouts, worse luck. The men get so mixed up with low-grade Masonry—like your Orangemen up in Ulster—and we can't grip them, even through their wives. And the wives are always good. There are good Italian husbands, especially in "Little Italy"—Saffron Hill and Hatton Garden way, you know. Here it's different. I can show but one Italian couple that are each of them worthy of the other and both worthy of their race in religious matters. They're street-singers—good ones, too—devout—hardworking—make lots of money—saving—but not niggardly."

Our 'bus was joggling as it left the smooth wood-blocks of the Broadway for the stone paving of a broad, tranquil side-street. My companion's speech grew more and more *staccato.*

"Extremely nice people—young folks, too—married them last Easter—going home to Piedmont to buy a farm next month—woman's an angel—my goodness, there they *are!*"

Our lumbering conveyance halted to set down a passenger, and we sat and listened to the duet from *Figaro*—the unforgettable *"La ci darem la mano"*—as rendered in sonorous baritone and ringing soprano by my friend's two pet parishioners.

Something in the young woman's rich voice struck a chord somewhere in memory as I dropped a coin at her feet. Without stooping, or ceasing to sing, she raised her head to smile her thanks. Our eyes met, and lo! it was Graziella, in the fulness of womanly beauty.

And, as our 'bus rolled away, my friend burst out into swift denunciation of Latin effusiveness. *Why* should she press to her lips the coin an utter stranger had given her? *Why* should she whisper a word to her husband that made him (bearded young buccaneer as he looked, with a fierce moustache but kindly eyes) wave both his hands towards the retreating 'bus? Above all, why need *I* be flustered and take off my hat in that—that preposterous fashion. After all, this was England—and London—and there were people about.

But I was listening to a grateful voice far down the dusty street, rippling out with girlish fun and womanly tenderness combined, into Carmen's glorious song:

"Toreador, t'aspett', t'aspett', amor,
Toreador, toreador!"

THE ORIGINAL STARRY FLAG.

This flag was made in Philadelphia by Misses Mary and Sarah Austin, under the supervision of General Washington and Captain John Brown; the principal idea of the design being taken from Washington's family escutcheon. The flag was presented to Captain John Paul Jones by the ladies who made it. By its new owner it was placed on a small vessel and carried up and down the Delaware River, thus being exhibited to the admiring thousands assembled on the adjacent shores. After this formal parade the flag was run up on the Bon Homme Richard, which went out privateering. In the memorable battle between this famous ship and the Serapis the flag was shot from the masthead and fell into the sea. It was then that Lieutenant Stafford bravely sprang into the water, rescued the flag, and climbing back on board, nailed it again to the masthead. During this dangerous adventure young Stafford was seriously wounded by a sword stroke from a British officer, and never thoroughly recovered from the wound thus received. The flag was transferred from the Bon Homme Richard to the United States frigate Alliance, and subsequently was presented to Lieutenant Stafford, according to the following document:

PHILADELPHIA,
Monday, Dec. 13th, 1784.

JAMES BAYARD STAFFORD:

Sir:—I am directed by the Marine Committee to inform you that on last Thursday, the 9th, they decided to bestow upon you, for your meritorious services through the late war, "Paul Jones's Starry Flag of the Bon Homme Richard"—which was transferred to the Alliance—a boarding sword of said ship, and a musquet captured from the Serapis.

If you write to Captain John Brown, at the yard, what ship you wish them sent by to New York, they will be forwarded to you.

Your humble servant,

JAMES MEYLER,
Secretary pro tem.

(Recorded in office of Secretary of State.)

Accompanying this letter is an affidavit from the Secretary of State that it is a true copy of the record in his office.

Lieutenant Stafford served through the whole war, and was sent with a message to Henry Laurens, who was confined in the Tower of London. This difficult mission he accomplished successfully and with great courage. On his death he bequeathed the flag to his daughter, Sarah Smith Stafford, who in turn willed it to her brother, Samuel Bayard Stafford.

The flag is made of bunting, and is now about two and a half yards long and two yards wide. It was originally much longer; but patriotic relic-hunters, whose covetousness was greater than their veneration, have shorn it of more than half its length. It was for this reason that the flag was finally placed in a glass case, safe from the scissors of the enthusiast.

The picture of the flag given on page 1 is made from a photograph which is supposed to be the only one in existence, and it clearly shows the holes made by British bullets in the famous encounter, when its brave stripes and shining stars first floated on the breeze of freedom. When the banner was presented to Lieutenant Stafford it was stained

with the blood of American patriots, but in a fit of inspiration, and probably recalling the old proverb that cleanliness is next to godliness, the first Lady Stafford washed all spots from the ensign, and even patched the bullet holes! The patches have since been removed, but the crimson consecration of American blood cannot be brought back to honor the ancient relic.

In 1848 a petition was presented to Congress for Miss Sarah Smith Stafford, asking recognition and compensation for her father's services during the Revolution. After many delays, postponements, and renewals, the bill was passed, and she received $8,000, but owing to unfortunate investments she never enjoyed any benefit from the amount thus gained.

The flag was exhibited by special request at several national gatherings. At the Centennial in Philadelphia in 1876, at various G. A. R. encampments, and at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893, the starry banner was displayed amid cheers and booming of cannon.

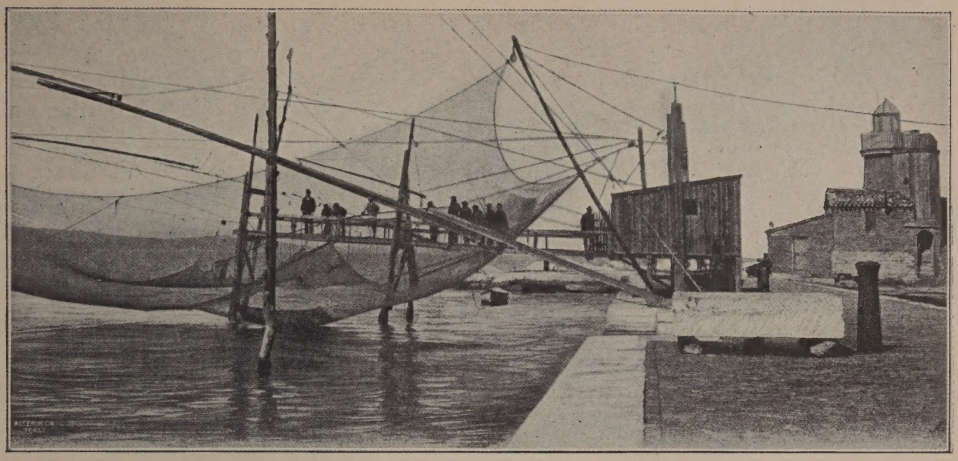
It is an inspiring sight, first emblem of our freedom, this ancient starry banner, the first to be saluted by a foreign naval power as the ensign of an independent country. It is further pleasing to recall that on the occasion of its first appearance the gallant commander who hoisted it won a famous victory, and the brave lieutenant who rescued it lived to own it as a reward for his courage. The patriotic spirit of Jones so gallantly expressed in his own words, "I had the honor to hoist with my own hands the flag of freedom the first time it was displayed on the Delaware; and I have attended it with veneration ever since on the ocean," will stir a responsive chord in the heart of every patriotic American.

PHILOMEL.

(From the Italian.)

BY SAMUEL FRYE WALCOTT.

Lift up your eyes, O mortal race unwell,
To the wise, heav'nly soul of Philomel;
Who in so pure humanity is drest,
Her look is like angelic spirits blest.
See how her wings tow'rd God, and to the stars,
Her plumy wings, she spreads, daring and swift!
Hearts from this vale of tears she doth uplift,
Pointing the way up to the sunset bars.
Ah, list her singing, which yet hath a tone
Not like a siren's own, and drives away
Low thoughts from careless souls, and mortal swoon.
Now from the Empyréan hear her say,
"Pilgrims, with me take refuge at God's throne;
Come where your weary footsteps cannot stray."



FISHING BY MECHANICAL MEANS. NET IS DRAWN UP BY WEIGHTS.

A PILGRIMAGE TO LORETO.

BY E. M. LYNCH.

It was St. Luke's feast, but the day was too stormy for us to leave Ancona for Loreto. A steamer bound for the East romped into the harbor, seven hours late, with the movements of some huge porpoise at play. The waves had terrific force; they flung about big ships as in a game of shuttlecock. Sometimes torrents of rain fell. The sky was inky, and the fierce sea was stained in the strangest colors. The wind roared deafeningly, and in the morning hours walking was almost impossible in the more exposed streets.

Evening brought one of the wondrous sunsets which are seen in autumn on the Italian coast of the Adriatic. The western sky and all the sea flamed like fire, then turned to an intense amber, and, at last, after a hundred transformations,

NET FISHING IN THE PORT OF ANCONA.

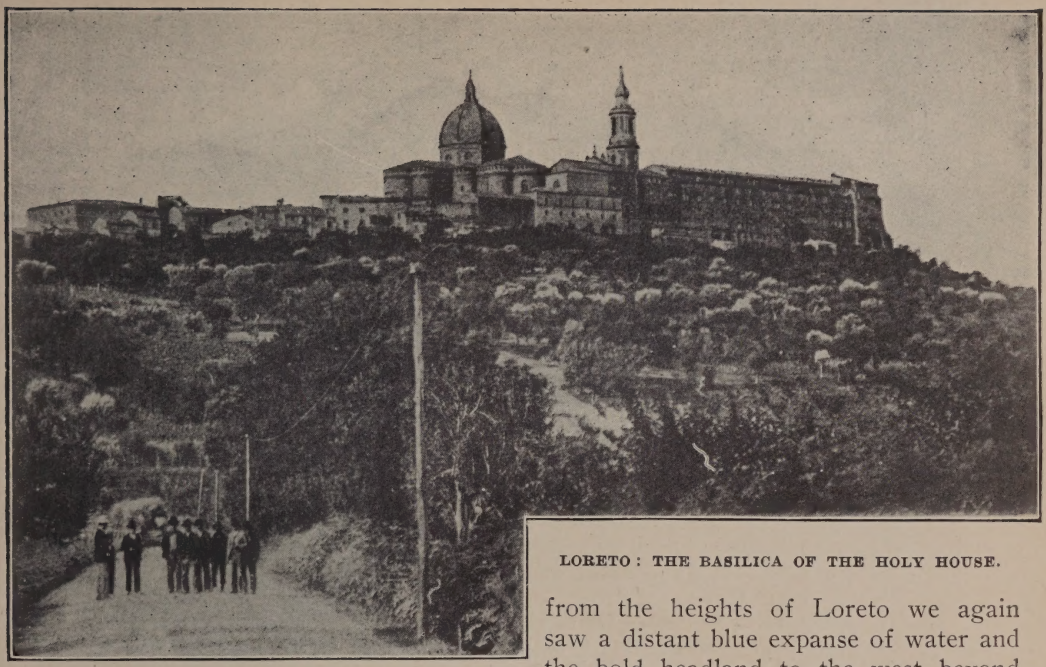
the colors died away in blue, green, and crimson streaks.

The night was rough, but the morning broke clear with a wild sky of fantastic clouds. There was much wind still. It grew less fierce, however, as the railway bore us inland towards Loreto.

The country looked like some great artist's pastoral picture — liquid gold, a sunbeam through virgin honey, clouded topazes—I am at a loss for a similitude for the gay foliage of the mulberry trees in the "blue and yellow weather" of that autumn morning. Those trees run in parallel lines across vast stretches of the countryside. Grapevines are trained from tree to tree, hanging in festoons, the branches thickest in the drooping middle of their course, like sculptured, classical garlands. Here and there the long arms of the most luxuriant vines had been carried out, in all directions, from the high tree, and attached to poles fixed in the earth. In their autumn tints they made a gorgeously colored tent, and reminded me of a Morris dance, with the dancers holding long streamers of flowers depending from an ornate May-pole. What must these vines have seemed when laden with purple grapes! There are few leaves, however, that respond so gloriously to the touch of autumn as those of the vine, and on our pilgrimage we seemed to pass through a land dressed as for a festival.

CLEMENT'S ARCH, ANCONA.

Nearly everywhere the earth had been



LORETO: THE BASILICA OF THE HOLY HOUSE.

prepared for next year's crops. In a few cases the soil was only being turned for the first time. Teams of long-horned, sleek oxen, smaller than the "milk-white kine" of Ravenna and Rimini, and therefore better suited to a rolling country, sometimes to the number of eight, drew a plough, or a harrow, through the brown earth. Some of these picturesque oxen were ashen gray, some were tan colored, some white, but the colors were never mixed in any one team.

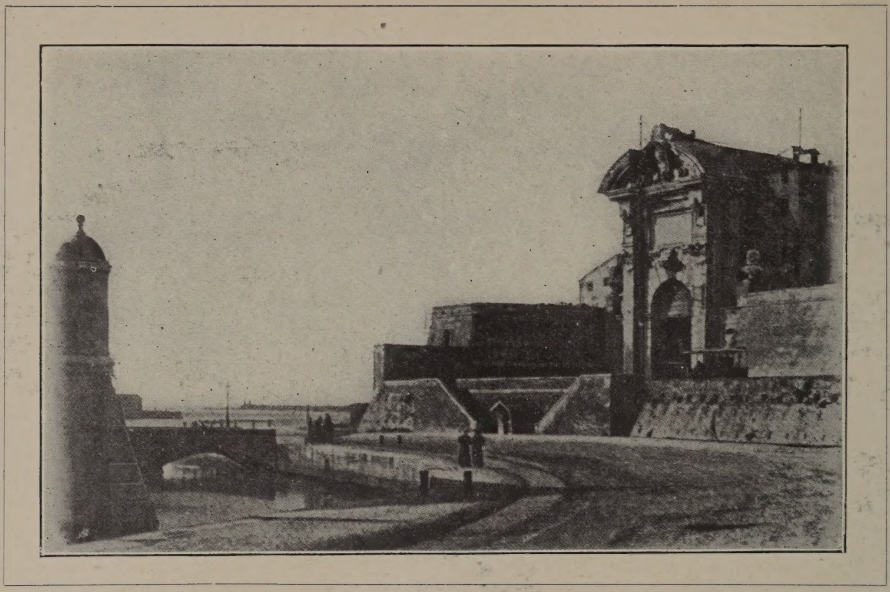
I had been told that women fling the seed upon the furrows round Rimini; and we pilgrims mounting towards Loreto saw one such sower, pacing and scattering with rhythmic gesture just in front of the great oxen with their harrow.

Sharp hills, often crowned by pyramidal townlets, or old fortified dwellings, lay on the right of our way, and for a background to them we occasionally caught sight of the Apennines. On our left we had the sea at first, with its angry white breakers thundering on the smooth sands; but by degrees we lost sight and sound of the Adriatic, until from the heights of Loreto we again saw a distant blue expanse of water and the bold headland to the west beyond Ancona.

Our sky was almost clear, and floods of sunshine poured upon Loreto when the omnibus of "The Pilgrims' Inn" set us down in "Our Lady's Square." It was about eleven o'clock, but a bell rang out, some priests had come by our train, and I hoped that even then the travelers would say Mass. We hastened across the piazza or square, past the handsome fountain and the colossal statue of Pope Sixtus V, and by the superb Lombardo bronze doors in the fine sixteenth-century façade, seeing very little of anything in our haste, and rejoicing to find Masses going on at three different altars; at that of the Blessed Sacrament, at the one outside the Holy House, facing the main entrance, and at one within it.

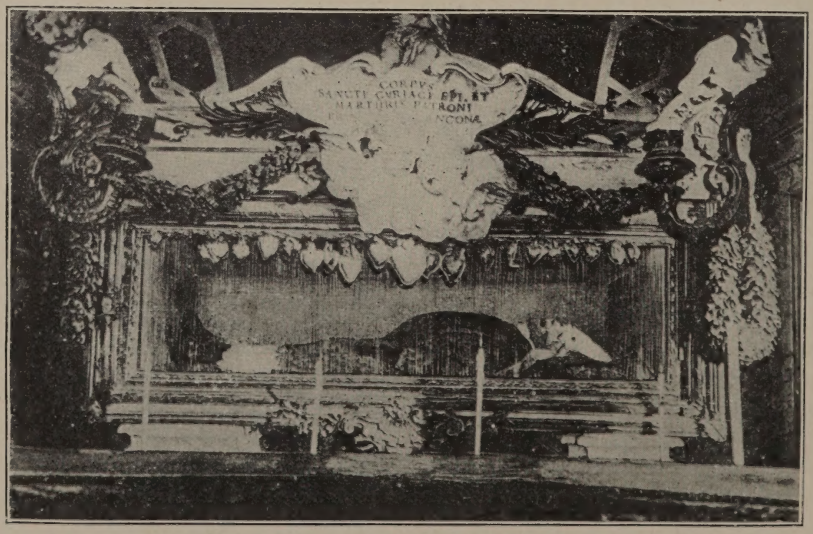
And these Masses were followed by others, the last of them beginning only a few minutes before midday.

As we mounted the hill we saw many peasant pilgrims going away in carts, bearing with them the odd but very popular trophies in colored paper and tinsel sold at the booths in the main street,



PORTA PIA, ANCONA.

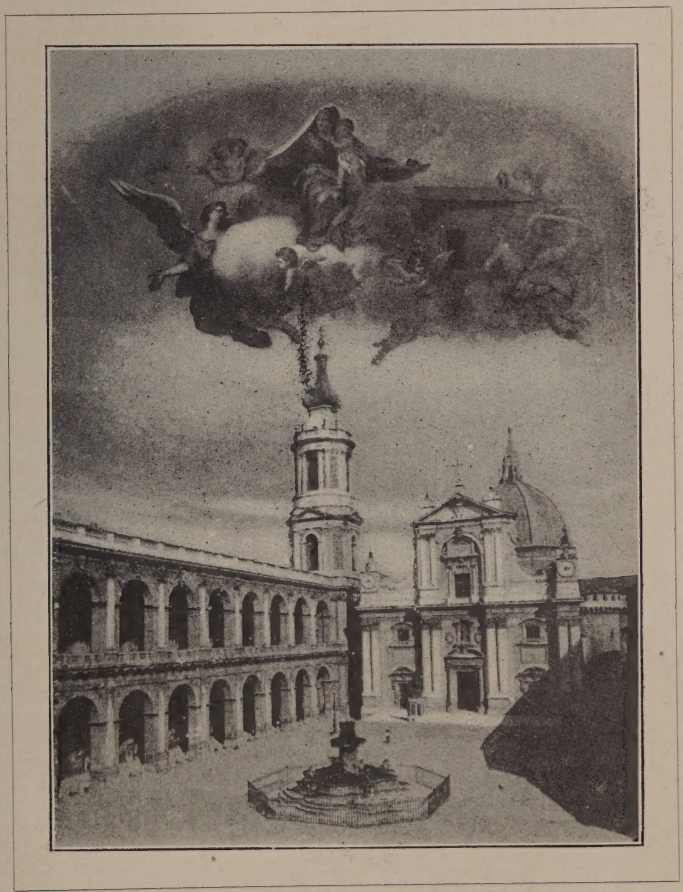
mementoes of Loreto. Many still remained in the church. Of these, several seemed quite worn out with fatigue. Who can guess how long before daybreak their pilgrimage began? But there was no large concourse of people. One great pilgrimage had just visited Loreto, and another was expected in a few days. It was a real gain to us to be there in the absence of crowds. We were told of an immense Hungarian pilgrimage which completely filled the wide square outside the church. To us it was a boon to be able to move about freely in the Basilica, to stop to pray in the spots we chose, to see the great "treas-



THE BODY OF ST. CIRIACO, PATRON OF ANCONA.

ure" that has grown up since Napoleon carried off ninety million francs' worth (to scatter past recall in Paris), and to look at the famous mosaics of the side chapels, and the Del Sarto and other precious pictures in the sacristy.

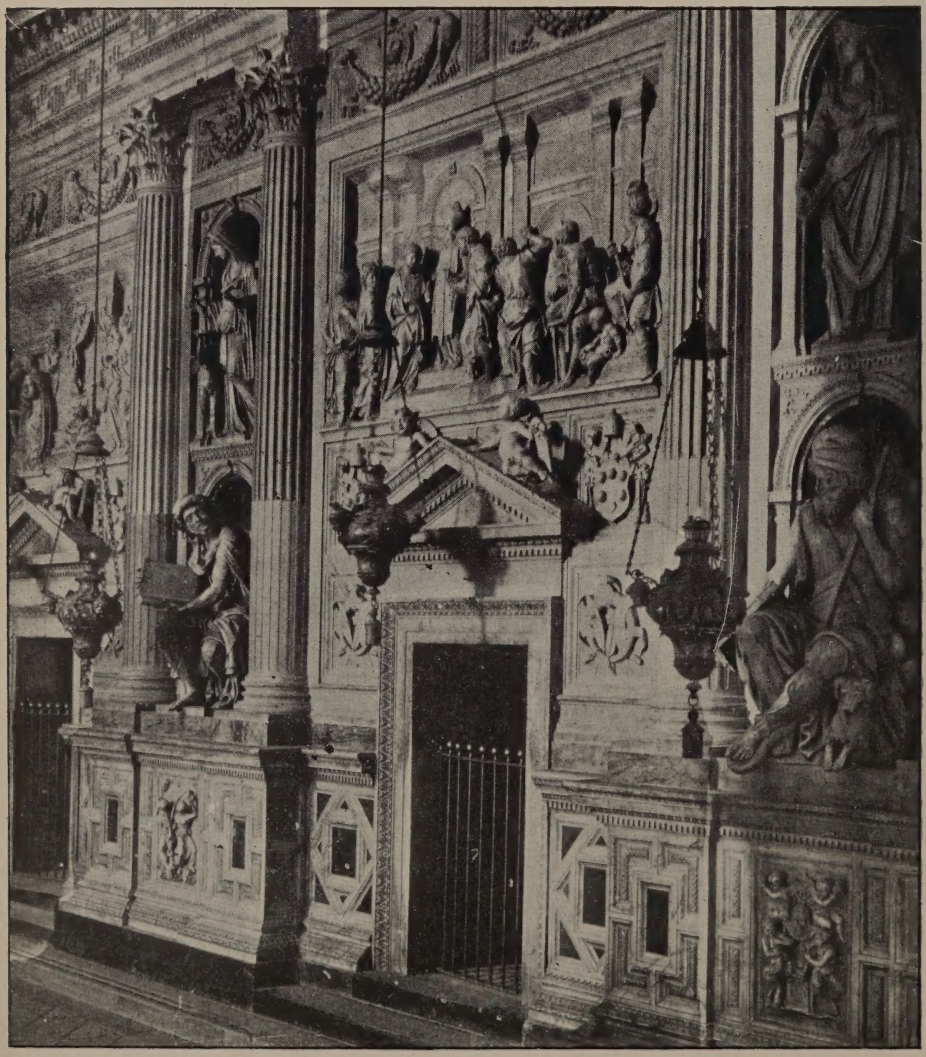
We examined quietly also the new decorations. The offering of Italy is the painting of the interior of the dome with subjects taken from the Litany of Loreto. These frescoes are by Cesare Maccari and promise to be very beautiful when finished. France has decorated a chapel with the history of St. Louis, her king; Germany and Austria, by the brush of Professor Seitz, jointly are covering with interesting and intricate subjects (chiefly Scriptural) the choir chapel of the canons of the Basilica. Seitz has given ten years' patient labor, and there is work, we were assured, for another two years at least. He uses the raised haloes of Giotto for his holiest heads, and in parts has something of Giottesque tenderness of tone. His work is full of thought, of decorative treatment, of suggestion, of line and color harmonies. The drawing, needless to say, is masterly, yet is it unobtrusively powerful, if the expression may be allowed. Mere anatomical knowledge, mere prospective, tricks, cleverness, are not obtruded as



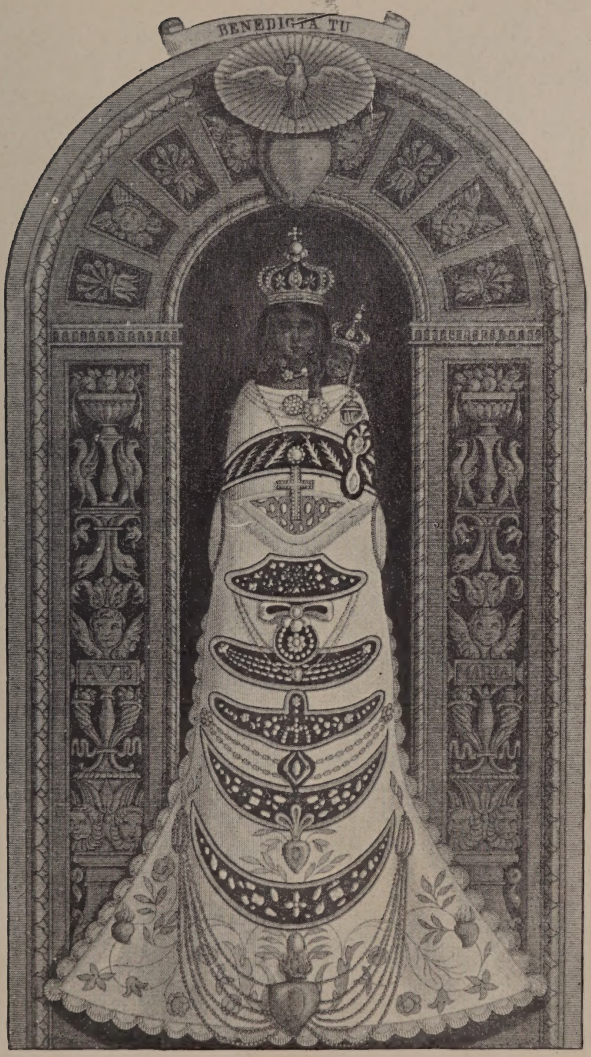
THE TRANSLATION OF THE HOLY HOUSE. THE THEME OF CELEBRATED PAINTINGS, NOTABLY OF GUERCINO.

in so much modern work. But somehow the trail of the Munich School is over it all. It struck me as curious that our guide in the Basilica waxed enthusiastic over an art so alien as Seitz's. Perhaps it was because he recognized one of us pilgrims for a German, and a successful guide must suit himself to his company.

The "treasury," our Baedeker says, "contains valuable votive offerings from monarchs and persons of rank, chiefly of the nineteenth century, and curiosities," but this notice hardly prepares the visitor for the splendors and attractions not specified within. For instance, a sailor saved from shipwreck has given a small but perfect model of a three-master; a friar has sent tall altar bouquets, the flowers made from the bright feathers of birds; and a pearl fisher has made offering of a large pearl of his



Marble Casing of the Exterior of the Holy House of Loreto.

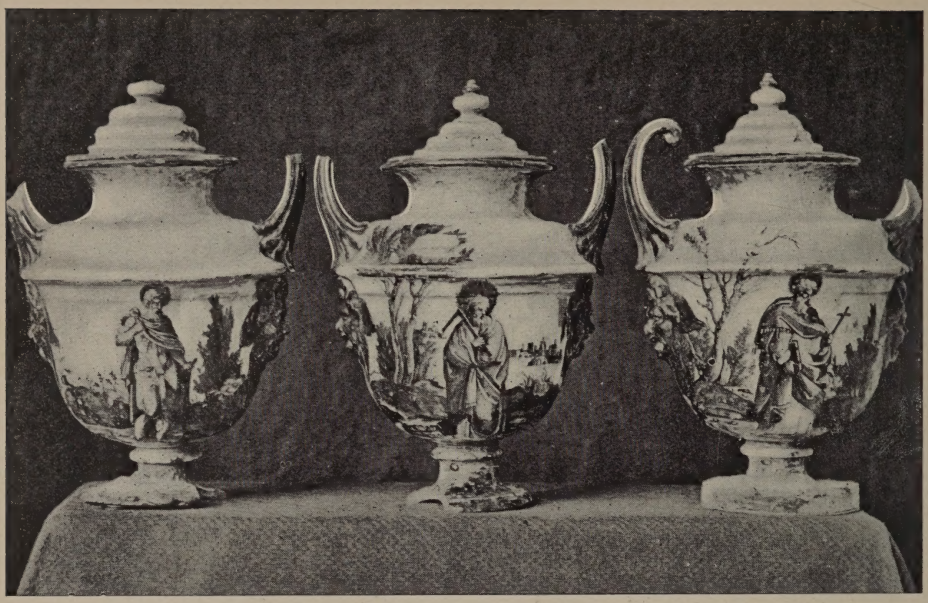


MIRACULOUS MADONNA OF THE HOLY HOUSE OF LORETO.

own finding, because its natural irregularities take the form of an enthroned Madonna and Child.

A Swedish queen, who was received into the church at Loreto, had left there her royal mantle. One of the wall cases contains none but pearl offerings; among others, a string of forty-two perfectly even and very large pearls, each bead being worth thirty dollars. Church plate, an *ex voto* of the unfortunate Emperor Maximilian, stands in a conspicuous place. A Neapolitan prince's massive candelabræ, encrusted with coral, are near the Emperor's gift. A pendant for the pearl case is one containing the rings of peasants, a more touching sight than the diamonds, sapphires, and emeralds in other receptacles. It is all so like Heine's beautiful poem, "The Pilgrimage to Kevlaar."

Some great men have sent their or-



VASES DESIGNED BY RAPHAEL, IN THE HOLY HOUSE.

ders, crosses, stars, ribbons, badges, bestowed on them for distinguished service. These prized decorations, too, spoke with eloquence of granted prayers.

The splendid chalices, ciboriums, monstrances, and jeweled candlesticks are brought into the church for use on great festivals. At all times the Holy House is hung with silver lamps, gifts of the faithful, the flames in which are never allowed to die down.

The home of Nazareth is a stone structure, I feel sure, though the guide declared it to be of brick. The walls are polished with the touch of devout lips and hands. They shine like marble from this pious friction. A young priest passed me as I stood by the doorway, fell upon his knees, passed his right hand over the smooth wall near us, and reverently made the sign of the cross on his head and shoulders with the hand so consecrated. Over the altar is the cedar statue, now black, of the Mother and Child, attributed to St. Luke. The Holy House is twenty-eight feet long, thirteen and a half feet high, and over twelve feet wide.

Bramante designed the richly carved marble case or screen for the house. Benvenuto Cellini wrought the golden bowl that encloses the fragments of an earthenware platter called *la scodella della Madonna* (Our Lady's porringer, literally). Outside the enclosing marble screen, the upper step is furrowed by a double wavering line. As lips and hands have polished to a steely brightness the inner surface of the walls, so the knees of pilgrims during long centuries have grooved in a curving line the double hollow that marks their kneeling passage round the exterior.

The sainted Empress Helena, mother of Constantine, went as a pilgrim early in the fourth century of our era to the Holy House, and caused a basilica to be erected over it. When the Saracens raided the country, the basilica fell into ruins, and angels bore the Holy House to the coast of Dalmatia, in 1291; but, in 1294, angels again carried it across the sea, and set it upon the ground of a poor widow, by name Laureta, and a church was built over it.

Leo XIII constantly advised pilgrims

to Rome to take Loreto on their homeward journey. I dreaded to find Loreto given up to the exploiting of pilgrims. Guide-books warn visitors against the beggars (but they were less numerous and obtrusive than those of Rimini and Ravenna) and against the chartered guides of the Basilica. These, however, were helpful, courteous, and markedly reverent.

When we came out again, into the square, the boisterous gale reminded us that Tasso, too, had been at Loreto, and had written of "the tempest and proud blasts" of the Adriatic, scourging even the hill of the sanctuary. We battled through the storm in a search (not very fruitful) for photographs of the place, for books about Loreto, for "pious objects," and for much-needed food. We drifted on a sort of natural terrace, or platform, at the edge of the town, overlooking a (brown and)

"— green sea,
Islanded with cities fair,"

or, if not cities, at least towns, villages, and castellated buildings, on the crests of the earth waves,—here, the foothills of the Apennines. Near Loreto there are silvery olive groves. At various points in the landscape a high belfry rises above a cluster of brown roofs, and often, by the "campanile," "fingers pointing to heaven" (the almost black cypress trees) grow straight and slender.

The women sitting by their doors, or following a goat, or a few sheep, moved their hands rapidly, as do expert knitters. We found that they were mounting beads, as rosaries, on wire. A thriving industry this must be at Loreto, where all strangers wish to carry away beads blessed for friends. The workers are so clever that they do not need to look at either beads or implements.

After the "Inn of the Pilgrims" had treated us in all ways hospitably, we provided ourselves with souvenirs at a shop in the piazza, returning to the Basilica to hear the litanies, and to have our beads blessed.

In the sunset light we reached the railway again, just in time to escape a terrible squall, a thunder storm, hail, and almost tropical deluges of rain.

As we fared back again to Ancona, a strange sky, full of torn clouds, was lit up by the glories of a wondrous afterglow, fit ending to a rarely happy pilgrimage.

THE DESERT AND THE SOWN.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

CHAPTER XII. (Continued.)

For a moment that seemed endless, Sarah sat staring blankly into the surprised face of the society reporter. Her brain seemed to be caught on a wheel whose swift revolutions left her helpless to grasp the saving hand of thought. Finally the sensation passed, and she laughed a nervous little laugh, and said:

"Well, what a small place the world is! Dr. Hayward left Kentucky years ago. Afterwards I went to Arkansas. Now here we are in the same city and hearing of each other. Yes, I remember him, Mrs. Hanton," she finished, and again her head was bowed over her work.

Mrs. Hanton regarded her for a moment, and in that moment decided there was more behind this acquaintance than the girl wished to be known. She resolved to find out, for Dr. Hayward was a leading physician, with a good place in society, and it might be worth her while to have some knowledge of his early life in her possession which he would rather have kept secret.

"Come, my dear, I want you to take a little supper with me at that restaurant I told you I discovered the other day," said Mrs. Hanton to Sarah, a few hours later, as, their work done, both were making ready to leave the office. Preferring to be alone, but having no excuse ready, Sarah had to accept the invitation. The place was blocks away, in a dimly lighted street, and not even the prospect of the perfect French cooking she was promised made the girl regard it with approving eyes.

"What do you think of my find?" asked Mrs. Hanton, spreading the napkin over her purple lap, and sweeping the assembled men and women with all-seeing eyes.

"I shouldn't care to come here at this hour by myself," replied Sarah. Her companion laughed.

"They are harmless," she chimed, "even to that big, wild-eyed man over there in the corner. He looks like a Russian revolutionist, but I daresay he is some simple German gone daffy on philosophy. I should think, Miss Kenny, you would find it a great help to you in your work to come to such places."

"In what way?" asked Sarah, coolly.

"Oh, to study humanity," she rejoined, examining the bill of fare.

"The humanity I am interested in, Mrs. Hanton, is the humanity you find on the treadmill, not lounging by the wayside of life."

"But your knowledge, to be complete, must embrace the study of both. Yes, all types, even the type I mix with,—the butterflies, I suppose you would call them," she said, looking her companion over.

"Perhaps; but we should finish the more important study, before we take up those less essential," rejoined Sarah.

The appearance of the waiter interrupted the discussion, nor was it resumed, for on his departure Mrs. Hanton said:

"You do not seem to be as greatly interested in your old acquaintance, Miss Kenny, as he was in you. Dr. Hayward, I mean," she added, meeting Sarah's puzzled eyes.

"I knew Dr. Hayward but slightly." Sarah's active intuition had placed her on her guard. "He used to visit one of my uncle's neighbors."

"He, nevertheless, seems to have a

very clear recollection of you," observed Mrs. Hanton. "And yet you must have been quite a little girl."

"The circumstances under which we first met, doubtless, makes his recollection of me so clear," said Sarah, with a sudden laugh. And then in the graphic way which made her writings the delight of the editor of the ambitious young paper, she sketched out the encounter of the two little country girls with the stranger, under the locust tree, that summer afternoon long ago.

"You took up the big problems quite young," observed Mrs. Hanton, realizing her little supper would bring her nothing.

"And they are still with me," rejoined Sarah.

"I wonder why Dr. Hayward never married?"

"Is he not married?" exclaimed Sarah, looking up from her plate.

"If he is, no one ever saw his wife," answered her companion.

There was something in the words and the tone in which they were spoken that made Sarah again lift her eyes and regard the woman across the table steadily for a moment.

"And do you think, if Dr. Hayward had a wife, the world would not know of it?" she then inquired slowly.

"Oh, we know nothing about Dr. Hayward beyond what he chooses to tell us. He came here about ten years ago from Europe, where he said he had been studying. That no one doubts, for he is one of the foremost physicians of the city, and would be the wealthiest if he did not do so much charity work. You will think it incredible, but it is a fact, that he has only one reception-room, and the millionaire and the beggar meet there, to take their turn in the consultation-room."

"I see nothing incredible in that," said Sarah, briefly, "but should if I found him, or any other man of his attainments, a respecter of persons. All men are alike before the person of true knowledge."

"Well, I for one am glad that persons of true knowledge are not in the majority," said Mrs. Hanton, with her dry laugh. "I told Dr. Hayward the other day that if I were one of his patients, I should be afraid of contracting many diseases while waiting to be cured of one. Don't you find these croquettes good?"

"Very good indeed," replied Sarah, wondering what answer the doctor had made.

"But it is one of the puzzles of society why he has never married," resumed Mrs. Hanton, beginning her attack from another point. "He is handsome, rich, successful, and received everywhere. Though he must be on the high road to fifty, he is especially popular with the younger set, and would have no trouble in winning the love of the queen debutante, if he cared enough to attempt the suit. But that is it; he doesn't care. He goes into society when it pleases his humor to do so, and then as promptly turns his back upon it. All of which you perceive, Miss Kenny, is calculated to arouse one's curiosity, for it is not thus the ordinary man acts."

"But you have just said Dr. Hayward was not an ordinary man," said Sarah, not daring to lift her eyes from her plate, lest they should betray the pity moving her heart for the man who, having loved her cousin, could love no other woman.

"Perhaps I should have said the normal man," the society reporter corrected.

A little silence followed, during which Mrs. Hanton swept the room with her sharp eyes. There was nothing to be gained from her conversation with this

girl, who, if she knew anything, was an adept in the art of concealment, and there might be others in the room who would afford more entertainment. She saw a pair of dark eyes bent intently on the girl before her. As she was about to speak, Sarah, looking up, said:

"Did it ever occur to you, Mrs. Hanton, that in that very high degree of proficiency achieved by Dr. Hayward in his profession you might find the answer to your curiosity concerning him? We have heard of men and women who loved one of the arts too well to permit a human rival of it to come into their lives, and science can become as all sufficing as art. Among those butterflies —your name for them, please remember —do you know of one who loves humanity so well that she could give her husband freely to it, contenting herself with the odd moment's freedom from its claims would give him back to her? Is there one who could view with equanimity her dearest friend seated in her husband's waiting-room, with the beggar and the outcast for their companions, and hold it was right and just? One who could love her husband's profession ever as he loves it, better than himself? I can readily understand why, if Dr. Hayward has never met among your butterflies such a woman, he would hesitate to give his life and happiness into the keeping of one holding less exalted views of his work; I can understand how sacredly he regards it. I know that I should long hesitate before marrying one who lacked my own appreciation and respect for my work, which in the last analysis might be found of far less importance than his."

"I do not think Dr. Hayward entertains such fine notions," observed Mrs. Hanton, coldly. "He is too much of a scoffer to be your idealist. He would strip that sentiment you have just expressed of all its beauty before your eyes, and bring it down to the line of a physical fact, as he would explain the light of your eyes or the color of your hair. Of all the men I have ever known, he has the least soul. I think he extended his search for the spiritual nature of the negro to the white race, and found it missing there also."

She leaned back in her chair with the air of one well pleased with her part of the evening's entertainment; then suddenly remembering the man she had noticed at the table near the doorway, she turned her eyes in that direction. Seeing his place vacant, she turned once more to her companion:

"A little while ago I noticed a man over there by the door looking at you as if he were trying to read your thoughts or mesmerize you. You haven't any hypnotists or mental scientists among your acquaintances, have you?"

"There may be dozens of them for aught I know or care," Sarah rejoined carelessly. "What did he look like?" she asked presently.

"A foreigner, I should judge. I wonder you did not feel his eyes. I never saw a gaze so impelling."

"He mistook me for some one else. Let us go. It must be late."

As they reached the street, Mrs. Hanton caught the girl's arm nervously, and whispered:

"There is that man by the lamp-post."

As they passed him Sarah knew that she had seen the stranger somewhere and talked with him; she even knew how his voice would sound before he spoke to her, as he lifted his hat. She returned the salutation, and passed on. As she was dropping to sleep an hour later, she suddenly recalled the meeting, and the conviction flashed upon her that the stranger was the man with whom she had talked two hours in Mr. Rice's office.

It did not, however, occur to her that Mrs. Hanton had made no inquiries concerning him, nor that she had vouchsafed to make an explanation.

CHAPTER XIII.

We can understand why the days that have brought some great change, happy or sorrowful, into or lives, stand out in memory sharply defined, as the leafless trees against a winter sunset sky; but it must always remain a mystery why other days, which have no significance for us as far as we are able to discern, come back to us years afterward with a vividness that is startling. As a matter of fact, the days we have reason to remember distinctly become only a hazy background for the event; while the days on which nothing befell us show every detail, even to the flash of the blue bird's wing across our line of vision.

One such day for Sarah Kenny showed her the city after a short spring shower, while yet its streets wore the veil of unfamiliarity, while yet she and they held the delicate relationship of the newly acquainted. The shower had caught her on her walk to the post-office with a manuscript,—destined speedily to return to her, — and she ran to the friendly drug store until it had passed. Then how the city had laughed under the swift-following sunlight! How the water laughed as it ran away, and oh! the laughter of the old buildings at the remembered bombardment of the raindrops! And then suddenly, unexpectedly, her soul had been aroused. She seemed to feel it stepping out of its shadowy realm and in a bewildering rush of gladness answering the visible joy of the strange world upon which it looked.

It all passed in a moment. "Something good is going to happen!" thought Sarah; but nothing unusual befell, and other days slipped on in their well-worn grooves, bearing with them sunshine and shadow, toil and rest, as had the days which had gone before.

As she stood at the office door, the afternoon following her supper with Mrs. Hanton, she unexpectedly found herself again looking upon the city as it had lain before her that day. Every detail stood forth upon the canvas of memory for a moment; in the next it had faded, and she was face to face with a man who was saying, softly:

"It is little Sarah, sure enough!"

"You!" she exclaimed, and it seemed that the sunny day grew suddenly dark, its only light being that showered on her from his dark eyes. Then her hand was in his, and she was saying, scarcely conscious of her words: "Mrs. Hanton told me you were here. She wanted to know if I remembered you!"

There was no humor in it, and yet she laughed aloud, causing a boy who was passing to cease his whistling to regard her. But the man did not laugh. Instead, he asked roughly, angrily:

"What the devil did they do to you?"

"They did nothing," she said quickly, trembling. "They were good and kind and true. I went to Arkansas—to my father"—

"Yes, I remember; there was a second wife," he interrupted.

"Then he died. She didn't want me; and so I came here."

"Why didn't you go to — to Kentucky?" he demanded.

"I — I — couldn't!" she said, her left hand seeking her throat as if she were choking. "It would have been easier to live in Arkansas."

"Why?" he insisted, pitilessly.

"I think because I was burnt up, too," she said, her voice dragging over the words. "And — and I couldn't endure all that cool greenness."

Again he looked on her in silence, and

she bore it, saying never a word in condemnation or defense.

"What business had you letting yourself get burnt up?" he demanded angrily. "She—she wouldn't have done that. She would have come out of that fiery furnace unharmed. Could you not have been as brave, as loyal as she?"

"No," she said, without a falter in her voice. "I could not be as brave, as loyal as she!"

"Few could!" he cried, in a smothered voice. "But it brought me death, Sarah Kenny—death, do you hear?"

She wanted to cry out that it had brought worse to her cousin, but it seemed as if a strong hand had clutched her throat. Afterwards she understood why she was not permitted to speak.

"Come away," she said, becoming aware of the gaze of the passers-by. Mechanically her feet turned into the street leading to the hotel in which she now lived, and they traversed it in the dull silence of those who retrace their way to the graves of the long-buried dead. The parlors were deserted at that hour, and with a sense of great relief Sarah sank into a chair, conscious now of her great physical weakness. As wearily he flung himself into the one drawn close to hers, and for a while the silence in which they had come was unbroken. Then he said:

"Tell me what you know about her."

"She married Ben Anderson about a year afterward."

"Yes, I know," he said. "It was then I went to Europe. I wanted to study. I thought I might find an explanation for this thing in books. But go on!"

"And he took her to his beautiful home, and it was never the same in the house afterwards. Uncle moped, and aunt grew older, and Nettie got farther away from us. There was only Rover left for me. He was the only one unchanged."

"And you roamed more than ever in the fields with only a dog to talk to — you poor, lonely, little child."

"And then Nettie ran off to marry a schoolboy. It nearly killed them because he was a Protestant. I believe his father wanted to make a minister out of him."

"Well?" he cried passionately. "Go on! What did they do?"

"After a while they forgave her. And she and her husband and children are living with them. He became a Catholic in time."

"And — what — of — her — then?" he asked, and his face was like the dead.

Again that iron hand seemed to be laid upon her throat, choking back the words that she was made to feel it would be bad for him to hear.

"I—I was not there," she said, feebly. "My father sent for me soon afterward."

"I forget you all the time," he said penitently. "You didn't want to go?"

"I think my heart would have broken if it had not been that my father needed me more than I needed—what I had left. It was all a terrible mistake, and she—had come to know—he thought so—and—and I was glad when he died, for then I could take him back home."

The words slipped out of her lips before she was aware of it, but he did not appear to grasp their significance until some time afterward. Then he said suddenly:

"But you went back to Kentucky?"

"Yes," she said.

"And—you saw her again? Sarah, how is she? Has the exquisite bud blossomed into perfect womanhood? How does she look now?"

Her silence caused him to turn suddenly toward her, and her face chilled him.

"Sarah," he said slowly, "am I mistaken? Is she not happy?"

"Do you ask that, knowing that she loved you?" she cried passionately. "What do you think a woman's heart?" The expression on his face stopped the words on her lips. She could not understand it, and sat staring at him in silence. He rose presently, and walking to a distant window separated the curtains, and for a long time stood there gazing down on the street below. When he came back his countenance wore its habitual expression, and his voice was as usual when he said:

"I daresay you are right. There are many things I do not understand. Let us talk of something comprehensible to me. How did you happen to come here and drift into journalism?"

Briefly Sarah related the story of her life. As her words ceased, she thought how simple and uneventful it must seem to him who had lived so full and varied an existence; but he, looking at her, saw only the child's face under the flower-trimmed chip hat.

"Do you remember, Sarah," he asked suddenly, "the little boat I made you as commissioned by the fairies? I think that was the happiest afternoon of my life, for the note you brought to me from her seemed to carry a faint message of hope. You'll never know, Sarah, what rose-colored dreams I dreamed as I fashioned that toy for you. But they were only dreams, as I realized when I next met her. You say she loved me; she never did! And because she didn't, I am what I am, a dead leaf on the wind, carried hither and thither—a dead leaf!"

His voice sank into a mournful cadence, and at sound of it all her heart rose up in rebellion. She passionately protested against his words, pointing out his service to mankind, whereat he laughed long and bitterly.

"Well," he then said, "admit that as a physician I am of some worth in the world; that knowledge may bring some comfort to the physician, but of what avail is it to the man? And has not the man a right; is not his right the primal one? And the man's life is what I called it—a dead leaf in the wind. I made myself a successful physician; she could have made me a happy man."

"And herself a happy woman," said Sarah, speaking her own thought.

"Don't say that ever!" he commanded. "The only solace my life has known was in the thought that she had secured peace and that joy which passeth understanding. I did think she was a happy woman."

Sarah said nothing, for now she understood why twice the words had been held unspoken. Presently, however, the mist that enshrouded his life was pierced by her unerring insight, and she perceived that what he thought he loved, and on the memory of which he fed his soul, was as unsubstantial as the rose-colored dreams that had been his the Sunday afternoon they sat together under the shade of the hedge by the little lake in her uncle's orchard.

(To be continued.)

THE CRESCENT CITY.

BY FRANCIS X. FINEGAN, S.J.

Fair Queen whom mid thy splendors soft arrayed
A thousand cities as their mistress greet
Laying their golden treasures at thy feet,
And thronging through thy portals ivy-sprayed;
Why lingers 'neath thy swaying palm trees' shade
The traveller lone? Dost give the lotus sweet
Bringing weird dreams,—forgetfulness complete
Of toil and care mid dangers long essayed?

Soft blows the tropic breeze across thy brow,
Enchantress! stirring odors from the bough
Of moss-hung oak and tall magnolia tree;
The while a sound is ever murmuring nigh
Like guardian spirit of thy destiny,—
The Father of the waters gliding by.

VACANT.

BY L. M. MONTGOMERY.

This is her room . . . here is her vacant chair,
As if but lately filled; the idle pen
Her little hand will never guide again
Lies as she dropped it on the table there;
Here are her pictures . . . the Madonna fair
She loved so much among them . . . on the wall,
And in that corner where the shadows fall
A saintly haloed head with eyes of prayer;
Her violin untouched, her books unread . . .
And yet it is so hard to think her dead!

She loved this room so much I think that she
Must come again . . . perchance may now be here . . .
And I shall know and feel that she is near
As in our wedded lives although she be
A presence all invisible to me,
Returning day by day once more to blend
Her soul with mine, as absent friend to friend,
In this dear spot blessed by her memory
How sacred it must be, for here alone
I realize that she is still my own!

PATSY.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

Story-writers, as a rule, would have us believe that the hero always wears the hero-trademark in his face. But I know better. I have met a good many heroes, boys and men, and hardly one of them was handsome.

One of these was Patsy. If ever there was a lad whom the romancer would not pick out as a hero, he was the one. He was a sleepy-looking Texas boy, snub-nosed and weak of chin, with clothes that seemed to be barely on speaking terms with him.

If you had rounded up all the "no-account" looking boys in Arizona, Patsy would have taken the prize as the most unpromising of them all. And no one would have been more satisfied of the justice of the award than Patsy himself. He had as little suspicion as had any one who knew him that he carried about him any claim to special consideration, which is, after all, a very good starting-point for the real hero.

Patsy had gone to Waco at fifteen, and learned telegraphy by the sufferance of an operator whom he knew. Study of any sort was not easy to him; but in his stolid way he had mastered as much as his instructor knew; and some time later the operator, to get rid of him, helped him into a position out in New Mexico.

Then he had a chance to go out on the line of the Atlantic & Pacific Railroad, to a little station where there was better chance of promotion; and when he invented the famous jawbone telegraph, he was night-man at Fairview, the sort of metropolis still common in Arizona.

Fairview contained a telegraph office twelve by sixteen, a section house which overflowed with the American "boss," and his wife and five Mexican laborers, a pig-pen made of worn-out ties, a pet deer, and an outlook.

The sprawling junipers crowded in on all sides, and the northeast opened the rocky jaws of Johnson's Cañon, the long, wild scar in the shoulders of the San Francisco range by which the railroad slid down from the great pitch of the Arizona Divide, more than seven thousand feet above the sea, on its lonely way to the far Rio Colorado. The cañon was a bad place, and yet the only route by which a railroad could jump off the mountains without breaking its neck.

The grades ran up to one hundred and thirty-seven feet, a hill at which an Eastern engineer would look with horror. The monster ten-wheelers, each twice to three times as heavy as an Eastern locomotive, panted hard in bringing a load of ten cars up the hill; and coming down that steep twenty miles from Supai, trains crept as if holding their breath.

The track lay along a narrow shelf hewn from the face of the savage cliff; and from the car windows one looked far down on one side into the dizzy gorge, and on the other up to the beetling rocks.

On the shelf, crowded between the great iron bridge, which spanned a side cañon and the tunnel, was a little box of a house; and there lived deaf old George, an Englishman, the faithful watchman of that very important stretch of track.

Ten miles downhill was the eight-house "city" of Ash Fork. Thirteen miles uphill — twenty-three miles from Ash Fork, and at nearly three thousand feet higher altitude—was Williams, with

threescore people. Outside of these it was forty miles in any direction to a human being.

Binn, the agent and day-operator, was not a very cheerful companion. But Patsy's best chum was—Patsy. Coming off watch at six in the morning, he slept in a blanket on the high counter till early afternoon; then generally sallied out alone "fur a pasear wid Patsy" until time to take his task again at six in the evening. There was game back in the hills; and the echoes came to know well the bark of the battered old Henry rifle.

One hot August afternoon Patsy woke somewhat earlier than usual, and, sliding off the counter in the telegraph office, took the antiquated brass-mounted rifle from the corner and stroked it.

"I'm goin' up yan side o' the tunnel," he said. "De Mexicans seed a wild-cat up dere yisterday, 'n' I 'low hit's my cat —ef I git it."

Binn said "Mm!" being too sleepy to care to say anything more important; and Patsy shuffled out and off.

It was not exactly the day most people would choose for a walk, as few days of an Arizona summer are; but Patsy did not particularly mind the blinding glow. It was good to get out, even if the sun did "come down the nigh way"; and he shambled up the track at a rapid gait.

In an hour he had crossed the first iron bridge, and was nearing the second and the tunnel. A scurrying cotton-tail rabbit ran down a cleft of the rocks and out of sight, and Patsy clambered clumsily down to the bottom of the gorge, hoping for a shot. But the rabbit had disappeared.

The boy walked a little way up the dry stream-bed, and, finding nothing, climbed up again the five hundred rocky feet to the track beside the little watch-house.

The door was open, but old George was not to be seen. This was odd, for he always locked the door when he went out, and at other times he was generally sitting on the sill.

Patsy crossed the little twelve-foot shelf which was the old man's front yard and poked his head into the doorway. The tiny, cheerless room was very still and hot. The sunlight through the door made a path of warped gold to the rough bunk with its tattered quilts.

On the broken chair dozed the fat yellow cat, old George's only companion. The battered frying-pan and the tomato-can which served as a coffee-pot stood upon the rusty stove. Funny where George was, though! These rude belongings were treasures to him, and he always guarded them jealously against tramps who were "fired from the train" and haunted the cañon to "jump" another.

As Patsy marveled, he caught sight of something which made his heart stand still. It was only a large, rough boot projecting from under the bed, whose tumbled covers hid all but the lower half. To Patsy this meant a great deal. George certainly never went out barefoot, and he had but one pair of boots.

Patsy craned his long neck farther forward. Ah! around that boot was a strong, tight cord, that barely showed, touching the very edge of the dragging quilt.

Patsy was at the bed in one jump, and clutched the boot. It wasn't empty! He tugged at it, and a shabby, heavy form yielded reluctantly to his hauling, and appeared from under the bed!

Poor old George! With feet lashed tight together by a heavy cord, and hands bound behind his back, a jagged lump of coal forced savagely into his mouth for a gag, and an ugly welt across the gray face where they had

struck him with a six-shooter before overcoming him!

But the sharp old eyes were open; he wasn't dead!

Patsy pulled out his knife and cut the cruel cords, but the old man was too badly cramped to be able to move his stiffened limbs. Then, with a violent wrench, Patsy pulled the lump from the distended and bleeding jaws, and brought a cup of water and poured it down the old man's throat, lifting the gray head gently on his arm.

The boy's instinct had warned him that it was a time for great caution. He laid his lips to the old man's ear and whispered, shrilly, "Wot's dey done to yo', George?"

The deaf watchman mumbled, painfully low, "Hold-ups! They gave me one with a pistol and tied me hup. I thinks as 'ow they means to hold hup No. 2."

"But wot'll we do?" whispered the boy, in the same penetrating tone, which George could hear better than a shout. "Dey shore mustn't hold up de train. Whar is dey?"

"I donno," answered George. "I fancy they're putting rocks into the tunnel, to wreck 'er, for they 'ad crowbars. But be awake, lad! They be bad! You knows the new law, that train-robbing is death in Harizona, and they won't stop at nothink. They mus' know some big shipment o' bullion's going Heast, and they wants it."

Patsy thought a moment. There was unusual sparkle in his sleepy eyes.

"Wal," he said, "we shore hefto try to stop 'em. Yo' cain't walk yet-a-bit, yo're that cramped. Jes' yo' lay back dar under de bed tell yo' git rested-like, so's if de comes dey'll 'low yo's all fast. Den ef yo' gets peart, take a sneak down de rocks into de cañon, an' vamose for Fairview. I'm jes' natch'ally goin' to see!"

The boy pitched the severed cords and the lump of coal out of sight, and assisted the old man to dispose himself under the bed in the same position as before.

"I 'low we'll buffaler 'em," he whispered, encouragingly; and cocking the old rifle, he tiptoed out and crept down over the edge of the rocky slope. Under its brow he crawled cautiously a few rods; and then from rock to rock to the east end of the tunnel, into whose dark mouth he peered from behind a lucky ledge.

Yes! There were voices! Patsy strained his ears. In the queer reverberations of the tunnel sounds were sadly jumbled; but now and then he caught distinct words, even whole phrases.

"That'll fetch her!—smash—said fifty thousand—silver bars—shoot, of course—can't take no chances! 'Nother swig! No monkey biz."

That was enough. The scoundrels were there, and they meant to wreck and rob the express. There was $50,000 in silver bars going through from San Francisco in the Wells-Fargo treasure chests, and they knew of it in the strange ways by which robbers find out these things. And a wreck there—Patsy shivered to think what it meant.

The engine, of course, would be shattered in the tunnel, and would bury engineer and fireman in a hideous chaos of steam and writhing iron. The passenger coaches would still be on the great bridge—the shock would doubtless hurl them off that narrow footing into the awful abyss. So there would be very little left to annoy the robbers — just the express messenger and mail clerks, if they were not killed in the smash. And, at best, they would be easy victims, in the surprise.

By the time these thoughts had chased one another through his head, Patsy was at the bottom of the gorge, and running for dear life down its boulder-choked bed. He felt safe enough; it would have been a phenomenal shot to hit him from the track; and in case any look-out of the robbers saw him, he had a natural fort under the cliff anywhere, and the old Henry wherewith to defend it.

It was three o'clock, or thereabouts, by the sun. No. 2 was due at four at the tunnel. No time to lose, then, in getting over that rugged three miles to Fairview; and Patsy kept at a long, slouching trot, despite the slippery boulders and the jagged blocks which crowded his path.

At the lower bridge he clambered up the cliff to the track, and went skipping along the rock ballast with increased speed. The world was hot and still as an oven, and no living thing in sight.

In a few minutes more he rounded the last curve and came in sight of Fairview. All seemed well there. The little brown station sweltered quietly in the sun. There was no sound but the singing of the wires overhead! R-rm! r-rm! r-rm!

With instinctive caution Patsy stopped running as he emerged from the cut into view of the station, and walked carelessly. He shuffled up to the open door and shuffled in.

And as he went in he caught his breath. A short, thick-set man, with a hard face, sat in Patsy's rickety chair; and from under the flap of his leather coat peeped the butt of a Colt's "44." Hard faces and six-shooters were neither new nor alarming to Patsy; but he felt instantly that the stranger was not a casual frontiersman. The watchful look he flung at Patsy, the swift glance at Binn and back to Patsy had something sinister in it.

Binn was at the telegraph instrument, pounding out a message for the man—something about "Big head of stock rounded up. Ship to night. Meet at Peach Springs."

That was harmless enough thought Patsy when he heard it ticked off; but it might be a blind. The stranger was a lookout who had come to watch the telegraph station, and see that no warning went to the doomed train; and this despatch was a "blind."

For once Patsy's mind moved quickly. This fellow must not suspect him. The boy flung his tattered hat into a corner, pretending to give an impatient snort.

"Done tramped all them malpais, an' hain't seen nary hair o' thet wil'-cat!" he exclaimed, dropping upon Binn's bed as if worn out and disgusted.

"Huntin' wil'-cats?" asked the stranger, with a keen look. "I 'low thet rifle ain't no 'count. Le's see it."

He held out his left hand with an unpleasant smile. The gun was empty. Patsy had knocked out the cartridge for safety in running over the rocks, and he did not feel in a position to refuse.

The stranger took the old weapon, looked it over contemptuously, and set it against the wall behind him.

"H-m!" thought Patsy. "He shore done dat a-puppose! Didn't he jes' wink to hisself w'en he got atween me an' my gun? He's bad! He shore is!" The notes of the tune which Patsy began to whistle through his teeth covered a very nervous heart.

The doleful station clock stood at twenty minutes to four. Number Two was due in ten minutes, if she were on time. What could be done? The eyes of the stranger were cruelly watchful. To give the alarm in his presence meant death. Patsy was not a boy to scare easily, but he felt sure of this.

If he could only tell Binn! Maybe

then they could find some way out. But Binn had sent the message and was dozing again, unconscious of the cold eyes and the anxious ones which ought to have burned him.

Clickety click! said the ticker. Click! Click-click! it jabbered for two minutes.

Patsy drew a long breath. Number Two was late; this was the operator at Ash Fork reporting to the train despatcher three hundred miles away.

She was probably still at Ash Fork. Oh, if she could only be warned!

There would be no chance to warn the conductor when they reached Fairview—that desperado was watching him as a cat watches a mouse. A word to the train-men, a motion to go out to them, would mean a bullet.

Patsy was very nervous now. It was an old habit of his to tap his teeth with finger-nails or pencil when thinking; and just now he was mechanically drumming a tattoo with his battered jack-knife against his big, white, uneven teeth, as if in a dream.

Suddenly the stupid expression changed. Luckily the stranger was looking down the track for an instant, or his quick eye would have detected that eloquent flash. For a sound had found Patsy in his dream, and wakened him as great thoughts waken greater minds.

It was only a dull, metallic click—the rattle of his knife between his jaws. But it had said something! The sound that awakened him was the "A" of the Morse alphabet! He was telegraphing unconsciously with his teeth!

The desperado turned his attention to the room again. The older operator was half asleep over the instrument. The boy looked as stupid as ever, but he was a trifle paler.

In that moment he had wakened from boy to man; and manlike he would carry out his inspiration, which was to "telegraph" to Binn by rapping with his knife upon his teeth, and tell him thus to warn Ash Fork of the intention of the train-robbers. If he could do it, and Binn could manage to show no excitement, the man who was watching them would not suspect what was going on.

". . . - . . ," Patsy's teeth ticked out on the old bone handle. Binn did not move. He was almost asleep.

". . . - . . ," ticked Patsy more loudly.

Binn stirred reluctantly. Some one was calling "Vi," the official call of Fairview; and Binn lazily opened his eyes.

"This is Patsy," clicked the message. "For life don't look! This man's a hold-up. Gang in tunnel to wreck and rob Two. Warn Fairview quick!" and there was a perceptible emphasis on the q-u-i-c-k.

Binn also was very wide awake by this time, and very pale. Luckily he did not lose his head. He reached out to the key and began to thump it.

"Ash Fork!" he rattled. "Stop Two! Hold-ups here. Vi."

"Whot's de matter?" growled the watchful stranger, suddenly suspicious.

"Oh, orders for Number Two," answered Binn. "She's to meet Thirty-one at Supai side-track."

The desperado looked at him keenly and still suspiciously. Still there was nothing to fear. The operator had been asleep; he couldn't have dreamed the truth, and no one had told him.

It must be all right; and the furtive hand slipped away from the six-shooter.

"Tell fully!" clicked Patsy on his knife; and Binn sent to Ash Fork the words that Patsy ticked off to him; Patsy, whose face was stupidly innocent and his manner as carelessly natural as a sheep's.

When this startling news came over the wire into the little office at Ash

Fork, there was a flurry indeed. Robbins, the operator, having reported his train, had turned for a chat with Long Jack, the foreman of a distant cattle-ranch. The train was half a mile up the hill, climbing slowly the heavy grade under a vast cloud of smoke.

"An' he says, says he," continued Robbins, "thet—hey? Hold on a min—! Whew!" And he shouted to the startled cowboy, "Catch Number Two! There's hold-ups in the cañon!"

Jack bolted out of the door, sprang to the back of his tireless "cow pony," and dashed off north. The trail ran straight up the hill, and intersected the railroad's corkscrew course two miles away. The slowly laboring train could be overtaken there, after rounding one of the long bends which were necessary to overcome the steep ascent.

Just at this point the passengers, who looked out to see Ash Fork down in the valley to the west, were startled by a wild rider on a lathered horse, who swung his hat and yelled as he galloped toward them. The engineer saw him, too, but thought, "Only a cowboy on a toot," and pulled the throttle wider.

Even upon the hill the train began to slip past the now winded horse. Jack was desperate. He reined close to the passing coaches, loosened his feet from the stirrups, clutched a hand-rail, and with a superb effort swung himself aboard the last car. The horse loped mournfully along behind, losing distance, now, at every moment.

"Hyah! Wat yo' doin' hyah?" demanded a voice, and a stalwart porter pounced upon Jack. "Dis de gin'l manager's special kyar, an' we don' want no interlopuses!"

"Wal! Yo' tell the gen'rul manager," retorted the cowboy, shaking off the clutch, "thet I got a message fur him, an' thet this train's shore gwine to be held up 'thout he shakes hisself. Ther's a gang up in the cañon a-layin' fur it."

The startled porter rushed into the car with the news, and in a moment the general manager himself was on the rear platform.

"What's this about robbers?" he asked sharply; and the cowboy told what word had come to Ash Fork, and how he had brought it to the train.

When Number Two stopped at Fairview and the conductor ran into the office to register, Binn was sitting, still very pale, at the desk, and Patsy, pale too, sat kicking his heels against the bed. An alert stranger sat watching them.

The conductor, now fully warned by Patsy's message, took in the situation at a glance; he had seen hold-ups before.

He registered without a word, crumpled the tissue orders into his pocket, stepped out, and gave the signal to go ahead.

The stranger followed him closely, having seen that no warning had been given by the operators, and swung up on the car steps just behind him, intending to leap off before the bridge was reached. An instant later he was looking up the muzzle of a six-shooter, and the conductor was saying quietly, "Throw up your hands, or I'll shoot. I know what you're after!"

At the rear platform of the last car an ungainly boyish figure was clambering over the rail. Inside the car he found several men with revolvers, who took him to the conductor.

"Who are you?" demanded the official, sharply, eyeing the ragged boy and his ancient rifle.

"I'm de night operator at Fairview," stammered Patsy; and he told the whole story.

It was an ill day for the train robbers. Half a mile above Fairview the train

stopped, and a posse of men, guided by Patsy, climbed the upper cliff, stole over the hill, crept into the east end of the tunnel, and captured the four surprised ruffians there, without a shot.

It took a couple of hours to remove the boulders from the track, and in that time Patsy had been very much astonished.

"I want you to go on Number Four to-night to Coolidge," the general manager had said, after questioning the lad closely. "There is a vacancy there to-morrow, and you will take the agency. It will pay you double the salary at Fairview. And, by the way, just leave that rifle with me. I don't shoot much and you ought to have a better rifle. Here's a new Ballard, with peep-sights and wind-gage. Suppose we swap?"

THE HEART'S VIGIL.

BY KATHERINE BRÉGY.

Love is not dead, but sleepeth, little heart:
Cease thy fond tumult, lest some mourning sound
Break the pure silence which doth wrap him round.
Only *believe;* nor from thy watch depart!

Sleep is from God, whose piteous hand hath lain
Quiescent here, as moonbeams o'er the sea.
Cool now that fevered brow, and wondrously
Hath come forgetfulness of strife and pain.

Be not solicitous: Love shall awake;
Surely from slumber shall thy love arise—
Spring's song upon his lips, and in his eyes
Joy of the East when regnant morn doth break!

HARVEST TIME IN THE RIVIERA.

BY CLARE SOREL.

The Vendemmia, or grape harvest, is held to be the merriest time in the Italian year. Neighbors gather grapes for each other. The whole world is astir and busy. Every vineyard, in turn, echoes to happy voices.

Large, open baskets full of the ripe fruit are a pretty sight. They are often borne on the shapely heads of the girls, or held, by the handles, between two active young grape-gatherers. In either case there is a picture, "composed," before the seeing eye.

No less picturesque is the sight when many baskets have been emptied into casks, which are placed in a primitive wagon drawn by "milk-white kine," with huge, shining horns. Such a wain goes creaking over the rough lane, or the field at the edge of the vineyard, and it looks as if the patient beasts had stepped out of some ancient bas-relief. A stranger rubs his eyes—it is all so new, yet so familiar. He feels, somehow, that Pan must be very near, and Bacchus and Silenus. But no, the figures round about are only those of the workmen, the padrone, the children from the farmhouse, the young folk with whom he has been trying to talk Italian.

It is a real pleasure to see the villagers trooping home of an evening from their olive-yards on the hills, when those good gray trees have produced a large crop. The whole family goes out. Each member has a basket suited to his or her carrying powers. Sheets are taken, and some light poles. Even the great-grandmother and last year's "baby" can gather up the olives that the men beat down from the trees. The most active climb to a giddy height on weak-looking boughs, and the berries patter down gaily on the strong sheet (or sail) spread wide upon the ground.

Bad years with good years, an olive tree of medium size is supposed to bring in a dollar a year when all expenses are paid. There is pruning to be done, and the olive has a peculiar appetite, preferring a diet of woolen rags, hoofs of animals, and horns. These things must be bought, and a deep trench made to receive them round the bole of the tree. Neatly roped square packages of ragged Eastern carpets may be seen lying on the roadsides, or being carried on mules up the bridle paths into the hills, which are all silvery with olive groves. These packages are simply food for the trees. A curious fact is that *one tree* is often the property of two or more persons. A man may have but one tree. He wills it to his son and daughter. The son and daughter may even sub-divide their share. So it happens among the peasants near Mentone, and unless all the owners are of very peaceable disposition difficulties will occur often.

Towards nightfall in winter and spring it is lovely to see four generations of one family, all olive-laden, coming down to their roof-tree and their rest. Even tiny children step down the steep and stony paths, bearing their tray or basket of berries on their heads. Their elders have a great burden of fruit, and some carry home fire-wood. There are the poles, too, and the sheet. But the heavier the burden, the happier are the people, for a good olive year means comparative prosperity.

CARDINAL SANCHO, ARCHBISHOP OF TOLEDO.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

The baptism of the Prince of the Asturias, by Cardinal Sancho, Cardinal-Archbishop of Toledo, in the Royal Chapel, of the palace at Madrid, was accompanied by circumstances that will not speedily be forgotten. It is said to have been the most magnificent ceremony ever witnessed in Spain. The chapel was beautified with white flowers, and the ladies in their court costumes, white mantillas, and flashing jewels; the gentlemen in gala uniforms, with the royal group at the baptismal font, made up a gorgeous picture, that the artists of the illustrated press have taken advantage of, though in some cases they do not agree as to details, and may therefore be supposed to have drawn at times on their imagination.

In the pictures published of the presentation by King Alfonso of his little son to the dignitaries of the realm, and to the members of the diplomatic corps, immediately after the child's birth, one misses the portrait of the United States envoy among the group of foreign ambassadors and their secretaries. This is to be regretted, says the Marquise of Fontenoy, since he was a particularly conspicuous feature on this memorable occasion by reason of his raiment.

By order of the king, the notices of the impending birth of the prince of the Asturias were not sent out until the last moment, to avoid a prolonged and weary wait at the palace. The summons reached the United States legation after Minister Collier had left for a long drive, and it was only while on his way home that he heard the news.

Without waiting to return to the legation in order to don full evening dress, he hastened, just as he was, in a sack coat

and round hat, to the palace, made his way to the room, joined his colleagues, and was inquiring whether there was still time for him to return home to change his dress, when it was announced that a prince had been born. Minister Collier made up for the oddity of his attire, so incongruous among the gorgeous uniforms of all others present, by the cordiality of his congratulations to the king, and which visibly pleased the latter.

The prince begins life with the lengthy name Alfonso Pia Cristino Eduardo Francisco Guillermo Carlos Enrique Eugenio Fernando Antonino Venancio. Immediately after the christening, as the babe lay in the arms of Queen Cristina, the King of Spain invested him with the Collar of the Golden Fleece, the Collar of Carlos III., and the Grand Cross of Isabella the Catholic.

St. Vincent's College, Chicago, has added to its buildings a fully equipped theatre, that was formally dedicated by the Rt. Rev. P. J. Muldoon, D.D., Bishop of Chicago, early in June. When addressing the audience, the Bishop spoke of the seeming innovation, and proved that it was no new departure for Catholics to own a playhouse built and managed by priests.

RT. REV. P. J. MULDOON, D. D.

"To many it may seem strange," he said, "that the Church should lend itself to the theatre. Yet, after all, there is nothing strange in it, for by rights the theatre belongs to the Church. It was the Church, with its mystery plays, that discovered the theatre, and it must be the Church that will rescue the theatre."

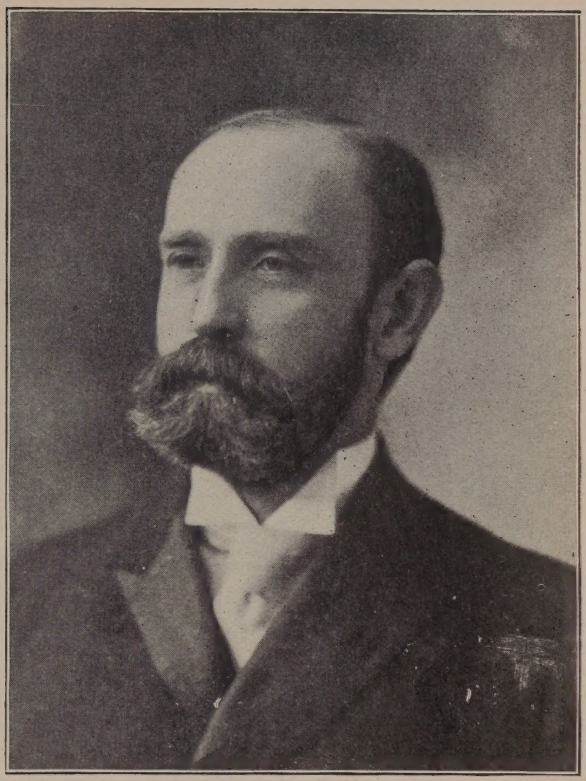
The new theatre is unique from the fact that it has been built by St. Vincent's College, and that it is to be managed, largely

as a public playhouse, under the supervision of the faculty. Plays and operas will be presented at intervals. It was explained by Father Byrne that the institution will be both a public playhouse and a purely college theatre. It is not intended to give plays for the public continuously, but much of the time the college will use the structure for its own purposes. On the evening following its dedication the theatre opened with the English grand opera, "Otho Visconti." The production was a big success.

The new building is said to challenge interest by its many architectural innovations. All the seats, with the exception of boxes in the balcony, are on the main floor, and each aisle leads directly to an exit, of which there are twenty-four. A magnificent octagonal dome surmounts the auditorium, and on its panels are eight notable mural paintings. The exterior design follows the line of the old Spanish mission. The auditorium is 84 feet deep, 100 feet wide and 56 feet high. The main floor, including ten boxes, has a seating capacity of 1,075, and the balcony boxes will accommodate 250 persons.

Congratulations to Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, American Minister to Denmark! It is to be hoped that the new life will allow some leisure for the production of more fiction from the Doctor's versatile pen. A Sexton Maginnis story from Copenhagen would have a warm reception, and if he should discover more cousins, friends, and adventures for "Belinda," in Denmark, a host of young Americans—and some not so young—will give them undivided attention, immediately on their arrival in America.

Dr. Egan says that, after a few first dashes of cold water, he has never known what it was to have a rejected manuscript in his portfolio. In 1878, after the success of "That Girl of Mine," he resolved to turn his attention to Catholic journalism exclusively, and made his entrance on McGee's weekly. His work was appreciated. Mr. Hickey and Mr. McMaster made him offers. For a time, he undertook the literary management of *The Catholic Review* and *The Illustrated American*. As he and Mr. Hickey were not quite congenial on the Irish question, he resigned and accepted the associate editorship of *The Freeman's Journal*. Mr. Hickey and he remained warmest friends in spite of a difference of opinion. On the death of Mr. McMaster, Mr. Egan acquired a half interest in *The Freeman's Journal*,—an interest which, on resigning his place to take the chair of Literature and Belles-Lettres at Notre Dame, he transferred to Mr. John A. McMaster, whose talents lay in the line of business rather than in journalism. For a number of years Dr. Egan has been professor of English Literature at the Catholic University of America, and his departure leaves a vacancy that it will be difficult to fill.



MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, styled the "Supreme Canadian," is the subject of an interesting sketch by Harold Spendor, in the London *Chronicle*. The circumstances of his first meeting with the Canadian statesman are unusual.

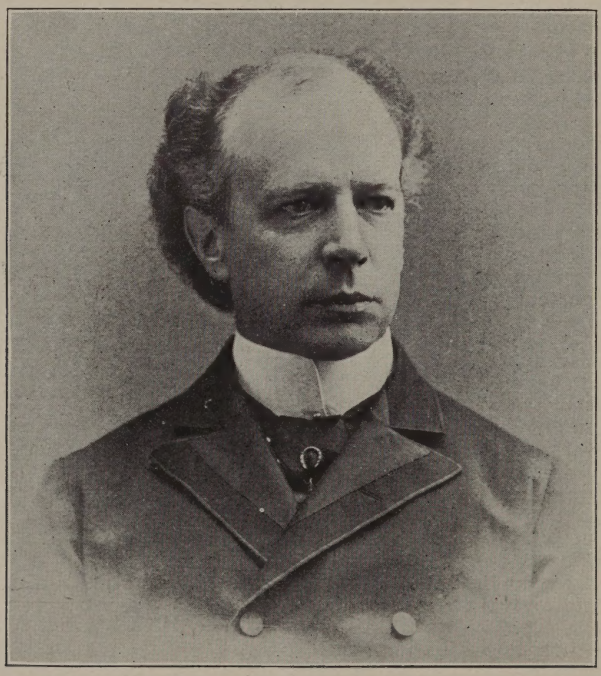
Writing of them, Mr. Spendor says:

"It was at St. Therese, a picturesque little village of French-Canadian wooden cottages, some miles outside Montreal. We had come down that morning on one of the comfortable C. P. R. cars, and since midday we had been listening to one of those open air debates between the two parties which take place all through Canada during a general election. The candidates had spoken on both sides—just for half an hour each—then for a quarter—always in that sweet, lucid French which they brought over a couple of centuries ago from France and still speak in French Canada. It was November, and very cold; but the sun was

shining, and the large crowd had been very quiet and patient. Suddenly a French Tory mounted the balcony where the speakers stood, and made a violent personal attack on the Prime Minister, Sir Wilfrid Laurier. He sat down, and half the crowd cheered. Then from an inner room there emerged a quiet, graceful figure, and calmly faced them. It was Laurier himself.

"That was typical of the man—as was the quiet courage with which he afterwards faced the violence of the Tory section of the crowd. For Sir Wilfrid Laurier is infinitely courageous and infinitely industrious. He talks with equal facility in both languages. He is at the same time a good British subject and a faithful Frenchman. French by birth and British by citizenship is his formula—and by that formula he knits together a land of divided parties and races, and unites them in common loyalty to the Empire. Sir Wilfrid Laurier is at present the supreme Canadian—he stands for Canada. He is one of those men who seem really necessary.

"It was at the height of the war that I heard Laurier address many audiences, English and French, in Eastern Canada. The general election was raging, and the Canadian Tories were making a desperate effort to find a cause and a policy. The impression left on my mind is not so much of anything he said as of his attitude, his pose, his voice. Sir Wilfrid Laurier is a supremely graceful speaker, whether in French or English, or *vice versa*, just as Mr. Lloyd George often addresses his Welsh audiences in English and in Welsh. In both languages Laurier speaks slowly, making his points emphatically and clearly, never hurrying, never giving away to irritation or passion. He seems so gentle, so sweetly reasonable, that you must be dull and churlish indeed not to agree with him. He seems to place his critics outside the pale—among the Philistines and other barbarians . And then the picture! Looking at him, I always thought of the hapless Girondins. So spoke the silver-tongued Vergniaud. So Cordorcet faced Marat in the howling convention, and earned the most pitiful of martrydoms.

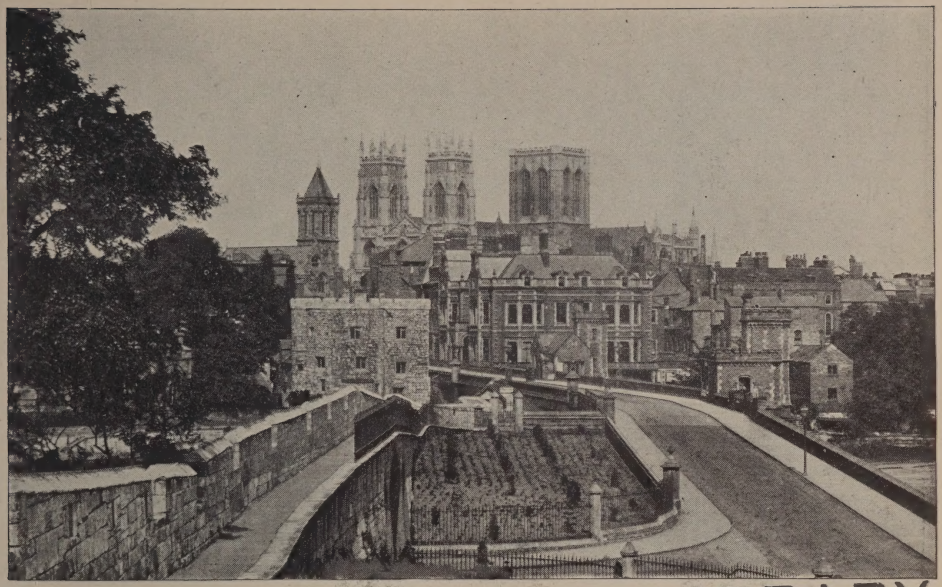


SIR WILFRID LAURIER.

Laurier is French — but not modern French. He is eighteenth century from top to toe. His pose sometimes recalled vividly a certain statue of Burke that stands outside Trinity College, Dublin—a very beautiful statue, representing the great orator standing, with chin on hand, facing the world."

Early in June the Pope received in private audience Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Canadian Premier, and L. P. Brodeur, the Canadian Minister of Marine and Fisheries. The Pontiff informed his visitors that he followed with affectionate interest the progress made by the Dominion.

Premier Laurier later had two long interviews with the Papal Secretary of State, Cardinal Merry Del Val.



YORK CATHEDRAL.

LIBRARY
ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY
BRIGHTON, MASS.

SOME CATHEDRALS OF ENGLAND.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

It has been said over and over again, and by friends and foes alike, that in the cathedrals of England the church of that land has become the possessor of fanes too vast for her shrunken form, too beautiful for her meagre services. These cathedrals erected for the most part in the days when England was still true to Rome are yearly thronged by visitors of many races and of many climes. A little information concerning their original founders may not be altogether uninteresting. The cathedrals number over thirty; and very few of these can the Church of England with any degree of honesty claim. The majority were wrested from Rome by Henry VIII., and then, to quote a Protestant writer, "zeal, and devotion, and ecclesiastical all" were stamped out by the reformers.

Old historians say that York was the seat of a bishopric in the days when the Romans occupied Britain. It is said that a bishop of York, Eborius by name, was present at the Council of Arles in 314. What is certain, however, is that on the site of the present stately minster, Edwin, the first Christian king of Northumbria, was baptized on the Easter day of 627 by Paulinus, one of Augustine's followers. The rude wooden building wherein the ceremony was performed was pulled down by Edwin and a stone cathedral, dedicated to Saint Peter, erected in its stead. This church was destroyed by fire, and a like fate befell the building which took its place. It was in the reign of King John that Archbishop de Grey began the present structure. He only lived to finish the south transept; but the work went on with more or less interruption during the succeeding two centuries till in 1472 the finished cathedral was re-consecrated by Archbishop Neville. One of the most illustrious of his predecessors was Saint

LINCOLN CATHEDRAL. FROM THE SOUTH.

William of York, who died a few weeks after his installation in 1154.

The Cathedral of Lincoln was founded by Remigius, a Norman bishop, who came to England with William. It was dedicated to "Mary, our Lady of Lincoln." This church was, like many of the early English churches, destroyed by fire. Afterwards the building which superseded it was in great part demolished by an earthquake, so that when Hugh de Grenoble was appointed to the See in 1186 he found his cathedral in ruins. This great prelate, whose canonization took place in 1220, was a Carthusian monk; and when Henry II., as penance for his share in the murder of Saint Thomas, founded the Carthusian priory of Witham, Saint Hugh became its first prior. After many years he was compelled to accept the See of Lincoln, to his own great grief. He at once began the work of re-building the cathedral; and often the holy bishop was seen toiling as a common workman. In this connection there is a story told of a poor cripple who watched Saint Hugh carrying a hod laden with mortar. The lame man made an effort to raise the mason's tray to his own head, and was at that very instant cured of his infirmity. Under Saint Hugh the building went on apace; and, ere the bishop set out on that journey to his own land from which he was never to return to his See, his beautiful cathedral was finished, and placed by him as an offering at the feet of "our Lady of Lincoln." Saint Hugh sailed to France, and made his return journey as far as London. There he died in November, 1200. He was buried within his cathedral; and in 1280 his remains were translated to the choir, in presence of Edward I. and Eleanor of Castile. Queen Eleanor's own death took place in Lincoln, and a part of her body was interred in its cathedral.

The great cathedral of the fen-land is Ely. It was founded by Etheldreda, daughter of Anna, king of East Anglia, and one of a galaxy of sainted sisters, as an abbey for both sexes. Etheldreda ruled over her community of women till her death in 679; and her convent was in

turn governed by her sisters. It was destroyed by the Danes, but was speedily rebuilt. Soon after the conquest a community of Benedictine monks was installed in the abbey. The abbot began the present cathedral. In 1109 the abbey became a bishop's See; and soon after Alan of Walshingham, sub-prior, built the tower and Lady Chapel. When Henry became head of his new church the relics which the cathedral contained were scattered abroad. His orders were

LINCOLN CATHEDRAL. CHOIR.

"that all images, relics, monuments, and shrines be totally destroyed."

Canterbury Cathedral occupies the site of a ruined church of Roman times. The temple erected by Augustine was pulled down when Lanfranc, the first Norman archbishop, entered into possession of his See in 1067. Various archbishops added to or remodelled the cathedral in which Thomas à Becket won the martyr's palm in the dusk of the winter's day in 1171. Four years after his death the building was destroyed by fire. The present cathedral was only completed in 1517; and twenty years later shared the fate of the religious houses. The shrine of Saint Thomas was broken, his remains scattered, and the offerings of the pilgrims of four centuries went to satisfy the greed and rapacity of Henry.

All readers of Scott know how the monks of Lindisfarne were obliged to carry the remains of the Saint of the Lowlands from place to place to escape the ravages of the Danes.

From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
Seven years Saint Cuthbert's corpse they bore.
They rested them in fair Melrose;
But though, alive, he loved it well
Not there his reliques might repose;
For, wondrous tale to tell!
In his stone coffin forth he rides,
(A ponderous bark for river tides)
Yet light as gossamer it glides
Downward to Tillmouth cell.
Nor long was his abiding there,
For southward did the saint repair;

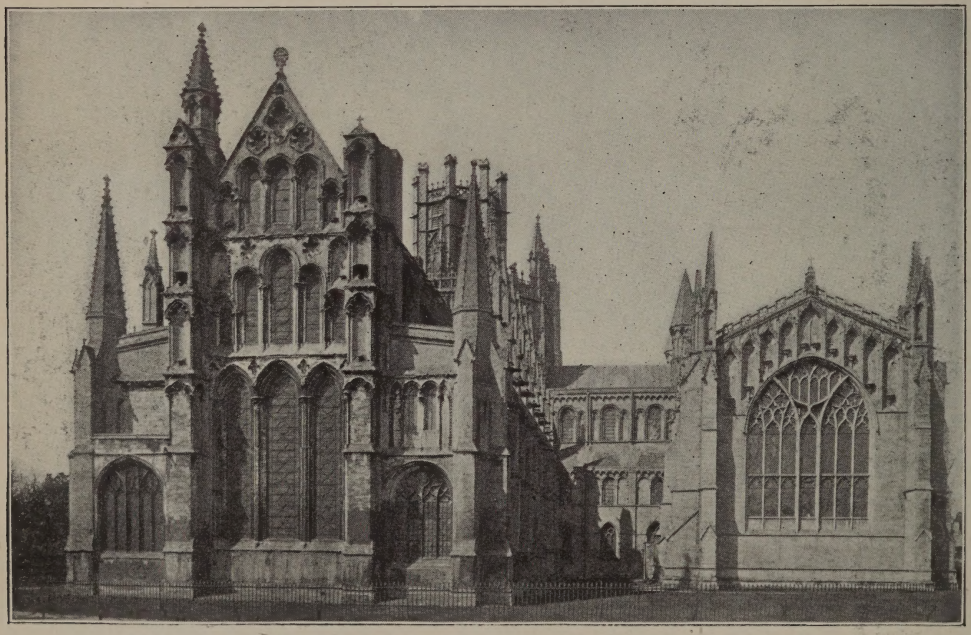
Chester-le-Street and Ripon saw
His holy corpse, ere Wardilaw
Hailed him with joy and fear.
There, deep in Durham's Gothic shade,
His reliques are in secret laid.

Three years after Saint Cuthbert was interred in Durham, the first bishop of that See consecrated a cathedral over his remains. This consecration took place in 999; and a century or so later a Norman bishop began the present fabric. The work was carried on, as was

"Galwegians wild as ocean's gale,
And Lodon's knights all sheathed in mail,
And the bold men of Teviotdale,
Before his standard fled."

The second occasion when the holy standard brought victory was at Neville's Cross, where the good Queen Phillipa led an English army against the Scots in 1346 during the absence of her husband in France.

Saint Osmund came in the Conqueror's train to England, and was created



ELY CATHEDRAL. EAST END.

usual, by his successors. At the change of religion the place came into Protestant hands; and it is a sad thing to tell that the altar cloth of the saint to whom Durham is indebted for its eminence was burned in mockery by Katherine Whittingham, wife of the cathedral's first Protestant dean. This altar cloth of Saint Cuthbert's had been borne in triumph in two battles where the English defeated the Scots. The first battle was that of Northallerton where

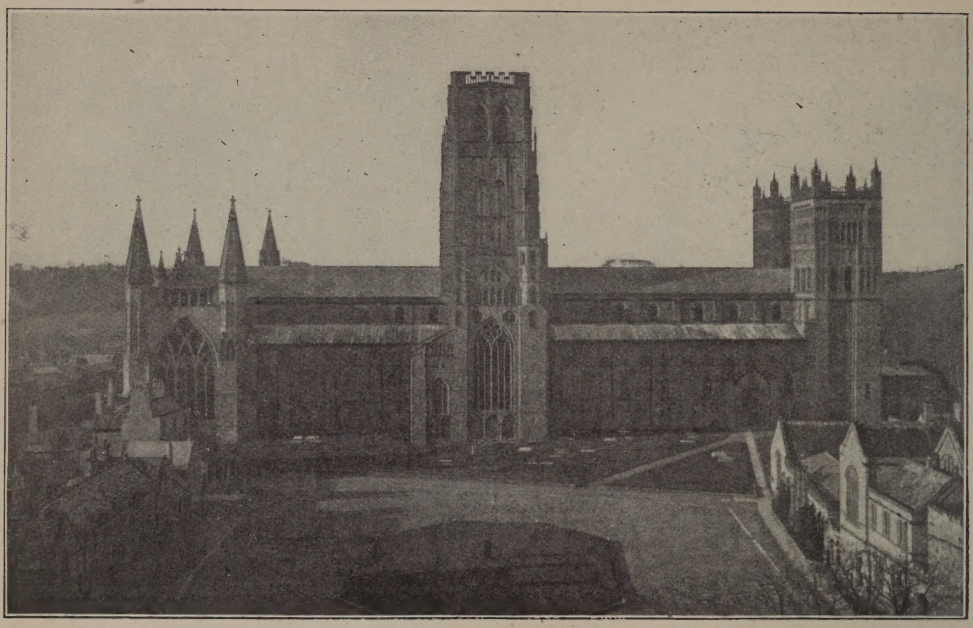
Earl of Dorset by that monarch. He gave up all worldly honors to become a monk; but was obliged later to take possession of the See of Salisbury. The cathedral built by Saint Osmund was replaced by the present erection, whose foundations were laid in 1220 by Bishop Poore. Saint Osmund's relics were translated to the new cathedral where they still repose, though his shrine was destroyed during the reforming period.

Winchester Cathedral in its massive-

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

ness and solidity seems a solemn guardian of the gray old-world city so full of memories of both Saxon and Norman days. The West Saxons were converted by Birinus, the Italian monk bishop, sent by Pope Honorius in the seventh century to evangelize the people of Wessex. Cyneglis, the king, became a convert, and the foundation of the parent church of the present cathedral was laid. It was dedicated to Saints Peter and Paul. Saint Birinus died at Dorchester in 650; but his remains were translated to Winchester by Bishop Haedda, the first Saxon bishop of that See. Many notable names are connected with Winchester's first cathedral—Saints Swithin, Alfege, and Dunstan; Ethelwulf, the King of Wessex, who journeyed to Rome to obtain some relaxation of the visits of penitents to the Eternal City, and promised Peter's Pence; Alfred, the greatest of the Saxon kings, and his golden-haired grandson, Athelstan. It was the latter who gave the cathedral the sword of Constantine and the spear which was said to have been the very one which pierced the side of the Saviour. The present cathedral was begun by Bishop Walkelin soon after the Conquest. The next builder of note was William of Wykeham, the great patron of learning, and the founder of New College, Oxford, and our Lady's College, Winchester. It was fully completed by the time of Henry's change of faith; and soon the priceless treasures of years, gathered together by churchmen and kings, were scattered by the ruthless hand of Cromwell.

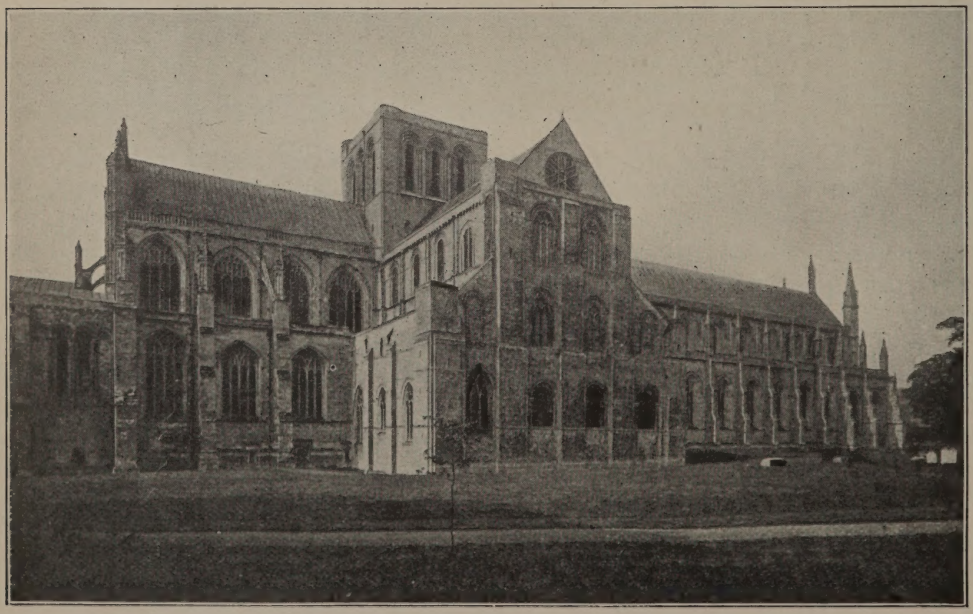
Saint Wulstan, last of the Saxon bishops, raised his cathedral of Worcester on the spot where the tenth century church of Saint Oswald had stood. The simple, kindly bishop had been a novice in Saint Oswald's monastery, and had ever a great love for Worcester. Many stories are told of him. We hear of him preaching Sunday after Sunday in the market places against the slavery into which English parents sold their sons and daughters. The Conqueror was inclined to rule the English Church with the same iron hand with which he gov-



DURHAM CATHEDRAL. NORTH FRONT.

erned the State; and Saint Wulstan was asked to resign his pastoral staff. The Norman nobles laughed as the bishop, clad in homely sheepskin, advanced from his place among the Norman prelates gathered in synod at Westminster.

"I am unworthy, indeed, of such a charge," Wulstan said to the king, "from Saint Edward I received my crozier, to him I deliver it up." So saying the bishop struck his staff deep into the solid stone of the Confessor's tomb. All in vain did one after another try to remove it, and at length Saint Wulstan



WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

was ordered to withdraw his staff. It yielded to his touch, and the Norman king was glad to leave him undisturbed in his See, which he governed well and wisely till his death in 1095.

Exeter became a bishop's see in 1050 when Leofric, its first bishop, set up his throne in the Benedictine monastery established there. It was to Exeter Cathedral that the Black Prince, accompanied by his prisoner, the king of France, hastened after his arrival in England, to give thanks for the victory of Poitiers. Norwich received its dignity only in 1094, when a Norman bishop, in penance for some simonical irregularity, erected a great part of the present structure at his own cost. Hereford Cathedral is dedicated to Saint Ethelbert, a king of East Anglia; but there are no traces of any buildings earlier than the twelfth century.

Peterborough and Chester cathedrals cannot be reckoned among the ancient cathedrals. The former was a Benedictine abbey when Henry set about reforming the Church. It fared better than the other abbeys at his sacrilegious hands, and that because Catherine of Arragon was interred therein. The abbey, under the new state of things, became the See of a Protestant bishop. It was in Peterborough, Mary Stuart was interred after the tragedy of Fotheringay. Chester is also a bishopric of Henry's creation.

EXETER CATHEDRAL.

Chichester Cathedral was begun in the reign of the first of the Henrys. It has little historical interest; but Cardinal Manning was, prior to his conversion, archdeacon of the cathedral.

In all these cathedrals, the Lady Chapel is a conspicuous feature, showing that devotion to the Mother of God was always practiced in England. The Lady chapels generally occupied the east ends of the cathedrals.

BABES IN THE WOOD.

THE LAST OF THE RED MAN.

(Written in 1896.)

BY E. A. BRIDGER.

Chaplain at Fort Keogh during the outbreak of 1878.

It must be admitted that the Indian is ferocious when thoroughly aroused by a sense of wrong, but accustomed as we are to publish only one side of any reported Indian trouble it is very difficult for right-minded people at a distance to come to any just conclusions. The retaliatory vengeance of the Indian is blazoned to the world; the crime which provoked the deed—in some instances the outrage of a mother or sister—being carefully and dishonestly suppressed.

Ferocity is a characteristic of our American Indian, as it is of every race that is destitute of the influences of Christianity. Long suffering patience is also one of their characteristics, and it is manifested by them in a greater degree than by any other people. They have been compelled for many years to submit to systematic robbery (by Government officials) of nearly all they were entitled to by solemn treaty. They have been placed upon a reservation, with the oath-bound assurance that the land would be theirs as long as grass grows and water runs, and as soon as adventurous white men have discovered something desirable in the location the Indians have been hurried off to another reservation, and the same pitiable farce gone through in the shape of another treaty,—the supreme law of the land,—with the understanding on the part of the whites that that treaty would also be broken, and the Indians again removed as soon as it became expedient. Yet the Indians have remained patient, and long years of intercourse with and residence among the people of this race enables the writer to assert unhesitatingly that in nearly every instance in which a white man has suffered at the hands of the Indians in time of peace, the red man has been provoked by some dastardly wrong perpetrated upon him.

General Harney of the United States Army, who had a world-wide fame as an Indian fighter, after years of familiarity with our western Indians, stated, that "in nearly every instance where a treaty has been broken, the white man has been the first to commit the offense."

THE CHEYENNE INDIANS.

The early location of this once powerful tribe cannot be stated with absolute positiveness. Some of their traditions would seem in a very faint way to point to their location as far east as the Niagara Falls, and the frequency with which the phrase "before we had buffalo" is used in referring to past events would indicate that they reached the buffalo country at a comparatively recent date; but there is no evidence of migration westward from any place beyond the headwaters of the Mississippi River, in Minnesota. An old Indian and former chief (seventy-nine years old) when questioned as to where they were before they lived in Minnesota promptly and positively replied, "The Great Spirit made us right here," and his statement may be taken as conclusive. Occupying the country at the head waters of the Mississippi River, several hundred years ago, they were slowly forced westward by the Sioux, and southward by the Mandans, the latter being driven from the north by the same power which pressed upon the Sioux from the east, viz: the great Algonquin tribes. The Che-

yennes left the wooded country of Minnesota and drifted into the plains, where they were joined by the Arapahoes, and about two hundred or two hundred and fifty years ago reached the Missouri River, and crossed near the mouth of the Cheyenne, or "Good River," as they call it. Before commencing this movement it would appear that they lived in permanent villages, contiguous to their cultivated fields, and went out for their annual hunts like the Pawnees, Mandans, and other tribes who live in dirt lodges. They do not appear to have had many ponies until after they reached the country adjacent to the Black Hills. The Crow Indians then roamed near the head waters of the Little Missouri River, and the Powder and Tongue River country. The Kiowas and Apaches were south-west of and near the Black Hills, while the Pawnees occupied the Lower Platte River valley. The Cheyennes, soon after their arrival near the Black Hills, heard of the tribes who had ponies, and of the wild horses on the plains to the south. They gave up farming and apparently went into the business of driving the Crows, Kiowas, and Apaches out of the country, catching wild ponies, and stealing them from the tribes to the south and west who had them. At this period the Cheyennes claim to have had from four to five thousand lodges, the average number in a lodge being from six to eight persons.

Keeping in a northwesterly direction they drove the Crow Indians before them and took possession of their country. Making war upon the Kiowas and Apaches the Cheyennes forced them south between the Pawnees and numerous other tribes to the east, and the Utes to the west, until the discomfited tribes joined the powerful nation of Comanches in the far south. In the meantime the Arapahoes had separated from the Cheyennes and had gone farther west into the mountains, though the two tribes always remained friendly and frequently united in offensive and defensive warfare. Peace had been made and broken numerous times with the powerful Sioux tribe, but about ninety years ago a permanent peace was effected.

Speaking of this event a prominent Cheyenne said, "For many years we were at war with the Sioux. Peace would be made; they would hold out the pipe to us, and smilingly, and apparently with good intentions, say 'Let us be good friends;' but they time and again treacherously broke their promises. We made a peace which was unbroken except by one battle about the time we first got guns."

The aggressive wars in which the Cheyennes had engaged greatly reduced their numbers—these losses being augmented to a fearful extent in 1849 when cholera raged among them—and they dwindled down to fifteen hundred lodges, a loss of between fifteen and twenty thousand persons.

About that period (1849) a partial division of the tribe took place on a tributary of the Tongue River, Montana, due to a desire of a portion of the tribe to go with a trader who was with them, and increase their supply of ponies by trade with the tribes to the south; the separation being made permanent some twenty years later. The Cheyennes who went south (probably about two-thirds of the tribe, or eight thousand) never dreamed of remaining permanently in that region, but in pursuance of the policy of the Government then in vogue, they were assigned to a reservation in the Indian Territory. That portion of the tribe which remained in the north affiliated with the Sioux on the reservations of the latter in Dakota, or roamed at large with the Uncapapa Sioux under "Sitting Bull" until the Sioux war of 1876, which culminated in the death of General Custer,

and ended in the retreat of the hostiles across the British line. Upon the surrender of "Sitting Bull" and his warriors in 1881, the Sioux were assigned to the Standing Rock reservation, Dakota, while the few Cheyennes who had been implicated in the hostilities were permitted to make their abode with those of their own tribe who had remained in Dakota on the several Sioux reservations.

Throughout the years subsequent to the assignment of the main body of the Cheyenne Indians to a reservation in the Indian Territory, they were made to feel all the rigors of the infamous "spoils system," which had unbridled sway during that period. For a number of years the world knew nothing of the wrong or sufferings these Indians endured until in 1878, when starvation confronted them and trouble was imminent. Year after year the agent and contractors had appropriated to their own use the rations and annuities the Cheyennes were entitled to, and when threatened by the Indians with just punishment for their crimes, those who were the cause of the impending outbreak sent sensational reports to the public press, and howled for the protection of the United States troops.

During these troubles (1878) General Pope, U. S. A., sent to the War Department the following report which vividly describes the condition to which these unfortunate Indians had been reduced:

"As matters stand, the military forces are placed in a false and very unsatisfactory position in relation to these Indians. It is inhuman to compel Indians to remain at the agencies on their reservations, slowly starving to death. If they do what any man would do under the circumstances—leave the localities where they are placed to procure food to prevent themselves and their families from starving—it is considered the duty of the army to pursue and force them back, and compel them to starve peaceably. In other words, the military forces are required to compel these Indians to starve to death quietly, or be killed if they are not willing to do it. It is impossible to believe that the Government of the United States intends knowingly to be even tacitly a party to so monstrous a crime against humanity, and I consider, therefore, that it is my duty both to the Government and the military force, to acquaint the authorities with the facts, however disagreeable they may be."

In September of the same year (1878) General Pope sent another report to the War Department saying:

"The papers I forwarded contain a mere statement of what I have so often brought to the attention of the authorities that I feel reluctant to forward them; nevertheless the subject must be presented, and must be dealt with, unless the honor of the Government, the faith of its promises, common humanity to these wretched Indians, and the safety of the people of the frontier are not worth considering. The situation is plain—not to be misunderstood. The Indians in question have the written promise of the Government, embodied in a treaty solemnly ratified by the Senate, that they shall, in part consideration of certain obligations which they have observed and are observing, be supplied with provisions in amount and character specifically stated—provisions absolutely necessary to keep them from starving at places where the Government itself has established them. They are not so furnished, and are in consequence in a suffering condition, which must very soon force them to flee from their reservation. What are the military forces to do? Is it really expected that they shall compel these Indians to stay where they are and slowly starve to death? Is it possible that the Government expects this cruelty, or that the troops should execute it? I do not undertake to say where is the blame for this breach of the solemn obligations of the United States, but I do say that under military supervision such a condition of things could not happen unless from a failure of Congress to make appropriations, a reason which cannot be assigned in the case of the Indian Department.

"There are herds of cattle in the vicinity of these Indians which could be bought and issued to them. If this be not done at once is there any man who can blame the Indian for taking what he needs rather than starve to death in the sight of abundance, and when the Government stands pledged to him for his subsistence? I trust that the Secretary of War will in some manner protect the army from being placed in such a position as this, and if the Indians are

to be dealt with in this manner, the army, at least, shall be held blameless for the consequences."

But the Indian Department turned a deaf ear to such unimpeachable representations, and the inevitable consequences followed.

COUNCIL OF CHEYENNES.

The Cheyennes finding no redress decided in council, as one of the chiefs expressed it, that "They might as well die fighting as to be driven about and hemmed in and starved by white men." The whole tribe was suffering the pangs of starvation, but though resentment ran high because treaty stipulations had been so treacherously broken—they resisted the temptation to seek revenge in war, and decided that escape was the only alternative. The Cheyennes numbered some six thousand souls, and the whole tribe could not leave without attracting attention, and causing concentration of troops to frustrate the design. Arrangements were therefore made that about one thousand of their number under "Little Wolf," "Lame Deer," and "White Bull," should leave the reservation by stealth, in small detachments, till they reached a rendezvous remote from the reservation. From thence they proposed to continue their flight in a body, with the buffalo regions of Montana as the goal.

The escape was made successfully—the main body of the Cheyennes remaining quietly on the reservation and continuing to suffer starvation, hoping thereby to blind the eyes of the authorities as to what had taken place, and hold the attention of the troops until their fleeing brethren had reached a point sufficiently distant to render pursuit impracticable. In pursuing this course they were inspired by the anticipation that if this "forlorn hope" succeeded in reaching the north safely, the Government might be willing to give the whole tribe a home in the healthful game regions of Montana.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCE.

Personal reminiscence of the minor events which led to the capture of the fugitive band of Cheyennes, by General Miles, in Montana, in which the writer played no insignificant part, cannot fail to be of interest.

During this eventful period (1877-80) the writer discharged the duties of Chaplain at Fort Keogh, and in that capacity often accompanied the troops on the expeditions against hostile Indian tribes. He also served as interpreter for General Miles with the Crow Indians, among whom he had previously labored as missionary. He thus probably saw more of the stirring events which make up the history of the northwest frontier during that eventful epoch than usually falls to the lot of one in civil life.

The bugle call of "boots and saddles," together with the departure of detachments of troops on scouting expeditions had been monotonously frequent during two long years, and the hospital at Fort Keogh was kept crowded with soldiers and Indians suffering from fractures, gun-shot wounds and other injuries. The wars with the Sioux, Nez Perce, and Bannock Indians having followed in quick succession, we were surfeited with carnage and strife, and all were beginning to hope for a season of peace.

In the fall of the year 1878, however, the news flashed across the wires that a large body of Cheyenne Indians had broken away from their reservation in the Indian Territory, and had succeeded in passing through Kansas into Nebraska; that in the sand-hills west of Camp Robinson a large proportion of them had been wiped out of existence in a battle with the U. S. troops; and that

a large body had eluded pursuit and crossed the southern boundary of Montana.

The Crow Indians had been the faithful allies of the troops in all the expeditions against hostile tribes, and knowing every foot of the rugged country were able to render invaluable assistance.

At this juncture the writer was requested by General Miles to proceed at once to the Crow Indian reservation, on horseback, accompanied by a white scout, with pack animal to carry rations, cooking utensils and bedding; and on reaching the Crow Indians bring every influence to bear upon them to secure the cooperation of the warriors.

The portion of the Crow reservation occupied by the tribe was to the westward—about three days' journey distant—and the Cheyennes were liable to dash through the intervening country at any hour, making it possible that the wayfarer might fall into their hands. The dwellers in that frontier region were, however, inured to danger, and if duty called, none felt moved to hesitate because of risking the scalper's knife. Our route lay up the Yellowstone Valley from the mouth of the Tongue River, at which point we forded the Yellowstone River to its north bank in order to avail ourselves of a less broken country than exists south of that stream, thence to the mouth of the Big Horn River, just above which we expected to ford the Yellowstone River again to the south side and continue our journey across the Crow reservation.

At the end of the first day we made our camp for the night at the mouth of Porcupine Creek—the making camp consisting of the simple primitive process of picketing our animals in a nook sheltered from observation, gathering a few sticks and starting a fire to cook our frugal supper—taking care that the fire was too small to admit of its light or smoke revealing our whereabouts to a skulking foe. Our blankets being spread down in the shelter of the bush we retired for the night, which passed without event, save only that the occasional hooting of owls and howling of wolves—coupled with the knowledge that Indians frequently use the cries of birds and animals in signaling to each other—caused a feeling of uneasiness to creep over one. Rising betimes and partaking of a hurried breakfast, we were enabled to pursue our journey by early dawn, and no grass grew under our horses' hoofs as we traveled rapidly across the tract of country near the mouth of the Rosebud River through which the Cheyenne Indians would probably endeavor to pass.

Night was coming on rapidly when we reached the desired camping ground near the mouth of the Big Horn river, and just as we commenced to prepare supper we were startled by a man on horseback dashing up at full speed. Our unexpected visitor proved to be a cavalry soldier bearing a despatch from Fort Keogh, to the writer, which read as follows:

HEADQUARTERS, DISTRICT OF THE YELLOWSTONE, FORT KEOGH, M. T.
OCT. 22nd, 1878.

Rev. Mr. Bridger.

Dear Sir:—General Miles wishes me to say that information has just been received which indicates that the Cheyennes were looking for a chance to get through at some point to the west of us near the Rosebud. He wishes you and the scout with you to make all haste to carry out instructions relative to securing the Crow warriors. The Crows should be requested to keep a sharp look-out, and report the approach of any hostiles from the south in time, so that the troops can capture them. The report is received from the surveyors camped at the mouth of the Rosebud. The Indians are on the south side of the Yellowstone.

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
F. D. BALDWIN,
1st Lieut. 5th Infantry, A. A. A. G.

The courier, having received orders from the commanding officer to return

to Fort Keogh with all speed, immediately put spurs to his horse and was soon lost to sight. A stimulus having thus been given to our activities, our slumbers through the night were light and fitful, so that before the break of day we were in the saddle, and our horses were soon stumbling and splashing over the boulders which lay thick at the ford of the Yellowstone. A hard day's ride brought us to a large Crow Indian camp, which, as if Providence had specially favored us proved to be that of "Blackfoot," the orator chief, whose confidence and friendship the writer had won and enjoyed during his old missionary days among the Crows. After the usual courtesies were exchanged and a hurried repast partaken of, a council was called. "Iron Bull," a prominent chief was camped with his followers a mile away, and a messenger was sent to request his presence. Riding as it were on the wings of the wind the messenger quickly performed his mission, and in a short time "Iron Bull," accompanied by several lesser chiefs, arrived on the scene,—the intelligence that "Bar-wot-se-mitza"—"The Teacher"—had come with a message from the Soldier Chief, having been sufficient to accelerate their movements and bring them without unnecessary delay.

COUNCIL WITH CROW INDIANS.

It was a strange weird spectacle. They sat in a semi-circle, a short distance from an immense fire, upon which the squaws constantly threw bark and light wood to increase the illumination.

In front sat "Blackfoot" and "Iron Bull," men of commanding presence, while on either side of them and extending the line sat "Crazy Head," "Long Lance," "Beaver," "Shot in the Jaw," "Crane in the Sky," "Bull Goes Hunting," and other minor chiefs, while behind them in semi-circular mass sat some two hundred and fifty or three hundred warriors in all the glory of paint and feathers, with the women and children hovering on the outskirts. To one unaccustomed to deal with Indians, the stoical demeanor and apparent indifference manifested on this occasion would have been disappointing if not irritating. Not the least curiosity was evinced, or question asked, as to the purport of the message, until the pipe, "the emblem of peace and friendship," had been passed around, each male taking two or three whiffs and passing the pipe to his neighbor. At the conclusion of this indispensable ceremony the writer briefly stated the message of the soldier chief. After dwelling upon the faithful friendship of the Crows in the past and the service they had rendered the "Great Father" in many expeditions against hostile Indian tribes—their enemies and his—they were informed that the "Soldier Chief" had sent them word that the Cheyenne Indians—who years ago had driven the Crows out of the Powder and Tongue River country—had broken away from the far-off country to which the "Great Father" had sent them and were now in Montana to the east of the Crow reservation. That it was feared they would kill the white settlers on the Yellowstone unless they were captured before they succeeded in reaching that valley. That the Crows were requested to send out their warriors to scout the country thoroughly, ascertain the whereabouts of the Cheyennes, watch their movements and send couriers with the information to the "Soldier Chief," in order that he might move with the troops in the right direction and capture the Cheyennes before they committed such depredations as would inflame the white settlers with greater hatred for all Indian people.

At the mention of the Cheyennes all stoicism disappeared, and each succeeding sentence was greeted with loud cries of "How!" and "Etsic" (good). As a

result of this council, in the grey dawn of the next morning the young warriors departed on the scout; and so expeditiously was this duty performed that before the writer and his scout companion reached Fort Keogh, the location of the Cheyennes had been communicated to the authorities by the Crow scouts. In the meantime the Cheyennes were closely watched by a strong force of Crow warriors who held themselves in readiness to check any movement on the part of their ancient foes, and to avail themselves of a favorable opportunity to run off the Cheyenne ponies, and effectually prevent any rapid movement.

General Miles at once took the field and in an incredibly short time the U. S. troops and the Crow Indians had the Cheyennes surrounded and captured and the entire band, some five hundred souls, were taken to the mouth of the Tongue River, and held as prisoners of war at, or near Fort Keogh. During the years this band of Cheyenne Indians remained at Fort Keogh under the care and supervision of the military authorities they were self-supporting. General Miles who had a thorough knowledge of the Indian character and whose spirit on many a well-fought battle field had been stirred

"By that stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel."

as a brave man knew how to be magnanimous to a fallen foe. The Indians begged to be allowed to remain in that (to many of them their native) region. Knowing that the Indian can be civilized under just conditions, and that he will make an independent livelihood if he has a chance to do so, General Miles obtained permission from the War and Interior Departments, with the ardent consent of the Cheyenne Indians, to dispose of their war ponies, and with the proceeds of the sale purchase harness, wagons, seeds, and farming implements. This done he allotted a few acres of land on the military reservation to each Indian family, and detailed enlisted soldiers to instruct them in gardening and farming pursuits. The soldiers engaged in this work with enthusiasm realizing that it was more humane to instruct the Indians than to kill them. The Cheyennes, encouraged by the opportunity thus given them, devoted themselves with energy to their new vocation and made an independent support as long as they were permitted to remain under the control of the army. But, alas, for the Cheyennes! the time arrived when under orders from Washington they were assigned to a reservation near the head waters of Tongue River, Montana, in order that they might be brought under the "benign" influences of an Indian agency. If these Indians have retrograded since that change was made, if it is true as reported in the western press that they no longer aspire to cultivate the soil, and that even the graduates of eastern schools have thrown aside all civilized restraints and given way to blood-thirsty instincts, may not these evils be attributed to the unwise course pursued in removing them from the care of the War Department, and turning them over to the tender mercies of the minions of the "spoils system?"

For a generation it had been the practice of the Interior Department to appoint men to positions as Indian agents, as rewards for political services, and under that system the worst of men have had control of the interests of the red man.

Perhaps no stronger denunciation of this infamy could be penned than that which was embodied in a letter from Hon. J. H. Oberly, ex-Commissioner of Indian Affairs, received by the writer of this sketch in January, 1890. In that letter the ex-Commissioner says:

"I am glad to know that you have found employment outside of the terrible Indian service, which is made a nightmare to all

decent people by the corrupt and in every way bad men who are being constantly crowded into it by the men who are compelled to use the places in the Indian service as rewards for the henchmen who have helped them 'fry fat' out of their party, or have been their manipulators of 'blocks of five' voters, or 'floaters,' as the honest Dudley expressed it. Reform in the Indian service is imperatively demanded, and I believe I could have reformed it if I had had time to do the work. I trust the present commissioner will not be wanting in efforts to bring something good out of the Indian Sodom and Gomorrah."

Under such a defiling and brutalizing system nothing but demoralization, despair, and bloodshed, could ensue, nor can any remedy be applied so long as the intelligent voters of the country fold their hands in apathy while innocence suffers and justice is trampled under foot.

RESERVATION POLICY.

In evil results to the red man, the reservation policy is second only to the "spoils system," of which, indeed, it may be said to form a part, and without which the villainies of the former would be rendered more difficult, if not impossible. Whether the Cheyenne Indians who went south ever consented to occupy a reservation in the Indian Territory will always remain an open question.

It does not appear to be generally known that the most nefarious methods are used in carrying on "negotiations" with Indians for the relinquishment of their lands and to "induce" them to locate elsewhere.

Mr. Herbert Welsh of the "Indian Rights Association," Philadelphia, Pa., in a speech delivered in Christ Episcopal Church, St. Louis, Mo., in 1889, speaking of the negotiations with the Sioux for the relinquishment of eleven million acres of their land and the methods resorted to said:

"At Pine Ridge Agency, men, representatives of the Government, went among the Indians and induced children and even infants to affix their marks to a paper giving their consent to an abandonment of the reservation, eleven million acres, the Indians being absolutely ignorant of what they were doing."

Special Indian Inspector Lee, in a census taken at the Rosebud Agency, discovered that several thousand fictitious Indian names were carried on the ration rolls. It was also well-known on the reservation, in 1889, that a large number of these fictitious names were attached to the treaty, in order that it might appear that the necessary three-fourths of the tribe had given their consent to relinquish the land. If such villainy was possible only seven years ago in a region with railroad and telegraph facilities, and within a short distance of some of the most flourishing towns of northern Nebraska, who will question that coercion, intimidation and misrepresentation were rampant thirty years ago in the more isolated region of the Indian Territory in which the Cheyenne Indians were held?

Twenty-five years ago it was the hobby of many excellent eastern philanthropists and the policy of the Government to remove all Indian tribes to the Indian Territory. Every legitimate and illegitimate means were used to promote the success of the scheme, some of its advocates declaring they would "even use force to persuade the Indians to give up their accustomed haunts." Indians who were making honest efforts to cultivate the soil and build permanent homes in their native region received no encouragement, because it was ordained by those in authority that the Indians must ultimately consent to give up their homes and make their abode in the Indian Territory.

The Commissioner of Indian Affairs, in his report for 1874, says:

"The unoccupied portion of this country (Indian Territory) is sufficient in extent to furnish a homestead to every Indian family in the United States, and it has hitherto

been considered feasible, eventually, to domicile a large majority of the Indians in this Territory."

In 1876 the Commissioner of Indian Affairs in his instructions to the Commission sent to negotiate with the Sioux Indians for the ceding of the Black Hills, says:

"The President is strongly impressed with the belief that the agreement which shall be best calculated to enable the Indians to become self-supporting is one which shall provide for their removal at as early a date as possible to the Indian Territory."

Experience, however, shows that no effort is more unsuccessful with the red man than that which proposes to remove him from the place of his birth and the graves of his fathers. Though a barren plain, without wood or water, he will not willingly exchange it for any prairie or woodland, however inviting. One of the chiefs declared in council "We are willing to work harder and have less in Dakota, but we are unwilling to run the risk of going away from a country which has been so long our home."

The determination to carry out this unwise and impractical project is doubtless responsible for the indifference with which officials (on the reservations of the northern Indians) regarded the civilizing work intrusted to them, and eternity alone can reveal the extent to which the Indians were retarded thereby. The Indians were afraid to improve their lands, because they did not know how soon they would be forced to abandon them.

The reservation policy briefly stated is the placing of a tribe of Indians in a country of defined limits, and forbidding the Indians of that tribe from going outside of those limits, and preventing all other people from living or trading among them, unless by special permit. Thus in the isolated regions in which the Indians were penned up, they were shut off from market facilities and prohibited from carrying on commerce with white people who might live on the borders of their reservations. It will readily be conceded that no intelligent white man would continue to cultivate the soil and harvest crops year after year, if at the end of each season he found no markets for his produce; yet after placing the red man in that position the complaint is made, and made for the purpose of discrediting him, that "the Indian makes slow progress in farming."

LACK OF HONEST AND EFFICIENT INTERPRETERS.

The red man's ignorance of the English language has been a great obstacle to the cultivating of intelligent friendly relations between him and his white neighbors, and the compulsory use of interpreters has been one of his greatest grievances. Years of intercourse with the Cheyenne and other Indian tribes, and close observance of the facility with which the average interpreter could be induced by a bribe to misinterpret the utterances of Indians,—both in dealing with the Government, and in courts of justice when Indians have been tried for their lives,—has brought the conviction that the lack of honest and efficient interpreters has been one of the causes of all our troubles with the Indians, one of the greatest obstacles to a thorough understanding of the Indian question, and the greatest source of false impressions of their abilities, laws, habits, moral and immoral qualities of character. It has fettered civilization, retarded Christianizing influences, held the Indians in the close embrace of barbarism, cost billions of money, rendered corruption and theft by officials not only possible but easy, stained the soil of every state with innocent blood, and led the Indian race to the threshold of extermination. Yet at this day the Cheyenne and a majority of Indian tribes are helplessly at the mercy

of these creatures. How could it be otherwise under the corrupt and debauching policy pursued toward them?

Thirty years ago, at the great council on Horse Creek near Fort Laramie in Wyoming, the Crow, Shoshone, Arapahoe, Sioux, and Cheyenne Indians were promised by solemn treaty that schools should be established among them for the period of twenty years. Yet twelve years were permitted to pass before a pretence was made to keep the compact. Even then it was but a pretence, political appointees were placed in charge, and these parasites drew the salaries which they considered they had previously earned by the service rendered to their political party, and cared nothing for the welfare of the Indians committed to their charge. The Indians are willing to be educated, and on all reservations where schools have been established they manifest a deep interest in the advancement of their children. Had the schools been established thirty years ago numbers of the Indians who have reached the meridian of life would now be able to understand and speak our language, and much trouble would have been averted. But this blessing was withheld with many others, in order that the Indians might be the more easily induced to give up their valuable lands and remove to the Indian Territory. These statements, abundantly supported by facts, are a terrible arraignment of our criminal treatment of the red man, yet in our conduct we have simply continued the policy of the fathers of our race, and in the case of every Indian tribe history has repeated itself again and again during the past century.

If any question this let the Cherokee Indians bear witness. McCoy's History informs us that: "these Indians (Cherokees) had made such advances in civilization that at the beginning of the present century, or at least within ten years afterward, the extent to which their agricultural and manufacturing operations were carried seemed to entitle them to the appellation of a civilized people." In 1826 the Cherokees were so far advanced in civilization as to cause much jealousy on the part of the Georgians, and led to complaints through the Legislature (we quote their own language) that the United States have managed "so to add to the comforts of the Cherokees, and so instruct them in the business of husbandry, as to attach them so firmly to their country and to their homes as almost to destroy the last ray of hope that they would ever consent to part with the Georgia lands." (Report of Committee of Legislature, Dec. 5, 1827.)

General Scott when ordered to the work of removing these Indians, said:

"I am charged with the execution of the treaty with the Cherokees, by which they are to remove on the 23rd of the present month, May, 1837. I am to cause the treaty to be carried into effect and the Indians to remove peaceably if possible, but forcibly if necessary. Should there be force, should there be butchery in the matter, we shall be damned to everlasting fame in a large portion of the country; in Europe, and throughout the civilized world; in song, in poetry, in oratory, in the pulpit, and in the lasting records of history; and who would wish to connect himself with such things? The treaty was made by about three-tenths of the Cherokee nation, and seven-tenths are in opposition to it, and will not go until they are carried away. The President says the treaty is the supreme law of the land, and Congress says so, too, and it is not for me, a soldier, to disobey their orders in regard to it."

In the case of these Indians, "the supreme law of the land" was carried into effect by force, and several thousand Cherokees died from sickness and suffering caused by the removal.

The course pursued by the Government, in giving the Cheyenne Indians a reservation at the head waters of Tongue River in Montana, met with violent opposition from the cattle men of that region who hoped to secure undisputed

possession of the whole range, and the cow boys who came in contact with the red man daily made no attempt to disguise the hatred they entertained toward him. In consequence of this malevolence there was constant friction, and those who coveted the Indian lands hoped that something would occur which would serve as a pretext for removing the Cheyennes, and open the reservation for occupancy by the whites. On several occasions in the past it was thought that this hope was about to be realized, but the machinations of the white men were frustrated by the patience of the red man. Again it was hoped that the coveted hour had arrived. A white man had been killed, and the charge was made that a Cheyenne had committed the crime. The white settlers became excited and armed themselves, in some instances fortifying their homes as though it might be necessary to stand a siege, while others fled in a panic to the nearest towns. Civil officers accompanied by bodies of armed citizens went repeatedly to the reservation and demanded that the culprit, whoever he was, should be delivered up to them.

Owing to these ill-advised and high-handed proceedings the agent was embarrassed in his dealings with the Indians, and the Cheyennes, recalling the miseries of the past, and fearing some new treachery on the part of the whites, became greatly excited, and trouble for a time seemed imminent. This was averted by the firmness with which Agent Stouch upheld the authority of the Federal Government and withstood the aggressive conduct of the whites. The excitement of the red men soon subsided, and the agent was able to state the cause of the disturbance, and asked the tribe to assist him in discovering the culprit and securing his arrest. This was readily promised and an old Indian, named Nadgar, said, "I promise the Agent that if I find out, and I will try to find out, I will tell him even if it is my own son." In a few days, having discovered that his own son had killed the white man, the old man was true to his promise and delivered his boy to the authorities. This nobility of character and strong sense of justice is not uncommon among the red men, and when the Government ceases to make war upon a tribe of Indians in response to the clamor of interested whites because a horse has been stolen, or a white man killed (as was frequently done in years gone by) but righteously metes out justice to the individual proven to be guilty of the offence, the rapacity of the white men will be held in check, and a better understanding established between the red man and the people of our race.

The Cheyennes as a tribe have been broken and scattered, but in their wild and savage way they fought well for their country, and their history has been written in blood. Innocent settlers have suffered cruel outrages at their hands; women and children have gone to cruel deaths through their revengeful rage, and burning houses have lighted their pathways of destruction. They in their turn have been hunted like wolves, and shot down like mad dogs, until they are now only a wreck of their former greatness. Perhaps these savage and cruel wars with all their attending horrors were but the legitimate fruit of bad policy and mismanagement of Indian affairs which has too often permitted utterly corrupt and dishonest agents to be the intermediaries between the Government and them, and through weakness or cowardice, under political pressure, has at times paid more heed to the clamors of rapacious miners and settlers of the white race, than to treaty obligations and plighted faith with the red man. At any rate it is a well-established fact that the Cheyenne Indians in their early history

were friendly to the whites, and that they subsequently became one of the greatest terrors of the frontier.

The men of the Cheyenne Indians rank as high in the scale of bravery, energy, and tenacity of purpose as those of any tribe, and in physique and intellect are superior to those of most tribes, and the equal of any. Under the most trying and demoralizing circumstances they have preserved in a remarkable degree that part of their moral code which relates to chastity, and public sentiment has been so strong with them in regard to this matter that they have been, and are still noted amongst all the tribes which surround them for the virtue of their women.

In a speech made seventeen years ago, "White Bull," a Cheyenne chief, pathetically described the condition of his people when he said, "It made his heart sad to think of the calamities which had come upon them, the spoliation of his country, the driving away of all the game, and the crowding out of existence of his people. Once they had a country of their own, game, and all that they wanted to make them happy; now they were poor and broken and separated, and some of his people had been sent away to die in a strange land." But the plaint of a dying race falls upon deaf ears, and it may truly be said concerning them, "there is no eye to pity and no arm to save." In vain will they plead to be allowed to exist and enjoy the blessings of Christian civilization, and the history of the past with all its broken faith, cruel wrong and bloodshed will doubtless be repeated till the last vestige of the once powerful though benighted race of red men is swept out of existence; and when this unpardonable crime is consummated their sterling virtues will

"Plead like angels, trumpet-tongued,
Against the deep damnation of their taking off."

FIRE-FLIES.

BY HELEN GLADYS EMERY.

See the dainty fire-flies
Dancing in the gloom,
A tangled web of flashing sparks,
Flying through the tangled dusks
Of a garden-bloom;

Tumbling helter-skelter,
Flitting here and there,
Little, sparkling, glowing jewels,
Witching beetles fighting duels,
Singing in the air!

ONE WEEK AT KNOCK.

BY CORNELIUS DORGAN.

The little cruciform church was daily the scene of divine manifestations. The miracles that were being wrought and the apparitions witnessed there were subjects of awe-inspiring wonder. The humble shrine of Knock, in far-away Mayo, had been likened to and venerated as another Lourdes. The very mention of the name at the time excited religious fervor. Pilgrims from all the four quarters of the globe thronged to it, for the cure or relief of their bodily infirmities, or as religious devotees.

It was a bright spring morning that I accompanied an elderly relative to spend the coming Holy Week at the hallowed place. Nor were we the only ones setting out from our southern Irish home to travel westward; and many a railway station *en route* helped to swell the throng, which, finally, after a most tedious and protracted journey, arrived at Ballyhannis, the nearest station to Knock, six miles away.

Sedate and industrious, the natives were strenuous in the cultivation of their little farms and the husbanding of their resources. It was entirely a peasant community, each member with his own little plot of land. They evidently were a thrifty, frugal and contented folk, working late and early in the fields. Humble their lot, lowly their condition, they seemed to enjoy to the full the inestimable blessings of health and the satisfaction of duty fulfilled. A week's sojourn among them showed them to be an exceedingly courteous, deferential and hospitable people. The utmost attention and consideration were ever bestowed on the stranger, sharing the shelter and hospitality of their abodes. The "best corner" of the house was promptly given up to him, and the choicest their scanty store could afford he was sure to be regaled with. The peat fire was always made to glow with an added warmth and brightness, and everything in the place to look trimmer, with the welcome presence of the visitor. And the efforts put forth for effecting so laudable a purpose were so unobtrusive and transparently genuine and sincere, that one felt really at home among them.

Perhaps it was only in the fitness of things that the church at Knock should be the modest little structure that it was. It was just such another little edifice, one of those innumerable "houses of prayer," landmarks pointing the way to heaven, which may at any time be seen crowning the hills and gracing the plains and valleys of Ireland. Cruciform in shape, as already described, its western entrance could just boast of a belfry, and its plain plastered walls no other adornment than a pictured Way of the Cross; while the altars were of the most meagre and cramped description, and the furniture of the entire place confined to a few rough seats or forms. Its windows were narrow and glazed with the ordinary plain or common glass, and the ceiling overhead was as innocent of embellishment as the flagging of the flooring underfoot was free from crudeness. Exteriorly the structure was equally devoid of architectural pretensions. Its rough, but substantial, lime-stone walls were amply cement plastered. The eastern gable had been boarded up to the height of some twelve feet, in an attempt to protect the plaster from the pious aggressions of the pilgrims. It was at the eastern gable that the apparitions had first appeared, and the cement covering of the wall at this particular part of the sacred edifice was invested with miraculous power.

Obviously no account of Knock and its people would be complete without a notice of its pastor. Tall and sinewy,

Father Kavanagh suggested the ascetic austerity of the cloistered monk rather than the bland geniality of the average Irish country parish priest. He at once struck one as being a saintly man, inflexible in will, indomitable in courage, "as one whose thread of life was strung with the beads of love and thought." The first time that we saw him was while celebrating the twelve o'clock Mass of Palm Sunday; and as he turned to the congregation, we thought, or fancied, that we had never before seen one so spiritually austere, a priest who had so reverential an awe of the rites he was celebrating. In his private capacity, however, none could have been more condescending, kindly and affable, than the pastor of Knock.

On the occasion of our visit, the place was crowded, presumably because of the special holiness of that part of the Lenten season, or in anticipation of what could have been expected to befall in so hallowed a spot during the coming Passion Week. Invalids, representing, perhaps, all the ailments which mankind is subject to, accompanied, or not, as the necessities of the cases required, by relatives or friends, as guardians or attendants, came from far and near.

Pilgrims from every quarter and of every condition crowded the church and its immediate vicinity daily from early morning till late at evening. Those who of themselves were able performed the rounds of the pilgrimage, while those who were physically incapacitated from doing so had friendly substitutes acting in their behalf.

Strictly speaking, however, there was no regular form of devotion prescribed to be followed by way of pilgrimage. Indeed, at Knock, unlike the procedure obtaining at Lourdes, everything was done in an informal—one might say, impromptu—manner, or as one's own judgment or inclination prompted. The routine, however, generally adopted and carried out, consisted in imposing upon one's self the reciting of the rosary and the performing of the Stations of the Cross a given number of times in the church, and to finish at the eastern gable. The sacraments were received as a suitable spiritual preparation for the undertaking of the devotional exercises fraught with so much momentousness in possible results. To render himself the worthier, we have seen a pilgrim do "the rounds," walking on his bared knees all the time. Likely as not he may have been the victim of some peculiarly distressing malady; or, on the other hand, he may have been pleading with heaven for the relief or recovery of some loved one at home,—an afflicted, suffering father, mother, wife, sister or brother,—for strength, perhaps, for that prostrate form huddled up nearby, the paralytic, powerless to stir hand or foot; or he may have thus been penitentially interceding on behalf of that other victim of a hapless fate, the poor demented creature crouching sullenly in the corner, staring stolidly, or starting violently forward, as the impulse urged him. It was only in the evening that anything like a regularly set form of devotions would be engaged in, when, without any formal announcement, some one at the altar rails or kneeling at the altar steps would start the rosary, to be followed by the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, in which prayers, it is scarcely necessary to add, the entire congregation would join.

It was during the recital of these devotions, on one occasion when I was present, that one of those manifestations which had rendered Knock a place of special sanctity and pilgrimage took place. Although I was present in the church at the time of the occurrence, still I was not able to penetrate the veil, like those who seemed and declared their ability to behold the vision. I distinctly recollect every circumstance in connection with the thrilling incident. The

time was about the hour of the evening Angelus; the beams of the setting sun were streaming through the western window on the altar, and the church was thronged with worshipers, loud in fervent response to the prayers that were being given out from the sanctuary. The leader in the devotions was a most respectable, middle-aged lady, a school teacher, a robust, vigorous and seemingly strong-minded woman, a person probably the least susceptible among those present of the influence of a fatuous superstition. Now, during the prayers, this lady rose from her knees, turned to the crowded congregation and announced, with evident agitation, marvelously controlled, that the Blessed Virgin was present on the altar. I myself at the time saw a shifting light high on the wall at the rear of the altar, but, I must confess, that I do not think it had any relation to the supernatural; that, in fact, it was caused by the movements of a workman employed before the windows through which the sunbeams played. Be this as it may, the testimony of the staid, elderly lady, together with the demeanor of those present,—more especially, that of a little lad who, with streaming eyes and gaze riveted on the altar, assured me of the reality of the wondrous fact,—all this evidence, we say, might be deemed overwhelming to establish the truth and accuracy of the phenomenon.

The scene which followed the thrilling announcement was fairly indescribable. Every one gave expression to his or her rapturous feelings, not, indeed, in loud acclaim so much as in a sort of murmurous longing yearning. Their souls were too full of praise and joy, of love and gratitude, for vocal effort. Theirs was the very ecstasy of faith and worship. The people, too, seemed to have forgotten their ailments and petitions. The visible presence on the altar was plainly all sufficing.

But, if I was not one of those who were privileged to behold so sublime a spectacle as a divine apparition, I was permitted to witness miracles while at Knock. The first time that anything tending towards such a result had there presented itself to us was on the occasion that I came on two tramps, evidently veterans in the pursuit of their vagrant occupation, *tête-à-tête* in the body of the church. "I can now see with this eye," said one to the other, exulting in the miraculous restoration, partial, even, if it were, of the sight of the eye. Another instance which came under our immediate personal notice was the case of a young girl who was lodging in the house with us. She was an epileptic and had come to Knock to plead at Our Lady's shrine for relief from her terrible affliction. An aunt of hers, who had accompanied her, assured us that the girl used to suffer terribly, but that since her pilgrimage to Knock the seizures, which had hourly prostrated and convulsed her, had practically ceased. To cite a case, however, of a complete and confirmed cure:

It was about midday on Holy Thursday when there arose the cry of "a cure" from the crowd of ardent supplicants kneeling in the space before the eastern gable, a spot consecrated by vision and miracle, and the depository where scores upon scores of crutches, walking canes and other similar supports were piled. Instantly all who were able rose to their feet and sought with look and question the object of the divine intervention. It was a young man, and I, lad though I was, presently intercepted him as he was eagerly hurrying to apprise Father Kavanagh of the glorious news and incidentally to have his cure officially recorded. In reply to my inquiry he informed me, with vibrant voice, that he had suffered for years from heart disease and that, coming to

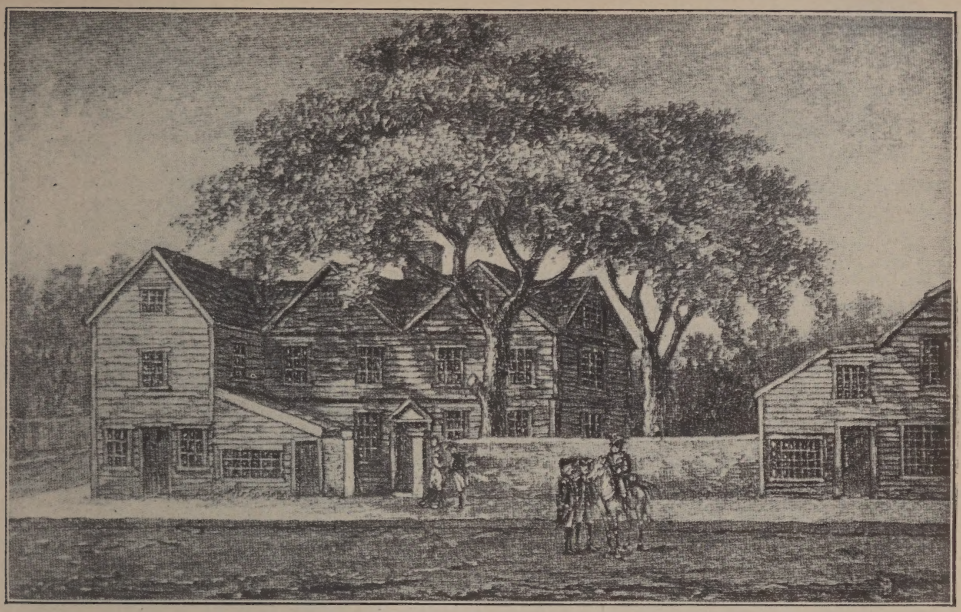
Knock, he had presented his petition at the shrine of Our Lady, with the wondrous result. As he stood, the young man looked the very embodiment of rude health.

These were cases of the resultant effects of miracles performed. Now, as to the witnessing of a miraculous manifestation in the course of active operation.

Any one who was at Knock during the Holy Week of which I write must have noticed, even among so much that was unusual in the variety and character of human deformity to be seen there, a poor huddled-up creature, whose utter helplessness was only equaled, perhaps, by the self-sacrificing devotion of a brother, apparently a few years his junior, or some thirty years of age. His was the most complete case of total paralysis it was possible to discover. One could not have likened him better, if the simile were permissible, than to a breathing corpse. His only means of locomotion was his brother's arms and back. They evidently were poor, poor, one should say, to penury, almost to tatters. And they had come a long way, a very long way, many scores of miles, these two brothers,—or, to be more accurate, one brother had thought to come,—inspired by an invincible faith and unswerving confidence in the Mother of Sorrows, to Knock, there to plead for a brother who, though only the semblance of a man, was all the world to him. He ultimately arrived, bearing his brother, motionless, in his arms.

And carrying him clasped in his arms as tenderly as a mother might clasp a loved child, one day the faithful brother laid his dear burden down at the feet of Our Lady; or, in other words, at that part of the eastern gable where the Blessed Virgin and the other heavenly personages first appeared. Here the huddled-up form lay prostrate on the ground, watched over by the ever-vigilant guardian. What thoughts possessed the brothers' minds, or what feelings may have stirred their hearts or inspired them to devotion whilst thus silently and motionlessly waiting, none but heaven and themselves could know or properly realize. This, however, we know (for we have seen it with our eyes and heard it with our ears): that as soon as that shapeless, nerveless form on the ground began to presently give indication that it still lived, that it was not wholly dead,—when the moment of its resurrection, so to speak, had come; when he, who had been so long dead, to all intents and purposes, began to stir, to move, to be invested with a semblance of active energy, then to grow more strong, little by little, almost imperceptibly, struggling and straining to be set free from the shackles which had fast bound him during the past seven years,—it was at that blessed moment that the attendant brother, observing the wondrous change, poured out his soul in the most rapturous exaltation. He seemed as one possessed with the very frenzy of devotion. In the paroxysm of his transports he grasped the writhing form of his brother under the arms, in an attempt, it would appear, to aid heaven in the operations of its almighty beneficence. And little by little the shapeless form assumed a more natural and erect appearance. Loud and fervent the cry of praise and thanksgiving to God and His Blessed Mother ascended and continued, until a kneeling posture had been attained by the paralytic. Then the Hand that had so miraculously wrought so far ceased its labor.

The following day, on Good Friday, which was the last day of our visit, I saw the poor fellow in the church. He, doubtless, with his devoted brother, was waiting with confidence the completion of his cure. And who will question that heaven has denied such leal and loving hearts, such worthy, faithful, simple souls, a full measure of its blessed favors?



LIBERTY TAVERN AND LIBERTY TREE, CORNER OF WASHINGTON AND ESSEX STREETS, 1767.

A PLEASANT WALK.

BY MARY B. O'SULLIVAN.

The walk began in a tangle of trucks, cars and people, all seemingly bent on getting in each other's way, at the "Shaving Corner" of long ago, where "keen blades trafficked on the exchange." Earlier still, when royalty held sway, it was known as "Hanover Square," but to-day it has no distinctive title other than the corner of Washington and Boylston streets. In the near future, however, it will be a subway station, and as such will take on a new importance for the vast majority who cannot hurl themselves too quickly on the centre of ninety-eight and forty-nine cent bargains. There are few spots in the city that have a more honorable record, and the powers that be should see to it that this record is not swallowed up in the vortex of trade.

But there! it was not my purpose to dwell on the past when I began my walk. On the contrary, a present duty forced me from my desk. Two library books were overdue, and it was not right to keep them longer, particularly as the day was beautifully fine, and the route one of the most picturesque and pleasing in the city. In all probability, John Quincy Adams, sixth President of the United States, did his marketing at this corner, and called occasionally at Peggy Moore's tavern, the halting-place of the country folk bringing in their produce. It is not difficult to believe that it was a "scene of plenty and jollity," though too far out of town to meet with the approval of the city-dwellers. Since then the city has grown up to it and passed beyond it, and other markets attract the patronage of the public. Did Mrs. Adams, like other notable housewives of her day, visit the stalls to select personally joints and

other elements of good cheer for the family table?

Across the street, Liberty Tree bears witness to a gallant past, and, stretching away from it, is "the ancient Frog Lane of the South End," the Boylston Street of the present. The historian takes pains to make us understand that the street was so named "to honor the benevolent and philanthropic Ward Nicholas Boylston, a descendant of that Dr. Zabdiel Boylston, so famous in the history of inoculation." There was an earlier Boylston in Boston, Thomas, who is not so favorably remembered. He was of the grasping band of merchants who held back their stores in time of Revolutionary stress, waiting until the highest figure could be exacted. But he reckoned without his feminine patrons. "Eminently wealthy and stingy" is the character given to him by Mrs. John Adams, a lady with a facile pen, if we may judge from the following letter, in which she gives a very graphic description of how Boston women showed their resentment:

There is a great scarcity of sugar and coffee, articles which the female part of the state is very loath to give up, especially whilst they consider the scarcity occasioned by the merchants having secreted a large quantity. There had been much rout and noise in the town for several weeks. Some stores had been opened by a number of people, and the coffee and sugar carried into the market and dealt out by pounds. It was rumored that an eminently stingy wealthy merchant (who is a bachelor) had a hogshead of coffee in his store which he refused to sell the committee under six shillings per pound. A number of females, some say a hundred, some say more, assembled with a cart and trunks, marched down to the warehouse and demanded the keys,

A BIT OF THE COMMON IN WINTER.

which he refused to deliver; upon which, one of them seized him by his neck and tossed him into the cart. Upon his finding no quarter, he delivered the keys, when they tipped up the cart and discharged him; then opened the warehouse, hoisted out the coffee themselves, put into the trunks, and drove off. It was reported that he had personal chastisements among them, but this, I believe, was not true. A large concourse of men stood amazed, silent spectators of the whole transaction.

Poor vanquished bachelor! What anguish of spirit he must have endured thinking of his married brethren quaffing his coffee! It may have been, though, that scruples of conscience prevented them from profiting by the valor of the "angry females."

Personally Mrs. Adams preferred tea "as a medicine and a relief to a nervous pain." Abstinence from tea-drinking cost these dames a mighty effort. No wonder that the papers of their day wrote of them in capitals, when recording the "Agreement" into which they entered. It was probably the leading feature of the Massachusetts *Gazette,* and the Boston *Weekly News-Letter,* of the date of Feb. 15, 1770.

We hear that a large Number of the Mistresses of Families, some of whom are Ladies of the highest Rank, in this Town, have signed an Agreement against drinking Tea (Bohea it is supposed, tho' not specified); they engage not only to abstain from it in their Families (Sickness excepted), but will absolutely refuse it, if it should be offered to them upon any Occasion; This Agreement to be religiously observed till the Revenue Acts are repealed.

THE BRIDGE, PUBLIC GARDENS.

A bit of blank verse, inspired by the action of the women, gives us an excellent idea of a tea-drinking orgy in those early days:

Farewell the teaboard with its gaudy equipage
Of cups and saucers, cream-bucket, sugar tongs,
The pretty tea-chest, also lately stored

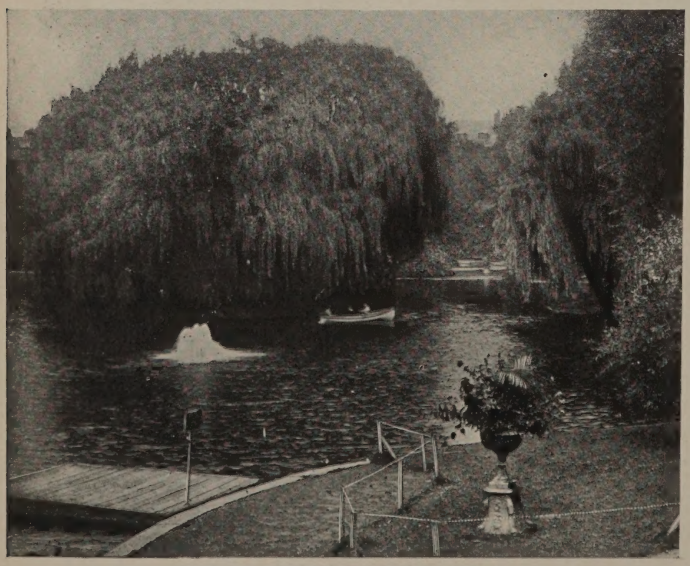
With Hyson, Congo and best double-fine.
Full many a joyous moment have I sat by ye
Hearing the girls tattle, the old dames talk scandal,
And the spruce coxcomb laugh at, maybe, nothing.
Though now detestable
Because I am taught (and I believe it true)
Its use will fasten slavish chains upon my country
To reign triumphant in America.

Such heroism could have had no small part in bringing about the results recorded on the legend on Liberty-Tree "Independence of the Country, 1776."

Frog Lane was no prettier than its name evidently. We are told that "sloughs and mud-holes were common to the vicinity," and to fasten this bit of history in our memory an amusing story is related of the Rev. Mather Byles, "the punning pastor." He had long importuned the selectmen to improve the lane, and particularly the very deep hole in front of his house, but without avail. Who then can blame him that he was not sympathetic when one morning he found two of the selectmen floundering in the hole, their chaise hopelessly caught in the sticky mass? "Well, gentlemen, I am glad to see you stirring in this matter at last," said the witty divine. The story ends there. There is no punning pastor to note the state of the street to-day, and instead of mud-holes we have uprooted tracks, beds of mortar, derricks, steam-rollers, West End rolling stock, and the deadly automobile in its active or passive state — sometimes in both. When the watering-cart meanders over the course, you have the privilege of wading to your car through a purling brook of slaked lime.

But this does not bear out the title, "a pleasant walk." Fortunately the section in chronic disruption is very brief. In a moment or two one reaches the Touraine, the site of the sixth President's home. It was probably on the opposite corner that the *Constitution's* sails were manufactured, "so that she was an American ship throughout, except in her armament."

To the right the Common stretches out, with its fifty historic acres and its avenues of noble trees. It is a pretty sight at any time of the year, but just now it is at its best — all green, and plumy and fragrant, with "every leaf a miracle."



POND IN BOSTON PUBLIC GARDEN.

Lovely in spring, with fresh, green graces crowned;
Oh, lovely as a bride
Is this famed spot, proud Boston's chiefest pride,
Her brow, with holy wreaths of history bound,
Still raying inspiration far and wide,
The Common, Freedom's resting, rallying ground!

Serene, with many an undulation soft,
She spreads her beauty round,
Prone mead and swelling mound,

"WHERE WASHINGTON REINS IN HIS STEED."

Majestic trees tossing glad arms aloft;
As in a dream she lies
Under the vernal skies,
An isle of heavenly calm in a sea of human sound.

A tour of the Common is a day's outing in itself, there are so many points of interest in the "Centry Field" of the past. Never was there a wiser town order than that passed in 1640, reserving the Common as an open ground or field. In 1634, four years after the settlement of the town, it had been set apart for a "trayning field" and for the use of "cattell." Who could foretell the myriad uses to which it would be put in the years to come? Here were assembled part of the forces that captured Louisburg, and on this spot were recruited the troops that scaled the Heights of Abraham and took Quebec. It was the scene of stirring events in the American Revolution, being a fortified British camp during the siege.

What an array of notables could be marshalled within its borders if all who walked its ways could be brought together — Colonial men of affairs; British officers; the French general, Lafayette, whose memory endures in the mall named in his honor; patriots like Gov. John Hancock, in his richly embroidered scarlet coat and ruffles of finest linen; and that other "outlaw," Samuel Adams, styled by the ministry "the Chief of the Revolution." He was "sagacious," as well as brave, we are told, and it is related of him that, one day, when he walked in the Common with John Adams, he paused, opposite the Hancock mansion, to say, "I have done a very good thing for our cause, in the course of the past week, by enlisting the master of that house into it. He is well disposed, and has great riches, and we can give him consequence to enjoy them." Picture this statesman pacing along under the trees, in his "red cloak, gray tie-wig and cocked hat!"

The roll-call of fame is endless, and among the many to whom time brought laurels we must not forget to place the mulatto slave, Crispus Attucks, the hero of the Boston Massacre, and its victim,

Who was leader and voice that day,
The first to defy, and the first to die, with Maverick, Carr and Gray.

One hundred and seventeen years after the negro patriot fell, an Irishman in Boston, John Boyle O'Reilly, wrote his epitaph in verse, a noble poem that was

read in Faneuil Hall, on Nov. 14, 1888, when the monument on the Common was unveiled.

And so must we come to the learning of Boston's lesson to-day,
The moral that Crispus Attucks taught in the old heroic way:
God made mankind to be one in blood as one in spirit and thought,
And so great a boon, by a brave man's death, is never dearly bought.

The Common has, alas, an inglorious record also. Its fair, smiling expanse was the scene of many a cruel deed, and the pillory, the whipping-post and the gallows were too often the centres round which clustered the gaping throngs that found amusement in the torture of their fellow-beings or gratified a morbid curiosity.

Poor Anne Hibbins! "She defended herself as best she could," says her historian, "but the popular clamor was too great," and, to gratify it, the ill-fated lady, whose crime consisted of "having more wit than her neighbors,"—so said the Rev. John Norton, some years after, —was taken from her pleasant homestead and put to death. She was well connected, too, Governor Bellingham being her brother; and she left behind her some property of note, including "a diamond ring, a taffety cloke, silk gown and kirtle, pinck-colored petticoat, and money in the desk."

"The branches of the Old Elm, if we may believe tradition, had been adorned with strange fruit," says Samuel Adams Drake. "We know that William Robinson and Marmaduke Stevenson, convicted Quakers, were hung upon the Common. Mary Dyar was reprieved after her foot was on the fatal ladder, through the intercession of her son, and escaped to meet a similar fate the next year. The lifeless forms of Margaret Jones, of Anne Hibbins, and perhaps other victims of judicial murder, may have depended from these same limbs during the reign of the witchcraft horrors. The remains of those who suffered at this time were treated with studied cruelty. Their bodies were refused their friends, and even the privilege of protecting their place of sepulture was denied."

. . . . . .

"Public executions have occurred at the bottom of the Common, at or near the foot of Beacon Street, the criminals being hastily buried in the loose gravel of the beach. So carelessly was this performed, that an eye-witness relates that he has seen the corpse of one victim disinterred by the sea, with the mark of the hangman's noose still visible."

It is a gruesome sight that the "eye-witness" might well have spared us. This morning the leafy vistas are as fair to look upon as when the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table invited the "Schoolmistress" to inspect the elms with him. She said "yes" with pleasure, but stipulated that they must walk towards her school. You will remember how the old gentleman opposite followed her with his eyes and said that he wished he was a young fellow. She wore a half-mourning bonnet, "having buried a payrent," and carried a school book in her hand.

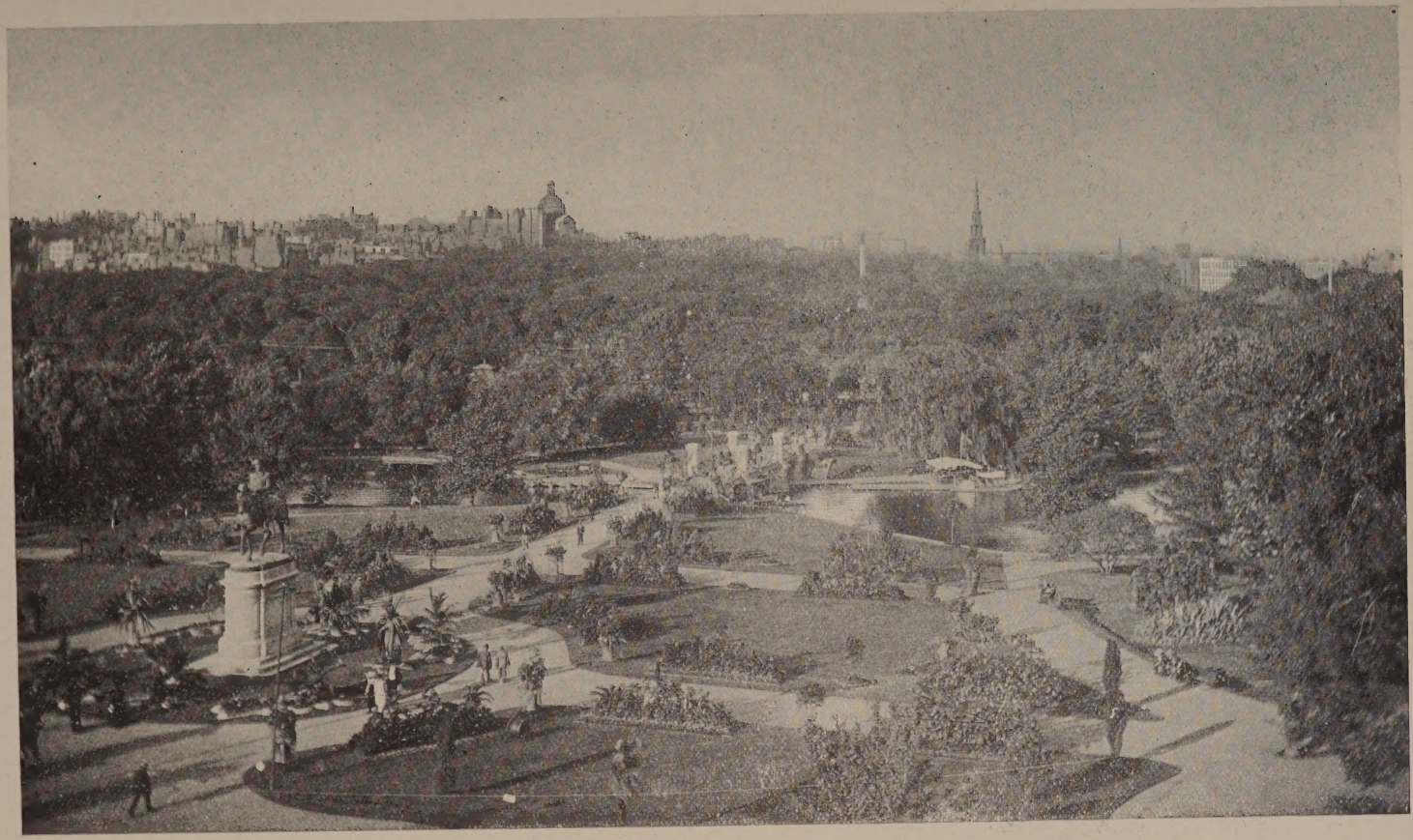
"This is the shortest way," said she, as we came to a corner. "Then we won't take it," said I. The schoolmistress laughed a little, and said she was ten minutes early, so she could go round.

That first walk together agreed so well with them that they repeated it a number of times, talking, as they walked, of many things,—books, education, life, —everything but love.

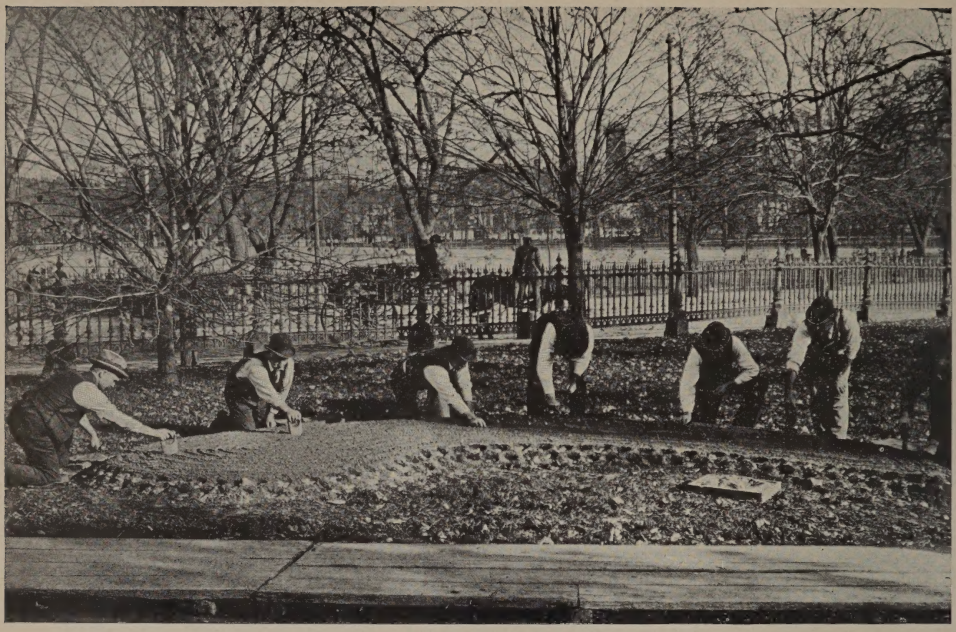
"I never spoke one word of love to the schoolmistress in the course of these pleasant walks," declares the Autocrat, and he backs up the statement with proof. Let me refresh your memory of the circumstances of their last walk:

It was on the Common that we were walking. The mall, or boulevard of our Common, you know, has various branches leading from it in different directions. One of these runs downward from opposite Joy Street southward across the whole length of the Common to Boylston Street. We called it the long path, and were fond of it.

I felt very weak indeed (though of a tolerably robust habit) as we came opposite the head of this path on that morning. I think I tried to speak twice without making myself distinctly audible. At last I got out the question, "Will you take the long path with me?" "Certainly," said the schoolmistress, "with much pleasure." "Think," I



BOSTON PUBLIC GARDENS.



PLANTING BULBS.

said, "before you answer; if you take the long path with me now, I shall interpret it that we are to part no more!" The schoolmistress stepped back with a sudden movement, as if an arrow had struck her.

One of the long granite blocks used as seats was hard by, the one you may still see close by the Gingko tree. "Pray, sit down," I said. "No, no," she answered, softly, "I will walk the long path with you!"

The old gentleman who sits opposite met us walking, arm in arm, about the middle of the long path, and said, very charmingly, "Good morning, my dears!"

. . . . . .

And now we two are walking the long path in peace together. The "schoolmistress" finds her skill in teaching called for again, without going abroad to seek little scholars. Those visions of mine have all come true.

The Boylston Mall is sunny along its length, and cheery, even though it does border a graveyard. A glimpse through the iron railing reveals a scene of pleasant bustle and animation that one wouldn't expect in such a place, but the cause is not far to seek. The sparrows have taken up housekeeping in the terrace of old tombs, and appear in the chinks and openings, twittering their parental anxiety or pride as their fledglings try their wings in short flights from stone to stone. The double gates giving entrance to their domain are locked, but this merely adds to their security against intrusion, and in no way curtails their liberty. In a second they can wheel across the space and down to the corner where the popcorn man has set up his tempting outfit.

There is another colony of sparrows in Park Square, where the Lincoln monument preaches its silent sermon on the brotherhood of man. The homely, rough-featured face of Abraham Lincoln is good to look upon, instinct with love for the wretched creature crouched at his feet. Sparrows haunt the fountain, and one had nestled in the neck of the slave; a moment later it took flight to the President's shoulder, from which vantage point it calmly surveyed the square. President or slave? What care the birds who possess Boston, despite the crusade to exterminate them? The morning after the Hon. Josiah Quincy had lost his election, the sparrows held a convention on the wires and ledges outside my window, and a sturdy fellow on the shutter hinge twittered so jubi-

lantly that one could almost fancy the refrain, "Here we are, and our enemy is out."

A stand at the corner retails maple sugar of excellent quality, and incidentally leads your steps through Church Street, towards that point of the Public Garden where Charles Sumner turns his back on the Subway.

There is an admirable opportunity to cross the track, the entire line of cars being held up by the one in the van, where the conductor and a sympathetic passenger essay to drag a stout lady into the car, past the individual who clings to the end seat. The situation is complicated by the stout lady's feet being tangled in her gown, and, unless the end man relents, she must eventually fall back on her gallant support. "I am surprized there is no more politeness and decorum observ'd by the masculine gender," wrote an indignant writer in the *Royal Gazette* of 1780, in regard to the occupation of seats in the Mall. "In short, there is seldom a seat in that agreeable walk that is not taken up by the gentlemen. This must be very disagreeable to the fair sex in general, whose tender delicate limbs may be tired with the fatigue of walking, and bend, denied a seat to rest them."

How his noble soul would have risen against the end-seat hog! And yet, could he have changed him? Doing his ablest with his pen, he could not reform "the masculine gender" of his own day, for almost immediately after the protest was publicly made we find a member of the "fair sex" complaining bitterly of being obliged to stand, though her "lims aked."

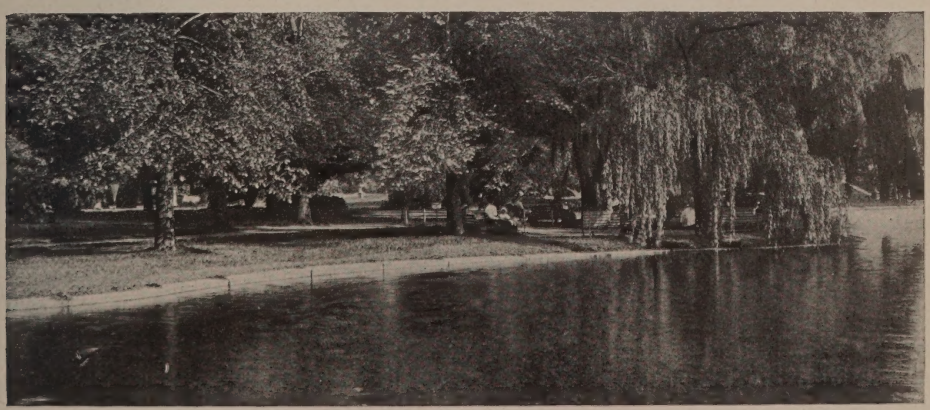
Sumner's attitude towards the Subway is justified, when you reach his point of view. Who would care to look forever down that murky tunnel while a garden blooms in front with

"Arbores and Alyes so pleasant and so dulce."

The words and their spelling belong to the time of Queen Elizabeth. A poet can write under all circumstances, even with the possibility of losing his inspiration and his head at the same moment.

"My garden sweet, enclosed with walles strong,
Embanked with benches to sitt and take my rest."

No "walles strong" enclose this garden, but the benches are there, and people with leisure to "sitt and take rest." The peanut shells in the walks and grass tell a tale of their own, and presently the chief actor in it appears, a handsome little fellow in a gray velvet jacket, and with a gray plume trailing its length on the sward. He may be a lineal descendant of the squirrel that the lovers saw when they walked "under Mr. Paddock's



"WHERE THE SWAN BOATS ROCK."

row of English elms." With the same "light, soft, intermittent leaps" he comes forward, and at sight of him a baby in a scarlet coat breaks free from his nurse, in an ecstasy of joy, and the two beautiful young things have a merry game, advancing and retreating over the shining level, alike regardless of prohibitive signs. The squirrel has the advantage in agility, and, luring his playmate down to the pond, slips up a tree and vanishes. You hold your breath, expecting the shrill howl of disappointed infancy, but it doesn't come. Instead, there is another shout of joy, as wings flash among the trees—irridescent, gray, brown, sable—and flutter to the ground in an arbor near the miniature lake, where the swan boats rock. A scene from "The Lady Paramount" is recalled, but in this case the birds' almoner is not a lady fair, but merely an ordinary, everyday man, in heart-accord with St. Francis of Assisi, "God's troubadour." Tossing grain with a free hand, he moves along the path, the birds fluttering, hopping, making short swift flights — pigeons, sparrows, robins, cow-birds—a queer procession, with a scarlet-coated baby pursuing it, and staid grown folks, who ought to be more profitably employed, loitering to gaze at the spectacle.

The lilacs are out in their purple and white bravery, and a clump of the bushes near the track perfumes the street with a drift of petals that the children on their way to school gather eagerly. No need to ask why, unless you have forgotten the joy of making lilac-chains. It is a delicate art that only child-artificers know to perfection. The dandelions under the fence are splendid. You can almost feel the pliable stalks slip into rings and curls in deft fingers; but they can wait until the season is older, "until you can blow the heads offen 'em," a cherub in the garden advises, in a voice slightly thickened by a solution of jelly beans.

The sand garden is gone; no great loss! It was a dark, rather gloomy, enclosure, between the street and the Subway, with the noise and grime from both forever present. The city forester did well to sow the place with seed and leave it to itself. A bit of ground that is not good for anything else is certainly not good enough for children, particularly for poor children. Let them share the open spaces with the statues—to supply the appreciation that is the gardener's due. Here, for instance, is Thomas Cass with his arms forever folded, and his eyes closed to the beauties of the beds of pansies surrounding him. Contrast him with my friend, the jelly-bean boy, who is superbly alive, fingers tingling, eyes glowing, at the wealth of flowers spread before him.

"The flouers in form and figure like the Violet, and for the most part of the same Bigness, of three sundry colors, purple, yellow, and white or blew, by reason of the beauty and braverie of which colors they are very pleasing to the eye, for smel they have little or none."

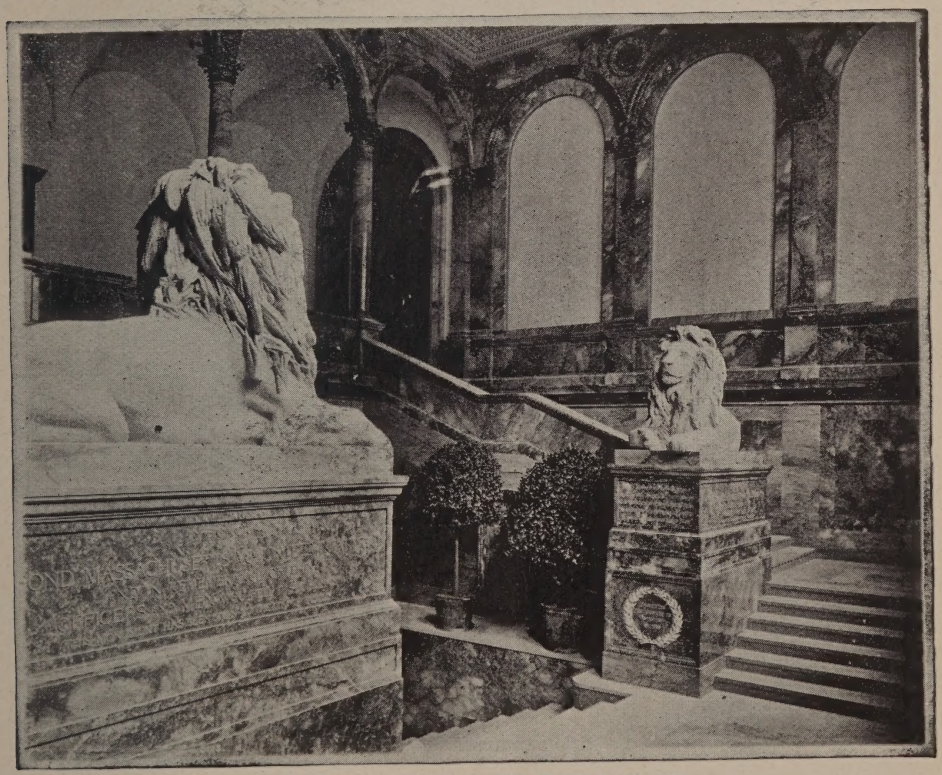
That was written five hundred years ago. Our friends, the pansies, are an ancient and honorable family with many ramnifying branches and modern connections. Unlike the human family, they have grown in stature, with the years, but their racial characteristics remain the same. Not far from the snowball tree there is a magnificent bed of yellow pansies, with just a stray purple and black cousin standing in with them, to be photographed, as it were; where Washington reins in his steed they are massed in great profusion — we wonder what was his favorite flower at Mt. Vernon?—and the rockery would be overgrown with them, had not the daisies and forget-me-nots, offering sturdy resistance, rioted to the top.

If you walk around the rockery and take the path to the right, you emerge on Arlington Street, just a little beyond

the ivy-covered church with its Christopher Wren tower and sweet-toned chimes —silent to-day.

At this point Boylston Street takes on a new aspect, with its double row of shops of every kind, including a new white-and-gold emporium that might have been modeled from the leading caravan in the circus parade. The displays of books and pictures are irresistible. In one window there is a copy of Leonardo

The collections of antiques hold out their allurements—old jewelry, quaint bits of ancient pottery and modern pottery — among it, some pieces fashioned by Anton Lang, the "Christ" of the Oberammergau Passion Play. Oriental hangings, grotesque figures wrought in metal, and pieces of solid furniture not of the present, fill another window, among them a mahogany bureau that stirs up memories of a doll attired in



GRAND STAIRCASE, BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

Da Vinci's "Last Supper," a wonderful piece of color-work. The legend says that the Christ and the Judas were drawn from the same model, in his beautiful youth, and years after, when the ravages of sin had transformed his beauty. The Madonna has come into her own, here on Boylston Street. She is throned in every art window, for a centre of culture cannot exclude the Old Masters!

pink tulle and gold lace, finery that vanished in points of flame one memorable day when a boy visitor built a fire under the bureau. Ah! those tragedies of childhood! how they change into comedies as the years go on! The boy is a fire-fighter now, and no longer yearns for a blaze. He even has the reputation of being "down" on youthful incendiaries. The gold-and-white china, too, is familiar, and the lamp with the glass

WHERE THE "UBIQUITOUS" CHILDREN READ.

prisms. They make rainbows of color if you shake them just a little; the tinkle is pleasing, but attracts undesirable attention; something falls with a crash! The lamp? Oh, no, only one of my overdue library books—a timely reminder.

This section is like a bit of a world's fair—Russian, Chinese, Japanese, Indian, East Indian, and Persian shops vying for notice. They form a sort of international bazaar, with lots of exhibits that one would like to examine minutely. The white rabbit over the Japanese store must have a wide acquaintance with people of all classes and conditions, he has looked down so long on the passing throngs. But all things come to an end, and a removal notice suggests that in the near future the white rabbit will disappear from his lofty perch. Let us hope that he will be given that entire change which must be good for rabbits as well as men. No doubt he would enjoy being set down on the green lawn of "Tech"; and possibly he has many friends among the students who crowd the steps. If a rabbit's foot brings good luck, why should not bunny be sure of his welcome!

Copley Square would be a delightful place if one did not have to watch out for all sorts of things on wheels. Regard for life and limb compels such close attention to the matter of personal safety that only divided attention can be given to the buildings surrounding the square, including Trinity, with its colonnade and quaint side stairs, the Museum and the new South Church. In the colonnade of the last named, three tablets of slate catch the eye. "Here lyeth ye body" is part of the inscription on one, but the slate nearest the street is of most interest. It records the death of "Anne Quinsey," aged fifteen years. Her companions had outlived the allotted span before the seventeenth century drew to its close. Little Anne Quinsey's wildest dreams could never have pictured such uncurbed liberty as the misses who flit by her tablet enjoy. You may be sure that *she* never "talked back" or presumed to pass judgment on her elders. There wasn't much liberty of speech permitted to "females" in Anne's century. Witness the experience of that older Anne, Mistress Hutchinson, who came from Boston, England, to Boston, New England, only to be driven into exile for having opinions of her own and giving expression to them. She should have a tablet, in some conspicuous space, as the first club woman of Boston. She is accused of having set Boston by the ears, "at the meetings of the women which used to be called gossipings." Cotton Mather held her in grave disfavor. "It was not long," he says, "before it was found out that most of the errors then crawling like vipers were hatched at these meetings."

It was not a creditable course that Mr. Mather and his brethren took to suppress this "erroneous gentlewoman," whose eloquence attracted to her cause a hundred of the most influential men of the community, including Sir Henry Vane. Despite this, "the court put an end to her vaporing talk, and, finding no hope of reclaiming her from her scandalous, dangerous and enchanting extravagances, ordered her out of the colony."

There seems to be a little feeling against her still, though Sir Henry Vane has been restored to favor. So changed is the spirit of the time, that his history is related in brief on the pedestal of the Macmonnies' statue just inside the main entrance of the Boston Public Library.

Sir Henry is the most conspicuous figure in the entrance, unless we except the magnificent lions in the turn of that grand staircase, which, says Henry

James, "has a high and luxurious beauty, with its amplitude of wing and its splendor of tawny marble." How fortunate that this work was executed before the Teddy bear became popular! Imagine a pair of them in possession of this stairway! "This masterpiece prompts one," continues Mr. James, "to immediate charmed perception of the character of the deep court and inner arcade of the palace, where a wealth of science and taste has gone to producing a sense, when the afternoon light sadly slants, of one of the myriad gold-colored courts of the Vatican."

No wonder that the monks of Siena were unwilling to part with so much of the "tawny marble," whose splendor moves more than Mr. James to frank admiration! It makes a fitting approach to Abbey's exquisite interpretation of the legend of the Holy Grail.

The Signs of the Zodiac on the floor of the inner court remind one of that New England classic—"The Old Farmer's Almanac"—a literary suggestion quite in keeping with the place.

A moment's pause at the door of the room set apart for "the ubiquitous children, the most irrepressible little democrats of the democracy"; a leisurely pace down the hall, past Puvis de Chavanne's airy creations; a step across the threshold of the distributing-room, where, undisturbed by the activities at the windows below, Sir Galahad, in his silver armor, fares forth on his quest;—and the pleasant walk is at an end.

ART *versus* ATHLETICS.

BY BEN HURST.

I.

"Then I shall have to go alone, after all!" said Margaret. She walked slowly towards the mirror over the mantel-piece to see if her hair was just as is required from the modern self-respecting girl—tidy and fluffy at the same time. It was, and formed a neat golden frame for her face,—a particularly pretty face, combining a determined mouth with childish, blue eyes.

"I see," she said, "that out-of-door exercise is on the wane among men. As we get emancipated, they get squeamish. Just look at the number of umbrellas carried down street on a rainy day! They are almost all carried by men. And new proofs are brought under my notice every day. Really, Fred, you are degenerating."

"I have no doubt of it," answered her brother carelessly. "All this is personal, of course, and for the moment I represent the manhood of England. Woman's logic. But I'm not going to skate, just now, all the same."

"Of course you are not. It *is* cold. That's the worst of the ice. Have a hot-water bottle to your feet, poor dear, and a cushion to your back. Toast your toes on the fender; do! It's quite the nicest way of passing your one weekly holiday. Well, I'm off!"

But she put her head in once more, to say—this time without sarcasm:

"All the week I've been planning, postponing and forestalling lessons so as to keep this afternoon free, that we might have some glorious gliding together, and at the last moment you turn traitor. You prefer to stick at home and coddle yourself. It's what I call mean. By-by!"

"If Foley doesn't hurry up, I'll follow her and have a spin," thought Fred, as the street door banged. "She might guess, though, that it's something about herself that keeps me in on my one free day. Last year it melted while I was choosing my skates. Why can't we import a slice of the Canadian climate just for a month?"

A discreet knock put an end to his musings.

"Come along!" he cried, jumping up. "Is it you, John Foley?"

The door opened to admit a tall young man with dark eyes that looked gravely on the world from a refined intellectual face. He had a slight stoop, but his frame was strongly knit, and left the impression of controlled power.

"Sit down, old fellow, and be snug," said Fred. "If this were a civilized country, though, we'd have a succession of bank holidays while the ice lasts. Meg is gone out as I told you she was sure to,—and we can follow when you like."

"I shall not be long," said the young man quietly. "I do not know why I should feel nervous after the friendly way in which you met me. You must have known what I meant when I asked for a private interview."

"Well, yes; I did suspect it was not for my bright eyes, as the French say, that you have been so assiduous of late."

"I know you so much longer that I feel braver to face you first. And then you are her sole guardian."

"Yes," said Fred with a sigh. "Sole, and at times unequal to the task."

"Then you have no objection to sharing it?" asked John.

"Not with you, old fellow!" was the hearty reply. "But remember Meg must

not suspect our connivance. It may wound her dignity. Heaven save us from self-supporting women! She will give lessons in spite of all I say; if it were only to have pupils in her feminine independence course, she says. Go ahead and win if you can, but take my word for it you'll have a handful!"

"I think I can manage it," said John. "But—will she consent?"

"Well, if you didn't think she would, yourself, should you be here now? *I* can't say. Perhaps you had better not try your luck at once. I'm much mistaken if she can hold out when she knows all about you. She did seem very interested in your invalid, but then again she concluded that he would probably make himself comfortable. He was a man, and she reserves her interest by right for her own sex. Shall we be off?"

"Wait a moment," said Foley. "There is the main point to be considered yet, and this is what I wanted to consult you about, before approaching her. Do you think I am justified in asking her to share my life? You know what my salary amounts to, and my extra earnings are not to be considered."

"I have thought it all out," answered Fred, frankly. "There is no doubt that she betters herself materially if she housekeeps for you instead of for me. But remember she doesn't want to accept money from any man, and you must not hint at her giving up her work. Upon my word you have courage to face the prospect of running in harness with such a Woman's Righter!"

Foley smiled softly to himself.

"She will be the best wife a man ever had," he declared aloud.

II.

"So you made him come, Mr. Foley," cried Margaret. "Shall we take hands all three, and make a swinging round?"

"Foley won't," answered Fred, fastening his screws, "but he'll look on and see me chase you."

"Don't you skate?" she asked with an expression of disappointment.

"No; I have given it up," he answered, regretfully.

"And why?"

He hesitated, and then spoke rapidly and with determination.

"The truth is, I am afraid of breaking my arm."

"Your arm? You are afraid—I don't understand," said Margaret, backing from him a little as she swayed to and fro.

"It would be such a serious thing for me to lose my bow-arm, and so many accidents occur every day, that I do not feel justified in risking it."

"Fiddling isn't your means of livelihood," broke from Margaret, contemptuously.

"No, but it is a factor in my income," he answered calmly.

"Is it?" she asked, with blazing eyes. "I didn't know you were so prudent, so cautious about your precious self, and so anxious about your income! Heavens! Wherever one turns now-a-days—we were talking about it this morning—were we not, Fred?"

"How can I remember all your chatter?" he retorted.

"Polite as usual. Well, never mind. Show your speed now."

She darted away, anger and disappointment at her heart.

"What is the matter with me?" she asked herself, shaking her head so that two big tears fell straight on to the ice. "It takes a nasty shock like this to make things clear. I was beginning to care for him, or I could not feel so bad just now. Two revelations at once! I was getting fond of somebody and then—that somebody is an effeminate—no, no; merely, he is not worth it."

"Hallo," cried Fred as he shot past her. "Haven't you enough of this? There's Foley ready to take you home."

"Never!" she answered, taking his proffered hand. "I decline to look after your timid friends. The streets are too crowded for me to undertake such a responsibility."

"You are wrong, Margaret," exclaimed her brother, slackening his pace and looking at her earnestly. "Hot-headed as usual, you will soon repent as usual. But I gave my word an instant ago not to explain or condone anything, so can only warn you to restrain yourself, for your own sake."

"As if I wanted an explanation!" she said, haughtily. "The reasons for Mr. Foley's squeamishness have not much interest for me. He owns he is afraid of an accident."

"How headstrong and foolish you are!" said her brother, regretfully. "It is your own loss, Maggie!"

"What do you mean?" she asked, scornfully. "Don't you make a fool of yourself, Fred."

But the solitary figure on the edge of the pond made her feel uncomfortable all the same—she could not well define whether it was pity or anger that disturbed her.

"What is he waiting there for?" she demanded sharply, as they skated in. Fred gave no reply, but unfastened her skates while exchanging a few careless words with Foley, who had not proffered his services. Margaret felt ashamed. She knew he did not stand aloof from churlishness, but that he feared a rebuff.

"After all, what are his doings to me? We can have little in common," she thought, as the three turned homewards.

He was so cool and apparently indifferent to her displeasure, however, that she began to feel slighted. In answer to a remark of Fred's about cold hands, she said lightly:

"Yes, my hands *are* cold, but I prefer that, to having anything to do with a muff!" clinching her sorry witticism with: "Oh! nothing personal is intended, I assure you, Mr. Foley!"

As she ran upstairs, John put his hand on Fred's arm.

"Let it rest here, old fellow," he said. "I have stood enough, but it makes me wince to think you could even refer to our morning's conversation. Don't say anything to console me. It's useless. My luck is down. That's all." And he was gone.

"What a pity," thought Fred, a moment later, "that I did not remind him of one thing. The madder she is, the surer are we of her previous inclination!"

III.

John Foley had experienced a moment of sharp agony when Meg glided away on the pond, after that first scathing rejoinder. But he was a man who had suffered much, and he was not going to throw up his hopes of happiness without a struggle. So he set his teeth and determined to change none of his plans. He had come out to escort her home, and he would do so. He knew he had but to speak, and her appreciation of his acts would be transformed. Her rash judgment would be bitterly regretted.

"No, no," he remonstrated to Fred. "Do not tell her anything just now. She would feel bad at being so hasty; and, after all, she knows nothing of my private circumstances. This is no place for an explanation. I must break it to her gradually, when I ask her to share my domestic obligations."

So he waited patiently; secretly schooling himself to bear more rebuffs calmly. This resolution was not aided by the contemplation of a lithe figure flying round in graceful curves. He knew she was a straightforward, kind-hearted girl, the true helpmate he had dreamed of before

he met her. She would not finish with him so lightly. So he stayed. He would walk home with her and obliterate a false impression.

But her crûel play on the word "muff" made his light burn dim. Not that he was offended by an epithet he knew he did not deserve, but that it showed so plainly the vanity of his aspirations. He had been mistaken all these months. She had never cared for him, or she could not so readily despise him and condemn him as unmanly.

It was with a weary, discouraged heart he reëntered his home.

"How long you have been, John!" said a querulous voice. "Martha would not roll me into the park, though it doesn't look cold."

"But it is, father, I assure you. Much better not risk it. This spell of frost won't last long, and then we'll make up for it by having you out constantly."

"Where's the champagne, John? She said the last bottle was finished yesterday. You know I don't enjoy my dinner without it. One glass only, but that of the best. My wants are few."

"Indeed they are, father," assented the son, adjusting the rug on the invalid's knees. "I shall order some at once. I forgot we were nearly run out. And, what's worse, I haven't brought the grapes. Here, Martha, send the maid at once. I am ashamed of my forgetfulness."

"Ah yes! ah yes!" murmured the old man, as Martha left the room. "Things are at sixes and sevens. Martha is too old, and it's true, after all, that we do want a housekeeper, a lady of the house, John, to put us to rights. What about it? I thought you might bring her back with you, just to say good-day, and let us have a look at each other."

"No, father," said John, turning away his face. "I didn't ask her this time."

After a little pause he added:

"What I mentioned this morning was a mere project of my own, you know. One can't jump at such a serious thing all at once. It will take some time to sound matters and see if we have got enough in common to be able to pull together."

"Ah!" thought the old man, "things are not running so smoothly as we anticipated."

Aloud he said: "Take care, John, do not under-rate yourself, and do not let your heart go to any woman that is incapable of estimating your value. For whoever knows you well, if she is worth anything, ought to jump at the offer."

"I haven't made any offer, father," said John, somewhat impatiently. "And our knowledge of each other is superficial. Then, too, she is a girl devoted to hard work and out-of-door pursuits in the intervals, with little time to give to the study of a fellow like me."

"Why, so were you devoted to out-of-door sports," declared the old man. "I wonder how you could give them all up for your fiddle."

The answer, as John reflected, was contained in the tray of delicacies which Martha brought in at that moment. But he only proceeded to help the invalid with the deftness of long practice.

"Night after night you devote to it," went on the old man, "and if you go out of an evening it goes with you. Do you never tire of these swell musical parties?"

"Thank Heaven," said the young man evasively, "I have got to love my violin." And he drew it from its case.

"It must be my only love. It must do instead of a wife now, I fear," he thought sadly, as he proceeded to draw soft, mournful sounds from the responsive strings.

And as he played, the vision of his fate appeared before him. During six long years he had led a life of abnegation, reducing his own wants to a minimum,

carefully dispensing his modest salary in order to provide the poor paralytic with luxuries which would enable him to support his enforced seclusion—large bright rooms; constant, trained attendance; dainty food;—all these would have been impossible without his rare talent. But the invalid never suspected the truth. He had not been told that his once considerable bank account had dwindled away in specialists' bills, electrical appliances, and costly inventions of all kinds to return numbed limbs to life. John had taken up his cross resolutely and borne it bravely, never allowing a pang of discontent to appear on the surface. Latterly an increase of salary had removed many of his fears and opened a vista of better things to come. His music would still be an ample resource for the invalid's wants, and he could safely offer to share his income with another. For a brief space a dream of love and joy had cheered him. Now, the old cloud of despondency settled down again. Life was dark, and likely to remain so. Only dull duty to eke out the days—ah, no! there was poignant regret besides. In deep and sorrowful tones he relieved his heart, uttering in melody what he could never speak in words—and awoke from his trance to find Margaret's sweet face before him, bathed in tears.

IV.

"O love, my love!" he murmured, "have you come to me at last?"

She took the instrument from him, and laid it down reverently.

"How much you must love me," she said, "if you can forgive me."

For all answer he took her proffered hands and pressed them to his heart.

"Forgive me, and let me atone," she pleaded. "If I was cruel, it was through thoughtlessness, and *that* may be amended."

"Dearest, do not be rashly generous," he answered. "You are young and bright and, thank God, ignorant of the shadowed side of life. Was it not a strangely selfish thought of mine to introduce you to it, much less ask you to share it?"

"Oh," cried Margaret, withdrawing the hands he had clasped, "Are *you* going to be cruel now? Will you, on account of a hasty word, refuse me the honor which you destined for me this morning? Am I to be punished for the mistaken appreciation of a moment?"

"Do not misunderstand me," he replied, "I cannot allow you to rush at a sacrifice of your whole life in order to blot out a momentary error. I will only accept your decision after a time of mature consideration. Weigh the consequences well, beloved, and then put your hand in mine."

She felt that he was right, prudent and unselfish throughout, but she knew that her heart was his now and forever.

"I will train myself to be like him, cautious and thoughtful for others," she thought. Aloud she said: "Very well. It shall be as you wish. But I am not sure that I can allow you to frequent the fashionable world so often now. I was thinking a moment ago that the ladies you fascinate by your music may become dangerous rivals. To begin with, you must count on *my* earnings at present, and you are going to skate with me tomorrow. Never again shall I allow you to deprive yourself of a pleasure while I am there to fill the breach."

"Agreed!" he said gratefully, raising her hand to his lips.

Only then did he become aware of voices in the next room.

"Fred and I wheeled your dear invalid away while you were executing some very fierce passages," explained Margaret. "And then I sat here alone, listening to your secrets till I was overcome.

I could not have stirred if you went on playing till midnight. Come, they will want to know what we have decided."

"Father is transformed!" exclaimed John, as he caught sight of the paralytic.

The old man beamed at Margaret, who knelt by his chair, so that his sound arm caressed the golden wealth of hair.

"I want to care for you, and nurse you, and play chess with you," she said, "but your John doesn't quite see his way to it."

"Then away with John," cried the invalid, gleefully. "You and I shall teach him reason, my dear. Install yourself here, and we'll put him out till you choose to admit him again."

"I fear we could not punish ourselves so severely!" she said, with a sigh.

"Pray, what is my rôle here?" demanded Fred. "I am feeling quite overlooked."

"You shall presently have the honor of escorting me home," said Margaret, with dignity.

"At a more reasonable pace, I hope, than that at which we came," he said, maliciously.

"Anything you say can neither increase nor mitigate the brazen fact of my having come at all," said Margaret, in a low voice.

"Did she startle you, John?" asked Fred.

Foley once more secured possession of her hand.

"Not at all!" he said. "It was just the act I would have anticipated from the woman I want for my wife."

THE BLESSED LAND.

BY JOHN F. SULLIVAN.

There is a Land,
Our Father's Land,
Unknown there is sadness;
Where is no wrong,
'Tis like a song
Full of joy and gladness.

Kindly and bright
A Holy Light
Shines on this Blessed Land,
Whose days are long,
And sounds of song
Float on its breezes bland.

No angry word
Is ever heard,
For Peace and Love dwell there;
Within his breast
Each dweller blest
His heart good-will doth bear.

Oh, lonely soul!
Oh, weary soul!
That land was made for thee
By Him above,
The God of Love,
Author of Charity.

BLOSSOM TIME.

THE LADIES' CATHOLIC BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION.

Thirty-nine years ago, in a little town in northwestern Pennsylvania, — the "Neck of the Woods," — was organized the first fraternal life insurance association in the United States. Its proposition was crude, but its influence and example brought into existence the splendid fraternal system of to-day, a system recognized as one of the most beneficent and charitable the world has ever known. It is comparatively but a few years, however, since the benefits of life insurance were extended to women, on equal terms with men, inasmuch as women were not considered desirable insurance risks. With the advent of fraternal life insurance and a better knowledge of the laws of mortality applicable to women, a few fraternal organizations admitted them to membership therein, though the greater number were composed exclusively of men.

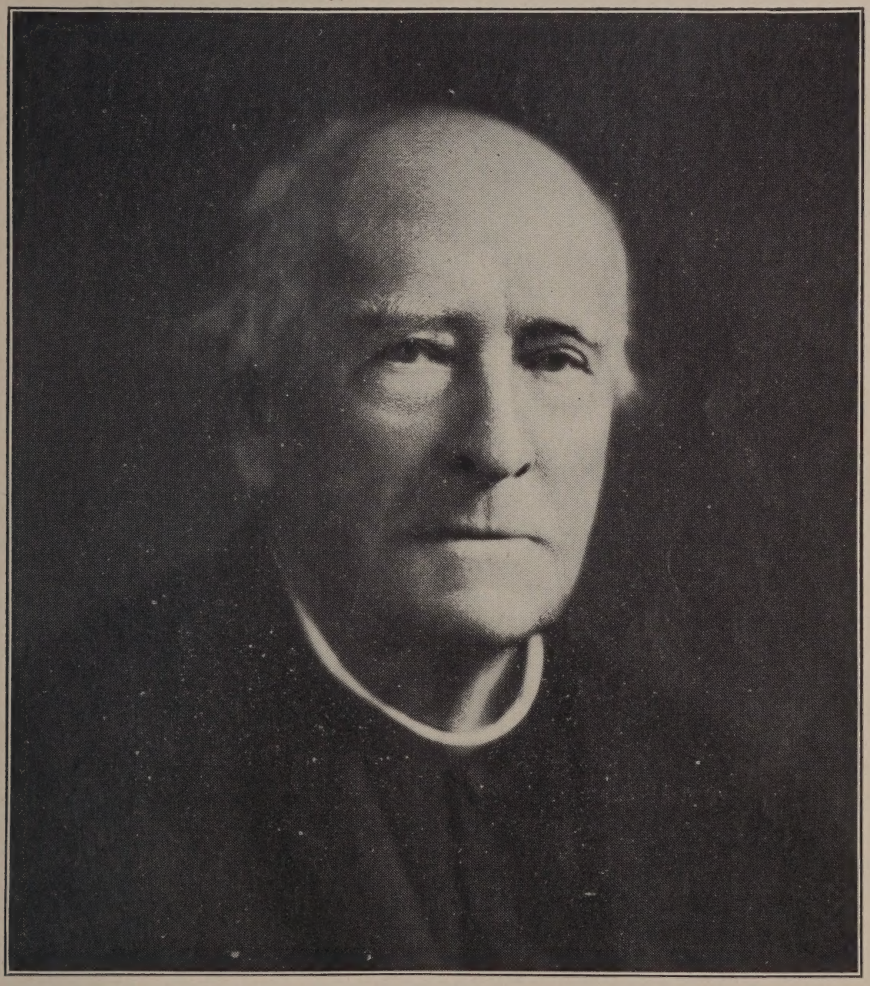
Twenty-two years later, almost within a "stone's throw" of the birthplace of the first American fraternal organization, was organized the first exclusively women's fraternal life insurance association in the world, the now well-known "Ladies' Catholic Benevolent Association." Its organization was an innovation and something in the way of an experiment, inasmuch as there was no precedent for guidance, and the fallacy of peculiar mortality conditions for women not entirely disproven.

To demonstrate a proposition or to achieve the success of any business undertaking, especially when the proposition is to some extent an unknown quantity and the business undertaking in an almost entirely new field, naturally requires more tact, a closer application, a determination and ability to grasp the exigency of the occasion and to put to practical use every condition that promises favorably to the success of the undertaking, than is perhaps ordinarily required under positively known conditions, or in a business along lines already made successful by precedence, therefore, to place within a comparatively few years an experimental fraternal life insurance association upon a firm and successful financial and numerical basis argues well for the tact and business ability of those in active managment of the organization, and the fact that the Ladies' Catholic Benevolent Association is recognized as one of the most successful and substantial fraternal life insurance associations in the United States is proof that its executive officers have lacked none of the qualities necessary to achieve results.

The Ladies' Catholic Benevolent Association was organized in 1889-90, by interested Catholic women in Northwestern Pennsylvania, Western New York and Eastern Ohio, and chartered under the laws of Pennsylvania, in April, 1890. Its first convention was held at Titusville, Pennsylvania, April 9-11, 1890, at which twenty-two delegates represented the fourteen preliminarily organized branches, with thirteen hundred members. A constitution and by-laws were adopted, a charter procured, and the first women's life insurance association was launched upon the sea of fraternity. Its success was not assured, for, although the mists that covered the ocean of fraternity were slowly lifting, the course of "women" lay in a new direction—in unknown waters. Predictions were advanced that its career would be brief, that it would soon reach the "dropping-off place," foretold for the mariners of old who ventured into unknown seas; but despite every prediction its career since its organi-

zation has been one of continued success, and from its twenty-two delegates—from fourteen branches in three states—its coming convention at Springfield will record over one thousand delegates from an equal number of branches, representing almost 100,000 members in twenty-eight states, from Massachusetts to California. No less successful has been its financial career, as is demonstrated by the fact that during the seventeen years of its existence over five million dollars have been paid to beneficiaries, while the available assets have almost reached the million-dollar mark.

From its very beginning the association received the approval and approbation of the venerable Bishop of Buffalo,—Rt. Rev. Stephen V. Ryan,—who was the Supreme Spiritual Adviser until his lamented death. On account of the well-known conservativeness and strong personality of the Rt. Rev. Bernard J. McQuaid, Bishop of Rochester, the



RT. REV. BERNARD J. McQUAID, D.D., SUPREME SPIRITUAL ADVISER, L. C. B. A.

spiritual guidance of the association was tendered to him at the death of Bishop Ryan, and he is the present Supreme Spiritual Adviser. Through this venerable prelate's energetic influence, and by a close application to the laws, and the observance of strict business principles, the association has received the approbation and blessing of His Excellency, Most Rev. Diomede Falconio, Apostolic Delegate; His Eminence, James Cardinal Gibbons; Most Rev. James E. Quigley, Archbishop of Chicago; Most Rev. John Ireland, Archbishop of St. Paul; Most Rev. John J. Ryan, Archbishop of Philadelphia; Most Rev. Henry Moeller, Archbishop of Cincinnati; Most Rev. John M. Farley, Archbishop of New York; Most Rev. John J. Glennon, Archbishop of St. Louis; Most Rev. James H. Blenk, Archbishop of New Orleans; Most Rev. John J. Williams, Archbishop of Boston; Most Rev. William H. O'Connell, Coadjutor Archbishop of Boston; Most Rev. Paul Bruchesi, Archbishop of Montreal; Most Rev. Francis M. Redwood, Archbishop of New Zealand; Rt. Rev. Thomas D. Beaven, Bishop of Springfield, Mass.; and the bishops and clergy throughout the United States, wherever the association is known.

The successful financial management of any fraternal life insurance organization depends upon the ability of its managing officers, and its numerical prosperity through the same source, in connection with its subordinate branch officers and members. Through its executive officers the laws of the organization must be honestly, faithfully, and impartially administered. Experience, tact, and ability are necessary to meet the many varied conditions that arise among a large membership, and a particular executive ability is required of its chief officer in its detail guidance. Mrs. Elizabeth B. McGowan of Buffalo, N. Y., the Supreme President of the Ladies' Catholic Benevolent Association, has been its chief executive officer since the inception of the association in 1890, and her many years of experience, with her natural qualifications, preëminently fit her for the position she occupies.

Mrs. McGowan is one of the acknowledged representative women of Buffalo, her home city, and closely identified with many of its progressive and varied interests. She is a woman of extensive culture and remarkable executive ability, and is considered an authority on pedagogical matters; for years she held the position of principal in one of the largest grammar schools in Western New York, which position she resigned only a few years since, when the duties of the rapidly growing Ladies' Catholic Benevolent Association rendered it imperative that she give her attention exclusively to the association's interests.

In recognition of her social position and ability, Mrs. McGowan was one of the first to be named on the managing staff of the Pan-American Exposition, and she will be remembered by many outside her own city for her dignity in presiding, and for her gracious discharge of the office entrusted to the Board of Lady Managers of the historic exposition.

When the Juvenile Court was established in Buffalo, ten years ago, the first woman named by the Executive as Court official was Mrs. McGowan. In that capacity she exerted a potential and beneficent influence.

The "Professional and Business Woman's Club," one of the most notable in the state of New York, and the "Woman's Educational and Industrial Union," whose work and influence are far-famed, have also the name of this popular woman upon their official lists.

In 1890, when the thought was conceived of organizing a fraternal benefit order, to be constituted solely of women and under their management, Mrs. McGowan was one of the leading spirits, in fact, the organizer of the Ladies' Catholic Benevolent Association, in her locality. At the preliminary convention in 1890, she was unanimously elected Supreme President of the association, and she was enthusiastically re-elected at each succeeding session of the law-making and elective body.

MRS. ELIZABETH B. McGOWAN, SUPREME PRESIDENT, L. C. B. A.

The wide extension, the prompt pay-

ment of beneficiary claims without litigation, and the splendid condition of the financial and membership departments, are all evidences of excellent management. Mrs Joanna A. Royer of Erie, Pennsylvania, the supreme financial and recording officer, has held this position since the organization of the association, and Mrs. Felice M. Girardot of Detroit, Michigan, the supreme treasurer since 1901, has been identified with the Supreme Council as one of its officers, for many years.

MRS. J. A. ROYER, SUPREME RECORDER, L. C. B. A.

The present officers of the Ladies' Catholic Benevolent Association are:

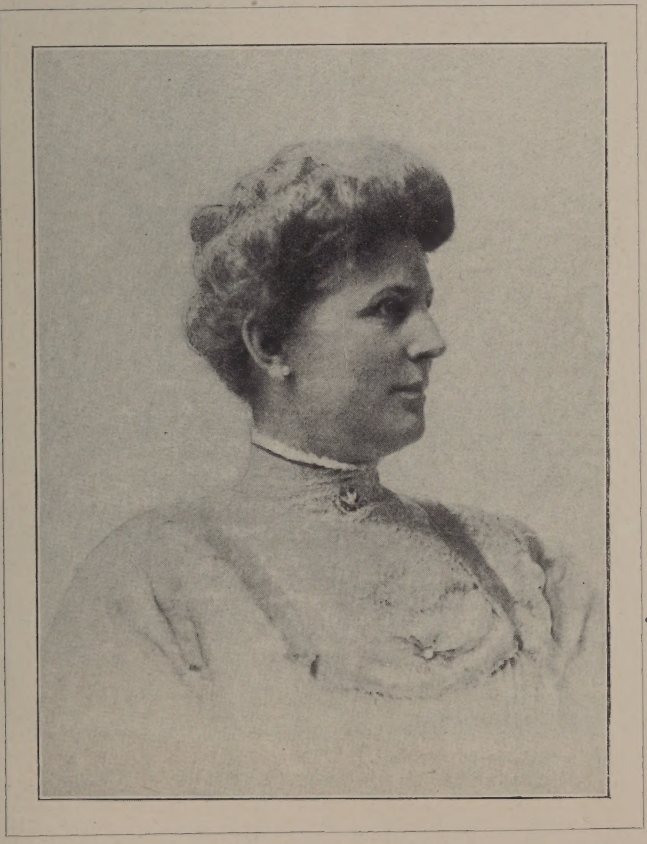
Spiritual Adviser, Rt. Rev. B. J. McQuaid, D.D., Bishop of Rochester; Senators, Mrs. Frances M. Mayer, Ellerslie, Md.; Mrs. Kate Woods, Youngstown, Ohio; President, Mrs. E. B. McGowan, Buffalo, N. Y.; First Vice-President, Mrs. Mary A. Flanagan, Syracuse, N. Y.; Second Vice-President, Mrs. Mary Marzolf, Buffalo, N. Y.; Recorder, Mrs. J. A. Royer, Erie, Pa.; Treasurer, Mrs. F. M. Girardot, Detroit, Mich.; Marshal, Mrs. Anna Cottringer, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Guard, Miss Mary O'Neill, Titusville, Pa.; Trustees, Miss Alicia Blaney, Buffalo, N. Y.; Miss M. F. Gallagher, Port Jervis, N. Y.; Miss Kath. Gaughran, Cleveland, Ohio; Miss Kate Mahoney, Troy, N. Y.; Miss Julia A. Ward, Chicago, Ill.; Miss E. T. Burns, New York, N. Y.; Mrs. A. J. Brady, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. Maria Quinn, Newark, N. J.; Miss Bertha McEntee, Pittsburg, Pa.; Auditors, Mrs. M. H. Murphy, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. M. T. Farrell, Manchester, N. H.; Miss M. I. Kelly, Cleveland, Ohio; Medical Examiner, Jane W. Carroll, M.D., Buffalo, N. Y.

The Ladies' Catholic Benevolent Association is very well known throughout the East,—the state of New York leading in membership. In the New England States, Massachusetts leads in membership, followed by Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, and Vermont. The third triennial and ninth supreme convention will convene at Springfield, Mass., July 16th, and the officers and delegates will be accorded a royal welcome by their sister members in the East.

Nothing succeeds like success, therefore it is safe to say that there is not a better, more substantial, or progressive women's fraternal life insurance organization in the world than the Ladies' Catholic Benevolent Association.

The following figures indicate the advance in material prosperity, made in a period of three years:

Beneficiary Fund, balance on hand, June 1, 1904	$336 01
All known unpaid claims, June 1, 1904	116,000 00



MRS. F. M. GIRARDOT, SUPREME TREASURER, L. C. B. A.

Deficiency in Beneficiary Fund, June 1, 1904	$115,663 99
Beneficiary Fund Balance, June 1, 1907	$981,090 65
All known unpaid claims, June 1, 1907	60,925 00
Surplus over all known claims, June 1, 1907	$420,165 65

STEPHEN O'MEARA, POLICE COMMISSIONER OF BOSTON.

POLICE CONDITIONS IN LARGE CITIES.

"For courage of the most exalted character no uniform should be as honored, no life as respected, no career as revered as yours," said the Rev. John P. Chidwick to the thousand or more police officers who attended the special service in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, some weeks ago. Father Chidwick's discourse was replete with thoughts that proved how closely he has studied public conditions in New York.

"I fear the expression we hear so often from our people that our public officers and rulers are servants of the people is an expression of half truth which blurs the perception and narrows the view of duty."

Continuing he deplored the effect that such an expression of opinion would be likely to produce on those in authority.

"It tends to make those in authority seek only what the people require or demand. It makes them cater to the people's whims and prejudices and truckle to the people's passions and outcry. It makes clamor not right, prejudice not justice, passion not law, sentiment not truth, feeling not virtue the standard of administration. The people may be wrong and God's law might be contravened, and rulers must attend to God's purpose before the people's cries. Society is imperilled when His law is not respected and fulfilled. You are more than the servants of the people; you are the servants and agents of God."

In summing up the qualities that an officer should possess, the reverend speaker dwelt particularly upon the essential characteristics: tact, intelligence, self-control, vigilance, courage and sincerity.

"First, vigilance. This is a characteristic which God and the public demand must always be in evidence in your work, and vigilance not of an ordinary kind, but the most keen, alert, intelligent and constant. Criminals never cease from plotting and plundering, and you must never tire seeking to detect, thwart and capture them. No one can tell where the criminal will strike, at the uncaged and hard-earned possessions of the poor or at the treasures and wealth of the rich, at property or at the life. Years of labor, tears, suffering and sacrifices—lives beloved and valued by families and state; homes happy and hopeful; in an instant might be swept away or destroyed, and misery with sorrow unspeakable follow in the wake, if the faithless or careless guardian of our lives and homes deserts his post or relaxes his vigilance.

"In the Army and the Navy he who sleeps on watch in times of war is shot to death as a betrayer of the lives of his comrades and the cause of his country. In our city, where danger is ever present, to which glittering wealth and unbounded pleasure tempt the criminals of the world, where different races of diverse temperaments and dispositions naturally breed misunderstandings, discords and quarrels, where the rush of traffic endangers the lives of the young and unwary, where the incendiary too often plies his hell-born trade, a custodian of the people's rights, a preserver of the community's peace and order bears a responsibility not far removed from that of a soldier or sailor, and it matters not how cold the day, how bitter the night, how rain may shower or sleet may chill, the man who knows that the sleeping city is in his hands, that property and life are in his keeping, and is reckless of his charge, is not only unworthy of his trust, but is dead to every noble sense of manhood, duty, truth and honor. A life can be taken in an instant, a life's sacrifices and labors destroyed in a few brief moments. Place the dangers and interests in one scale of the balance and tell me what must be the vigilance to be placed in the other.

"The second quality demanded of you is courage, and this of the highest, purest, coolest and most self-sacrificing kind. In the ordinary occupation of life a man is required to give reasonable service to his employer; he is not bound to overtax his energy or sacrifice his life. With you it is different. You are the custodians of life and of interests dearer than life, and your life must not be regarded as too great a sacrifice for the fulfillment of your duty of protection and defense. As of soldiers and sailors, the people expect this of you, and your uniform proclaims it. And with you courage must be of stern stuff and truer quality than is required of him who fights his country's battles or dares the raging flames."

The necessity of making their own lives measure up to the laws they are called upon to enforce, of unswerving integrity, and of making every day's record show their strength and fearlessness in the execution of duty, was emphasized, and Father Chidwick related an instance of the highest courage — that displayed by an officer who was shot down while performing his duty, and who, though knowing that every moment was precious, besought the doctors to attend first to his companion, who had a wife and children. Commenting on the attitude of the narrow-minded, who judge all by the conduct of one, he exhorted his hearers to cultivate a wise indifference to such criticism, and so live their lives that each day would afford the strongest proof of their fitness for the position of trust they hold in the community. Concluding with a plea for pure government from the city, and a warm eulogy of the vast majority of policemen as "strong men, manly men, loyal men, fearless men," Father Chidwick invoked the Divine blessing on them and their work, whatever the duty they might have to perform.

A careful reading of this masterly discourse in full suggests to the thoughtful a new view of the policeman and his office, and while making plain the high standard of character that a guardian of the public should possess, also impresses on one the responsibility that falls to the Commissioner, whose duty it is to control the police department of any large city.

While, fortunately, conditions in Boston are not as difficult to meet as those in New York, still the problem of the preservation of law and order must necessarily be entrusted to a man possessed of many rare qualities of heart and mind, as well as of marked executive ability. The present Commissioner of Police for the city of Boston, Stephen O'Meara, measures up admirably to this standard. How many of the thousands who read these words comprehend what the office involves, or what are its powers and duties. The sole control of a force of twelve hundred and sixty men, with the expenditure of two million dollars a year; the arbitrary power to issue and revoke almost thirty thousand licenses, and general responsibility for the observance of the laws and the preservation of peace, are the prerogatives and obligations of the Police Commissioner. In a city as large as Boston, with its varied commercial interests and its mixture of races, this is no sinecure. Strength and capability, integrity and courage are indispensable requisites of this office which Stephen O'Meara has now filled for a year, and which he accepted reluctantly and from a sense of duty. And right here is where we strike the keynote of his character. His paramount desire is to do his duty, and his whole duty, in whatever position he may be placed. To that end he spares neither time nor strength. No hours are too long to devote to its fulfillment, no attraction sufficient to call him away. In his own words, "I took the office of Police Commissioner with the simplest of motives, to do the best I can for the city of Boston. . . . Whether I stay here five weeks or five years, I shall have but one supreme interest, the interest of the people of Boston. Next to that, even an essential part of it, will be the interest of the police department of Boston; but the city comes first." To improve the efficiency and elevate the standard of the police force and thus give to Boston the best possible protection has been one of his objects from the outset.

A year is a very short time in which to make an impression on a task of such magnitude, and yet a good deal has been accomplished: in reforms in the discipline of the department; in enforcing the laws for clean streets, and the conduct of conveyances, automobiles, etc., with a view to the safety of the public; the active crusade against boys endangering life and limb by stealing rides on cars and wagons, and the judicious enforcement of the Sunday law, by which the needs of the people are duly served, while all unnecessary infringements are punished.

In connection with the Sunday laws in general, Mr. O'Meara has sent able and exhaustive communications to the legislature, enclosing various recommendations for amendments. He has also appeared before the legislative committee in favor of regulating sidewalk and street stands and of removing their license from political influence. With his desire for fair play, he feels that the rents for space on sidewalks and streets should not all go to the occupants of the abutting stores, but in part, at least, to the city to which they belong and which has to bear the expense of keeping them in repair.

This is but a small part of what Commissioner O'Meara has accomplished during the past year; but it serves to show the trend of his course, which, by its undeviating straightforwardness and

conscientious adherence to duty, has gained for him not only the confidence and esteem of the police department, but of the whole community.

Stephen O'Meara was born in Charlottetown, P. E. I., July 26, 1854, but has lived in Boston since 1864. He was graduated from the grammar and high schools of Charlestown, and became a reporter on the Boston *Globe* the day after his final graduation, in July, 1872. Two years later he went to the Boston *Journal* and there remained until 1902, when he sold the paper and retired from journalism. In those twenty-eight years he had been successively reporter, city editor, managing editor, general manager, editor and publisher, and principal owner. After the sale of the *Journal* he spent four months in Europe, and it was at the end of a second stay of a year in Europe that he was called home to take the position of Police Commissioner.

THE JOYS OF SUMMER.

A TIME FOR MAKING THE STOMACH HAPPY WITH GREEN VEGETABLES, FRESH FRUITS AND WHOLESOME CEREALS.

For those who mix brains with their eating, summer is the time for dropping the heavy nitrogenous foods that are eaten during the winter months. That the system welcomes this change from the heavy dietary of the winter, when the body seems to crave foods that are rich in carbohydrates, is one of the beautiful dispensations of nature. The person who refuses to live in harmony with natural law and continues on a diet that is suited only to the needs of cold weather, must suffer the consequences in impaired digestion, bilious liver and sluggish kidneys.

Persons addicted to the "meat habit," and who imagine that the eating of meat two or three times a day is necessary to conserving their strength, will be surprised to learn how easily they can cut down their meat ration and at the same time keep up the maximum of strength and activity. By the proper selection of diet it is possible to get greater muscular and mental power with much less tax upon the liver and digestive functions than it is possible to get from a meat diet. It is merely a question of knowing how. Shredded Wheat, for instance, is much richer in nitrogenous material than beef, and so easily digested that the system, after a few days, experiences a delightful rebound from a prolonged winter diet.

One of the most healthful and delicious combinations for the spring is Shredded Wheat Biscuit and strawberries; in fact, you do not know "the joys of summer" until you have treated your stomach to this combination of the best and purest cereal food made, and the most luscious berry that grows. It is so simple and so easily prepared that it solves in a happy and healthful way the summer problems of the housekeeper. Simply heat a Shredded Wheat Biscuit in the oven until it is crisp, then crush in the top with the bowl of a teaspoon. Fill the hollow of this Biscuit "basket" with strawberries prepared as for the ordinary shortcake, then serve with cream and sugar. It will be found much more nourishing and wholesome than the soggy white flour dough that is used in ordinary shortcake. The porous shreds of the Biscuit take up the fruit juices, holding the delicious aroma of the berry. Many persons who cannot eat strawberries alone without distress can eat this delicious combination without the slightest discomfort. Shredded Wheat is equally palatable and wholesome with raspberries or other fresh fruits that are plentiful in summer.

BOOK REVIEWS.

A History of Ireland for Parochial Schools. By A. M. Nolan. Chicago. J. S. Hyland & Co., Publishers. 1905.

This is not a critical history, but is a text-book with a straightforward narrative of fact. We think it would have been wiser not to have named it in such a way as to confine its use to parochial schools, since the study of Irish history is being taken up in some public schools as a regular part of the curriculum. The preface of the book is by Mr. P. Shelly O'Ryan of the Chicago Board of Education. We venture to say that it is a little too severe on the Irish and Irish-Americans of the country. We do not think, and our view is founded on some personal experience, that the educators Mr. O'Ryan speaks of have been criminally negligent or basely ungrateful. Irish history has been taught in our schools, despite the fact that there has been no text-book of Irish history in the programmes of study. There have been at least three general histories in use in our Catholic schools, in which the history of Ireland has been given in its proper historical perspective and with loving sympathy. This does not look as if our Catholic educators "are responsible for almost completing in this country, among the Irish-American millions, the satanic work of ignorance, forgetfulness and apathy which England had begun in Ireland."

We have devoted a little more time to the preface than would, perhaps, seem to be justified. Our justification must be our belief, that if it were somewhat more temperate in tone it would attain its object better. As it stands it will, we fear, prevent the circulation of a work, which is otherwise well-adapted for its purpose.

My Queen and My Mother. By R. G. S. With Preface by the Bishop of Salford. Third Edition. Benziger Bros. New York. 1906.

The fact that the present is the third edition of this book and that it bears the imprimatur of the Archbishop of Westminster and is prefaced by the learned Bishop of Salford is sufficient warrant for its doctrinal accuracy. But it has other qualities to recommend it. The book is made up of considerations on each title of the Litany of Loretto and on the usual concluding invocation and prayer. The considerations are developed according to the Second Method of Prayer of St. Ignatius. The development is made with a wealth of devotion and a profusion of Scriptural quotation. Each title is illustrated by a splendid reproduction in half-tone of some painting by one of the great masters. The book is, in a word, a gem of devotion and art. We hope that it may see many more editions, for it is a beautiful tribute to our Lady, and it is calculated to increase greatly love of, and devotion to, the Queen of Heaven.

History of the Little Sisters of the Poor. By Rev. A. Leroy. Translated from the French. R. and T. Washbourne, Ltd., London. Benziger Bros. New York, Cincinnati and Chicago. 1906. Price, $1.85, net.

Jeanne Jugan, the foundress of the Little Sisters of the Poor, was one of the world's greatest philanthropists. Hers was the true philanthropy, which is nothing else than the charity of Christ. Her work, begun in 1840, has increased to such an extent that in 1905 there were over 300 homes for the aged poor, with 44,000 inmates, under the care of the Little Sisters in various parts of the world. Up to 1903, 211,000 had ended their lives in the arms of the Sisters. These homes are homes in every sense of the term. Theirs is not the state poor-house spirit. The old people are served by the Sisters as if they were their own parents. No one who has seen the Sisters among their poor will ever forget the example of self-sacrifice, that so frequently rises to the heroic. Everywhere their work is the admiration of people of all classes and creeds, and it is one of the marks of its supernatural character, that it attracts the hearts of all; and all give generously to it, because it appeals to them as being animated with a spirit more than human.

The story of this work of the Little Sisters is told in the present volume by the former chaplain of the Mother-house. The narrative is so graphic and appealing that one does not wonder that the work was crowned by the Académie Française. The translation is worthy of the original. The book deserves a wide circulation, not only because it is the record of more than half a century of heroic Catholic charity, but because it will, if we mistake not, beget a desire of emulation in those who read it.

Papers of a Pariah. By Robert Hugh Benson. Longmans, Green & Company. New York. 1907.

In order that the reader my not be puzzled by the tenor of some of these papers, Father Benson in a lengthy preface explains how they came to be published. "It was my fortune," he says, "to meet the author of the following pages in a railway carriage about two years ago, and during the ensuing four months—until, in fact, his death

last February year—I may say I enjoyed his friendship." Then follows the life-story in brief of this chance acquaintance, who, at the age of forty-two, died a Catholic, though he had been brought up in the Church of England. "It was during visits that I paid to him for the remaining five days of his life on earth that he spoke to me of a bundle of papers, and committed them to my disposal," Father Benson continues, adding that from these papers he made the selection that forms the present volume. Readers are asked to remember that the papers were written by one "who was not only not a Catholic, but who did not at all continuously contemplate becoming one," and who regarded the Church from without, but with a favorable eye. Among the subjects treated by the "Pariah" are "At a Requiem"; "On the Dulness of Irreligious People;" "Intellectual Slavery;" "The Personality of the Church;" and "The Dance as a Religious Exercise."

Madonna of the Poets. An Anthology, gathered by Anita Bartle. Burns & Oates, 28 Orchard Street, London, W. Benziger Bros. New York. 1906.

This little anthology has three characteristics; it contains exquisite poetry, it is artistic in form and is devout in sentiment. The poems range in antiquity from the early ages of the Church to the present day. Most readers will be surprised to find a verse by Rudyard Kipling in the volume. But it is there, and it is worthy of its place in the collection. The volume closes with the three greatest poems to our Lady, the Litany of our Lady, the Ave Maria and the Salve Regina. There are four artistic half-tones in the book of paintings by Perugino, Botticelli, Filippo Lippi and Filippino Lippi.

These expressions of piety in song will help devotion to the Mother of God. The book would be suitable for gifts or for commencement premiums. We think, too, that it would be highly prized by the mature recipient.

An Imperial Love Story. By Henry Curtiss, author of "The Idol of the King." R. and T. Washbourne, Ltd., London. Benziger Bros., New York. 1907. Price, $1.00, net.

This is a pretty story, and the sentiment is of the right kind. It is not a great story. The plot is much too simple and the development too meagre. The incidents follow one another much as they would do in a biography. There is little deep analysis of character, and the expected too often happens, so that the story sometimes descends to the commonplace. We think that the mention in the introduction of the Prince's death, detracts considerably from the interest with which his career is followed. One has an impression throughout that, somehow or other, he has read the last chapter first. We do not wish to intimate by these remarks that the story lacks interest or worth; on the contrary, it is a wholesome Catholic novel, written with considerable charm of style. Catholic young men and women would reap more solid profit from its perusal than from a dozen samples of the sentimental trash that is circulated so widely nowadays.

To descend to a few particulars. The incident of Mrs. Langley in Chapter I smacks somewhat of the vulgar humor of the comic supplement of our Sunday journals. We do not suppose the author is talking other than analogically when, several times, he makes the dog Tarco "think." And we are persuaded that the American dentist, Dr. Wright, would not say "Amurkon" for "American." We may sometimes say "Amuricon," but we usually do not drop a syllable.

The book is well printed, and, although bulky for the length of the story, is well bound, appropriately for a romance of a Prince, in royal purple and gold.

The Golden Treasury of Song and Lyrics. 2 vols. Edited by Charles Welsh. Dodge Publishing Company. New York. 1907. $2.50.

In making this collection, Mr. Welsh had in mind the twofold purpose of satisfying the expectations of critical readers and of giving pleasure to the larger public who would expect a treasury of Irish songs to include songs and poems dear to the hearts of Irish people.

A glance at the index of titles shows how admirably he has succeeded. Folk songs, bardic songs, love songs, ballads, hedge songs and unclassified fugitive pieces have been brought together, making a collection of nearly a thousand selections. These are so classified that the student can easily find any group or single poem with which he may wish to acquaint himself. The critical judgment of Dr. Douglas Hyde, Stephen Gwynn, D. J. O'Donoghue and other Irish poets was availed of by the editor, who returns thanks to these Irish scholars, and also to others on this side of the Atlantic whose suggestions influenced his work.

Arranged in alphabetical order, the "Treasury" opens with poems by Cecil Frances Alexander, among them the weird "Legend of Stumpie's Brae," which begins with the cheery promise:

"Heard ye no tell o' Stumpie's Brae?
Sit down, sit down, young friend,
I'll make your flesh to creep to-day,
And your hair to stan' on end."

The legend is attached to a lonely spot on the border of County Donegal, and the language of the ballad is the dialect spoken in the north of Ireland.

William Allingham is generously represented, among the pieces being his delightful child's song, "The Fairies"; and farther on we find "The First Steps"—Mary Elizabeth Blake's delightfully tender description of a household band watching the baby taking his first steps alone. John Keegan Casey, Nora Hopper, Patrick J. Coleman, J. I. C. Clarke, Denis A. McCarthy, Ethna Carbery, Seumas MacManus, Katherine Tynan Hinkson, Alice Milligan, Dora Sigerson Shorter, Moira O'Neill, William Butler Yeats, Maurice Francis Egan, Eva Gore-Booth, A. P. Graves, Lionel Johnson, Robert Dwyer Joyce, Edmund Leamy, John Boyle O'Reilly, George Russell, and Frances Wynne are among the familiar names one notes in passing. Here, too, is Rev. James B. Dollard, with his "Irish Mist and Sunshine," "The Fallin' of the Rain," and "When the West Wind Blows,"—a charming bit of verse that made its first appearance in DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

"The Widow's Message to Her Son," by Ellen Forrester, was read many years ago, and will be read again with undiminished interest, as will be Charles Gavan Duffy's tribute to "Innishowen" and his ballad of the "Irish Rapparees." The love story of "Bridget Cruise," by Thomas Furlong, follows Francis Fahy's musical verse, and Lady Gilbert has a group of songs that exemplify her versatile genius. Stephen Gwynn tells the story of Ossian and St. Patrick in a way that will help to fasten it in the memory— that is, if it could be possible to forget the splendid valor of the bard and warrior—"last of a giant race."

A religious poem that many will read for the first time is Douglas Hyde's translation of "The Sign of the Cross Forever," which he found among the manuscripts of William Smith O'Brien. It was attributed to Father O'Meehan, and appeared in "Religious Songs of Connaught." The Kilkenny exile's Christmas song,—"The Moon Behind the Hill,"—by William Kenealy, brings back visions grand "that purpled boyhood's dreams." Charles J. Kickham appears with three selections, but where is his "Peasant Maiden" who has traveled all over the world, from the foot of Sliav-na-mon?

In the second volume John O'Hagan is represented by two selections, "Dear Land" and "Ourselves Alone," and at page 412 we come upon "Paddies Evermore," which should also be attributed to this writer, of whom Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J., wrote at length in "Poets I Have Known,"—published in DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE. The omission of Father Russell's name is a distinct disappointment to readers familiar with his work for Irish literature.

John Banim, James Joseph Callanan, John Keegan Casey, Thomas Davis, Lady Dufferin, Sir Samuel Ferguson, Oliver Goldsmith, Gerald Griffin, Samuel Lover, Denis Florence MacCarthy, Thomas D'Arcy M'Gee, Mangan, Father Prout, Moore, Lady Wilde, and other Irish writers, whose names are household words, are duly represented. The thought occurs that much of the Irish poetry written in more recent years has been produced by writers in America, chiefly Irish and Irish-American. Only a comparatively small number of these poems have yet received recognition in Irish anthologies. Why not have an Irish-American anthology that would include such pieces as "Widowed," by Mary E. Mannix; "The Ballad of Calnan's Christmas," by Helen Gray Cone; "The Song of the Thrush," by T. A. Daly; "A Ballad of Tyrone," by Louise Imogen Guiney; "The Daughter," by Theodosia Garrison; "An Irish Divorce," by J. C. M.; and some of James Riley's patriotic and truly Celtic poems?

Perhaps Mr. Welsh will consider this suggestion and bring out a third volume. If he does, we hope that he will place the name of the poet over each page on which his work is printed, and thus save the reader the necessity of turning back to look up the author's name where a selection is unfamiliar.

"In Thy Courts." Translated from the French of Louis Vignat, S.J., by Matthew L. Fortier, S.J. Longmans, Green & Company. New York. 1907.

"I welcome this little work in its English version and new title," says Cardinal Gibbons in a prefatory note, in which he warmly commends the book to Catholics and non-Catholics, "and especially to the youth of our country who are desirous of knowing and of studying and, may be, of heeding the Master's call."

This short yet comprehensive study of the call of Christ to a life of religion has also the approval of the Apostolic Delegate, who considers it peculiarly timely and helpful in these practical days when men give so sparingly to God and religion.

Poems. By John Banister Tabb. Selected by Alice Meynell. Longmans, Green & Company. New York. 1907.

This volume presents a careful selection of "Poems," "Lyrics," "Child Verse," and "Later Lyrics." Father Tabb dedicates the work to Mrs. Meynell, with his grateful acknowledgment of her kindness. The English essayist has been so generous in making up this book that admirers of Father

Tabb's work will find in it all the poems which give character to the four volumes from which they have been taken.

Christy of Rathglin. By James Riley. C. M. Clarke Publishing Company. Boston. 1907.

Mr Riley needs no introduction to an Irish-American public. As an editor and writer he is widely known, and it is safe to say that "Christy of Rathglin" will make him many new friends among the younger people. This story has all the elements that make a book readable. It narrates the adventures of an Irish lad, the son of Christopher Reardon, the rich shop-keeper of Rathglin, whose sign was read by every passerby, and whose fame extended far beyond Rathglin. From the time of Christy's abduction until he makes his address to the citizens of Provincetown, and declares his intention to be an American citizen, Christy never permits his followers a dull moment. His exploits in the war will thrill with envy the youngsters who have only school drills in which to show their valor. The story ends happily, and those who read it —both old and young—will find that the time has been well spent.

Around the World. Vol. III. 1907. 85 cents.
The Mystery of Cleverly. By George Barton. 85 cents.
Harmony Flats. By C. S. Whitmore. 85 cents
The Lady in Crimson and Other Tales. By Ymal Oswin. 60 cents.

These four books from Benziger Brothers, New York, afford a variety of reading. "Around the World" will be found especially profitable, as it introduces many issues of public interest, and presents travel sketches that will recall pleasant memories to returned travelers, and will also prove a source of information to those who have not had the opportunity to go abroad. Of the stories, "Harmony Flats" will probably win the favor of young readers who will like to know how the fairy of a tenement house dispensed gifts and brought happiness to the tenants of Harmony Flats.

The Lane of the Thrushes: Some Ulster Love Songs. By Cahir O'Healy and Cahir O'Byrne. Sealy, Bryers & Walker. Dublin. 1907.

"The village folks could never see anything in that lane only bramble and brosna. The brosna was useful for lighting the fires. With the neighbor 'caddies' we trudged there daily for our little bundles of withered sticks. Sometimes we lingered behind after the rest had gone. Other things, too, we gathered in the lane as well as the brosna,—things which set alight the fires in which dreams are born."

With these words these two Irish poets begin to tell of the "other things" that they saw "in the lane o' the thrushes." And they tell of them in such musical verse that the reader is lured on from page to page, meeting on the way the "White Rose of the World," "The Wanderer," "The Dream Woman," "The Galway Girleen," "The Man o' the Cows," "Kate from Ballinderry," and "Handsome Con O'Hartigan." Wandering with them, one feels their longing for the pleasant hills, hears the song of the sea, and in the heart of the deep woods shares their dream of summer. There is a quiet beauty and charm in the contents of this little paper-covered book not to be found in many a pretentious volume of verse, and we hope that the public will prove duly appreciative so that the authors will be encouraged to write more, and to publish it in more permanent form.

By the Stream of Killmeen. By Seumas O'Kelly. Sealy, Bryers & Walker. Dublin. 1907. 15 cents.

The stories and sketches published under this name are worthy of a better setting. "The Story of a Spell" is a delightful day dream in which the writer lives over scenes and events of the past when Cairn the great saint lived at Cape Clear, even before St. Patrick himself. Martial deeds, too, are described—among them the sack of Baltimore. It is a chapter of Irish history as well as a poetic sketch in prose. "The Broken Bramble" is a pretty picture of an Irish home, and the other stories will also find admiring readers.

Writing for the Press. By Robert Luce. Clipping Bureau Press, Boston, Mass. 1907. 60 cents net.

The plan of the book was conceived in 1886, when the author was a desk editor on the staff of the Boston *Globe*. It was meant to get better work from reporters and correspondents, to lessen the labors of copy editors, to gain space through condensation, and to save time all along the line. For this purpose newspapers bought a large part of the 8,000 copies of the first four editions. The book has grown with the varying experience of the author as editor, publisher, business man, legislator, etc.; is seven times as large as at first, and contains matter that will make it useful to anybody who has to do with press or printer.

The Fair Wife. By the Rev. T. C. Gaffney. The Druery Bookshop, Chicago, Ill.

The white and gold binding, white satin marker, and general daintiness of appearance characterizing this book make one think that it is specially intended for the

bride,—and no more useful present could be given to the young woman about to take up the responsibilities of marriage. The introduction, in the form of a letter to a sister, is replete with wise and tender counsel, and the dedication "To Mother" reveals the inspiration. The author states that there is no index, as the book "is a picture of one dearly loved; the studio is her fair home, the brush a brother's affection; the sitting at mother's knee; the canvas, mother's training; the inspiration, mother's thought; the end, mother's glorification; the artist, mother's boy."

From "The Mete of Fairness" to "The Afterglow" the nineteen chapters deal with many of the issues that will confront the "Fair Wife" in all stations of life.

From the Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland, Ohio, we receive the announcement that they will, in case sufficient orders are promptly received, republish the collected Works of Bishop England. This is an undertaking of vital interest to American Catholics, and affords them a rare opportunity to do a service to the cause of Catholic literature and education.

The reputation of the publishers guarantees an adequate edition in every respect. The editorial work will be in the hands of Reverend J. T. McDermott, D.D., under the personal direction of the Most Reverend Sebastian G. Messmer, Archbishop of Milwaukee. This is certainly ample assurance that the work will be worthily issued.

Bishop England possessed one of the most vigorous and versatile intellects that the Church in this country has produced. His writings are a veritable storehouse of information on subjects literary, historical, and ecclesiastical.

This enterprise was originally undertaken by The Buffalo Catholic Publication Co., but sufficient orders not being received to justify the enormous expense involved in issuing the set, they requested the Arthur H. Clark Company to make a final effort on the work. We sincerely hope that the necessary orders will be promptly forthcoming so that this much needed publication can be realized.

SISTINE CHAPEL.

The Sistine Chapel of the Vatican palace is used for special Papal ceremonies and is the scene of most of the great functions, at which the Pope personally assists. It is here that the elections of the Pope now take place.

It was built by Baccio Pintelli for Pope Sixtus IV. in 1473, and has been decorated by the great Florentine masters, Ghielandaio, Signorelli, Botticelli and Roselli, whose works adorn the side walls. These depict scenes from the life of Christ and the life of Moses.

Besides these, Michel Angelo covered the vaulted ceiling with his stupendous frescoes of the Creation, the Fall of Man, the Deluge and other Biblical scenes, adding colossal figures of the prophets and sibyls, in the curvatures of the arches. The entire altar-wall, at the end, was painted by him with the Last Judgment, the largest fresco in the world. It is 60 feet in height, 30 feet in breadth and embraces an almost countless number of figures. It is a wonderful monument of genius, and one of the greatest creations of modern art.

The Sistine Chapel is 133 feet long and 45 feet wide. It is lighted by six windows. The screen separating the congregation from the part of the Chapel reserved for the Pope and Cardinals is a beautiful piece of early Renaissance sculpture and marble decoration. The floor is ornamented with fine mosaics. The choir of Sistine Chapel, founded by Pope Gregory the Great, is composed of about 30 artists, who sing without musical accompaniment, and their style, the *messa di voce*, is of world-wide celebrity.

A copy of this superb picture, ten by thirteen, is given free to each subscriber to the Catholic Encyclopedia. It is beautifully colored and makes an exquisite wall decoration. For further information regarding it, application may be made to Robert Appleton Company, New York.

A GOOD RESULT.

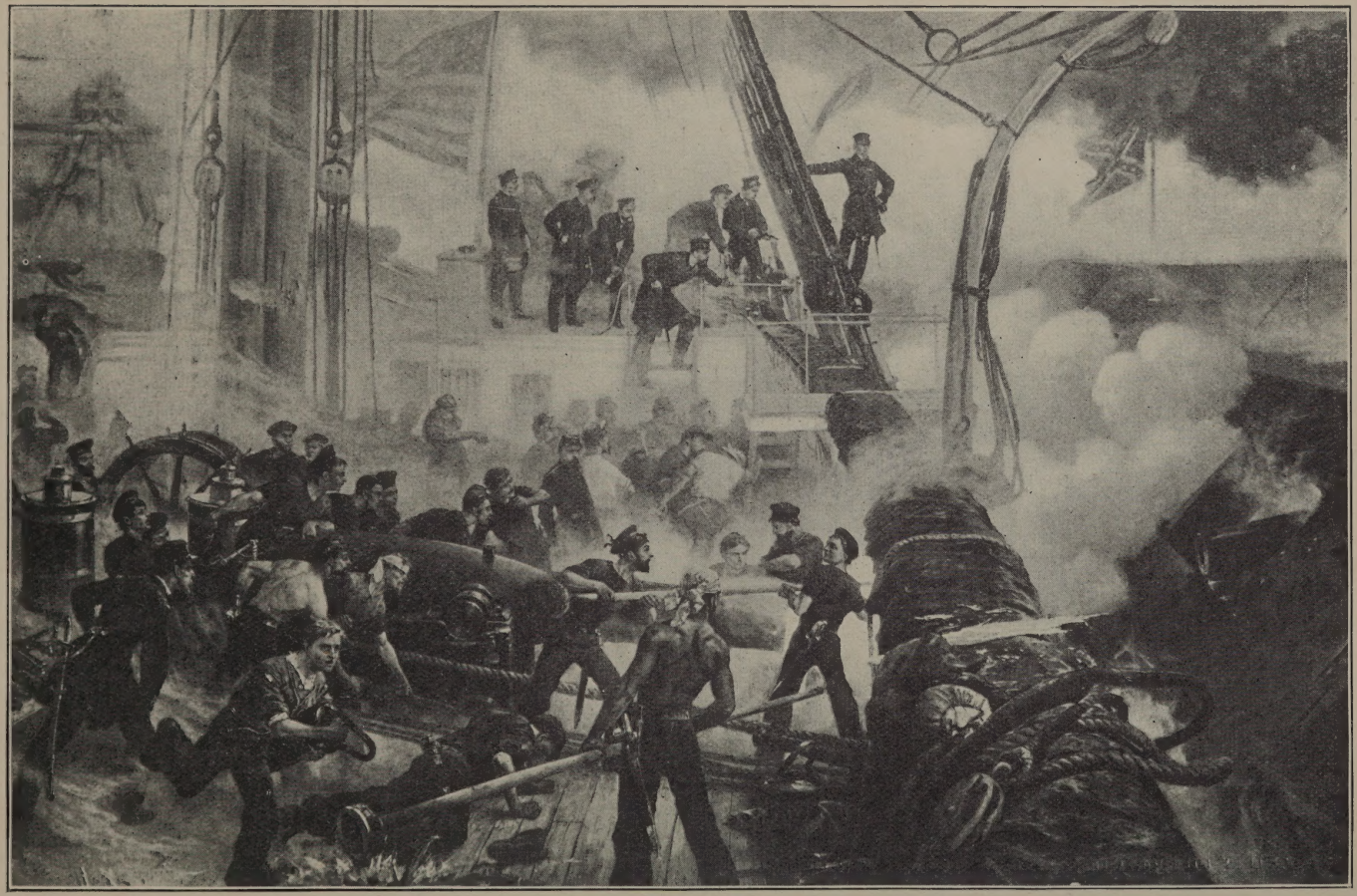
Under the operation of the new Pure Food Laws, baking powders now generally bear on the labels a statement of the ingredients. This is of utmost importance because of the harmful ingredients used in many cases.

Royal Baking Powder is known to be the only baking powder made of Royal Grape Cream of Tartar, and this no doubt explains its greatly increased sale here.

Careful housekeepers are taking advantage of the protection which the Laws afford, and are examining all the reading matter on the back of the label before adopting any brand for use in the home.

When in place of the words Cream of Tartar the words "alum," "aluminum" or "phosphate of lime" appear among the ingredients, they heed the warning and avoid baking powders containing these substitutes.

AT THE FOUNTAIN.



AN AUGUST MORNING WITH FARRAGUT.

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THE STRUGGLE FOR RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN FRANCE.

BY THE REV. FRANCIS A. CUNNINGHAM.

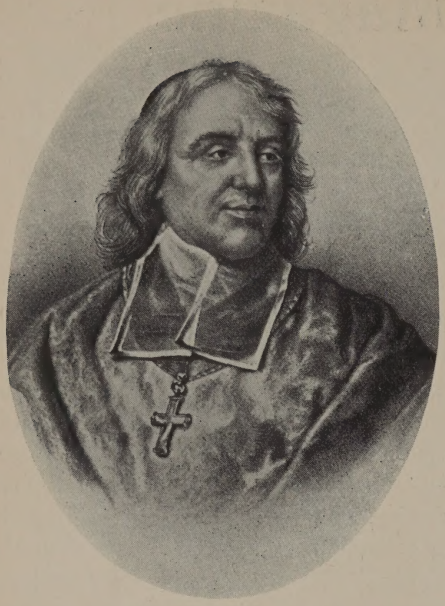
CHAPTER I.

FORESHADOWINGS OF REVOLUTION.

While seeking the causes of that anti-Christian spirit, which forms so large a part of modern history, one cannot help regarding with interest the immense influence exerted by the Protestant Reformation upon the intellectual and moral life of Europe. The abandonment of the old faith led, by a natural sequence, to estrangement from Christianity itself. This is so palpable that it is surprising how the innovators could have overlooked the fact that to abuse and ruin the one meant the wounding and destruction of the other. Indeed, had not organized Catholicity existed at the time, and in its then form, there would have been no concrete Christianity to reform, but only some archaelogical remnants out of which one could with difficulty have constructed an imperfect idea of the religion of Christ.

Coincident with the great revolt against the Church was the immense impetus given to the study of the natural sciences, which, beginning in the sixteenth century, found its highest development in the eighteenth. This coincidence, unhappily, assumed to the unthinking the appearance of cause and effect, as if the intellectual powers of man had been stunted and repressed under the regime of ecclesiastical authority, to be freed and exercised in a period of revolt against the Church. This unfortunate conviction was gradually instilled into the minds of the masses by men brilliant of intellect, but unscrupulous in their hatred of the Church and of her teachings. The people accepted the premise, and followed it out to its ultimate conclusion, namely: that if the teachings of the Church were hostile to human progress, then Christianity itself which found its only true expression in Catholicity should be regarded as an enemy, and as such should be persecuted and destroyed. They were unable to

LOUIS XIV.



BOSSUET.

measure the force of circumstances which surrounded the new unfolding of the physical sciences, to recognize the evil character of many of the champions of the new order, or the glamor which the awakening of new studies cast upon minds hitherto engrossed with the sober logic of the Schools. The fact, moreover, that many of the old theories with regard to natural phenomena must eventually have yielded to the processes of scientific evolution had not occurred to them. All these were forgotten in the enthusiasm for the novelties of nature; the only thoughts that dominated them being, that the Church was responsible for the tardiness of the awakening, and hence, that she should be discarded, that Christianity, as a consequence, should be uprooted, and that the intellect of man should know no other deity than the impersonal God of nature.

Moreover, the Church had ever been recognized as the supreme authority in the matter of Christian morality. To attack, therefore, her existence could mean nothing less than to open wide the floodgates of iniquity, to cast down the barriers that had hitherto restrained the evil passions, and to proclaim the reign of license and anarchy. These fatal conditions, taking their rise in the sixteenth century, grew into palpable being, and swelled out gradually into the frightful proportions of that monster of iniquity, which today holds half the world in its grasp.

Caesarism.

While asserting the influence of Protestantism in determining the downward direction of European intellectual and moral life, it must not be denied that it found already in existence many predisposing conditions for the cultivation of the anti-Christian germ. Foremost among these might be reckoned the spirit of *Caesarism*, or *state absolutism*, which brought with it as a consequence the alienation of national churches from the lawful authority of the Holy See. In the Middle Ages the German emperors, and the House of Swabia in a special manner, had afforded many sad examples of hostility to the Chair of Peter, and had suffered terribly in consequence. Their successors, however, had not learned the lesson of misfortune, and to the semi-barbarous brutality of their fathers had only added the perfidy of civil persecution. From the moment when secular princes began to deny that the Church had the power of reforming states, they undertook to reform and govern the Church herself, ending their unhappy undertaking in the destruction of all order, and the final chaos of revolution.

Having succeeded in driving out the salutary influences of Catholicism from

their state councils, they raised in its place a legalized and juridical paganism. In the sixteenth century Nicholas Machiavelli dared to teach that the weakness and misfortunes of Italy owed their origin to Christianity. The same philosopher, in his principal work, *The Prince*, propounded the astonishing doctrines, that fraud was a necessary qualification for the ruler who would rise to eminence in his class, that vice and crime were permissible for the conservation of the state, that the man who could not lie and break his word was never intended for the art of governing. Matter, in his *History of the Moral and Political Doctrines of the Last Three Centuries*, has said that "the works of Machiavelli signalized a new era, an era of complete destruction; not merely a rupture between religion and politics, but the fundamental subversion of their old relations, in as much as Machiavelli substituted materialism for spirituality, and subjected religion to the state."

LOUIS XV.

His doctrines found ready disciples in

Buchanan of England and Bodin of France, who began a systematic plan of divorce between Church and State, making the latter completely independent, and, gradually, the tyrannical master of their pride of power and tyrannical exactions to such a pass that they became feared and hated to the point of vengeance from which they had no escape since they had closed the doors of their

ROUSSEAU.

the former. The secular rulers of the time, deceived by their lurid doctrines, and flattered by artful counsellors and courtiers, rushed headlong upon the path that led away from the directing influence of the Church; their authority became paganized, and as such was neither respectable nor respected; they brought asylum of protection, the sanctuary, and had abandoned that conscience which might have guided them to safety and consolation.

Gallicanism.

As a consequence of the doctrine of *state absolutism*, which sought to subject

all rights of the family, of the individual and of the Church to the central power of the throne, or the State, there grew up even in religious circles a tendency to minimize the authority of the Supreme Pontiff, to make it subservient to the decrees of a general council, and to limit its powers in countries not under the temporal rule of Rome. This spirit of hostility to the papal authority received different names according to the regions in which it manifested itself; its purpose, however, was always the same, differing only in extent and in the means employed. In France it was called *Gallicanism*, in Germany, *Febronianism*, in Austria, *Josephinism*, with its development of *Riccism* in Italy.

VOLTAIRE.

The principles of Gallicanism, growing out of the Caesarism of the French kings, were enunciated in the Council of Constance (1418) which declared that the general council was superior to the Pope, a doctrine so completely subversive of the fundamental teachings of the Church, that it was immediately condemned by Pope Martin V., although the latter had been elected to the papal throne in that very council. The doctrine, moreover, with its inevitable corollaries was put into concise form in a synod of the clergy of France, held in Paris, from 1680 to 1682. It is a significant fact that this famous assembly was neither representative of the French church, nor remarkable for the ecclesiastical virtue of its members. With the exception of a few, like Bossuet, it was made up of ecclesiastics who came, not of their own volition, but because of a special order from the king, Louis XIV., the latter having denied the right of sitting therein to anyone not completely in accord with his own anti-papal theories. From this convention came forth the celebrated *Gallican decrees of* 1682, better known as the *Gallican Liberties*. A resume of their contents would be of use as showing many of the points of difference between the Church of France and the Holy See not only in the seventeenth, but even in the later centuries.

These articles held, that the Pope had received from Christ a merely spiritual power; that he had no authority over secular princes, and that he could not absolve the subjects of said princes from the obligation of obedience; that even in spiritual matters the powers of the Pope are limited

by the decrees of the council of Constance, which declare that the ecumenical councils are superior to the Pope; that the authority of the Pope is to be restricted by the canons of the universal Church, and that the rules, customs and article, that the Gallican church does not receive all the decrees of the Popes in matters of discipline, and that only those are in force which have been received; that the Gallican church holds itself free to receive or reject the rules of the Roman

LAURENT DE RICCI, S. J.
General of the Jesuits at the time of the Suppression of the Order.

institutions of the Gallican church and kingdom are to remain in full force; in questions of faith the Pope has the chief part, and his decrees extend to each and every church, but, nevertheless, his judgment is not irreformable unless it shall have been confirmed by the consent of the Church.

These *Gallican Liberties* declared, moreover, under the explanation of the third Curia; that the Roman Pontiff cannot levy any impost on the French clergy without their consent; that he cannot, by his own motion, bestow upon a foreigner any benefice within the French church; that the French bishops shall not be required to attend any general council, unless with the permission of the crown; that neither the Pope nor his legates can hear French causes *in the*

first instance, and that even in cases of appeal he is bound to assign native judges, even when the appellant should be a metropolitan or a primate.

Such were the articles and such the intent of the famous *Gallican Liberties*, which as laws, aimed at the exaltation of the kingly power to the discredit of the papal authority, and by severing the French church by so much from the Holy See, made it practically a slave to the absolutism of the State. Louis Blanc wrote correctly when he declared: "The political importance of these *Declarations* was immense, since by exalting the king over all ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and by robbing the people of those guarantees which were contained in the right accorded to the Popes of watching over the temporal rulers of the earth, these *Declarations* seemed to place the throne upon a pinnacle inaccessible to the storms . . . . by taking this right from the Pope, they conferred it upon the parliaments, and later upon the masses. France came to learn that kingly independence meant the slavery of the people; weary of its sufferings it arose and demanded justice, and when the judges of the crown were found wanting, the populace made itself judge, and the excommunication was substituted by the condemnation to death."

The Gallican Declarations although revoked nevertheless lived in spirit and formed a disturbing element in French ecclesiastical life even as late as the pontificate of Pius IX., when they finally died away through the influence of the Vatican Council of 1870.

Febronianism.

Gallicanism, upon being transplanted to German soil, assumed the name of Febronianism, and had its most flourishing period during the latter half of the eighteenth century. The claims of German Caesarism were taken up and put into systematic form by Johann Nicholas von Hontheim who, in 1763, published under the pseudonym of Justinus Febronius a work entitled *The State of the Church and the Legitimate Power of the Roman Pontiff*. The doctrines of Febronius proved even more radical and anti-papal than those of Gallicanism, which accorded at least some show of obedience to the spiritual authority of the Pope.

The tenets of the newly-organized movement included such as the following: that the episcopal system must take the place of the papal; that the autocracy of the papal decrees must be overthrown; that in the beginning of the Church there was no temporal power, the Apostles were all equal, St. Peter being only the first among equals. The bishops have their rights directly from Christ, while the Pope has received his primacy only from the Church; that the Pope does not represent the Church, which is represented by the general councils; that bishops have the right of self-government descending directly to them from the Apostles. Thus by robbing the Pope of his two divine commissions of primacy and infallibility, he strove to exalt the authority, not only of ecumenical councils but of the individual bishops in such a manner as to destroy, if possible, every essential attribute of Christian ecclesiastical government. As a consequence he held the independence of the secular princes in ecclesiastical matters within the confines of their own states, thus subjecting the Church of the nation to every caprice of the civil government. His views were welcomed not merely by lay politicians and ambitious statesmen but also by

that large class of princely ecclesiastics who besides the dignities of their episcopal or archiepiscopal positions, enjoyed the rank, prerogatives, and revenues of secular princes. Such spirits could ill abide the restraining influence of a papal primacy which, if acknowledged, could command in them a greater devotion to the claims of religion, and a less conspicuous abandonment to the luxuries and selfish interests of a court life. The teachings of Febronius, in spite of the fact that their author retracted his errors, in 1778, were taken up and defended in the Articles of Coblenz, and later, in 1786, in the Congress of Ems. They are of importance in the present contention as an evidence of the spirit of hostility to that institution of Christianity which serves as the primary point of authority and doctrine in the Church, the minimizing and weakening of which gave to the enemies of religion a weapon of advantage in attacking the very name and existence of Christianity.

Josephinism.

The anti-papal theories of Gallicanism and Febronianism were carried to their extremes by the Emperor Joseph II., of Austria, who began a movement which, from the name of its author was entitled *Josephinism.* The effect of the latter development was to add the note of persecution to that of perversion. In 1781, the Emperor published the *Edict of Toleration* in favor of Protestants, Jews and Greeks, a measure, indeed, whose import was not so much in the act itself, as in the spirit which lay beneath it. The purposes of Joseph II. were easily divined by the Holy Father, Pope Pius VI., who answered the act by a vigorous protest. That he was not mistaken in his premonitions was made evident in the immediate consequences. By the year 1786 the Emperor had dissolved more than seven hundred establishments for monks and nuns, for whom he cherished a peculiar hatred. He reduced, moreover, the number of clergy in the Empire by more than a half. Pius VI., in the desolation of his heart, condescended to pay a personal visit to Vienna, in 1782, where his good offices met with little success. Aided by the Masonic sects, and the anti-Christian hostility of Prince Kaunitz, the Emperor continued his subversive measures, intermeddling to such an extent in the disciplinary government of the Austrian church, as to win from his contemporary, the atheistic Frederic II., of Prussia, the significant title of "my brother, the sacristan."

The evil influence of the Austrian Emperor guided the conduct of many other weak-kneed sovereigns of the time, notably Leopold of Tuscany, Charles of Spain, and the Princes of Parma, Modena and Piedmont. In Tuscany itself, the Bishop of Pistoia, Scipio de Ricci, endeavored through a schismatic synod to stir up to active war the spirit of anti-papal hostility, though his efforts very fortunately found little success among the loyal Italians.

Jansenism.

Supplementing the anti-papal and national character of the above movements was that puritanical subversion of the internal religious life, especially of France, which resulted from the doctrines of *Jansenism.* The latter sect originated in a treatise upon the doctrines of St. Augustine as set forth in a work of Cornelius Jansen, entitled *Augustinus,* and published in 1640, two years after the author's death. It contained many errors, especially in matters relating to

grace, free will, and predestination, for which it was vigorously opposed by the Jesuits. Out of the book five propositions were extracted, and condemned as heretical by Pope Innocent X. in 1653. The followers of Jansen at Port Royal, especially Arnauld, Nicole, and Pascal, endeavored to defend the author by asserting that the articles as condemned were not really contained in the *Augustinus*. The discussions upon the subject were carried on with great bitterness for some time. They were at length brought to a crisis by the publication, between the years 1671 and 1680, of a famous work of Quesnel, entitled *Moral Reflections upon the New Testament*, many of which reflections were but open expressions of Jansenism. Out of these teachings of Quesnel one hundred and one propositions were condemned by Clement XI. in the celebrated bull, *Unigenitus*, of 1713, a bull that played an important part in the ecclesiastico-political life of the eighteenth century.

The teachings and discipline of Jansenism were important aids in weakening the loyalty of the faithful, in as much as they sought to destroy the efficacy of free will, thus discouraging men from the performance of good works, and by placing the sacraments upon a plane too lofty, for human unworthiness would deprive men of their salutary graces. The influence of the sect was exerted even more upon the external life of the Church, and entering into parliaments and courts caused much suffering to orthodox Catholics. Their hostility found its most eminent mark in the Society of Jesus, which the Jansenists pursued with a vigor that ultimately aided much to the suppression of that illustrious Order. It was the Jansenist, Pascal, who gave the first effective impulse to the persecution of the Jesuits, and it was the spirit of Jansenism, aiding that of Gallicanism, Caesarism, and Masonry, that finally effected their overthrow.

Suppression of the Society of Jesus.

The rapid rise of the Society of Jesus in the various countries of Europe naturally attracted the attention of all those whose aim was the acquisition of as much personal power as was possible, to the detriment of individual, family, and social rights, and who had reason to fear an influence that stood for human progress and equal rights to all. The Jesuits were not long in demonstrating their superiority over all other religious orders, of recent, as well as of ancient, origin. Their excellence was admitted both in school and seminary; their deep learning gained for them the spiritual direction of influential persons; they became the confessors to princes and kings; they displayed extraordinary zeal in the practices of devotion, especially that in honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and they had already embraced the whole world in the field of their missions. They became a power that excited the envy of the less active, and the fear of potentates whose greed and inhumanity found a check in the gentle teachings of the followers of St. Ignatius. More than all, they had ever shown themselves energetic in their support of ecclesiastical authority, especially in times when the latter was threatened by the vagaries of Gallicanism, Jansenism, and like movements; in the state itself they showed themselves veritable defenders against the machinations of those secret societies which even in the eighteenth century were very much in evidence.

It was impossible that an organization such as theirs, blessed by the spirit of

religion, going about doing good, defending the principles of true Christianity against any and every assault, should escape the odium and persecution of spirits whose chief claim to existence lay in the desire to pull down the structure of civilization and to erect in its place the temple of Antichrist. The vials of irreligious wrath were poured out upon them to the last dregs. In the various countries of Europe they met with proscription and expulsion. In 1759 they were driven from Portugal through the efforts of the infamous Pombal; in 1764 they were forbidden to live as a society in France; they were exiled from Spain in 1767, from Naples in 1767, and from Parma in 1768. Finally every effort of anti-Christianism and Masonry was exerted to bring about their complete extinction in the whole world. In 1773 pressure was brought to bear upon Pope Clement XIV., who, while refusing to listen to the invidious complaints brought against them, nevertheless, for the sake of a temporary peace, was compelled to sign the decree of their suppression.

The suppression of the Society of Jesus may be regarded as the first great blow in the modern war of anti-Christianism. It was the annihilation of the vanguard of the army of civilization and Christianity. With the Society of Jesus out of the way, the campaign of social, moral, intellectual and religious subversion found an open road to the excesses of anarchy and revolution. The Jesuits, however, like well disciplined soldiers of Christ, bowed to the will of the Vicar of Christ, and bore their humiliation in silence for forty years, till the day when the Pope, Pius VII., freed from the chains of persecution, called them back to honor and usefulness.

The Sophists.

The suppression of the Jesuits met with no greater joy than in the hearts of a certain class of intellectual perverts who may be regarded as the actual founders of modern anti-Christianism; these were the sophists who in that period of the eighteenth century were already flooding France and Europe with a deluge of immoral, irreligious and uncivilized literature.

It is to England that we must go to find the immediate origin of this desolating spirit. There, among the Socinians and Deists, a school arose that taught men to trifle with the sublime truths of revelation and to undermine the foundations of religious belief, men like Shaftesbury, Collins, Tindal, and Bolingbroke, who strove to subject religion to the state, and regarded virtue as a mere human instinct; who declared reason antagonistic to revelation, and saw in the Holy Scriptures nothing more than a collection of pretty fables. It was not until the eighteenth century that the influence of their theories began to ruffle the Catholic atmosphere of France. There were not wanting birds of passage who, while hibernating among the philosophic haunts of London, gathered up the seeds of infidelity to scatter them broadcast upon the soil of France.

The writings of Montesquieu (1689–1755) display a sneering attitude towards the most sacred teachings and institutions of the Church. Jean Jacques Rousseau (1712–1778) in his *Social Contract* and similar works endeavored to destroy the social order and bring back humanity to primitive barbarism. But more terrible in the rage of his iniquity than all others, in the great war of anti-Christianism, was the arch-infidel, Francois Marie

Arouet, later called Voltaire (1694–1778). Of him might have been written the lines which Milton puts into the mouth of Satan:

"To do aught good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight;
As being contrary to his high will,
Whom we resist. If then his providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labor must be to pervert that end,
And out of good still find means of evil."
Par. Lost, Bk. I.

Born in Paris of a mother whose loose morals made her a by-word to all who knew her, he imbibed at her breast that appetite for lawlessness and iniquity which ruled him to the last hour. His mother dying during his infancy, be became the protegé of an abbé who had abandoned the duties of his sacred calling for the allurements of the world. In his boyhood he was sent to the Jesuit school of Louis le Grand, where the perversity of his character manifested itself to such an extent that one of his teachers prophesied that he would one day become the coryphee of deism. Thereafter his career was one of unlicensed depravity. More than once he was arrested and cast into prison; he had reason to hate the Bastile, for he himself had experienced the life of a criminal therein.

That writer was not far wrong who asserted that irreligion is but one form of the insanity which is born of immoral living. It is remarkable in the anti-Christian literature of all times, and of none more than our own, that its heroes and heroines are the abandoned roués and harlots who, having defiled the temples of their own bodies, seek to carry the abomination of desolation into the holy places of God. In this matter Voltaire was no exception. His immoral life was lived ostentatiously and boastingly. We will not, however, enter upon a list of the criminal observances of this man, preferring to leave such details to their proper place. It will be sufficient to point out the purpose that underlay all the actions and words of his life. This purpose is best indicated by citations from his letters and other written works.

His hatred for the Church and for morality is clearly displayed in the works that he gave forth during the later years of his life. In his *Age of Louis XIV.*, a work that has been made an obligatory text book in the educational establishments subject to the University of France, we find passages full of insinuations and falsehoods directed against the Holy See. "The Pope's spiritual authority," he says, "is now destroyed and abhorred in one half of Christendom; and if in the other half he is regarded as a father, he has children who sometimes properly and successfully resist him." Again he asserts: "To swear fidelity to any other than one's own sovereign is high treason in a layman; in the cloister it is an act of religion." He terms the Pope "the foreign sovereign." His *Pucelle* is a diabolical attempt to besmireh the pure character of Joan of Arc. It was a work, however, which excited so much disgust in all circles that Voltaire endeavored at first to disclaim it, and it was many years before the whole poem could venture forth with his authorization. The high society that could welcome its foetid pages was already ripe for the horrors of the Revolution.

From 1760 to the end of his life Voltaire assumed as his motto the impious expression: *Ecrassez l' infame*, "crush the infamous thing," intending thereby to indicate Christ and His Church. Throughout all these years the term appears constantly in his own and his disciples' letters. How he revels in his insane and

satanic hatred, hardly finding words that can fitly convey his utter aversion for the things of God! The Christian religion he proclaims "an abominable hydra, a monster which a hundred hands must destroy." He bids the philosophers scour the streets to destroy it "as missionaries journey over land and sea to propagate it." He bids them dare everything even to being burned in order to destroy Christianity. Again he calls upon his fawning admirers to annihilate Christianity, to hunt it down, to vilify it, to ruin it. The perusal of his works leaves one with the impression that Voltaire was constantly troubled with a nightmare, in the effort to free himself from which he emitted his lugubrious wailings.

In 1778 the mob of Paris united to crown him at the Theatre Francais. Referring to these manifestations the impious one wrote: "My entry into Paris was more triumphant than that of Jesus into Jerusalem." The further work of Voltaire was in accordance with expressions like these. His intimacy with Frederic II. of Prussia afforded the blasphemer many opportunities of indulging his satanic impulses. Among the anti-Christian sophists who made the Palace of Berlin their rendezvous was a school of Freemasons who had already begun to celebrate the final downfall of the Papacy. For the more rapid realization of this hope various expedients were advocated, among them being the pet resort of irreligious tyrants, — the abolition of the monastic orders, a project which found its foremost exponent in Voltaire.

Such was the man to whom anti-Christianism looks up, as to its great and original patriarch, a man utterly devoid of the human moral sense, a man to whom all that savored of the good or virtuous was an abomination and a thing of infamy, a man whose methods of deceit are expressed in his own words: "Lying is a vice only when it harms. You ought to lie like the devil, not timidly or once only, but boldly, and all the time. Lie, lie! my friends, and some of it will be sure to stick." From his works anti-Christianism took the chief formulas of its creed, and following in the footsteps of its master, it has performed deeds worthy of his approbation.

Close in line with the irreligion of Voltaire was the work of Denis Diderot, the founder of the infamous *Encyclopaedia*, a huge mass of calumny against the religion of Christ, abounding in falsification of history, in doctrines inviting to immorality of life and subversion of all lawfully constituted authority. The poison of the *Encyclopaedia* was quickly assimilated by the aristocratic element of Paris. At first the salons, those rendezvous of the higher classes, took up the work, and by their discussions gave it a tone. It was highly acceptable to a social order, at that time immoral and impious to a degree; but its venom gradually overflowed to the masses, ever eager to imitate the excesses of the great.

The efforts of the leaders of irreligion were ably seconded by the various systems that arose towards the close of the eighteenth century, as so many developments of Deism and the worship of nature. The Sensationalists, under the tutelage of La Metrie, Condillac, Helvetius, and Holback, would make of man a mere machine, more ingeniously organized than the brutes; thought was reduced to a mere physical operation of the human body; hence the negation of the spiritual world, the spiritual soul, and the hope of immortality. The Rationalists in Germany led

to disbelief in the inspiration and authenticity of the Holy Scriptures. Pantheism Agnosticism, Idealism, and a thousand and one like branches of error, sprang forth from the revolt of the earlier sophists, all contributing their part to inflame and destroy the souls of men, and leading them on by sure steps to final anarchy. The very multiplicity of such sophistic theories, arising amidst the darkness of anti-Christian night, like the constantly changing figures in a kaleidoscope, were but the ghosts of a hideous phantasmagoria, that, scarcely seen, resolved themselves into something more strange and more appalling. It was the gathering of the spirits of iniquity for the grand assault upon the City of God.

Freemasonry.

Prominent among the subversive forces of the eighteenth century was that of Freemasonry and its kindred associations. As to its real origin but little is known. The modern order seems to have taken its rise in England in the year 1717, its first constitution appearing in 1723. The new association spread with remarkable rapidity over the Continent, founding its lodges in Berlin, Leipsic, Brunswick, Naples, Paris, and other places, before the middle of the century. On its first appearance it was denounced as subversive of government, and as a peril to the social order. The members of which it was composed were men of evil omen, Voltaire, Condorcet, Volney, Laland, Mirabeau, Frederic II., and the like. Pope Clement XII., in his Constitution, *In Eminenti*, of 1738, condemned the order. Thereby all who should join a Masonic lodge, assist at any Masonic assembly, or have any connection with the sect, were *ipso facto* excommunicated. Benedict XIV., in 1751, issued the Bull, *Provides*, renewing the decrees of his predecessor, and giving many cogent reasons for his act.

The deep secrecy which involved all the operations of regular Freemasonry in the eighteenth century was not so closely guarded in one of the independent forms of its spirit, known as the Society of the Illuminati. The founder of this order was Adam Weishaupt, a professor of ecclesiastical law at Ingolstadt. The end of this secret society, and the purpose which was to dominate it, was clearly the overthrow of all existing social and religious institutions. The statutes exacted from the members a blind obedience. Instead of works of devotion, prayer-books and the lives of the saints, it prescribed for its devotees the works of the ancient pagan authors or modern books of a similar description; its books of religion comprised such titles as: *The System of Nature* and the works of Rousseau.

The new order gained many disciples even among the crowned heads, who were slow to perceive that the very spirit of the organization was centred in hatred of the throne as well as of religion. As soon as the real nature and purposes of the Illuminati became known, efforts were at once made by the civil authorities for their suppression. In this they were aided greatly by the inevitable dissensions introduced into the order in the course of time. In 1784 all secret societies, communities, and confraternities, were prohibited in Bavaria. In 1785 Weishaupt was expelled from Ingolstadt, and after many wanderings finally found refuge with the Duke of Saxe-Gotha. Before his death he had the good fortune to repent and was reconciled with the Church. The order, everywhere fallen into disfavor, was gradually either disbanded, or incorporated into the other

forms of the Masonry of the times. Its influence, however, like that of Freemasonry, remained, and was exerted with great vigor in the unhappy events that began in the year 1789.

Neo-Paganism.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century, the youth of Europe, and especially of France, educated to admire merely natural virtue, enamored of the ideal beauty and of the political and civil institutions of other times, found in their schools a spirit of paganism. Little in touch with the true spirit of Christianity, it was easily led by the glamor of resounding phrases and classical figures. These classical studies, in which the excellent and virtuous teachers of the time found only literary and philological exercises, became through the evil influence of outside doctrinaires a subtle poison to the young mind, and brought to a point that rage for pagan antiquity which formed one of the most dangerous and misleading features of anti-Christianism.

From the time of the Reformation, heterodoxy had sought its weapons in antiquity, whose uncertainty and obscurity could easily provide material for the desolating revolt against Christian authority. Machiavelli had already denounced modern Christianity as the cause of popular and national decadence; politicians lost themselves in adoration of the Greeks and Romans; to the sophists everything was grand and noble, in as far as it was pagan, everything was barbarous in as far as it receded from the ancient type. It was one of the methods of the war of impiety; anti-Christianism had need of antiquity as a mantle to cover its emptiness; it felt it must needs seek aid in the names of celebrated pagans, and thus strengthened, it might dare to abandon the Christian era, and take refuge around a Roman or Greek civilization resurrected and placed in a position of honor. Classical education unconsciously aided in this mode of warfare, and while the schoolteacher, with the best of intentions in the world, taught his pupils to admire the great beauties of the classical authors, without attending to the false principles and doctrines, intended for a social order entirely different from the Christian, there were not wanting those who profited by these studies to lead the pupil to a love of the pagan philosophy therein contained. By their efforts the Roman and Greek world was held up as the only condition that could provide true happiness, the only political society worthy of man.

Throughout the whole reign of Louis XV. this mania for paganism invaded every part of society, so that when Louis XVI. ascended the throne, he found it dominant not only in literature, but in art and in life itself. It was reflected in the corruption of the Court, in the sensual epicurism of the people, in the very manners of those whose ecclesiastical dignity ought to lead to more modern types of excellence. The hope of a return to the conditions of pagan Rome and Greece was one of the saddest hallucinations of the new anti-Christianism.

THE STRUGGLE FOR RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN FRANCE.

This important work, "THE STRUGGLE FOR RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN FRANCE," will be published serially in DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE. The list of headings here given indicates the scope of the work and its value, not only to students of history, but to all who wish to be correctly informed on the causes leading up to the present crisis in France.

CHAPTER I. Foreshadowings of Revolution.

II. The French Revolution of 1789—The Civil Constitution of the Clergy.

III. The French Revolution—The Reign of Terror—The Martyrdom of Pope Pius VI.

IV. The Concordat.

V. The Concordat—The Church during the Consulate, 1801–1804.

VI. The Persecution of Pope Pius VII.—The Church under the First Empire, 1804–1814.

VII. During the Restoration, 1814–1830—Drawing order out of chaos.

VIII. Under the July Monarchy, 1830–1848—De Lamennais—Montalambert and the *Parti Catholique.*

IX. The Revolution of 1848—The death of Archbishop Affré.

X. The Second Empire (1850–1870)—The Falloux Law of 1850.

XI. The Commune of 1870—The Martyrdom of the Hostages. The Third Republic, 1870.

XII. Anti-Christianism is organized under Paul Bert Gambetta and Jules Ferry.

XIII. The End of the Century—The *Esprit Nouveau* of 1892 with its consequent reaction.

XIV. The Opening of the XX. Century.

XV. The Law of Separation.

XVI. Present State of Religion in France and the outlook for the future

TIMMIE.

BY ANNA GORMAN.

He burst upon the street one July morning, in abbreviated trousers and pink shirt—the two garments held together indifferently by a single suspender that was Timmie's pride. It was no toy affair intended to flatter an infant, but a genuine, grown-up suspender that had seen service—probably a cast-off from his father's wardrobe. Be that as it may it conferred distinction on Timmie, and set him quite apart from the other infants who were held together by waists.

Nothing could be finer than the boy's offhand, friendly manner; in club parlance he was a "good mixer"; and in all his four years he had never been known to meet with defeat in developing his infantile schemes. There were other children in the neghborhood whose moral character outranked Timmie's, but they hadn't his hair, or eyes, or smile, and when you looked on these physical charms you succumbed at once, particularly to the smile. It was irresistible, rippling back from eyes and mouth to the roots of his yellow curls.

The day after he moved into the neighborhood interest in him was strong, and he kept it stirred up to the day he left.

Timmie was one of a large family that overflowed a small tenement, into which, however, a managing mother squeezed a boarder. The boarder was one of Timmie's perquisites. He rose early to levy toll on him at his breakfast, and the table being set at the window the neighbors over the way had the privilege of watching Timmie drink large quantities of the boarder's coffee, with a zest that was audible across the street. With the departure of the boarder the child's street day began, and he employed his time to such good effect that he was soon well and favorably known throughout the entire street. It wouldn't be easy to say just why people felt so kindly towards him. Perhaps it was his impartial manner, his ready comradeship, or it may have been that you felt it was not his wish to exclude you from his inner circle of friends. Not that he showed open preferences in individual cases, for he treated all alike. He was known to leave the boys on the corner, whom he had been entertaining with acrobatic feats, to beguile for a lady on the curb the tedium of waiting for a car. She was a dignified lady, eminently respectable, and bore all the marks of a well spent life; her manner was reserved and might have repelled any attempt at familiarity; but Timmie never hesitated over such trifles. He didn't know her name, and she didn't know his, so to relieve the awkwardness of the situation, he studied her for a moment thoughtfully. Then curling his arms and legs around the arc-light pole, he turned his shining face towards her and addressed her in hearty good fellowship:

"Hello, Bum."

It was a pet name, but of course the lady didn't know that, and for a moment

she was startled, not to say disedified. Then she smiled, and Timmie pressed his advantage with a request for a penny. When the interview was over Timmie had the penny, and the lady had parted with a lifelong belief that only polite children who didn't beg pennies should be rewarded.

But after all Timmie could not be regarded as a beggar, for he had given value —in permitting her to make his acquaintance, and also by singing for her the scale in a shrill, sweet voice—one of his accomplishments of which we grew inordinately proud. The boys in general, who were blamed for everything that happened, were certainly entitled to praise for bringing out Timmie's talent. They patronized him liberally, and every evening witnessed an outdoor performance that the manager of a grand opera might envy, for the popularity of the tenor always brought down the house—or rather the street.

The Sunday dress parade of the children on their way to Mass held no allurements for Timmie. Perhaps he was too young to feel an awakening of the soul, or he may have been so sure of his position that he scorned to enlist the aid of dress. On one occasion, however, his mother, fired by the example of the neighborhood, sent him forth arrayed in conventional garb, collared, booted, hatted, yes, even waisted like the ignoble rank and file of infancy.

Poor, ambitious mother. She succeeded merely in inflicting misery on her offspring, but his suffering was shortlived. For a brief hour he hobbled along the pavement, so conscious of his abasement to the ranks of the conventional that he could not hold up his covered head, and then he disappeared—to reappear in the afternoon tear-stained, but triumphant, his old self once more, with the suspender again doing duty. Needless to say he was not ostracized.

For one fleeting season he remained with us, then dark days fell upon Timmie and his people. The ambulance bore away the ambitious mother—toil, combined with ambition had done its work. Timmie was only vaguely conscious of the family trouble. Otherwise he could not have investigated the interior of the ambulance while the doctor was in the house, or surveyed in his usual debonair manner the juvenile nonentities grouped below, who had not the distinction of having such a turnout at their door.

A few weeks later "To Let" stared at us from over the way. The boarder and Timmie no longer breakfasted in the window in the early morning, and the child no longer sang to his delighted curb-stone audiences. He was such a tiny thing that he really should not have been missed, but we did miss him—he was so smart, and buoyant, and saucy. Alas! he had gone down a step in the scale of fortune, and when he appeared now and again in his old haunts we who had grown to love his radiant personality, grieved to see how ill the world was using him.

THE GIFT OF LIFE.

BY WILLIAM J. FISCHER.

'Tis sweet to live if living means to love
All things of beauty in this wide world dear—
Nature's joy-song, her melodies sincere,
The shepherd wind that herds cloud-sheep above,
The girlish, blushing rose a-bloom. Enough
For me, the voices of the children here.
Their playground is to heaven very near,
And love to them is a bright, cooing dove.
'Tis sweet to live, and sweet it is to feel
The thrill of rapture when the old day kneels
Upon the green, wet grass, and soft, clear peals
Of childish prayer fast die away and steal
Close to God's heart! E'en this great Life conceals
Her anguish when child-lips to Him appeal.

THE ANGELUS.

BY BEATRICE OULTON.

In American cities Millet's "Angelus" is a more general reminder of the pious custom than the ringing of the Angelus bell. Prints of the famous picture are to be seen on every side—in the art stores, libraries, department stores, on postal cards and even among the moving pictures of the variety stage. An observant eye noted, in passing, that a fine sepia print of this masterpiece adorned the wall of a barber shop—a very unusual decoration in such a place.

An interesting account of the first appearance in America of this picture forms part of a letter written, in 1889, by John Boyle O'Reilly to his daughter. It not only gives the circumstances connected with the exhibition of the picture, but also makes us see with the poet's eyes the flush on the sky and the devotion on the faces of the man and woman.

"At last we turned and looked down the long gallery. There was a little group of people standing on one side near the other end. And on the wall, alone, hung a little picture—The Angelus—that was to all the others as a diamond is to its setting. It was sold in Paris a few months ago, the price being $129,000 (the largest sum ever paid for a painting), and the duty on it when brought here was $30,000 more. But it was worth more. You know the picture from the engraving; it is the same size; but the coloring is like the very touch of God Himself in the sweet, flushing sunset. Far away on the fields is the church spire. The sun is very low, and is not seen; but the most exquisite, gentle flush that ever was painted by man touches the bowed head, and crossed hands on the breast of the praying woman, and the back of the head and shoulders of the man. It is not a man and woman praying—it is a painted prayer. You can hear the Angelus bell filling the beautiful air; you can see the woman's lips moving; you pray with her. One looks at the lovely picture with parted lips and hushed breath. And so great is art that *all* who see it feel the same sweet influence—Protestant as well as Catholic. It was bought by Protestants; probably Mammie and I were the only Catholics in the building that day. We could hardly go away from it; and as we did go, we looked at nothing else there. Everything else had lost value. We passed 'The Sower' with a glance (because it was Millet's too), but we never looked at the bronzes. All day and ever since I keep saying at times to Mammie, 'I can see the reddish flush on those French peasants'; and she says: 'I can hear the Angelus bell whenever I think of the picture.'

"And yet the genius who painted this treasure sold it for a few hundred francs. He lived all his life in a little French village. He was not regarded as a great man; and he died very poor. His brother is now in Boston, a very poor old man, a sculptor; he wanted to make a bust of me last year. But Francois Millet was no sooner dead than France knew that she had lost an illustrious son. Foreigners were buying up his pictures at enormous prices. Fortunately for Boston, Mr. Shaw had recognized the genius many years ago, and had bought all the pictures he could get; so that we now have in his collection in Boston the best pictures he ever painted, except 'L'Angelus.'"

The second Lord Houghton, Robert Milnes, was moved to write of this "painted prayer" in verse, depicting the effect of the message of the bell on the "hard, unlovely lot of the toilers."

Against the sunset glow they stand,
Two humblest toilers of the land,
Rugged of speech and rough of hand,
Bowed down by tillage;

No grace of garb or circumstance
Invests them with a high romance,
Ten thousand such through fruitful France,
In field and village.

The day's slow path from dawn to west,
Has left them, soil-bestained, distrest,
No thought beyond the nightly rest—
New toil to-morrow.

Till solemnly the 'Ave-bell'
Rings out the sun's departing knell,
Borne by the breezes' rhythmic swell
O'er swathe and furrow.

O lowly pair, you dream it not,
Yet on your hard, unlovely lot
That evening gleam of light has shot
A glorious presage;

For prophets oft have yearned, and kings
Have yearned in vain to know the things
Which to your simple spirits brings
That curfew message.

A Catholic poet, Mary E. Mannix, discerned in the picture the secret of happiness—the simple trust of souls illumined by faith.

Children of toil, your simple life to live,
Its sweet abandonment and trust to know,
What would not the unhappy sceptic give?
Scoff as he may, there is no task so low,
No lot so humble, no pursuit so rude,
But 'tis more grateful than the solitude
Of souls eclipsed by Faith's dark overthrow;
For stripped of all that draws man near to God,
Nor love, nor wealth, nor power, nor songs of fame
Suffice for that which from the Eternal came.
Ah, closer to that Truth the patient clod
Than he who, treading self-appointed way
Bewildered, has forgotten how to pray.

It is significant that France should have furnished the artist and the inspiration, to proclaim the devotion of the peasants in this beautiful tribute to the Mother of God. There is a Breton legend, handed down from the ages of faith, of a red-roofed Breton town where men met to pray nightly in the chapel and sing their Ave Maria. Among the devotees was an idiot, palsied, unkempt, and almost blind:

Yet who, when the sunset glow grew dim,
Joined with the rest in the twilight hymn,
"Ave Maria."

When the worshippers wended their way home he hobbled along after them, chanting the salutation; and when morning smiled on the deep the senseless cripple would stand on the shore and utter his wonted prayer. Through all the misery, the suffering, and destitution of his afflicted days he still remembered to say "Ave Maria":

And half in pity, half-scorn, the folk
Christened him, from the words he spoke,
"Ave Maria."

The scoffers were yet to learn that the object of their scorn was one of God's elect. The proof came after he had died, and they had laid him apart from sacred ground, without a cross, or turf, or a stone above him, and none ever came near his grave to say for him "Ave Maria." But when the meads grew saffron, and the hawthorn bloomed, and the birds sang above him, from the lonely outcast's grave sprouted a lily, straight and high.

None had planted it; no one knew
How it had come there, why it grew;
Grew up strong, till its stately stem
Was crowned with a snow-white diadem—
One pure lily, round which, behold,
Was written by God, in veins of gold,
"Ave Maria."

Over the lily they built a shrine,
Where are mingled the mystic Bread and Wine—
Shrine you may see in the little town
That is snugly nestled 'twixt deep and down:
Through the Breton land it hath wondrous fame,
And it bears the unshriven idiot's name,
"Ave Maria."

A pretty picture of village life as evening settles over the land and sea is presented in the "Evening Song of the Breton Fisherman."

A singing breeze in the yellow sail,
Crisp white foam on the summer sea,
Sunset shadows and moonlight pale
On yonder haven, where I would be.
The toils of the day are over and past:
The fisherman comes to his rest at last!

The bells are ringing the vesper chime
In buried cities beneath the sea;
And the calm of the holy eventime
Has wrought its peace on the world and me.
Ave Maria! In mercy keep
The resting land and the restless deep.

The light house flashes the beacon high,—
A golden path on the dark'ning sea;
A star shines out in the dusky sky,
And faint lights glimmer along the quay.
And I know what the Star of Home is worth
When the heart of heaven beats close to earth.

Not in France alone did the Blessed Virgin manifest her love for her clients in return for their devotion to her. All countries won her favor through the supplications of her children. Maurice Francis Egan tells of the universality of the custom in a poem from which we quote:

"Ave, Maria," prelude of the Word;
"Ave, Maria," first on Gabriel's lips;
"Ave, Maria," soft as sound of ships
White-winged and speeding—the sweet words are heard
Upon the world's dark flood.

'Twas last upon the lips of Charlemagne;
False Julian fell when he it uttered not;
Napoleon lost it—'twas not quite forgot—
And, at the end, he spoke it not in vain,
Because he spoke it well.

Denis Florence MacCarthy gives a charming description of a scene in Tuscany at the Angelus hour:

At noon as he lay in the sultriness under his broad, leafy limes,
Far sweeter than murmuring waters came the tone of the Angelus chimes.
Pious and tranquil he rose and uncovered his reverend head,
And thrice was said the Ave Maria and thrice was the Angelus said.

Sweet custom the South still retaineth to turn for a moment away,
From the pleasures and pains of existence from the trouble and turmoil of day;
From the tumult within and without, to the peace that abideth on high,
When the deep, solemn sound from the belfry comes down like a voice from the sky.

"Ave Maria Bells," by Charles Warren Stoddard describes the triple peals from "consecrated citadels."

At dawn, the joyful choir of bells,
In consecrated citadels,
Flings on the sweet and drowsy air
A brief, melodious call to prayer;
For Mary, Virgin meek and lowly,
Conceived of the Spirit Holy,
As the Lord's angel did declare.

At noon, above the fretful street,
Our souls are lifted to repeat
The prayer, with low and wistful voice:
"According to thy word and choice,
Though sorrowful and heavy laden,
So be it done to thy Handmaiden";
Then, all the sacred bells rejoice.

At eve ,with roses in the west,
The daylight's withering bequest,
Ring, prayerful bells, while blossom bright
The stars, the lilies of the night:
Of all the songs the years have sung us,
"The Word made Flesh has dwelt among us,"
Is still our ever-new delight.

An exquisite poem, "Ecce Ancilla Domini," by Jean E. U. Nealis, should be widely known, as a worthy tribute to the "Angelus."

The morning breaks, and the vapors cling
Heavy and thick, over land and sea;
But sweet and clear are the bells that ring
Their beautiful "Angelus Domini!"
Nearer, and clearer, thro' mist and rain,
O Angelus bells, your music thrills;
Till the clouds are lifted of care and pain,
And we say: "Be it done, as the Master wills!"
Ecce Ancilla Domini!

All night the tempest raged loud and high,
And the troubled waves, with crash and roar,
Still sob out their sorrow remorsefully
On the rocky breast of the sounding shore;
While over their restless turbid swells
The Angelus floats like a "Peace, be still!"
And we pray with the prayer of those noonday bells;
"Be it done in us ever, Thy blessed Will!"
Ecce Ancilla Domini!

But at eventide, when the winds are calm
And a sea of glory the sunset seems;
Like the last sweet strain of the Complin psalm,
Or the angels' songs, that we hear in dreams,
The Angelus throbs through the fragrant air,
O'er the ruddy glow of the sunlit sea;
And we answer the Church's evening prayer,
"In life,—or death,—be it here,—or there
Ecce Ancilla Domini!"

The art and literature of the Middle Ages bear the imprint of this devotion to the Mother of God. It is related in the old chronicles that King Arthur bore on his shield an image of the Blessed Virgin, on the inside, so that his lips might press it; and that when the good king received his mortal wound he had himself borne to Avalon that he might yield up his soul in the great sanctuary

of Our Lady—a title that came into general use in the days of chivalry, for she was "the lady of all hearts," whose colors all were proud to wear. The painter knelt before his easel as he portrayed her features, and the poet sang her praises in the loftiest strains.

Thus, in Dante's "Vision of Paradise" St. Bernard shows the Florentine the blessed souls on their thrones, and tells him that if he would see the rest of the heavenly vision he must unite with him in supplication to Mary:

Now, raise thy view unto the visage most resembling Christ:
For, in her splendor only shalt thou win
The power to look on Him.

Dante obeyed and saw forthwith such floods of gladness from holy spirits—

That, whatsoever I had yet beheld,
Had not so much suspended me with wonder,
Or shown me such similitude of God.
And he, who had to her descended once
On earth, now hailed in heaven; and on poised wing,
"Ave Maria; Gratia Plena" sang:
To whose sweet anthem all the blissful court,
From all parts answering, rang: that holier joy
Brooded the deep serene.

Chaucer in the "Canterbury Tales" makes the Prioress tell the story of the little child who so loved "Christe's moder" that while he conned his primer in a school for Christian folks in "a citie of Asia" he learned to sing, with diligence, "O Alma Redemptoris."

"His fellow taught him homeward privily
From day to day till he could it by rote;
And then he sang it well and boldly,
From word to word according to the note.
Twice on the day it passed through his throat,
To schooleward and homeward when he went;
On Christes moder set was his intent."

"As I have said, throughout the Jewery
This little child, as he came to and fro,
Full merrily then would he sing and cry,
O, Alma Redemptoris! ever mo'!
The sweetness hath his hearte pierced so,
Of Christes moder, that to her to pray,
He cannot stint of singing by the way."

So little and so helpless was this knight of Our Lady that he might well have won the compassion of his enemies. But deeming his open devotion an insult to their law, the Jews conspired against him, and one dread day, as the tiny devotee passed on his way, an assassin fell upon him, cut the pretty white throat that had so offended, and cast the tender body into a pit. The Prioress tells in pitying words of the mother's grief and the search for her "gentle sonne," and of how "he with throat carven lay upright" in the pit and sang "Alma Redemptoris" till all the place began to ring.

"This child, with piteous lamentation,
Up taken was, singing his song alway,
And with honour of great procession,
They carried him unto the next abbey,
His mother swooning by the bier lay."

"Upon his bier, aye, li'th this innocent
Before the altar whiles the masse last;
And after that, the abbot with his convent
Have sped them for to bury him full fast;
And when they holy water on him cast,
Yet spake this child, when sprentet was the water
And sang, O Alma Redemptoris Mater!"

The Abbot, a most holy man, bade the child make known "in virtue of the Trinity" how he could sing, "since that thy throat is cut to my seeming."

"My throat is cut to the nekke-bone," the docile boy made answer, "and I should have died, yea, long ago, but Jesus Christ wills that His glory be remembered."

"And for the worship of his moder dear,
Yet may I sing, O Alma, loud and clear,
This well of mercy, Christes moder sweet,
I loved alway, as after my conning."

Mindful of her so faithful lover, the "Moder Meyde," came to him in his hour of need. Breathing words of solace, and placing a grain under his tongue, she bade him sing her anthem even in death.

" Lo, the Ave bell is ringing,
And the sun is waning low."

"Wherefore I sing, and sing must certain,
In honour of that blissful maiden free,
Till from my tongue taken is the grain.
And after that thus said she to me:
'My little child, now will I fetchen thee,
When that the grain is from thy tongue ytake;
Be not aghast, I will thee not forsake.'"

"This holy monk, this abbot, him mean I,
His tongue out caught, and took away the grain,
And he gave up the ghost full softely.
And when this abbot had this wonder sayn,
His salte teares striken down as rain."

With weeping and lamentation, and yet rejoicing that Our Lady had shown such signal favor, the Christians bore the martyred child to a marble tomb, and there laid him to rest until the resurrection.

What wonder that from an age of faith should come a custom that obtains to the present day—the recitation of the Angelic Salutation. The Rev Clarence A. Walworth gives an account of its origin, from which we quote:

Hark, from the sky a call, earnest and deep;
Softly the silent lake reflects the sound;
Sweetly it sinks into the woods around;
Then, drops, like faithful duty done, to sleep.
Fell ever on the ear such silvery spray?
How quick to flood the air; how quick to die
away.
'Tis but the Angelus—the signal of a bell.
Aye, true; but who are signalled thus, and why?
Know ye what makes yon iron throat to swell?
Listen, and I will tell.

Then follows the story of Gabriel's message in honor of which

"Leaping from spire to spire, the Angelus is
heard.
Meek worshippers, low bending at the word,
With reverent knee, and with glad unison
Of heart and lip, repeat the angel's benison.
A Gabriel in the belfry gives the key
Three silver peals repeated three times three.

A very beautiful conceit is expressed in verse by Mary Catherine Crowley, who asks "When first rang the Angelus?" and answers her question by saying that possibly the Christ-Child set the flower bells of spring ringing to hail His Mother blest among women:

THE FIRST ANGELUS BELL.

What master wrought the sweet-toned bells
That, soft o'er vales and sylvan dells,
The Angelus first rang?
Gleamed silver pure and virgin gold,
Like souls, within the dark clay mould,
Ere rich their spirit voices rolled,
As though an angel sang?

Or, voicing the celestial thought,
Pealed forth the chimes, by seraphs fraught
With melody, that thrilled
From star to star, when Gabriel soared,
Before the flame-white Throne adored,
With Mary's answer, and the Lord
The earth with heaven filled?

Or, first in Nazareth's holy glade,
When Christ, a Child, there dwelt and prayed,
The flower-bells of spring
Bade He, with fragrant breath of song,
To hail His Mother blessed among
All women, and the wind-swayed throng
The Angelus did ring—

Till music-laden was the air,
Till rose above the valley fair
The chanting echoes: thus,
Was nature's sweetest anthem heard,
The listening world with rapture stirred,
As, at the Child-God's potent word,
First rang the Angelus?

Among the contents of the first volume of the *Catholic Encyclopedia* is an article on the Angelus, by the Rev. Herbert Thurston, S. J., dealing with the present usage; history; evening, morning and midday practice, and the origin of the Angelus bell. The prayer is that which belongs to the Antiphon of Our Lady, "Alma Redemptoris." The devotion derives its name from the first word of the three versicles, and the indulgence was granted by Benedict XIII., September 14, 1724, but the conditions prescribed were somewhat modified by Leo XIII., in 1884. Originally it was necessary that the Angelus should be said kneeling, except on Sundays, and on Saturday evenings, and that it should be said at the sound of the bell, but more recent legislation dispenses with these conditions for any sufficient reason, provided the prayer

"From the hallowed convent cloister
Floats the Virgin's evening prayer."

be said approximately at the proper hours —the whole Angelus to be recited.

The history of the Angelus is by no means easy to trace, but it is certain that the Angelus at midday and in the morning were of later introduction than the evening Angelus. The midday Angelus, the most recent of the three, was not a mere imitation of the morning and evening devotion; and there can be no doubt that the practice of saying three Hail Marys in the evening, somewhere about sunset, had become general throughout Europe in the first half of the fourteenth century, and that it was recommended and indulgenced by Pope John XXII., 1318 and 1327.

There are a good many facts which suggest that the practice of the evening Angelus existed in the thirteenth century, and there is a vague tradition which ascribes to Pope Gregory IX., in 1239, an ordinance enjoining that a bell should be rung for the salutation and praises of Our Lady. There is also a grant of Bishop Henry of Brixen, to the church of Freins in the Tyrol, also of 1239, which concedes an indulgence for saying three Hail Marys "at the evening tolling." A decree of the Franciscan General Chapter directed preachers to encourage the people to say Hail Marys when the Complin bell rang, and certain inscriptions on some bells of the thirteenth century confirm the tradition.

We have not in these earlier examples any mention of the Hail Mary, which in England first became familiar as an antiphon in the Little Office of Our Lady, about the beginning of the eleventh century, and it would be the most natural thing in the world that once the Hail Mary became an everyday prayer, it should take for the laity the place of the more elaborate *tres orationes* recited by the monks. It may be inferred that the Angelus in its origin was an imitation of the monks' night prayer, and that it had probably nothing directly to do with the curfew bell, rung for the extinction of fires and lights. The curfew, however, first meets us in Normandy in 1061, and is then spoken of as a bell which summoned the people to say their prayers, after which summons they should not again go abroad. It was therefore probable that the curfew originated from the prayer bell, and if the two coincided at a later period the arrangement was probably accidental.

The earliest mention of the morning Angelus seems to be in the chronicle of the city of Parma, 1318, though it was the town bell which was rung in this place. The bishop exhorted all who heard it to say three Our Fathers and three Hail Marys for the preservation of peace, whence it was called "the peace bell." The morning Ave Maria soon became a familiar custom in all the countries of Europe, and was almost as generally observed as that of the evening.

The one clear fact connected with the origin of the midday Angelus is that the midday ringing, while often spoken of as a "peace bell" and formally commended by Louis XI. of France in 1475 for that special object, was closely associated with the veneration of the Passion of Christ. At first it would seem that this midday bell was only rung on Fridays, but by degrees the custom extended to the other days of the week. In the beginning of the sixteenth century rather lengthy prayers, commemorating the Passion, were said at the midday tolling of the bell in addition to the ordinary three Aves. Later on, an alternative form, commemorating Our Lord's death upon the cross, is suggested for the noontime ringing. These in-

'Against the sunset glow they stand,
Two humblest toilers of the land,
Rugged of speech and rough of hand,
Bowed down by tillage."

structions suggest that the Resurrection should be honored in the morning, the Passion at noon, and the Incarnation in the evening—to correspond to the hours at which these mysteries actually occurred.

The present three versicles seem to have made their first appearance in an Italian catechism, printed at Venice in 1560, but the fuller form, now universally adopted, can not be traced back earlier than 1612. Somewhat earlier than this the practice grew up in Italy of saying the *De Profundis* for the holy souls immediately after the evening Angelus. A pious custom which still prevails in Rome is called the "Ave Maria of the Dead." At nightfall the bells toll out the warning to Christians to give a last thought before going to repose for those poor souls in Purgatory, and thereupon the pious inhabitants of the city recite the *De Profundis* or some other prayer. Another custom of Italian origin is that of adding three *Glorias* to the Angelus, in thanksgiving to the Blessed Trinity for the privileges bestowed upon Our Lady.

The triple Hail Mary recited in the evening, which is the origin of our modern Angelus, was closely associated with the ringing of a bell. This bell seemingly belonged to Complin, which was theoretically said at sundown, though in practice it followed closely from the afternoon office of Vespers. There can be little doubt that in all save a few cases the tolling of the Ave bell was distinct from the ringing of curfew. In many places, both in England and France, the curfew bell is still rung at a relatively late hour, and the peal in most cases lasts for a notable period of time, being prolonged for a hundred strokes or more. Where the town bell and the bells of the principal church or monastery were distinct the curfew was generally rung upon the town bell, but where the church bell served for both purposes the Ave and the curfew were probably rung upon the same bell at different hours. One clear example of the ringing of the Ave bell is at Cropredy, Oxfordshire, where in 1512, a bequest was made to the church wardens on condition that they should "toll dayly the Avees bell at six of the clok in the mornyng, at XII. of the clok at noone and at foure of the clok at afternoone."

Some of the Reformation bishops, like Hooper, did their best to suppress the tolling of the curfew as a superstitious practice, and long before this a Protestant grand jury in Canterbury presented the parson of St. Peter's Church for superstitious practices, complaining of the "tolling of the Ave bell after evening song done." But this could hardly have been the curfew.

Many circumstances point to the conclusion that the ringing of the Angelus in the fourteenth and even in the thirteenth century must have been very general. The number of bells belonging to these centuries which still survive is relatively small, but inscriptions suggest that they were originally intended to serve as Ave bells. Many bear the words "Ave Maria," and bells with this inscription are also numerous in England, though in a very large number of instances the Angelus bells in that country were dedicated to St. Gabriel. These Gabriel inscriptions take various forms. The English translations of some of them are as follows: "I am sweet as honey, and am called Gabriel's bell." "Behold this bell of faithful Gabriel sounds." "I bear the name of Gabriel sent from heaven." "Gabriel the messenger bears joyous tidings to holy Mary."

In the diocese of Lincoln alone, nine-

THE ANGELUS OF THE DEAD.

teen of the surviving mediaeval bells bear the name of Gabriel, while only six bear the name of Michael. In France the Ave Maria seems to have been the ordinary inscription for Angelus bells, but in Germany the most common inscription of all is "O King of Glory! Come with Peace." To explain the popularity of this inscription we have to remember that according to mediaeval tradition the Annunciation took place at evening. It was then that the Prince of Peace took flesh and dwelt amongst us. Moreover in Germany, the Netherlands, and in some parts of France, the Angelus bell was regularly known as the "peace bell," and "to toll for peace" was a phrase popularly used for ringing the Angelus.

The triple stroke repeated three times with a pause between seems to have been adopted from the very beginning. In the constitutions of Syon Monastery, fifteenth century, it is directed that the lay brother "shall toll the Ave bell nine strokes at three times, keeping the space of one Pater and Ave between each three tollings." A fifteenth century bell at Erfut bears the command: "When I ring thrice, devoutly greet the Mother of Christ." Still earlier, the statutes of Wells Cathedral direct that "three strokes should be struck at three several times upon the great bell in quick succession," and this shortly before curfew. And in Spain in 1308 the bishop directs that "after Complin and as the shades of night are falling" the bell is to be pealed three times with intervals between, while the faithful are directed, on hearing the bell, to fall on their knees and recite the Ave Maria.

Bret Harte, in "Bells of the Angelus," recalls familiar scenes in California, when the Missions exerted their beneficent influence on the lives of the people.

Bells of the past, whose long-forgotten music
  Still fills the wide expanse,
Tinging the sober twilight of the present
  With color of romance,—

I hear you call, and see the sun descending
  On rock, and wave, and sand,
As down the coast the mission voices, blending,
  Girdle the heathen land.

Within the circle of your incantation
  No blight nor mildew falls;
Nor fierce unrest, nor lust, nor low ambition
  Passes those airy walls.

Borne on the swell of your long waves, receding,
  I touch the farther past—
I see the dying glow of Spanish glory,
  The sunset dream and last.

Before me rise the dome-shaped mission towers,
  The white presidio,
The swart commander in his leathern jerkin,
  The priest in stole of snow.

Once more I see Portala's cross uplifting
  Above the setting sun,
And past the headland, northward, slowly drifting,
  The freighted galleon.

Oh! solemn bells! whose consecrated masses
  Recall the faith of old—
Oh! tinkling bells! that lulled with twilight music
  The spiritual fold!

Your voices break, they falter in the darkness—
  Break, falter and are still,
And veiled and mystic, like the Host, descending,
  The sun sinks from the hill.

The following stanzas from "The Annunciation, "by John Keble, breathe a deep, pure love of the Virgin Mother and yet this friend of Newman did not hearken to the voice that summoned him to the shrine for which he yearned:

Ave Maria! blessed Maid!
  Lily of Eden's fragrant shade,
    Who can express the love
That nurtured thee so pure and sweet,
  Making thy heart a shelter meet
    For Jesus, holy Dove?

AVE MARIA.

Ave Maria! Mother blest
To whom, caressing and caress'd
Clings the Eternal Child;
Favored beyond Archangel's dream,
When first on thee, with tenderest gleam,
The new-born Saviour smiled.

Ave Maria! thou whose name
All but adoring love may claim,
Yet may we reach thy shrine;
For He, thy Son and Saviour, vows
To crown all lowly, lofty brows
With love and joy like thine.

A Wesleyan Methodist offers up this Catholic petition:

Ave, Maria, sweetest Mother,
Look now upon thy wayward child;
My thoughts of thee no power can smother,
So much I love thy sway so mild.

Ave, Maria, here behold me
Kneeling at thy dear Son's shrine;
Help me to breathe pure prayer to thee
Inspire this sinful heart of mine.

Ave, Maria, pray watch o'er me
And guide me through life's crooked way,
For snares abound so secretly
That oft we fall in broadest day.

Ave, Maria, be with me ever,
Brace up my soul for every strife;
When storms arise say thou wilt never
Refuse thine aid to shield my life.

Ave, Maria, oh, strengthen me,
Constant always, never failing;
For when my soul is full of thee,
I can repel each sin's assailing.

Ave, Maria, chaste and good,
Oh, plead with Christ, thy Son, for this—
To wash me in His cleansing Blood,
And fit me for eternal bliss.

Byron paid his tribute to the Ave hour "that heavenliest hour of heaven"; and Sir Walter Scott, in "The Lady of the Lake" pours forth the maiden's invocation—"Mother, hear a suppliant child, Ave Maria." Tennyson makes the forlorn maiden, Mariana, confide her sorrows to the Madonna, at the ringing of the bell:

And "Ave Mary" was her moan,
"Madonna, sad is night and morn,"
And, "Ah," she sang, "to be all alone
To live forgotten, and love forlorn."

The flight of the "Angel of the Annunciation," bringing his heavenly message, is beautifully told by Katherine Tynan who makes us see his "wings of purple bloom" trailing in the air, "clear brows with an aureole rimmed," and hair like blown gold flame.

His clear hands shining withal,
Bore lilies silver and tall,
That had grown in the pleasaunce of God;
His robe was fashioned and spun
Of threads from the heart of the sun;
His feet with white fire were shod.

"Joy of Poor Pilgrims" is the title that Lionel Johnson confers on the radiant angel of the Lord:

I saw among the lilies dwell
Mary our Queen who pleaseth well
The Spirit of our God. All hail,
Mary our Queen! Sing, thou in mail,
Lord Michael! Sing, Uriel; thou,
Clothed with the sun upon thy brow!
And sing thou Hail, whose pilgrims now
Shall climb the steep ways out of hell,
Joy of poor pilgrims, Raphael.

A pretty picture of the children answering to the summons of the Angelus bell is drawn by J. J. Doherty:

SANCTA MARIA, ORA PRO ME.

Lo, the Ave bell is ringing,
And the sun is waning low,
Slowly wend the cattle homeward,
Through the meadow all aglow.

From the hallowed convent cloister,
Floats the Virgin's evening prayer,
Sounding like the chant of angels,
Quivering through the twilight air.

In the cottage meek and lowly,
Before the image of their Queen,
Children lisp the ancient Ave,
Whilst angels smile on them unseen.

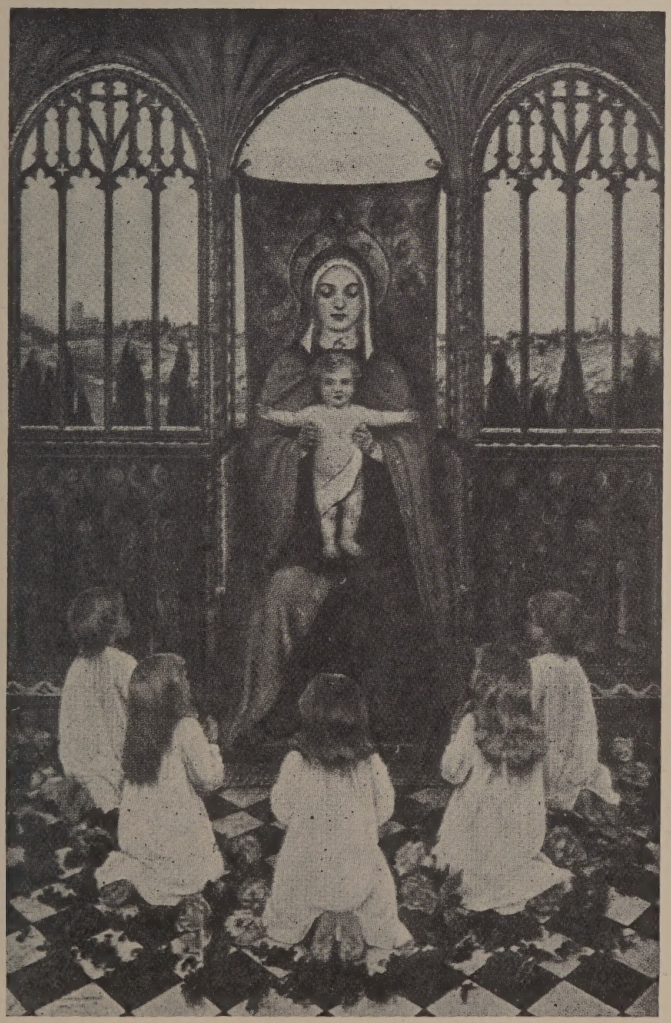
Let me also, Mother dearest,
Lift my voice in praise of thee,
Keep me through the darkening hours
Sancta Maria, ora pro me.

Most familiar of all is the hymn that Thomas Davis composed. Young girls on pilgrimage to the Madonna of St. Luke at the church of Mariazell in Upper Styria sang it, and it has been sung all over the world.

Fading, still fading, the last beam is shining,
Ave, Maria, day is declining;
Safety and innocence fly with the light;
Temptation and danger walk forth with the night;
From the fall of the shade till the matin shall chime
Shield us from danger and save us from crime;
Ave, Maria, audi nos.

Ave, Maria, hear when we call,
Mother of him who is Brother to all;
Feeble and failing we trust in thy might,
In doubting and darkness thy love be our light;
Let us sleep on thy breast while the night-taper burns,
And wake in thine arms when the morning returns;
Ave, Maria, audi nos.

The very first line is sufficient to awaken a host of memories of happy convent days, not one of which passed without its tribute of praise and prayer to Mary.



"Children lisp the ancient Ave
While angels smile on them unseen."

"No thoughts so wise as hers,
Far-reaching, never dim,
The Mother of Fair Love
Drawn ever close to Him."

THE CANOPY.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

Two trunks stood side by side in the bare, well-swept, and well-ordered attic of a spacious, solidly built, old-fashioned house in the city of Boston. Dormer windows, at either end of the long low room, faced, respectively, a collection of back-yards and the sparkling bay. It was under the latter window that the trunks stood, flanked on either side by ancient chairs and tables. There were also several rows of hooks from which depended many worn-out and unfashionable garments, for both sexes; hung there as they became unfit for use, to await their turn to be packed in boxes for the poor, or converted into carpet rags—in obedience to the fad which, like many others of our day and generation, seems to be reverting to the revival of everything that was fashionable fifty or a hundred years ago.

One of these trunks was rather small, hair-covered and moth-eaten, with studded nails on top forming the initials "B. T." It had once been lined with blue and yellow striped wall-paper, now slit from top to bottom through the middle of each blue stripe—showing that this particular shade of coloring had been more susceptible to the ravages of time than the other. It had only two compartments, consisting of a deep box-like cavity and a shallow tray.

Beside it, overshadowing it in shape and size, and shaming it by compactness, superiority of workmanship, and newness, the leather trunk which had been placed under the window that morning was in every respect a modern manufacture.

All day they had stood there together under the half-open dormer, the sound of plashing waves in their ears; the salt breeze from the water faintly penetrating and freshening the musty air that surrounded them.

And now it was midnight; the busy joyous household below stairs had gone to rest; and the pale moon, but three hours high, softly filtering through the small green leaded panes, cast alternate bars of light and shadow on the two companions resting stiffly and silently side by side.

Suddenly a small, weak voice from the goat-skin trunk attracted the attention of its neighbor.

"You only came today, didn't you?" inquired the cracked voice. "Have you come from far?"

"Are you speaking to me?" answered a pleasant, mellow voice from the bosom of the large trunk.

"Yes, to you, of course," was the rejoinder. "I shouldn't think of asking a question of anyone else in the attic. No one here but ourselves is familiar with trunk language, I fancy. I asked if you had come from far?"

"Very far," responded the other. "I came from San Diego, California."

"San Diego, California!" repeated the hair trunk in surprise. "And where were you previously?"

"No where, I was made there."

"Made there!" echoed the other, with an incredulous cackling laugh. "Do they *make* trunks like you in San Diego now?"

"Of course they do," replied the other. "And make them well, I assure you."

"In that primitive place?"

"There is nothing primitive about it.

But what do *you* know of it, old-fashioned and antiquated as you are?"

"I've been there," replied the antique. "And if what you say is true, it has changed greatly since my time. I went round the Horn in '50. And here in this attic I have droned away existence ever since my return."

"Well now, that is a coincidence," was the rejoinder. "Isn't it odd to think that we should meet here? To whom did you belong—then?"

"To Mr. Bolton Towers."

"And I also belong to Mr. Bolton Towers," answered the other. "Again a curious coincidence."

"But it isn't the same party," squeaked the goat-skin trunk.

"Couldn't possibly be, of course," rejoined the other. "Very likely a grandson of your Bolton."

"No doubt. I have no opportunity, shut up here as I am, of following the genealogy of the household below."

"Are you empty?" inquired the modern trunk.

"Nearly so," replied his companion. "Formerly I was filled with rolls of shimmering silks—white, pink, blue, and lavender. There were Canton crêpe shawls, too, in the most delicate shades; masses of embroidery, most of them. My tray held quantities of filmy, priceless lace, originally brought from old Spain by the ancestors of Bolton Towers' wife, Doña Dolores Beltràn."

"Doña Dolores Beltràn!" exclaimed the modern trunk. "Another coincidence! But proceed with your story."

"Well, as I was saying, these beautiful stuffs were gradually removed, to be made into party gowns of fancy dress costumes. I forgot to mention that there were also some rich and heavy brocades. The *crêpe* shawls were devoted to various purposes—used for draperies, made into gowns, etc. — and the laces employed for trimmings and flounces, I suppose. Everything is gone now, but one magnificent shawl, having a yellow ground, richly embroidered with flowers in the natural colors—roses, forget-me-nots, and purple chrysanthemums. It is a gorgeous thing, and no doubt would long ago have been appropriated for a fancy dress costume, but there is a slight superstition in the family attending any diversion of it from its original purpose."

"What was that?" inquired the listener.

"It was formerly used in the old chapel of Santa Maria at San Diego, as a canopy, under which the Sacred Host was carried in the yearly procession of Corpus Christi. On that account Doña Dolores would not allow it to be touched, and since her death her children and grandchildren have respected her wishes regarding it, though I do not believe they are a very religious family. It is a beautiful thing, caught up at the four corners with loops of gold and satin cord, from which hang splendid tassels, also of pure gold wire. However, I would not be surprised if, one of these days, some giddy young damsel, looking for a beautiful masquerade gown, will yield to the temptation of making herself up as some bewitching character in its many-colored folds. When that day comes I shall be lonely indeed."

"Tell me," said the modern trunk, after a few moments' silence, "what were the circumstances which led to your making that long journey to California."

"With pleasure," rejoined the other. "I love to talk, though I seldom have anyone to talk to. And I am fond, also, of recalling old times. The original Towers were leather-dealers here, in Boston. Bolton Towers, a very energetic

young man, had an idea that if he would charter a ship, he could establish a lucrative trade with the hide-dealers on the coast of Southern California. When I say lucrative trade, I mean a *private* trade, as it was already lucrative. And when I say hide-dealers I really mean the rich *rancheros* who numbered their cattle by hundreds of thousands and sold the hides and tallow at great profit to the captains of the merchantmen, who made yearly voyages to the coast. His father liked his business pluck, and fitted out a vessel for him, under the command of one Captain Hale. They made two or three successful voyages, establishing satisfactory commercial relations with several of the Spanish dons who then practically owned the whole of Southern California. But that first voyage did more for Bolton Towers; it brought him his fate. He fell in love with the daughter of Don Cesàr de Beltràn, then one of the wealthiest *rancheros* in Southern California."

"Was she beautiful?"

"Beautiful! She was the toast of the county—and farther. One of her Spanish lovers wrote a song about her, which her husband afterwards translated into English for the benefit of her sons and daughters. Both the original and translation lay in my tray a long time. I know the thing by heart. Would you like to hear it?"

"Very much. But the English, please. I am not familiar with the Spanish tongue."

"Don't they use it in San Diego now?"

"Not much."

"In my time one heard little else." And in as expressive a tone as the poverty of his voice would allow the rickety, superannuated trunk, recited the following sprightly lines.

DOLORES.

When Dolores dons her mantle
Fashioned of old Spanish lace,
Now concealing, now revealing
The dark beauty of her face,
There is never *caballero*
From San Juan to Mazatlan
But must doff his broad *sombrero*
At the summons of her fan.

When Dolores trips the *danza*
To "La Rumba," wild and sweet,
Half denying, half alluring
With the witchery of her feet,
There is never *caballero*,
From the mountains to the bay,
But with waltz and soft *bolero*,
She has wiled his heart away.

When Dolores rides at dawning,
To the *fiesta* and the fight,
From her gold embroidered *silla*
Twinkling silvery points of light,
There is never *caballero*
To surpass her lightsome speed,—
He must be a brave *vaquero*
Who can spur a swifter steed!

When Dolores walks demurely
To the chapel on the hill,
Eyes downcast and laughter vanished,
It is then she has her will!
Every single *caballero*
Follows, lingers, hopes, despairs,
And would give his last *dinero*
To be numbered in her prayers.

Caballero (cavalier). *Vaquero* (horseman).
Sombrero (hat). *Bolero* (Spanish dance)
Silla (saddle). *Dinero* (money).

"It runs very nicely," said the Westerner, when his companion had finished the recitation. "Those old *caballeros* were very gallant, weren't they?"

"Yes, and very hospitable and generous. I have known them to entertain as many as thirty persons for several days, servants and horses included. And I have seen them at a bull-fight scatter *pesetos** like rain."

"Well, those days have gone forever. But tell me, did de Beltrán favor the suit of the New Englander?"

"No, because the New Englander would not be brought to Don Cesar's terms. Those old Spanish-Californians were not nearly so averse to the marriage of their daughters with Americans, as has been supposed, provided the son-in-law would embrace the Catholic faith, and forsake his own country. This Towers never would have done. He was a veritable son of the Puritans, as well as a patriotic citizen of the United States."

"What did he do?"

"He persuaded the girl to elope with him. They were married in the dead of night—the ship all ready to sail—by a Franciscan Friar of Monterey, then sojourning at the *rancho*. He was highly censured for his act, by the way, and sent back in disgrace to Old Mexico."

"As he deserved."

"That is as one thinks. I never saw any harm in it. This much I know: Doña Dolores would not have gone one step with her lover, lacking the sanction of the Church."

"I suppose they came directly here?"

"Directly."

"Was the bride welcome?"

"Very welcome. I returned with them, carrying the rich stuffs of which I have already told you. People said the mother of Doña Dolores was wild with anger on account of the canopy, considering the taking of it almost a sacrilege. But the young lady was not troubled about it. She soothed her conscience, if it needed soothing, by saying that it had originally been the gift to the Church of her great aunt, for whom she was named, and that she wanted it as a sacred memento of her old home, to which, in spite of having left it to follow her husband thousands of miles to our bleak New England, she was deeply attached, and always remained so, to the day of her death. She taught her children to speak Spanish, and never forgot her native land."

"How do you know that?" inquired the other."

"Many a time she has come up to this lonely attic, and taken the *crepe* shawl from my bosom, clasping and kissing it with sighs and tears."

"Was she unhappy?"

"I do not think so; her husband's people were fond of her, he continued to love her, she had plenty of the world's goods, and a houseful of children, But at first she was a little homesick, and it is the Spanish fashion to make a fuss."

"And now let me bring your story up-to-date," said the newly-arrived. Young Mr. Bolton Towers went out to California last year, as you probably know, my friend."

"I know nothing at all about it," sighed the hair-trunk. "Of one thing I am sure, that he took no trunk from this attic, for I am the only one that has been here this long time. I wonder that he did not choose *me* for the sake of old associations."

The new-comer shouted with laughter.

"What is the matter with you?" asked his companion. "You will wake everybody in the house."

"I am laughing at the idea of our twentieth century young gentleman carrying *you* about with him. You

* Twenty cent Spanish coin.

would not wish him to be an object of ridicule to every one he met, would you?"

"No," was the reply, sadly given. "I suppose trunks *are* different now-a-days."

"They certainly are," rejoined the alert westerner. "The probability is that he bought a thoroughly modern affair, complete in every particular, as I am. But, in any case, it came to grief between here and his destination."

"How?"

"Smashed up."

"Where?"

"In a railway accident, between Ogden and Salt Lake. When the young man reached San Diego he went directly and purchased the best trunk that could be found at the factory—and—here I am."

"And that is all your story?"

"By no means. The strangest and most interesting part remains to be told. While he was thus engaged, a young lady entered the store to buy a suit-case. Towers thought her the most beautiful creature he had ever seen; she was the image of what his grandmother had been in her youth."

"Was he familiar with his grandmother in her youth?" inquired the old-timer, sarcastically.

"He had always admired her portrait, painted in the early days of her wifehood, and had often playfully said he would never marry until he could find her counterpart. And behold! he had found her. So impressed was he, that, after he had completed his purchase, he lingered about the place until the young lady had finished hers, and then—he followed her—at a respectful distance, understand, old fellow, and in a respectful manner. To his surprise she entered the hotel where he was stopping. He lost sight of her at the time, but met her going into luncheon shortly after, with a gray-haired gentleman, whom he supposed was her father. He at once went to the clerk of the hotel, and indicating them, inquired if he could tell him who they were.

"That gentleman," replied the accommodating functionary, "is Mr. de Beltràn. He is a member of one of our oldest and finest Spanish-Californian families, and the young lady with him is his daughter, said to be the most beautiful girl in Southern California. They are in from Rancho del Mar, where the old gentleman has thousands of acres. That is their summer residence; in winter they come to Coronado."

"I am in luck!" exclaimed Towers. "I fancy we are related. Can I find some one who will introduce me, or might I venture to present my card?"

"I think you may safely present it," answered the clerk. "No doubt they will be glad to meet you, sir."

In ten minutes Bolton Towers was chatting as intimately with his cousins, Don Cesàr and Doña Dolores, as though he had known them all his life. The relationship was easily established: the original Doña Dolores having been a cousin of this branch of the de Beltràns. She was, no doubt, the person who had given the embroidered canopy. Miss de Beltràn had been educated in New York and was quite up-to-date. Recent discoveries in oil in her father's property had repleted a purse for many years not over full—for de Beltràn had long been what is commonly known in the southwest as "land-poor."

Father and daughter were for the north that afternoon, and Towers no longer saw anything beautiful in San Diego, although in the morning it had so captivated him that he had determined to spend several weeks there. The result you know.

After an ardent courtship of three months the young couple were married, with the understanding that they are to spend half their time in California, at least during the life-time of de Beltràn. And that is what I meant by a curious coincidence, my friend. Doesn't it impress you that way?"

"Decidedly," answered the antediluvian, with a slight yawn.

"I don't believe you heard all my story," rejoined the modern. "Have you been asleep?"

"Not asleep, but sleepy?" said the other. "It only remains to be seen how long we shall be room-mates."

"Not long, I hope," replied the other, without much regard to the feelings of his companion. "I fancy I shall travel considerably more than you have done."

"Perhaps. Yet I do not envy you. I should not care to go knocking about the world at my age. All I desire is a little society."

"Which you are likely to have before long," said the other. "Young Mrs. Towers has no fewer than seven trunks which have not yet been unpacked. When they are emptied and sent up here, I fancy, some of them will remain with you. She will not be likely to carry her large *trousseau* about with her everywhere she goes."

"No," replied the other. "I hope you are right, and that two or three of them at least may be left to keep me company."

And now a deep silence ensued. The moon had set, though the heavens were full of stars; the attic with its small dormer windows was wrapped in almost total darkness. And then a gentle sigh from the old hair-trunk was followed by a similar response from the new-comer. A few moments more, and both, sunk in slumber, were dreaming; the one of the future, the other of the past.

* * * *

Only a few days after this a young and beautiful girl, accompanied by a middle-aged lady, ascended to the attic, where they opened the dingy, moth-eaten trunk. As the elder lady unwrapped the folds of rice-paper which enveloped a bundle she had taken from the musty receptacle, the other leaned over her shoulder in eager anticipation. Presently her companion rose to her feet, and shaking out the mass of silken loveliness she held in her hands, revealed to the admiring gaze of her new daughter-in-law a large and magnificent yellow crêpe shawl, heavily fringed, and exquisitely embroidered in colors, as fresh as the day they were wrought into the rich fabric.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed the bride. "How unique and beautiful. At last my eyes look upon the famous canopy of Santa Maria, so often described by cousin Dolores to my mother, and by her to me —something whose beauty I always thought exaggerated in the description, but which I never dreamed of seeing. How glad cousin Dolores would have been to know that what she always called the stolen treasure had never been desecrated, never diverted from its original use. And the poor little bride—how very dearly she must have prized it."

"Indeed she did," replied the elder Mrs. Towers. "But it has lain long enough in the darkness of this disreputable old trunk—it shall remain there no longer. It is yours, Dolores, from this time forward. Do what you please with it, arrange it as a *portière* if you wish, hang it on the wall of your little boudoir, or convert it into a couch cover. Take it my dear, air it well for a few days, and then use it for any purpose you desire."

"Oh, you are giving it to me!" exclaimed the bride. "How good you are, how happy I am to have it! But do you know, mother, what I shall do with it after I have loved it, and caressed it, and admired it, and enjoyed its exquisite beauty to the very depths of my soul? I shall take it with me on that trip to my old convent-home—that Bolton and I have planned together—and I shall give it to the Sisters for the very purpose it filled in the old days at Santa Maria. And thus shall the regrets of cousin Dolores be satisfied and atonement made for the harmless theft of the dear little grandmother."

Gathering up the precious fabric in her beautiful young arms, the happy bride followed her new mother softly down the attic stairs, her thoughts full of the destiny of the ancient *dosel* (canopy), so long uncompleted, but now to be fulfilled. And, as the door closed behind them, one might have fancied one heard a deep, almost human, sigh from the corner where stood the poor desolate little hair-trunk; at last, after sixty years, alone—utterly alone.

THE TREASURE.

BY CHARLOTTE CALLAHAN.

An artist admired his masterpiece
On the canvas before him spread:
"'Twill hang on the walls of the rich and great.
And I will be famous," he said.
But a few years passed, and a mourner laid
His brushes forever away.
The painting was wrecked by a careless hand,
And its glory lived but a day.

A wonderful dream from a poet's brain
Sped far on the wings of song.
"My name," he said, "will live fore'er
When I am forgotten long."
The song was sweet, but its echoes died
'Mid the noisy din and strife
Of a score of years; and the poet's name
Was effaced from the book of life.

A weaver with skilful fingers wrought
A beautiful cloth of gold.
"'Tis fit for the palace of kings," quoth he;
"'Twill bring me a wealth untold."
But the castle burned, wherein it was hung,
And it crumbled from sight away.
The weaver, too, was quite unknown
As he slept in the churchyard gray.

From the soul of a beggar who knelt forlorn
In a lonely church one night
Such a prayer arose, full of sorrow and love
That an angel paused in his flight
To listen; then up through the court of heaven
Whence he bore the beautiful prayer,
Choirs of angels bent down to see,
And called it a thing most fair.

So safe in the great storehouse of God
Was the beggar's treasure laid,
Where robbers cannot break in and steal
Where nothing can rust or fade,
Nor moth destroy.—When the treasure, then,
To its owner is some day given,
Ah! he will have riches and glory indeed
In the inheritance of heaven.

CAMAN COME AGAIN.

BY SEUMAS MACMANUS.

Author of "A Lad Of The O'Friel's," "Donegal Fairy Stories," "Through The Turf Smoke," etc."

For three and thirty years the blithe crack of the caman upon the cnag, stirring men's blood, and making a something in their wrists tingle, had not been heard on Inver strand. The great caman matches of days now, alas! long gone, were told of by old men when they gathered to wake one who had been their comrade—and were listened to with wonder by young men and boys who sighed—for that great days and great games should have passed away.

It was now that, wonderful to relate, the caman came again. The returning wave of nationality that had this time swept the land reached even to Inver, bringing with it many things Irish, and not least important amongst these, the great game of olden times. In Carrickmore (just a mile above the strand) which was one time wont to boast the best caman team of all the countryside, from Benbradan to Barnesmore, some faithful patriotic youths vowed to make the old game flourish on kindly soil once more.

Carrickbeg was the rival of Carrickmore in all things. So, when the boys in Carrickbeg heard that their friends the enemy in Carrickmore were reviving caman, they said, challengingly, "Aren't we every bit as good Irishmen as the Carrickmore boys?" And promptly replying for themselves in the affirmative, they set off to cut their camans, too.

When Barney, the shoemaker, on a nearby night made announcement to the ancient collective wisdom of the parish, sitting in usual nightly conclave around his bench, that he understood, if he wasn't misinformed, that both the Carrickmore boys and the Carrickbeg were starting caman-playing again, the aforementioned wisdom laughed a short dry laugh of contempt, and shook its head, and put its pipe in its mouth, and smoked again, pending news of more moment.

The old men who nightly sat 'round Barney's bench, arranging the affairs of nations, had in their hearts, if not in their words, long since agreed with Ossian that these were the days of little men, and they pitied the childish, foolish boys of twenty, of thirty, and of forty, who thought to play at the games of men.

The silly rumor that these youths ambitioned starting caman, stirred again, though, the old men's memories, and loosed their tongues; and the listening boys who sat in the privileged outer circle around Barney's kitchen walls, hearkened open-mouthed. The old men spoke of the days of great caman play, when on Sunday afternoon sturdy fathers of large and grown families,—their coats thrown over one shoulder, and their camans over the other,—thronged down the hills verging upon Inver strand, matched thirty a side, and played a game that lasted without interruption from early afternoon till evening's dusk had fallen on the scene. There were mighty strokes given in those days and the cnag was driven amazingly high, and far; the play, raging over a limitless field, was terrific; and the hailing of a ball a momentous event. Their fun was made very much in earnest, and their enjoyment pursued with grim determination. These men, with muscles

like steel cords, relaxed upon work during the other six days of the week; but they braced strenuously at play upon Sunday. Those were wonderful times, and amazing men. When the boys going home after hearing this, took down out of the chimney-brace (where they were in seasoning) their camans, they felt themselves small indeed, both materially and morally, and wondered if it would not be shame for them to go forth shouldering the caman. The old heroes of caman-play who were, some of them, a quarter of a century resting in the clay in Inver old graveyard, just anigh that ground where a marvelling world had applauded their strokes, would surely turn in their graves at feel of these puny people with their puny camans stepping down upon the strand.

There were earnest Irish boys both in Carrickmore and Carrickbeg, whose excess of spirit, making up for physical deterioration in these degenerate days, was not to be daunted even by reminiscences so discouraging, and they succeeded in reviving the drooping spirits of the majority. They went out to practice their caman in Carrickmore—in a secluded field. They went out to practice their caman in Carrickbeg—in place and manner unobtrusive also. The old men just said "Hagh!" and dismissed these idle children from their thoughts. However, after two months, Carrickmore sent a challenge to Carrickbeg to meet and give battle for their townland's honor on Inver strand. And Carrickbeg accepted.

Word of the challenge quickly took wing, and the country for miles around learned to their wonder, that a caman match, the first in three and thirty years, would be played by Inver's waves on the Sunday afternoon, only two weeks away. Everyone informed the old men of it. A momentary fire leaped up in the old men's eyes when they heard it. It was only momentary; next moment they looked dubious, and shook their heads, and a few of them, the most irreclaimable sports, fired up angrily at the impudent idea.

Nevertheless, when the Sunday afternoon which was the talk of the country came it found everyone of these old men converging on the strand with more impetuosity than the youths. In justice to them it must be stated of course that they only went as critics; that they had no mere personal interest in the play was shown by the fact that Carrickbeg men and Carrickmore men mingled as friends, and chatted together, unconcernedly, as they went by the side of the strand. Close to the caman ground, and commanding a good view of it, they sat in one great group, and, almost vain of the toleration which they could generously afford to show one another upon such occasion, cracked jokes indiscriminately. This playing at playing caman could not stir strenuous feelings in the veterans' breasts. They were pleased and amused by the novel sensation of feeling friendly towards one another, and light-hearted, in the face of the world, and a caman match pending between their townlands. A caman match! faugh!

But the moment the cnag was in the air their light-heartedness somehow deserted these men, their eyes flashed, and they leaned their bodies forward, craning their necks. The play very quickly became hot; and spectators, excited, had begun to call out in encouragement, each his own townland.

The old men quickly got up from where they sat, and hastened, or hobbled further down the strand nearer to the players. They took up positions along

the line, and began to move up and down as the ball went and came. Very soon they stopped passing friendly remarks one to another, but instead were bawling words of blame upon all players who by awkward strokes were misrepresenting their townlands. As the play proceeded, waxing hotter and hotter, the old men quickened their movements, grew more fiery in their looks, and fiercer in their language. Eamon Og, a lame youth of four score and three, dashed into the middle of the field, and into the stress of the scrimmage to treat himself to one more hearty crack of his stick upon the skull of a Carrickbeg lad—his own town man—who had missed a stroke. And going back again he improved the opportunity by making a slap at a Carrickmore lad who had made a clever drive that both hailed the ball, and at the same time, broke Eamon's temper.

There was a little lame, old man belonging to Carrickmore—he was Patrick McNulty—who from a distance down the line having observed Eamon's conduct, stepped on his staff, and struck a bee-line in Eamon's direction. It took four men to stop him, and withdraw him again, and while he struggled with these four men his eyes glaring fiercely were all the time turned upon Eamon.

Ere the game was finished the wise old men of Carrickmore were not on speaking terms with their fellows, whom they so recently joked, from Carrickbeg. The Carrickmore old men gathered round the Carrickmore boys the moment the game was over, and heartily, if somewhat painfully, showed their approval by whacking them on the back with their sticks, and then wringing their hands in hearty admiration. The Carrickbeg old boys rewarded their townland's young boys in the same fashion, and said they were proud of them, and that *that* was caman, and that one Carrickbeg boy was as good as six Carrickmore boys, any day. Before and after their own young townsmen, returning from the field of battle, the old men limped and hobbled hastily, talking most volubly, and straining themselves in endeavour to keep up with boys who were so worthy.

In the course of the week the old men of Carrickmore and the old men of Carrickbeg were to be met with in every nook and cranny of the glens and scrubs, seeking out good camans, which they fetched home, and dressed, and turned, and laid up to season for young men who were, they proudly admitted, worthy to walk in their grandfathers' shoes. The young men were vain; for under inspiration from the old, they felt they must be great fellows, indeed. Both old and young proudly rejoiced that caman was come again.

MATER ECCLESIA.

BY PATRICK J. LYDON.

"Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." — (Matthew, 18. 16.)

As firm and bold as headland old she stands;
Her face, though seamed by Time's unceasing roll,
Reflects the beauty of the inner soul;
Unmoved, the seething billows she withstands,
And winds grow still as if at her commands.
For her, in vain the far-off death-knells toll;
She still stands firm, o'er all assumed control,
And calmly rises 'mid the crumbling sands.

Earth's proudest kings her strength assail in vain;
Apostate children, Hell itself, may try
Her peace to mar, her seamless vesture rend—
In vain, for Christ is with her to the end.
Her foes, o'erbold, her threatened end descry,
And rise — to break like foam against the main.

THE REPARATION OF PEDRO RIBADENEIRA.

BY FRANCIS J. CONNELL.

I.

One of the most beautiful buildings in Rome during the sixteenth century was the palace of Cardinal Farnese, nephew of Paul III. A magnificent reminder of the skill of Renaissance architects, the palace gleamed, in marble whiteness, from the summit of one of the hills of the Eternal City. Especially famous were the architecture and decoration of the court-yard which the palace enclosed. The few who were admitted to this court-yard aroused the curiosity of the people of Rome, by their descriptions of the vari-colored beds of flowers and the wonderful fountain with its onyx basin.

On the nineteenth of September, 1540, there stood near the fountain in the court-yard three boys, each about fourteen years of age. They were dressed in the purple and red livery which marked the retinue of Cardinal Farnese, whose pages they were. The faces of the lads,—which, as a rule, reflected the indifference that marks those who are fully satisfied with their condition in life and do not strive to better it,—now bespoke unusual interest and attention. One of the boys was giving an account which was greeted with the loudest laughter, by the other two.

"Just think of it," concluded the narrator, "Pedro Ribadeneira a Jesuit! A good joke! It's better than when he locked all the pages in the cellar, or when he put garlic into the cardinal's soup. Pedro, a Jesuit!" And he burst into a roar of laughter in which he was joined by his companions.

At this moment another page entered the courtyard. His pretty, olive-hued, Spanish face indicated the petulance of one who is accustomed to have his own way, but the firm set of his mouth denoted unflinching perseverance, and the wonderful expression in his dark eyes bespoke a character which, if properly trained, would seek only the highest and noblest aims.

As the newcomer approached the fountain, the trio greeted him with expressions of mock reverence.

"Behold the holy Jesuit!"

"Hail, St. Pedro Ribadeneira!"

"Your blessing, Father!"

An angry flush mounted to the boy's cheeks. It was evident, however, that he was striving to subdue his wrath, for he said, very quietly:

"I've come to say good-by, boys. I'm going, as you know, to join the Society of Jesus; and I hope we'll part friends, because—"

A shout of derision interrupted the would-be religious.

"You'll be begging to be let back here in a week."

"You're a fool, Pedro, to be leaving here where you have such a fine time."

"Yes, and to go to live in a tumble-down house with a game-legged old soldier, who ran away from the war!"

This last slur was from the worthy who had occasioned so much joy by relating Pedro's intentions to his companions. The taunt was too much for the fiery spirit of the little Spaniard, and with clenched fists he turned to the speaker.

"Antonio della Rebbia, how dare you lie that way about Father Ignatius Loyola," he burst forth, "take that!"

"That," was a blow from Pedro's fist, delivered squarely on Antonio's nose, with all the strength that anger arouses. The unexpected shock caused the boy to reel backward, and with a loud splash he fell into the shallow basin of the fountain. He scrambled out, sputtering and gasping, and looked around for the perpetrator of the deed, but saw only his two grinning companions, whose mirth was now directed against Antonio himself.

Pedro Ribadeneira had gone to join the Society of Jesus.

II.

In the late fall of 1543 a pestilence which broke out in Rome soon filled the hospitals with its victims. Among the first to offer their services as volunteer nurses were the Jesuits, and, thanks to the noble and efficient work done by both professed religious and novices, the epidemic began to abate after about a month of woe and death.

One evening, about dusk, when the pestilence had almost ceased, two scholastics were returning to their humble abode from one of the hospitals. In the younger of the two we can recognize Pedro Ribadeneira, but now his countenance is more beautiful, and holy from three years of ascetic training. The look of childish petulance has been exchanged for an expression of noble generosity, and the dark eyes are now modestly veiled by the long, black lashes.

The street on which the two Jesuits were walking stretched along the bank of the Tiber, and was almost deserted. Suddenly a loud splash, followed by a cry for help, reached their ears. Turning to his companion, Pedro exclaimed:

"Some one has fallen into the river!"

Before the other scholastic could speak Pedro had flung off his cassock, cleared the low fence that bordered the river, and leaped into the turbid water. His companion rushed down the street to a landing where he urged a boatman to help the two in the river. The boatman pulled down stream towards where he saw the head of Ribadeneira appear above the water. Twice Pedro dived and came up alone, but on his third reappearance he supported the form of a boy, of about his own age. With the assistance of the boatman, Pedro lifted the unconscious lad aboard and then nimbly climbed in himself.

Arriving on land, they carried the rescued boy to a neighboring shop and proceeded to resuscitate him. The task was not very difficult, for he had not been long in the water. As the boy opened his eyes, Pedro Ribadeneira for the first time recognized who it was that he had saved, —his former fellow-page, Antonio della Rebbia. At the same moment the latter, seeing the Jesuit bending over him, exclaimed:

"O, Pedro, was it you who saved me?"

The gleam of merriment in Ribadeneira's eyes showed that his religious life had not dampened his sense of humor.

"Antonio," he said, "you remember how I pushed you into the water three years ago? Well, today, to make atonement, I pulled you out of the water."

And Pedro drew on his cassock and started home.

Perhaps this little incident accounts, in part, for the fact that if, at the present day, one examines the old community registers of the *Gesu*, in Rome, he will find therein the name of Antonio della Rebbia, S. J.

THE ROAD TO CALVARY.

BY WILL W. WHALEN.

She had her hands full of greenbacks, and there was a happy smile on her face. How much that money would do for her, those savings of years, years spent in toil and drudgery! She had not seen the "ould country" for six, nearly seven, twelve-months. She had left it a girl of sixteen, a fresh-cheeked, black-eyed lassie, and now she was a woman. Looking back over the years, she saw the whole scene again:—her mother waving a last farewell at the pretty, hopeful girl, with the tidy little bundle; her father,—quiet, easy-going Mike O'Leary, no man's enemy but his own,—standing as steady as he could, and shaking his head after her, while his blinking eyes told of the "dhrop too much" he had in him.

Now she was going back again, back to Ireland, to see her dear old parents, and be called daughter by them for the last time. Yes, the last time; she would never again see them on this side of the grave. But in her future convent-home, she should always be near them in spirit; as a nun, her prayers would ever be with them. Life is so very brief, too, and after life's short span, eternity with that dear father and mother in a land even fairer than the isle of the shamrock!

God had demanded many hard things of her; her life in America had been a road to Calvary. But she never murmured; her simple Irish faith, her piety, lightened the cross; and, uncomplaining, she followed the footprints that marked the way before her.

Her hard-earned American eagles were ever flying from her "across the wather." Yet she had managed to save for herself the modest dowry of the postulant, and the sum, besides, that she had in her hands. In a week that sum would be paying her passage to Ireland, where she should spend a few weeks of heaven's own enjoyment with her parents, then she should bid them and the world adieu, and follow the Lamb.

She arose, put the money carefully away, and opening the window, looked out. Never was Overbrook fairer than on that July morning—the flowers bending low to the kisses of the zephyrs, their chalices offering to the sun the sweet nectar of dew; the grass gemmed with sparkling drops, and garnished with the silver-silk webs of the spiders; the clean, wholesome daisies, like so many ingenuous Phyllises, gazing frankly up at the staring old sun; the peach-tree, an immense pink bouquet, around which circled two large butterflies, like flying flowers or winged gems.

Nellie O'Leary's eyes turned instinctively to the northeast, towards Chestnut Hill, soon to be her home, when she should be among the daughters of St. Joseph.

The mistress entered with a letter.

"It's from the land of saints," she said with a smile, "so I know, Nellie, it can't but be welcome."

"An answer to my last note. I told them that I should soon see them."

Alone, Nellie eagerly tore open the letter and read to the end; and as she read her face grew as white as her spotless apron, her eyes lost their light and became dull and spiritless, and her hands were cold and trembling. Then the letter fell to the floor, and a dark head, with a clustering wealth of hair, fell to

the window-ledge. There were no tears, only once a sob; it was such a poor, commonplace story that the letter told.

The gist of it was, that her father had got into trouble again,—too much potheen, too much goodfellowship,—he was then in jail.

A letter and a money order set out for Ireland that afternoon. The letter was brief:

"Dearest Mammy,—

I am sorry that daddy got into another scrape. My passage-money will be just enough to help him out of the trouble. You'll have him home with you soon. Don't be disappointed; I can't go home after all. I send a kiss for you both.

Eileen."

"I shan't leave for Ireland after all," said Nellie to her mistress that evening. "I shall stay with you for six or seven weeks more, then I shall go to the convent."

The mistress was surprised, but was too polite to ask questions that might wound.

"I am delighted to have Nellie with me," she told her husband. "I don't know what I'll do when she goes to the convent. But she had her mind bent on going home. There is something wrong."

THE UNATTAINABLE.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

We put away the things of youth,
  The childish hopes and fears,
And find that we have nothing left
  To fill the empty years.

The flow'r that grows upon the cliff
  Seems fairest to our eyes;
The thing that lies beyond our grasp
  Is e'er the thing we prize.

The foolish babe cries for the moon;
  The youth, for unborn springs;
While children of a larger growth,
  Still long for childish things.

CORNER OF STUDY IN DOUGHOREGAN MANOR, SHOWING FAMILY PORTRAITS,

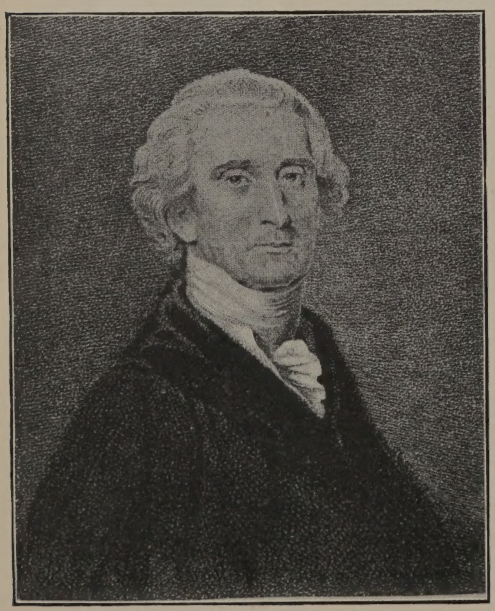
MARRIAGES OF GREAT MEN.

I.

Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

BY ELIZABETH CALHOUN.

The "Unpublished Letters"* which set forth the matrimonial affairs of this famous American make very interesting reading. During his residence abroad, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, while pursuing the studies recommended to him, managed in the holiday season to fall deeply in love with an English beauty, Miss Louisa Baker, and evidently lost no time in making a formal proposal for her hand. In December, 1763, Joseph Baker, Esq., of Bath, England, in a carefully worded and lengthy letter considers this formal proposal, and with commendable prudence neither accepts nor rejects. Putting forth the extreme youth of his daughter,—sixteen years,—and his reluctance to part from one "so exceeding dear," he expresses satisfaction with the American's financial standing, and willingness to look favorably upon his suit, provided that the elder Carroll is also ready to give consent. Here is a sentence from Mr. Baker's letter to which we respectfully call the attention of present-day lovers, and that we incidentally recommend to the purists who insist on directness and simplicity. "Your father, sir, who is at so considerable a distance and yet without whose approbation, I dare say, neither would you, yourself, nor, on any the most advantageous terms would I chuse to have effected what you seem so desirous of."



CHARLES CARROLL OF CARROLLTON.

The parental approbation was readily secured, though the correspondence shows that both fathers had a prudent regard for the endowment provisions of the proposed alliance. "I hope Miss Baker has all the good sense and good nature you say she has"; wrote the master of Doughoregan, "giving this for granted you have my full consent to pay your addresses to her." Then follow the renewal of his promise in regard to his son's marriage settlement and an estimate of the value of his property. That the lady's dowry was not equally handsome may be inferred from the tenor of a later letter, in which he says "If you like the lady, I hope her merit may in a great measure make up for what her fortune may fall short of your expectations. . . . . Could you not learn what Mr. Baker is supposed

* Unpublished Letters of Charles Carroll of Carrollton and of his father, Charles Carroll of Doughoregan. Compiled by Thomas Meagher Field.

to be worth? Where his estate lays? Of what it consists? What sum you suppose he may or may not be able to give his daughter?"

share his estate equally among his three children. Not to be outdone in generosity Mr. Carroll intimates his own intention.

MRS. RICHARD CATON (MARY CARROLL).
Eldest daughter of Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

Surely a delicate mission to entrust to an ardent wooer, and yet the future statesman must have performed it with admirable skill, for, presently, his father commends Mr. Baker as a man of sense and honor, and refers to his promise to

"I proposed upon your coming into Maryland to convey to you my Manor of Carrollton, 10,000 acres, and the addition thereto called Addition to Carrollton, 2,700 acres, now producing annually 250 pounds sterling and greatly improving as not nigh half of the 12,700 acres is let, and what is let, is let to tenants at will, and my share of the Iron Works producing at least annually 400 pounds ster. If this should be deemed in-

MRS. CHARLES CARROLL, JR.
(Harriet Chew.)

sufficient settlement and gift to you, and security for the lady's jointure, I am willing to add on my death, my Manor of Doohoregan, 10,000 acres and 1,425 acres called Chance adjacent thereto, on which the bulk of my negroes are settled . . . . As you are my only child you will, of course, have all the residue of my estate on my death."

Having thus put on record his very generous intentions towards the young people, Mr. Carroll might reasonably be supposed to have gone as far as it was possible for any father to go in promoting his son's happiness; but he makes yet another concession, and sends across the water a cordial invitation not only to the lady but also to her father.

"Should Mr. Baker's objection be against his Daughter's leaving him, if he be a good natured sensible Man, he may come with his Daughter and retire with me to Elk Ridge where we may pass ye Remainder of our lives in an easy Retirement, becoming and, I think, agreeable to old Men. In that case I shall surrender to you my House in Annapolis, being desirous on my Part to Remove every Difficulty or Objection that may have ye Appearance of Reason, to promote your Happiness."

Mrs. Baker does not seem to have been considered in this proposition. That she was living at the time we know from Mr. Baker's letter, in which he says that "neither her mother nor myself having ever turned our thoughts on any particular gentleman or indeed considered the matter as yet calling for our attention; and I have great reason to believe her own affections to be as utterly disengaged as they were ten years ago."

This reference to the maiden's sentiments suggests a possible cause for the unsatisfactory ending of the romance. No other reason is given; but negotiations stopped, and the young American returned home without an English bride. His disappointment may have had something to do with the reflections on the quality of the feminine mind—as it appeared to him—that he expresses in his letter to one "Bradshaw."

After informing him that he is "still a bachelor and likely to remain so—not from any fixed purpose, or former disappointment, but merely from indifference" Charles Carroll lays down the conditions on which a man of thirty ought to base his choice of a wife, selecting her "from affection, from esteem, and from a sense of merit."

Deploring "a misfortune too common—that the generality of women neglect

to improve their understandings, their whole time being taken up in emptiness, in adorning and setting off to advantage their charms," he points out the folly of wasting time on fleeting beauty, when "good sense, good nature, improved by reflection, by reading, are he only means to hold the affection of a husband, and to perpetuate that empire which beauty first established." Shuddering reference is made to the horror of being linked for life to "a dull, insipid companion, whose whole conversation is confined to the color and fashion of her dress, and the empty chit-chat of the tea-table."

Six months later comes the announcement "Before you receive this I shall probably be married to Miss Cooke."

Miss Rachel Cooke was his cousin and, like him, descended from Jane Lowe, Lady Baltimore. The dispensation was procured, and the date of the wedding set, but here again the course of true love was interrupted. Mr. Carroll became ill with fever, and his marriage was deferred until November. Writing to his friend, Mr. Christopher Reid, he sets the date anew—as about the 10th of November,—and improves the occasion to refer to the character of the lady:

"A greater commendation I can not make of the young lady than by pronouncing her no ways inferior to Louisa, and that the sweetness of her temper and other amiable qualities have contributed to efface an impression which similar qualities had made on a heart too susceptible perhaps, of tender feelings, and on a mind not sufficiently strengthened by philosophy to resist those and the united power of good sense and beauty."

Again, he opens his heart to another correspondent, and makes plain that whatever place the first love had in his heart there is now room only for Rachel Cooke.

MARY CATON, MARCHIONESS OF WELLESLEY.
Granddaughter of Charles Carroll.

"How is Louisa?" he asks with studied indifference; and asserting that there was once more music in that name than in the sweetest lines of Pope he continues, "but now I can pronounce it as indifferently as Nancy, Betsy, or any other common name." Protesting that mere curiosity and good-will inspire his questions he inquires,—"Is she still single?" "Does she intend to alter her state or remain single?" "If she thinks of matrimony my only wish is that she may meet with a man deserving of her."

All of which is eminently commendable,

ELIZABETH CATON, LADY STAFFORD.
Granddaughter of Charles Carroll.

and quite what might be expected from a young man who had found balm for his wounded feelings in the love of Rachel Cooke — "acknowledged by all her acquaintances to be a most sweet-tempered, amiable and virtuous girl."

The same letter in which he comments on this change of heart towards Louisa, contains commissions from the bride—Brussels lace, necklace, etc., and in a quaintly-worded postscript Mr. Carroll makes due apology for his ignorance in these matters.

"I have sent the measure of the lady's stays and of the skirts of her robes. I hope you will excuse any impropriety in my expressions, for I confess an utter ignorance in these matters. The silk marked—is for a young lady who lives with us."

The young lady mentioned here was no doubt Mary Darnall. The wedding dress intended for Miss Cooke was sent over to Maryland and remains today an heirloom in her family. "It was worn in 1876, more than a hundred years later (than the date of the above letter) at one of the Martha Washington parties, the fabric almost untarnished by time."

It was a pathetic circumstance that the visions of the happy married life with Rachel Cooke to which Charles Carroll looked forward were not to be realized.

His letters teem with eulogies of the future Mrs. Carroll, but Providence had decreed another destiny for gentle Rachel Cooke. She was taken ill, and on the twenty-fifth of November passed away. "The doctor either knew not or dissembled her danger. . . . Judge of my loss, and by it of what I now feel," the bereft lover wrote. In March of the following year, in a letter to "Dear Christopher," he gives a lengthy account of her last days, and speaks of the anguish he endured through her untimely death. Resignation, profound melancholy, indifference to the "dull tameness of existence here," and the assertion that he has drunk the very dregs of the potion of sorrow life has forced upon him, make part of a letter remarkable in many ways, but chiefly from the fact that even while his grief was so poignant he must have been again contemplating matrimony. For in a letter dated January 19, 1767, he gives to Mr. Harrison the following minute instructions. "As soon as this reaches you I desire that you will make me a plain fresh suit of superfine white cloth. I should chuse to have ye coat and waistcoat lined with white silk; this is to be a marriage suit; let it therefore be well

made; genteel but without any lace about it, either of gold or silver."

There is, however, a mistake in the date given in the "Unpublished Letters," as in the "Life of Charles Carroll of Carrollton," in a letter dated March 9th, 1767, we find him still grieving over the death of Miss Cooke. "From our mutual affection," he says, "I had the strongest assurances of happiness in the marriage state. It has pleased God to teach me by this severe visitation that no happiness but what results from virtue is permanent and secure."

There is a pretty story told of the finding of a miniature of Rachel Cooke and a lock of her hair, in a secret drawer of Charles Carroll's writing desk, long years after his death. Be that as it may, he had a remarkable power of recovery from shocks to his affections, for in August 13, 1767, he writes to "Dear Jennings," announcing his coming marriage with another cousin, Mary Darnall. There is a note of triumph running through the communication, and again the lady in the case is extolled as being endowed with every quality to make him happy in the marriage state. "Virtue, good sense, good temper. These, too, receive no small

LOUISE CATON, DUCHESS OF LEEDS.
Granddaughter of Charles Carroll.

lustre from her person which the partiality of a lover does not represent to be more agreeable than it really is. She really is a sweet tempered, charming, neat girl, a little too young for me, I confess."

MISS EMILY L. HARPER.
Granddaughter of Charles Carroll.

To another friend he announces the date—in September or October—and offers the information that Miss Darnall is of good family, without any money, "and in every other respect she is such as you would recommend to your friend."

September correspondence hints at disappointment, but in October, Charles Carroll writes to "Mr. William Browne," asking him to enlist Mrs. Browne's kind services in making purchases for the bride-elect. "Her invoice will amount to 150 or 160 pounds, perhaps it may amount to two hundred pounds," he writes. In his closing instruction prudence and generosity are combined. "Let the things be bought at the best rate, but at the same time handsome and genteel."

A legal difficulty arises from the fact of the lady being a minor, and it becomes

necessary to secure legislation "to empower Miss Darnall, who is under age, to consent to a settlement in bar of dower." If he should fail to secure such legislation the lover has still another alternative:

"I may wait two years longer, that is until the young lady comes of age. She will be nineteen years old the 19th of next March. I leave you to judge how disagreeable such a delay must be in my situation. I wish you would apply to one or two able lawyers for their opinion upon this point. Inclosed is an order in blank upon Messrs Perkins & Co., for what money it may be necessary to give to the lawyers for their advice . . . . Pray do not lose any time."

He is careful to explain that the lack of money on the bride's part is no detriment, and to make this fact more emphatic he declares: "I prefer her thus unprovided to all the women I have ever seen—even to Louisa."

The marriage contract was drawn up on June 4th, 1768,—an imposing document,—and the marriage took place on the following day. The Maryland *Gazette*, dated 9th of June, thus disposes of the event.

"On Sunday evening was married at his Father's House in this city, Charles Carroll, Jr. Esq.; to Miss Mary Darnall, an agreeable young Lady endowed with every accomplishment necessary to render the connubial state happy."

The modern reporter would have made a better piece of work of the report of such a social function. We miss the detailed account of the bride's costume, so familiar in these days, but then it must be remembered that the woman "society" reporter had not arrived. And it may have been possible that the poverty of the bride made her reluctant to indulge in display. It is highly probable that her wardrobe was not heavily stocked, despite the reference to the invoice. We are supported in this supposition, by the contents of a letter which Charles Carroll wrote to Mrs. Browne, October 20th, 1768. For the instruction of the modern husband, and the edification of the modern wife who insists on doing her own shopping, we reprint the greater part of this model document. Incidentally it throws a strong light on the Signer of the Declaration of Independence in a novel rôle.

Dear Madam:

I wrote to you ye 5th. inst. inclosing an invoice of sundries which I requested ye favour of you to buy for my wife: for fear of a miscarriage of that letter I have presumed to trouble you with another and have inclosed a copy of that Invoice. I hope you will pardon the liberty I have taken of troubling you with such a commission, without your consent or a certainty that it would not be disagreeable to you. Your known good nature, willingness to oblige, and the particular regard you used to express for me inclined me to believe you would readily undertake this piece of service. Your good taste too, care and prudence were no small inducements. Had I intrusted a merchant with ye buying of the silk, he would probably have sent to a mercer and ordered such and such things as per Invoice to be got ready to be shipped at such time, and would have given himself no further concern about ye matter. He would not have examined ye silks to see whether they were genteel, well manufactured, and fashionable or too dearly charged. If my first letter comes to hand you will see that I have not tied you down to any price, but have left ye whole to your discretion, and good management; confident that you are a much better Judge of a lady's dress than myself, and that ye will avoid ye two extremes of extravagance and nearness, and in chusing apparel for my wife will follow ye rule, which you have laid down for yourself and consult rather decency, neatness, and genteelness, than finery and magnificence.

About the Brussell's lace and Necklace I shall give no other than ye following directions:—What an elegant necklace or suit of lace may cost I am perfectly ignorant: but for instance, do not scruple to give ten or twelve guineas more, if for such an additional cost, they may be bought handsomer, of a better pattern and design and better executed.

As I have wrote to your Nephew to call upon Mr. Perkins for ye money you will have ye ready money. The lady chuses to have ye silks made up in London; she has accordingly sent her measure for stays and the length of her skirts. You will, therefore, be pleased to employ some skilful mantua maker, and to excuse any impropriety I may be guilty of in expressing myself on a subject of which I am entirely ignorant. Pray remember me in ye kindest manner to your Brother whom I shall ever respect not only as a formidable enemy at Chess, but love as an honest, sensible, good man. My compliments to Mr. Scoen and family:

I am, Madam, with sincere regard and esteem,
Your most obedient humble Servant,
Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

For some years after the marriage, glimpses of the happy domestic circle at Doughoregan are infrequent, as the greater part of the correspondence of this period deals with the momentous happenings that resulted in the independence of the colonies. Seven children were born, Elizabeth (1769), who died in infancy, Mary (1770); Louisa Rachel (1772), who died young; Charles (1775); Ann Brooke (1776), who also died in childhood; Catherine (1778), and Eliza (1780), whose life closed three years later.

There is scant information as to the "cunning" ways and smart speeches of these young Americans, who were born before children were given the foreground in family life. Mary, receives the most attention, and she is honored by special mention in a letter written by the Rev. John Carroll, afterwards first Bishop of Baltimore, who sends "love to Polly," then six years old, "with respectful compliments to the children's mother and grandmother." A French correspondent writes: "I kiss a thousand times Mollie, Charlie, and Nancy." Charles Carroll was an indulgent father, advising, warning, commending, and guiding his children, who to the last regarded him with feelings of personal loyalty very rare and touching.

An incident is narrated in connection with the scene in his bedroom when the venerable Signer was dying. After he had received the Last Sacraments, his daughter, Mrs. Caton, urged the doctor to give him some jelly, but the nourishment was courteously refused.

"You must take it, papa," insisted his daughter, "since the doctor says you ought to. "

In a quick, decided voice the father commanded: "Put it down, Mary, I want no food."

Mrs. Carroll was devoted to her own family, and extended the most tender care to their grandfather, Charles Carroll, who in one of his letters to his son states: "Mollie's tenderness and love increase her apprehensions"—in regard to his health.

Beyond the deaths of the four infants, the first deep sorrow which came to the statesman's home was the death in August, 1781, of Mrs. Henry Darnall,—his wife's mother and his own first cousin. Of this sad event he writes to Governor Thomas Sim Lee, and gives some account of Mrs. Darnall's funeral. In less than a year later his father and wife had died, and were buried under the manor chapel, and he entered on the half century of widowhood that was to ensue before he rejoined his young wife. "I have had the misfortune to lose my father and wife within a very little time of each other. My father died the 30th of May (1782) and my wife on the 10th ultimo, after a short but very painful illness." Mr. Carroll's death was the result of an accident. One day, while standing on the porch of his house at Annapolis, watching a ship come into the harbor, he stepped back too far, and was picked up dead. Mrs. Carroll, who was devotedly attached to him and his constant companion, never recovered from the shock.

In accordance with the family custom Charles Carroll sent his son to Europe to be educated in the Jesuit schools of France, and in 1785, the boy, then a little more than ten years of age, left for Liege. Writing to merchants in London his father tells his correspondents:

"This will be delivered to you by my son whom I have sent to London on his way to Liege to be there educated in the English College . . . . In a day or two I shall set off from this place to George Town to see my son embark."

A painting depicts the embarkation, which, however, took place at Annapolis. The heads are said to be portraits. In the family group, saying farewell, are Charles Carroll and his two daughters, while a negro boy, the young master's valet and playmate, stands in the background.

And now Cupid again appears on the scene at Doughoregan. There is an anxious note in the father's letters to his cousin of Duddington, who had been a suitor for the hand of Mary Carroll. It was a match to her father's liking, but during young Carroll's absence an English rival stepped in. The news is thus broken to the absent lover, by the head of the family:

"My daughter, I am sorry to inform you is much attached to, and has engaged herself to a young English gentleman by the name of Caton. I do sincerely wish she had placed her affections elsewhere, but I do not think myself at liberty to control her choice, when fixed on a person of unexceptionable character, nor would you, I am sure, desire that I should. My assent to this union is obtained on these two conditions, that the young gentleman shall extricate himself from some debts which he has contracted, and shall get into a business sufficient to maintain himself and a family. These conditions he has promised to comply with, and when performed there will be no other impediment in the way of his marriage. Time will wear away the impression which an early attachment may have made on your heart, and I hope you will find out in the course of a year or two, some agreeable, virtuous, and sweet-tempered young lady, whose reciprocal affection, tenderness and goodness of disposition will make you happy, and forget the loss of my daughter."

The "kind compliments" of the bewitching Polly are sent to the rejected lover who is farther consoled by being told that "little Kitty some times talks of 'Cousin Longlegs.'"

From the accounts given, the loss of Mary Carroll was no inconsiderable one: "She was remarkable for the grace and elegance of her manners as well as for her many sweet and amiable qualities, was a particular favorite of Washington, and one of the most charming ornaments of the Republican court." That she had a will of her own is plain. When her father reasoned with her upon the imprudence of marrying a young man who lacked fortune, he soon found that his arguments were of no avail.

"If he gets in jail," urged Mr. Carroll, "who will get take him out?"

His daughter raised her beautiful hands, and exclaimed: "These hands will take him out."

Seeing her so determined the father made no farther opposition, but gave his daughter a princely dower, including the beautiful estate of Brookland Wood, and at seventeen years of age she was married to Richard Caton. Four daughters were born and grew to womanhood,—Mary, Elizabeth, Louisa, and Emily. Reared by an accomplished mother and closely associated from their infancy with their grandfather, they bore every evidence of refinement, and during their residence abroad were known as the "American Graces." They were the belles of Baltimore Town from their earliest girlhood.

Their grandfather makes frequent reference to them in his letters, gives much wise counsel to their mother in regard to managing her family, and enjoins on her the preservation of peace and happiness on the domestic hearth, for "without being happy at home it was vain to look for happiness abroad." Again he says: "I long to be at home and with you and to see my little granddaughters. I suppose Mary Ann chatters a great deal." Presently there are references to their presence at social functions, and in due time their matrimonial concerns engage his attention.

In 1807, Mary Caton, then nineteen years old, married Robert Patterson, thus becoming the sister-in-law of Madame

Jerome Bonaparte. The wedding ceremony was performed in the private chapel of the Carroll family by Archbishop Carroll, who four years previously had united Elizabeth Patterson and Jerome Bonaparte. Some years later Mrs. Patterson and her sisters, Elizabeth and Louisa, went abroad, and in Spain Louisa Caton met Colonel Sir Felton Bathurst Hervey, aide-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington. The Colonel succumbed to the young American's charms, and they were married in 1817.

Charles Carroll, expressing his gratification at the match, in a letter to Mrs. Patterson, commends his new grandson-in-law as "a man universally esteemed and beloved."

Of Louisa's character he speaks with admiration, and trusts that she will continue to practice the virtues that distinguished her.

"Piety is the only solid foundation of happiness even in this life; Louisa was, and I hope is still pious; let her strive to continue so; let her not depart from that religion in which she has been brought up; its principles, and its practices will enable her to discharge the duties of the married state, to combat and overcome the temptations to which a life of, perhaps, too much dissipation will be liable; a perpetual round of company, cards, concerts, balls, plays and operas are all incompatible with the spirit and letter of the Gospel; a mind distracted and engrossed by such frivolities can not think seriously of heaven, or fulfil those duties which only can merit Heaven."

Such sentiments do honor to the grandfather, and yet it is a little surprising to find so ardent a Catholic giving such ready consent to the marriage of his granddaughter with one not of her Faith; but, probably, he had already learned that opposition was futile, and so accepted the inevitable with the best possible grace. The Duke of Wellington gave away the bride, and the ceremony took place in his London residence, Apsley House.

The "Iron Duke" entertained the young couple for several weeks at Walmer Castle, and dinners and balls in their honor were given by the leaders of the aristocracy of England. Mrs. Patterson returned to America, leaving Elizabeth Caton with Lady Hervey, whose married life lasted only two years, her husband dying in 1819. Three years later Robert Patterson died, and his widow joined her sisters in England—in time to be invited with them to the country seat of the Duke of Wellington. During their stay there his brother, the Marquis of Wellesley, visited the castle, and was captivated by the beauty and grace of Mrs. Patterson. The result of the visit is told in a letter written by Madame Jerome Bonaparte, who was in Europe at the time of her sister-in-law's second marriage. Writing to her father she expresses herself freely, giving us a better account than could be found in masculine correspondence.

Dear Sir:

I write by this packet to announce to you the marriage of Mrs. Robert Patterson. Mrs. Brown received a letter from Betsy Caton the day on which it was to take place. She has made the greatest match that any woman ever made. . . . The Marquis of Wellesley is Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He is sixty-five. He married an Italian singer, by whom he had a family of children. She is dead. He has no fortune. On the contrary, he is over head and ears in debt. His salary is 35,000 pounds per annum as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He will be there eighteen months longer, and if the King does not give him another place he is entitled as a poor nobleman to at least a thousand pounds a year. He is brother of the Duke of Wellington. Mary's fortune is reported in Europe to be 800,000 pounds cash. It has been mentioned in all the papers at that sum."

It was a coincidence that two daughters of Baltimore, neighbors in their girlhood, should have married as they did, one the brother of the Duke of Wellington, the other the brother of the man he had vanquished, Napoleon.

Lady Hervey also married again, taking as her second husband the Marquis of

Carmarthen, who, ten years later, succeeded to his father's title, Duke of Leeds; and thus Louisa Caton reached the highest rank in the British peerage. The third sister, Elizabeth, also married into the peerage, being united in 1836 to Baron Stafford of Costesey Hall. None of the "Three Graces" left descendants.

Emily, the youngest of the Caton sisters, had remained in Maryland, and her early life was passed with her grandfather at Doughoregan Manor, where she acted as his amanuensis after his sight had begun to fail. Here she married John Lovat Mactavish, and her grandfather bestowed on her Carrollton. To her also his "favorite granddaughter" he gave his handsome dress sword and much of the family silver, chiefly stamped with the earlier Carroll crest, a hawk with folded wings, that became, after the Republic was established, a hawk in flight, —the extended wings symbolizing the breaking of the new states with the parent land.

The youngest son born of this union, Charles Carroll Mactavish, married a daughter of General Winfield Scott, and two of his daughters entered convents. Miss Emily Mactavish was one of the brightest ornaments of Baltimore society when, in the bloom of her beauty, and with everything to make the world attractive, she left friends and family to join the Visitation Nuns at Catonsville.

Charles Carroll's youngest daughter, the little Kitty who made jokes on Polly's lover, "Cousin Longlegs," was sent abroad to be educated at the English convent at Liege. " I must request Mr. and Mrs. Johnson's attention and care of my dear little girl while in London," her father wrote; and to these friends he reports the return of his son and daughter to Doughoregan, in 1794, after various adventures that befell the French privateer on which they had sailed.

For some years the presence of his children gladdened his home, but in 1800 his only son married Harriet Chew, who had the honor of being requested by Washington to accompany him when he sat for his portrait to Gilbert Stuart. "Her conversation," he said, "should give his face its most agreeable expression." Tradition says that Charles Carroll, Jr., had been in love with Nellie Custis, but his suit was not acceptable to her, so in his twenty-fifth year he bestowed himself and his fortune on Harriet Chew. The young couple established themselves at Homewood, in the handsome brick residence which Charles Carroll had built for his son, and here were born to them seven children.

"Kitty," the child of so much tender solicitude, left the home nest, in 1801, as the wife of Robert Goodloe Harper, and presently Kitty's children claim their place in their grandfather's heart. "Charles and Mary," "Little Dick and Elizabeth" are mentioned often by the master of Doughoregan Manor.

Miss Emily L. Harper, General Harper's daughter, was long one of Baltimore's most honored and distinguished ladies. The highest society in Europe and America was graced by her presence, but she was as well known in the hovels of the poor as in the palaces of the wealthy. One of the most notable gatherings that ever took place in Baltimore was Miss Harper's reception to Cardinal Gibbons and the prelates attending the Third Plenary Council, in 1884.

With his family about him,—children and grandchildren,—and an interesting company enjoying his hospitality, Charles Carroll of Carrollton passed his days in tranquil content, and in preparation for

the higher life which he kept constantly in view.

As a fitting conclusion to this account of the marriage of Charles Carroll and of his children, we may quote a passage from a detailed description of a visit made to Doughoregan Manor, by Adam Hodgson, an Englishman traveling in America in 1820. He brings vividly to view the household, its guests, and the genial host:

I have lately been paying some very agreeable visits at the country-seats of some of my acquaintances in the neighborhood. . . . The other morning I set out, at four o'clock, with General Harper, on a visit to a most agreeable family, who reside on a large Manor, about seventeen miles distant. We arrived about seven o'clock, and the family soon afterwards assembled to breakfast. It consisted of several friends from France, Canada, and Washington, and of the children and grandchildren of my host, a venerable patriarch, nearly eighty-five (eighty-three) years of age, and one of the four survivors of those who signed the Declaration of Independence. The house, situated in an extensive manor, is a large, unpretending mansion, and the whole domestic economy is substantially English. After breakfast Mr. C. retired to his study, and General H(arper) conducted me to my room, where I read the Edinburgh *Review* till nearly dinner time, the weather being too hot for exercise, and each person being left to his own pursuits. The family portraits in the dining-room, comprised two or three generations, in their appropriate costume; and among others, was one of Mr. C. himself, painted, as he told me, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, more than sixty years since.

In the cool of the evening three ponies were brought out for the children, who had been anticipating their evening ride all day with great glee.

As the General rode with them, leading the ponies of the little girls, with long reins, I was reminded with feelings of a melancholy pleasure, of "days that must return no more." It was a beautiful night, and we sat, talking in the porch, till a late hour, admiring the brilliant stars. General H's travels on the Continent, Mr. —'s residence in Canada, the Count's budget of news from France, and my Indian tour, furnished the subject of conversation. After breakfast the following morning, the ladies played for us on the harp; and in the evening I set out on horseback to return hither, not without a feeling of regret, that I had probably taken a final leave of my hospitable friend, who although still an expert horseman seldom goes beyond the limits of his manor. I had, however, seen him riding in a long procession, through the streets of Baltimore, holding in his hand the Declaration of Independence, which he delivered to the orator of the day at the monument of General Washington

THE DESERT AND THE SOWN.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

Chapter XIV.

"I have done everything but advertise for you!" The note of gladness in the man's voice was not lost on Sarah, and as she looked into his eyes and saw the same joy shining there she felt surprise not unmixed with fear. What was she to this stranger with whom she had talked for two hours in Mr. Rich's office, that he should have sought for her, as he admitted to have done, and now met her with such rapture?

"It is as well you did not," she answered indifferently, "for I never read advertisements. I did not know you intended staying in this city so long."

"I did not then. Since, I have changed my plans," he answered looking away, for her face was cold, and he felt she would disapprove were she to know the reason for his altered arrangement. "This city is more friendly than I expected. I have prospered sufficiently to set up a studio."

"I am glad to hear that," said Sarah, with sincere enthusiasm.

"It isn't much of a one," he hastened to say. "A big barn of a room under the skylights, and three of us sharing it."

"Still you have set up your easel again, and that is a step in the path to be regained. How did it happen?"

"How does it happen you are here today?" he asked, taking a place beside her on the bench, while his eyes swept the Egyptian room of the art gallery where he had stumbled upon her, gazing fixedly at a peculiarly woven scarf that was displayed in a locked case.

"To answer that question is to tell you a secret. Will you guard it?" she said, looking at him with a smile in her eyes.

"Trust me," he rejoined.

"I want to write a story—for a magazine you know—and came here with the hope of finding a thread that would lead me to the people I seek."

"You mean an inspiration for a plot?"

"I mean just what I say," she answered decisively. "Plot! There is no such a thing in real life; why should there be in stories? It is people we deal with, and when you get to know people you always find them working along the plainest of lines. Mind I don't say they are always straight lines, nor always lines original; but always are they plain to the eye that sees. Given a certain beginning, and you know in the majority of cases what the lines will be, without even the trouble of following them. But the people that travel along those lines—there is where the interest of life comes in, and there is where the interest of the story should lie. Is it not true that the character in life that has made greatest appeal to your intellect has had a career nothing out of the ordinary?"

"But if you were to put that same character into a book would it hold the interest of the reader in a like degree?"

"Of course not, if the author has not the power to make the magnetism of that character as real in the book as it is in life. What was there extraordinary for instance in the life of 'David Copperfield?' We have known even in our limited experience persons who have had more eventful careers, and yet while stories of the most wonderful and intri-

cate plot are forgotten by us, the simple story of 'David Copperfield' is remembered. Why? Had we known 'David Copperfield' we should have been interested in the personality of the boy and man; and the author places that personality before us in the way it would have appeared to us in actual life had we known Peggotty's ward, Dora's husband, and Agnes' friend."

"If that is your theory what sent you here, to the relic of a civilization antedating Christianity?" he asked, looking at her in surprise.

She laughed outright at the question. It aroused an echo that made the sensitive man at her side shiver, as his eyes caught sight of the mummy standing in its coffin against the wall.

"Can't you imagine the woman that wore that scarf yonder was not so very much different from the women who come here to admire and perhaps covet it?" she asked, looking at him with a fleeting expression in her eyes. "Now if the scarf were to hold for me a hint of the character of the wearer—"

"It won't!" he asserted. "And you could better employ your time by studying that pink and white creature raving over that bit of Venetian glass over there," and he nodded toward the arched doorway separating the two apartments.

"Will it not?" she queried, her eyes on the scarf.

"Will you let me read the story?" he asked.

"I did not say there would be a story. And I want to hear of yourself. What brought the change in your luck?"

"I think it must have been meeting with you," he answered promptly.

"It was mutual, then," she said instantly. "That day, my last at Mr. Rich's—By the way what became of him and his patent churn?"

"The post-office authorities became troublesome, and he found it prudent to take a Mexican trip. I don't know what became of the churns. But—about yourself."

"That day I got a letter from the editor of one of the afternoon papers, saying he wanted to see me. He accepted my stories, became a friend, and put me into my present position as special writer for the new morning paper."

"And this is but the gateway to the future," he said admiringly.

"Yes," she answered, a light coming into her face. "But it is of yourself I want to hear."

"My career did not open so auspiciously," he began, with a laugh. "As I was passing down a street that afternoon a man who was painting a large sign on a bill-board fell from the scaffold and broke his arm. I offered to finish the work for him, and was accepted. My treatment of the subject,—it represented a boy eating a special brand of pie,—was so satisfactory that I was given another commission, and still another, all of which were accepted gladly as there was not much doing in my other side line. Another artist, a student of the art academy adjoining this museum, was engaged by the same advertising firm. He was earning enough to go to Europe to finish his studies. Through him I got into the art circle, the outside circle be it said, and not to the seats of the mighty. Then with two others I rented the studio. The most of my work is pot-boiling. However there are one or two canvases showing better things and there are still better to come. That's all."

"And that is a great deal," she said, encouragingly.

"It is a beginning," he admitted, hesitatingly. After a moment he rose and began to examine the scarf which had been the subject of their previous conversation. "I do not know what you see in this thing," he said half-turning towards Sarah. His action had drawn her attention from his plans and work to himself, and she saw on his face an expression that baffled her, but the impression it left was of indecision.

"Why," she replied, "I see much in it. I see Egypt. And then," she finished, lifting her eyes to him, "I see all. Egypt spells the sum total of human knowledge."

"What a notion!" he exclaimed, roughly. "Girl, we are but as the outskirts of human knowledge! Where are we but in the infancy of the race?"

"We are the last of the children of time," she answered, "and are unlearning the lessons studied by our elder brothers. We have not their virility,—the latest born never have,—and the knowledge easily assimilated by them is difficult for us. Because of this difficulty we experience we think our attainments the greatest the world has witnessed, but the very science we think we have advanced so marvelously—if not discovered—is daily revealing to us the greater things accomplished by those earlier born. We have done wonders in chemistry alone, and yet we are ignorant of the secret of coloring held in that old scarf behind you. What other secrets may not yet come forth from the sands of Egypt to mock us!"

"I do not know and I do not care," he answered, striding back to his place by her side. "My eyes look forward, not backward. I withhold nothing of admiration, reverence, and gratitude from the ancients—that is their due; but I deny that Egypt, or the past which it stands for, spells the sum total of human knowledge."

He paused for a moment, then continued:

"Even so; is not as much to be gained by a forward as a backward view? And is it not a better one? Since you are honest enough to admit you do not know, ought not you be wise enough to accept Nature's plan for you and face forward? You cannot help the past by one hair's breadth; but you can benefit the present. Is not what we can do that which we ought to do?"

"But it is so little, that one might as well not do anything," she complained.

"Still it is that much," he rejoined, and the hopefulness of his voice was so marked a contrast to the sadness of his face that it held her attention for a moment.

"And when you have tried, and perhaps accomplished, what do you receive but the ingratitude of the ones you labored for."

"And something else," he added, "the consciousness of having done what you could, which possibly is expected of each one. That more than over-balances the thing. But I didn't mean to interrupt you when I came in. You are here for work, and I may interfere with your finding the thread leading you to those long dead Egyptians. Won't you promise to let me read the story."

"It may not be written," she interrupted. "But I have faith that it will. If it is written it will first be submitted to you," she promised.

"And so I should not lose sight of you entirely," he said joyously.

"Certainly not. I want some time to see your pictures, if I may?"

"Oh, you are good to me!" he cried. "I was afraid to ask you!"

"Why?" the girl asked, regarding him in surprise.

"I do not know your customs here," he began.

"Neither do I," she returned. "In Arkansas we do what we want to do, so long as we do not think it is wrong. That is the one custom I follow," and she extended her hand to him, with a friendly smile.

It was late that morning before Sarah quitted the Egyptian room. The unexpectedness of the meeting with the stranger and the effects of the conversation on her mind turned her completely from all thoughts of the story. She had the conviction that there was more behind the story of the studio because of the indecision that showed on his face when he had risen to examine the scarf, and in that fact, more perhaps than in his ignorance of the social customs of the country, lay the reason for his reluctance to have her see his pictures. That studio might be merely a blind, behind which was carried on the secret workings of men who preferred darkness to light for the inauguration of their projects. The professional instinct responded quickly to the mere supposition, for though the writer knows he may never dare exhibit the treasure he dives so deeply to find he is never thereby withheld from seeking it. And thus it happened that the first reason which led Sarah to continue the acquaintance with the stranger was purely curiosity. As the minutes wore on however and her thoughts went from the artist to the man she felt at once the charm of his personality. Stranger he might be in one sense, but known to her in another, and then the unusual repetition of their meeting broke upon her.

In truth she had come to the art gallery that morning to avoid Dr. Hayward. For three successive Sunday mornings he had called for her—without the formality of a request—to accompany him on a spin in his automobile through the country, and at the conclusion of each ride she had found herself in an exhausted mental condition, leaving her wholly unfit for work. As none else he could key her up to the highest pitch of sympathy, and then play upon it, as a master on the keyboard of his instrument, and the girl to whom tears were long a stranger would find her eyes wet as he depicted his life to her, all because of a woman's perfidy. He never seemed to consider her, and her work—when she spoke of it—drew forth the contempt of his silence.

"He needs a safety valve for his feelings and finds it in me," Sarah thought, and then she resolved to disappoint him that day. A new picture at the art gallery suggested the visit. Once there discontent with herself seized her. It was work like these fragments of sculpture, these fading canvases, work done for immortality she too would do. Not below the stars had she intended to build, and then she realized that she richly deserved the contempt of the one person on earth whose praise she hungered for. Perhaps he was not so indifferent to her talent as she thought, but that he honored it sufficiently to believe she was debasing it by applying it constantly and solely to newspaper work. That was necessary now, giving her a rung on the ladder, but she could mount higher. If she were to write books that would win the applause of the world, that would prove she had followed no will-o'-the-wisp, as he had once called the light that led woman from her allotted place in the universal scheme, in turning from the quiet home in Kentucky still waiting for her, to the world of man's endeavor, if she could prove she

had made no mistakle, would he not be the first to pay homage to her gifts, to commend her action?

Driven to the Egyptian room by the question, she had been caught up in the suggestiveness it holds for the thoughtful, and fame and work and the applause of Dr. Hayward were forgotten.

The striking of a clock somewhere brought her back to time and its reality, and she sprang to her feet. As she was turning away her eyes fell on a long, clumsily fashioned knife, lying with other implements of the ancient country in a case behind her. A jewel was in its handle, held there by a more clumsily fashioned strip of steel which was welded into the sword by coarse rivets. From its setting, into which it had been rudely thrust, it glowed a ruby red and seemed to loudly proclaim anger and undying hate. It held Sarah bent over the case until the clock struck again. When she finally turned away her eyes were as the eyes of one who had looked upon a great mystery and understood.

Possessed by the idea the strangely imbedded jewel had awakened Sarah threw herself into the story it suggested, and often the dawning of the days that followed found her engaged in the work. Of its merits she could form no judgment. She only knew that the story must be transferred to the tangible form of words, or it would be lost to her forever. She hurried through her newspaper work, and once in her room her door was locked against every intrusion, nor could the most persistent knocking of the bell boys cause her to open it.

Dr. Hayward, who had called several times, wondered greatly where Sarah had hidden herself, and when at length, the story finished, she came down to see him he demanded the reason of her absence.

"I was writing a story, and did not want to have my thoughts drawn from it."

"And do you think this is the way to treat your friends?" he demanded.

"Dr. Hayward," Sarah asked, looking at him fully, "do you let your friends come between you and important cases?"

"Certainly not! But our two employments bear no comparison."

"I believe you and Mr. Hawley are friends? Would you expect him to quit the writing of an editorial if you called as a friend during his work hours?"

"No, certainly not!" he answered, slightly irritated by her question.

"Then why do you upbraid me because I am as faithful to my work as you or Mr. Hawley would be?"

"Your work is not—don't get offended, Sarah—as important as ours," he answered.

"But it is as important to me as yours is to you or to him," she responded.

"You think it is, but in reality it is not your true work," he answered.

"What is?" she questioned, hotly. "Spending my day over a hot cook-stove, a steaming washtub, a wearisome ironing table, breaking my back with a broom and filling my lungs with dust all to give physical comfort and enjoyment to some man?"

"Have I ever intimated you were called to no higher things?" he asked, looking at her critically and admiringly.

Sarah was not a woman to be melted by admiration and she said in tones as crisp:

"Well, then, to spend my days lounging in luxurious apartments, reading insipid or immoral novels, spending unearned money in fine clothes to win the admiration of many men and ruining my

health by spending half my night dancing and feasting for their entertainment?"

"That is not my conception of a woman's work," he said, coldly.

"What is?" she asked weakly, for the old realization of her utter helplessness before him again was hers.

"Do you need ask that, who grew up in the same house with Grace Kenny?"

"Will you not ever see that we are wholly unlike?" she cried. "Our works, like our lives, are an eternity apart."

"Your work and every woman's work is identical," he insisted. "You are only playing, Sarah, and the sooner you realize it and take up life in earnest the better for you. I own that hitherto circumstances have conspired to keep you at play, but now this will be remedied. I am going to introduce you to a friend of mine, a good woman of your own religion, and she will take you in charge and you will be given an opportunity to change your mode of living. This hotel life is bad for you. Whatever brought you to it? Why did you not select a private boarding house?"

"Because I wanted to live a perfectly free and independent life, come as I choose, go as I choose, without having to submit to the prying curiosity of a landlady and her lady boarders," retorted Sarah. "Here I know no one, no one knows me; so long as I pay my bill. That is the life I want and none other will satisfy me. I am going to do—"

"What I ask you to do," he interrupted. "I do not purpose that her cousin, the little girl she loved, shall be neglected by me, that I shall leave her exposed to criticism. I do not expect you to quit working, but I hope to secure for you a position more in keeping with your sex."

A fear shook her soul. His power over her she had never denied, and what would befall her if he were to withdraw her from the labor that alone made life bearable?

Young as she was in years she was as old as he in soul-experience, and she knew that death or insanity awaited her in that life, shut off from the work which was her sole refuge. The promptings of self-preservation became sufficiently strong to make her cast off his mesmeric power over her. As one drowning she flung out her hand, crying:

"I know my work and I will do it. If you attempt to interfere with me I shall leave this city. The world is wide and I am not afraid of it."

"Come, little girl!" he said, soothingly, taking the outflung hand. "You are nervous and growing excited. Have you not been losing sleep?"

He was looking at her with his deep gloomy eyes, and she found herself thinking of the day he had looked at her from the little church door, when at his bidding she had risen up and gone to him. Again, as then, she felt the snapping of her resistance, and she answered simply that she had.

"And yet you think it is best for you to live alone," he said, half-reproachfully. "If you had some one to protest against such cruel treatment of yourself you would become more prudent. To-morrow evening I shall bring my friend, Mrs. Morton, to see you. Her husband, Dr. Morton, and I are together and I know what a treasure of a woman she is, the very friend you need, Sarah. And I do not know if I mentioned it, but she is a devout Catholic."

Sarah made no comment.

"Few have less cause than I to like that religion. It wrecked my life, and yet I

should rather suffer what I have suffered than think of her as trying to live without it. Without religion a woman cannot remain what we hold a woman should be. I could not love a woman without religion, Sarah. I should want to know that she could pray for me, who can lift no prayer for myself. Perhaps it would have been less hard to bear, perhaps it would not have so seared my soul, if I had known she was free to pray for me. It was the thought that no woman's lips breathed my name in prayer, to bring down the grace that destiny prevented me seeking for myself. That knowledge piled up the loneliness upon my life, Sarah."

His voice sank into a mournful cadence, and the heart of the girl quivered before it. In that moment she felt she would have given her life to be able to cry out: "I can pray for you, Geoffrey!" but her lips remained mute, for truth had set her seal upon them.

"And I want you, Sarah," he said, presently, "to become like your cousin Grace."

"I can not," she said in a husky voice.

"You can and you must," he answered, passionately. "She loved you, you are part of our sweet dream—you little blue-bonneted girl!"

He dropped his face on his hands and something like a sob broke in his throat.

"Don't!" she cried. "I'll do anything for you—but don't make me ever again witness that. I can't stand it—for—she—never—de—"

And then she stopped, appalled at the unbearable truth she was on the verge of hurling at the sorrowing man.

"She never knew what it meant for you," she said instead, her voice ringing passionately. "She was so young."

"You are not much older now, yet you realize it—why should not she?" he asked. "You would never have done such a thing to the man you loved, would you, little Sarah?"

"I tell you we are unlike, wholly unlike."

"Be unlike her in love, Sarah," he pleaded, "but grow unto her likeness in all other things. For, Sarah, I am growing old, and I have nothing, except you, a part of my lost happiness. I find you changed, and I look everywhere for the innocent, happy, trustful and believing child I knew, to find only a woman who seems to have learned all that life has to teach, one who has lost all that she held then. Shall I not have my little Sarah back again?"

Never, with all the suffering she had known had Sarah endured more than in that hour. Could he only have found her with the child-heart, or even the child-soul? If only she could have offered to the man the healing that he craved? And she could do nothing for him—ever!

The hour left its mark on Sarah Kenny, and she crept back exhausted to her room, where the story lay finished on the table. She sat gazing at it, marvelling that she had written it. Where did it rise from, that finished piece of work? And there were more of those creatures waiting birth in the untraversed world of thought; more secrets to be wrung from the past ages, and clothed with a later language. But he would prevent it, and she would be powerless against his will. And then what would become of her?

So long she sat there with these thoughts driving like spikes into her brain, that life itself seemed to be ebbing from her.

"I am going mad or dying," she thought, and as the drowning clutch at a

straw she reached for the manuscript. Reading it brought her mental release, and as she laid it down she said half-aloud:

"I am glad it is finished." And then she thought of the stranger and remembered his urgent request—to read the story.

He had not given her his address, and it was hopeless to try to find him, or the big bare studio up near the sky-lights. Then she recalled the French restaurant she had visited with the society reporter. It was too late to go there alone, and yet she felt that she must see him. She knew the stranger stood between her and the final loss. If she had someone to accompany her! Her mind ran over the few she knew sufficiently well to make such a request of, and then she remembered the Girl who had been her roommate, and with whom she had kept up a desultory acquaintance. What more plausible than to invite the granddaughter of an old Frenchman to visit the famous French restaurant. Perhaps this was one of the evenings the young man was to call for her, and the further guarantee of respectability in a male escort would be theirs. Hat and gloves were hastily donned, but as she was mounting the steps of the boarding-house she met the pair descending.

"Ah!" said Sarah, "I had hoped to reach here first," and she explained the reason of her visit, and then extended her invitation. It was finally accepted, and together they started for the narrow street in which the place stood. The young man seemed well enough pleased with the change in the evening's programme until he entered the house; then, after several glances around at the company, he stated his thankfulness for having accompanied them.

"I think your Frenchman gathers a queer crowd around him, Miss Kenny," he observed. "You would think it was a gathering place for anarchists judging by the faces and talk of that crowd over there."

"What does it matter," commented the Girl, "who comes here, so long as he serves us dainty dishes. I suppose this is what you call Bohemia, Miss Kenny?"

"Yes, but this is only my second visit," Sarah hastened to explain. "I came on the other occasion with the society reporter of our paper. It seems the fame of the good man's chef draws quite a number of artists and writers here, as well as your suspected anarchists, Mr. Wallace."

The supper was scarcely begun, when Sarah to her horror saw at the entrance on which her eyes were anxiously fixed the tall familiar figure of Dr. Hayward. He was accompanied by an elderly gentleman, and they took their places at a table at the other end of the room, but the doctor's position was such that the slightest turn of his head would bring them face to face. The chill crept into Sarah's voice, and the heavy beatings of her heart sounded in her ears, for it looked like fate that again thrust him between her and the one avenue by which she had hoped to escape.

A question from the Girl drew her thoughts back to her guests, and she felt a sudden envy of their happy comradeship. She tried to cast off her fears of the intangible, and to be part in their enjoyment of the unexpected entertainment. Nothing must occur to arouse their suspicion she determined, but through all her effort ran the wonder if the one she sought would come. And if he did? What would Dr. Hayward do—or think?

Again her eyes sought the door, and something like joy made her heart leap as she beheld the stranger standing there regarding her in indecision. The faintest smile of recognition brought him quickly to the table at which they were sitting. His passage down the room drew the momentary attention of Dr. Hayward, and unconsciously his eyes followed the stranger until he stopped at the table at which Sarah sat. As they clasped hands, Sarah glanced across the room, and it seemed to swirl around her as she met the startled, nay, horrified, expression on the face of Geoffrey Hayward.

(To be continued.)

THE OLD CHURCH AT YSLETA.

BY ATHENE DOUGLAS.

Situated on the Rio Grande, twelve miles below the flourishing city of El Paso, nestles the quaint old town of Ysleta. In its very heart, around which indeed the town has been built, stands an old church, by authentic record proven to be the oldest in the United States.

It is a large adobe structure built on a knoll of rising ground, in the shape of a cross, that ancient style of architecture being the one generally used in the early periods of colonization in the New World. The grounds surrounding it consist of some six or seven acres, including the property of the parish residence, adjoining.

Grape vines clamber over the old walls, and great cottonwood trees line the broad walks leading to the church doors. Small *acequias*, which are used for irrigation purposes, flow through the lower portion of the grounds. A few years ago all this enclosure was used as a burial ground, and here and there large, wooden crosses spread their arms above the dead. However, some years ago these bodies were either removed to a distant cemetery or smoothed down and plowed over —trees and flowers being planted above them.

The church itself is large and commodious, without seats, save some half dozen benches that have lately been placed near the altar. The walls are some six feet in depth; the windows iron-barred and strong, and high above the floor; so high, indeed, are they that no one could be tall enough to look out of them.

These early missions were built as fortresses, as well as places of worship, and served effectually for both intentions, as danger from the Indians was very great in the first days of the missionaries. The ceilings are very high, especially near the altar, and are quaintly made of smooth alamo *vagas*, or joists, over which are laid small pieces of wood in zig-zag shape. Along these *vagas* swallows have made their nests, coming and going at will through small apertures high in the walls. Nothing could be more beautiful than the songs of these birds

mingling with the voices of the choir in the singing of the Mass. During such times, many of these innocent songsters can be seen flying round and round the spacious nave, alighting now and then on one of the cornices and loudly warbling forth the tender music of its heart, as though it, too, would send up praises to the Creator.

Ah, it were a beautiful thing to hear this double choir on Easter morning in this quaint old church. The simple congregation are not robed in Easter bonnets or fine frocks, but in plain calico and black shawls, for they are Mexicans and Indians, with a very few exceptions—there being not over half a dozen American families in the town, which contains about three thousand souls.

Speaking of the depths of the walls, I must not omit to say that they have been made a receptacle for the dead, as has also the floor. The bodies of many priests and monks as well as the laity repose here. The custom was abandoned some time ago for lack of more room.

The actual date of the building of this church is not really known, but the records now existing contain grants from King Carlos II. of Spain to Fray Joaquin Ynojozo, of the Franciscan Order, which date from 1567. Thus it was an existing church and mission at that date. It is obvious that it must have been built some years prior, probably a little later than the sister church of Our Lady of Guadaloupe in what is now known as the city of Zuarez, some twelve miles up the river, on the Mexican side. The recorded date of Our Lady of Guadaloupe is 1543. As in the case of the Ysleta church it was evidently built some time previous.

The latter is now called "Nuestra Senora del Carmel" in English Our Lady of Carmel. At first it was known as Corpus Christi, later as San Antonia, this saint, by the way, is the patron of the Indians. Still later the name was changed as stated.

An old statue of St. Anthony which in the early days occupied the first place at the main altar, now stands in the center of a side altar, to which the pious Indians, the last of the Pueblas, make special pilgrimages. Above the high altar stands a statue of Our Lady of Carmel, giving a scapular into the outstretched hands of the kneeling St. Simon. Many other antique statues are scattered here and there through the church.

Some years ago the finding of at least one valuable article in the grounds during some excavation proved that this church had once been a rich one. It was a large silver sacristy lamp of peculiar workmanship, and bearing Spanish dates of some hundreds of years anterior. I am sorry not to be able to remember the exact date. It was thought to have been buried for the sake of protecting it from the hostile Indians, as the priests were wont to do at such times.

The busiest and most religious time for these Mexican people is during Holy Week. If some of the most hardened and most wanting in piety have not attended Mass during the year they at least come at this season, and try to atone for their negligence by conforming to the Church, regarding Easter duties.

The Passion Play is enacted with the greatest devotion, and however mere sightseers may scoff, there is nothing but the deepest reverence for this symbol of the word's greatest tragedy in the hearts of these simple, pious people. The culminating hour is on Good Friday at three o'clock when the long services—supposed

to be of three hours' duration, yet sometimes lasting till after nightfall—in the church begin.

A life-like statue of the Crucified Christ is used, and when in the dim light of the vast edifice it is nailed to the cross and elevated at the altar above the heads of all, the intense and mournful silence of the people is almost appalling.

tense does it seem that nothing but the greatest awe and reverence can be detected in the faces of the people. The falling of a pin would jar the deep and prolonged silence. The long services are followed by a still longer sermon, and after that the statue is taken from the cross and removed to a private room adjoining, which represents the sepulchre,

CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF CARMEL.

The church is crowded to the uttermost, and lines of people extend far out from the wide doors which are always open, so that as many of the faithful as possible may be permitted to see within.

Unless I could witness the world-wide famous Passion Play at Oberammergau, which is said—and surely there can be no doubt of it—to have such a startling effect upon the people, I can conceive of nothing that could so affect me. So in-

and is there guarded by sentinels representing Roman soldiers, till Easter morning. Here, during this time, the faithful come by night and by day to say their prayers.

On Saturday the celebration of Mass and the blessing of holy water are followed by the hearing of confessions and preparations for the morrow. Such a throng of people are there, that sometimes the tired priests—for more than one are

here at Easter time—do not leave the confessional sometimes till three o'clock in the morning.

When the great day has arrived and the joyous bells ring out peal after peal from as early as four o'clock till the beginning of High Mass at ten—a perfect throng of people pass in and out of the church. The altars are a blaze of golden light. Rows of happy-faced children—the girls in white frocks with long veils and wreaths—occupy the front seats, for this is First Communion day to them, and the brightest and happiest of their lives.

According to Mexican etiquette the men stand on the left side of the church, and the women kneel on the right. The beautiful Easter services have now begun, all the sorrows and cares of the past year are forgotten. These simple people are come to lift up their souls in praise of their God. The swallows are there, too, their musical notes blending with those of the worshippers in a grand anthem of praise.

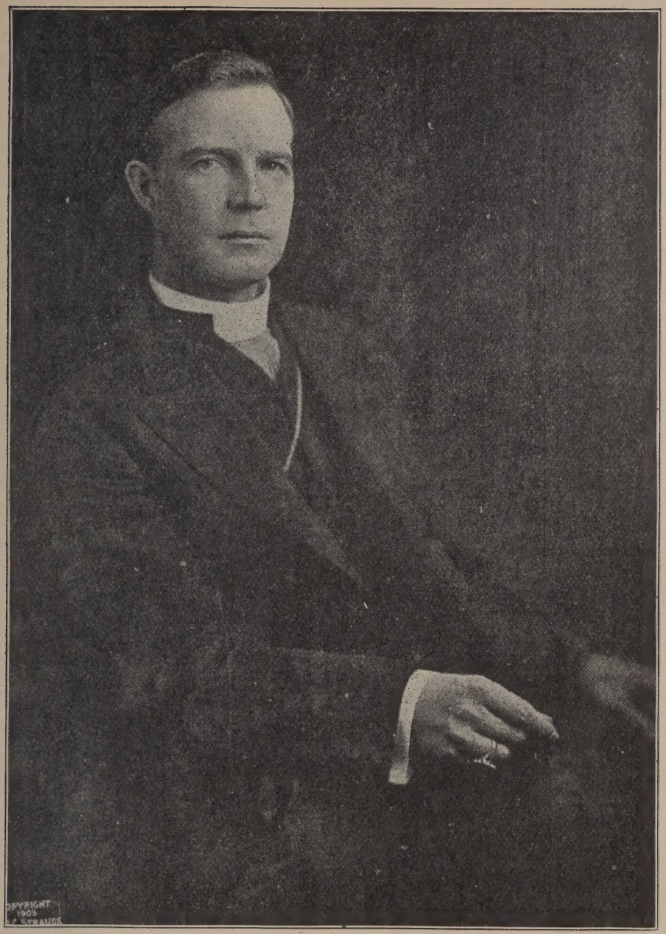
The Old Mission Destroyed by Fire.

When the sun rose over the old Indian village of Ysleta on the morning of the fifteenth of May, in this year of Our Lord 1907, its rays, which for nearly four hundred years had gleamed upon the tall tower of the old Mission of "Nuestra Senora del Carmel," now shone upon the smouldering ruins of that ancient and historic edifice.

The Angelus bells—brought long ago from far-off Spain—which had for centuries pealed out over the valley the call to prayer, were silent now for the first time, and lay mute and helpless amid the wreckage. Hundreds of Mexicans and Indians, with bared heads and tear-dimmed eyes, stood around this spot, looking sadly upon all that remained of what had been to them the most sacred spot on earth. The silence was broken only by the sobs of women and children. This was the feast of San Ysidoro, and there was to have been a grand procession in which they would have participated as had been the custom for generations past.

The white-faced padre walked among them, endeavoring with gentle words to cheer their crushed spirits by bidding them trust in God, who surely will temper the wind to the shorn lamb; but in spite of his brave words and the smile which he forced to his lips, one could see that his heart, too, was broken. And surely not without good cause. The mecca of ages, yea, the heart and soul of the Puebla of Ysleta, was a mass of embers.

The church had caught fire in some way from the candles, which had been left burning at the altar, after the conclusion of the May devotions on the previous evening. Having no facilities to fight the fire, and it having reached such headway when discovered, there was nothing to be done, but to watch the leaping flames consume the noble structure. Only by the heroic efforts of Father Cordova was the golden chalice containing the Sacred Host, and a few relics, saved. Ancient relics, the most precious in the New World, a pair of candle-sticks four feet high, made by hand, and hammered out of the purest gold; old paintings and images of which none such others are in existence, all of which were brought from Spain hundreds of years ago—were all lost. Late in the evening some poor Indians searching among the ruins picked up a heavy, blackened chain, from which hung the charred and disfigured mass of what had been the sacristy lamp, which had been lighted nearly four hundred years ago and which had never been extinguished till it fell amid the wreck of the old Mission.



MOST REV. JOHN J. GLENNON, D. D.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

The appointment of the Most Rev. John J. Glennon, Archbishop of St. Louis, as a special Commissioner to supervise the compilation of the census of the Catholic body of the United States is of deep import to the Catholic population. For years the Hierarchy endeavored to interest the Government in the necessity of an accurate census; and at their latest meeting a committee was appointed to take the matter up with the Commissioner of the Census.

The result of the agitation was the appointment of Archbishop Glennon, who is now an officer of the Government, on salary, and with power to engage assistants and take such measures as may be necessary to secure a full and accurate accounting of the Catholic body. All expense will be borne by the Government.

His Grace's circular to the bishops indicates the comprehensive character of the work undertaken.

"What we all want is a thorough, complete, and reliable census of the Catholic body in the United States, neither exaggerated nor diminished, and I am sure that, on that program, we will have your hearty co-operation.

"The plan proposed for your co-operation is the following: In answer to letters sent out by the Census Bureau some months ago to the Archbishops and Bishops lists of churches and ministers have been received for 82 dioceses (or archdioceses) and envelopes have been addressed to the pastors of these churches. For those dioceses (or archdioceses) for which no

lists were received the envelopes have been addressed from the lists of churches as contained in the official Catholic Directory for 1906.

"In these envelopes (addressed to the pastors) are to be placed the following inclosures: (1) a card schedule for the collection of the statistics; (2) the printed instructions for properly filling the same; (3) a copy of the letter of the Archbishop's similar to that which you have already received; (4) a circular letter from myself to the pastor giving necessary instructions and urging a prompt response on his part; and (5) an addressed envelope for return of completed schedule, as hereinafter explained.

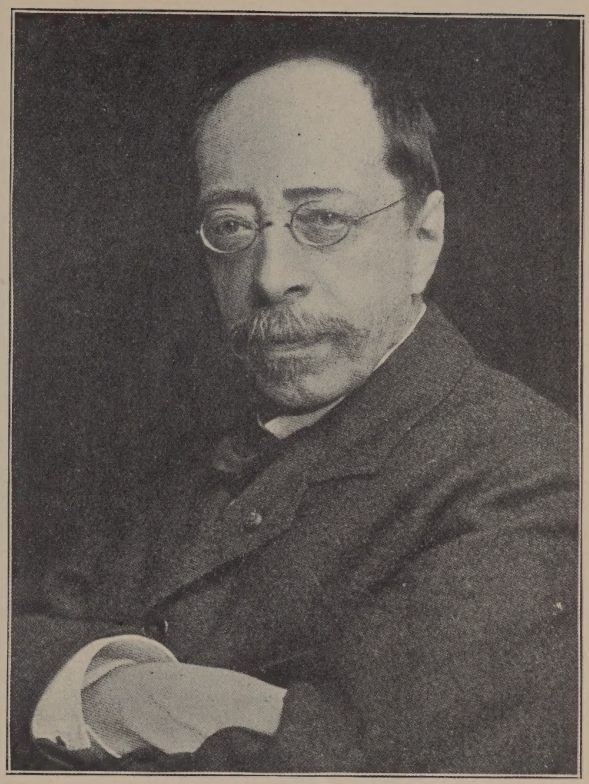
"Instead of sending these envelopes with their inclosures direct to the churches, they are to be sent by the Census Bureau in bulk, and unsealed, to each Bishop (or Archbishop), with a request to kindly forward them to their individual churches after having made such corrections and additions in the addresses as may be necessary, and having seen that each envelope contains the right number of cards—one for each church served by the pastor to whom it is addressed.

"The schedules, after being filled out by the pastors of the churches, are to be returned by them to their respective Bishops (or Archbishops) in addressed return envelopes similar to sample envelope inclosed herewith, and which can be used by the pastor for this purpose without payment of postage. Each Bishop (or Archbishop) will be requested to open these envelopes as received, to make such corrections in the returns for the individual churches as may be necessary, and, as soon as the returns for all of his churches shall have been received and properly inspected, to forward them, in bulk, to me, using for this purpose addressed labels to be supplied by the Census Bureau, and which require no postage."

THE KING AND QUEEN OF SPAIN AND THE PRINCE OF ASTURIAS.

The childhood of John La Farge was spent in a home full of books and valuable paintings, in the city of New York, where he was born March 31, 1835. He was taught to draw in a precise, old-fashioned way by his grandfather Binsse, a miniature painter of some talent. Favored by circumstances he experienced none of the discouragements that crush so many American painters. He received a classical and legal education in this country, studying in Mt. St. Mary's, Maryland, and Columbia College, New York. After leaving college, young La Farge went abroad, and when in Paris he felt an inclination to try his hand at painting, merely as an accomplishment. Procuring an introduction to Couture he went to work in the latter's studio, but had not been there long before his talent was discovered, and he was advised to go away and study by himself. "Your place," said Couture, "is not among these students. They have no ideas, they imitate me. *They are all trying to be little Coutures.*"

The wisdom of the master was revealed in the future career of the student. "Pursuing the teacher's advice," said Mr. La Farge, "I followed the drawings of the old masters in the collections of Munich and Dresden." On his return to New York he entered a lawyer's office and kept up his studies in art, with the help of books and engravings. And yet

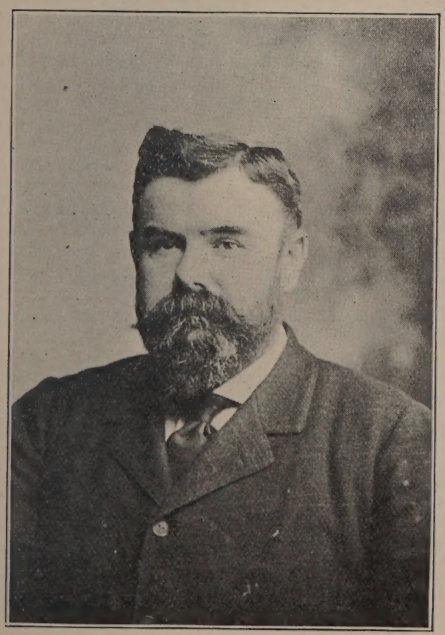


JOHN LA FARGE.

he was undecided as to adopting art as a profession. "No one has struggled more against his destiny than I, nor did I for many years fully acquiesce in being a painter, though I had learned the methods and studied the problems of my art. I had hoped to find some other mode of life, some other way of satisfying a desire for the contemplation of truth, unbiassed, free, and detached." After his marriage in 1861 dreams of the possibility of realizing his conceptions of religious painting began to occupy his mind. Like all Americans he felt deeply the agitation of the Civil War, but being extremely short-sighted he was debarred from enlisting. Some of the figures which he painted at the time show the influence of his patriotic emotion.

After 1876 he added to his painting work on glass and decoration in general. Mr. La Farge is President of the National Society of American Artists, and of the National Society of Mural Painters; he is Art Commissioner for the City of New York, has travelled much, and has issued a number of publications, besides delivering lectures.

Among the honors of scholarship he has won are an M. A. from Yale, and an LL.D. from Princeton, and from Mt. St. Mary's.



THOMAS M. MULRY.

At Minneapolis on June 17, Thomas M. Mulry,

ANDREW MACK, RECEIVING GIFT, AUCKLAND, N. Z.

Standing (left to right): Mr. Wilkinson, Mayor (Myers), Mr. Mack, and Mr. Hall Skelton.
Seated: Messrs. M. J. Sheahan, J. J. O'Brien, H. Herbert, George Higgins, and Dan. Flynn.

of New York, President of the Superior Council of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, was elected President of the Thirty-Fifth National Conference of Charities and Correction, which is to be held in Richmond, Va., next year. Mr. Mulry is widely known for his deep interest in charitable work, and he is peculiarly fitted for the office of president of the conference. He went to this year's conference as the representative of the State of New York, being the selection of its Chief Executive, Governor Hughes, and of the city of New York, as the selection of Mayor McClellan.

He was one of the organizers of the New York State Conference of Charities and Correction, and served as president of the State conference at its meeting in Buffalo in 1903. He is a member of the State Board of Charities of the State of New York, a member of the Central Council of the Charity Organization Society of the city of New York.

He is a member of the Board of Managers of the New York Catholic Protectory, a member of the Board of Managers of the Manhattan State Hospital for the Insane of the State of New York, and member of the Board of Managers of the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin for dependent children of the city of New York.

In the world of finance he is equally well known, being sole proprietor of one of the largest business concerns in the city; President of the Emigrant Industrial Savings Bank, a corporation with deposits of one hundred million dollars and numbered among the strongest financial institutions of the country; recently appointed a member of the Board of Directors of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York city, being selected by that corporation as among the new men who were to re-establish confidence in the insurance world by reason of their selection; a member of the Board of Directors of the United States Title Guarantee and Trust Company of New York city; and prominently identified with a number of other equally important financial institutions.

Mr. Mulry is the first Catholic President of the National Conference.

Irish people are proverbially enthusiastic, warm-hearted, and generous, and certainly Andrew Mack has reason to know that these qualities are richly preserved among his countrymen in Auckland, New Zealand, where this famous singer recently finished a successful season. During the run of "Arrah-na-Pogue," a very pretty little ceremony in the form of a presentation took place. Over this little function Mr. G. Higgins presided, the others present, besides the Mayor,—who made the presentation,—being Messrs. J. J. O'Brien, D. Flynn, Hall-Skelton, and M. J. Sheahan (hon. secretary). The Mayor, after referring to the natural bonds of sentiment between Irishmen, dwelt in particular upon Mr. Mack's services in bringing a real Irishman before the public, instead of the stereotype character of former days. Andrew Mack greatly appreciated the compliment, and said that by giving him a duplicate of the present they had made their future king during his visit to New Zealand, he felt that they had made a king of him.

The greenstone casket presented by Irish citizens formed a graceful and charming gift. As Mr. Mack pointed out, it is an exact facsimile of that presented to the Duke of York six years ago. The silver work is emblematic, by fern and shamrock leaves, of Ireland and New Zealand and includes a representation of the Auck-

land harbor. The inscription is: "Presented to Andrew Mack by the Irish citizens of Auckland, May, 1907."

An interesting feature in the life of Boston is the artist colony, whose studios are largely located in the Back Bay region—for nearness to art schools, museums, and art collections. Among the younger artists who are quietly working their way to the front are two sisters, the Misses Flanagan, of Moncton, N. B. The elder sister, Miss Mary G. Flanagan, has done some notably fine work in portraits of well-known Boston people. Speaking of her success, the Boston *Herald* commended in particular her portrait of a boy and a study of a girl, dwelling on the artist's skill in using colors and in making her portraits strong likenesses. A recent visit to her studio showed still farther advance in this line of work, and several large canvases in various stages of completion indicated what might be expected of this young artist in the near future. Many charming bits of landscape, and sea views, done in water colors, adorned the walls. A collection of china, exquisitely decorated, gave evidence of Miss Julia Flanagan's skill in this line of work. A very beautiful piece was a punch bowl decorated with grapes, the vine and fruit forming the design.

Miss Mary Flanagan won four prizes at the Toronto Exhibition—two firsts and two seconds for portrait and landscape work, and also carried off first prizes at the Winnipeg and Dominion Exhibition at Vancouver. She began her art studies in the convent school where she was educated. The talent she evinced warranted a course in art, and after leaving school Miss Flanagan pursued her studies in New York and Boston, under private teachers, settling in the latter city on the completion of her course. Her miniature painting on ivory carried off the first prize at the Toronto National Exhibition, and

MISS MARY G. FLANAGAN.

has attracted much attention in her present home.

Among the commissions on which she is at present engaged are the designs for two windows for St. Bernard's church, Moncton,—the subjects being the Annunciation and the Ascension. The sketches suggest that the work as a whole will combine strength, beauty, and the life-like effect characteristic of Miss Flanagan's drawing.

MISS MARY GUINAN.

Miss Mary Guinan has the distinction of being the first woman to receive a medal from President Roosevelt, for heroism in saving a life. And never was honor more worthily bestowed. For eighteen years Miss Guinan has worked in a shirt factory in Middletown, N. Y., and one day, some months ago, while standing at the Montgomery street crossing of the Erie railroad in that city, she saw an aged man standing on the track. An east-bound train was bearing down upon him, but he did not see it, and Miss Guinan realized that he would surely be killed unless some one went promptly to his rescue. A cry would bewilder him, and there was not time to drag him off the track. There was a space between the two tracks, less than three feet wide, and rushing forward, Miss Guinan grasped the old man and pushed him off the track as the train passed. With trains brushing their clothing on each side, the brave woman held the old man tightly clasped, and when one of the trains had passed she led him from the track and then went calmly on her way.

It is rare indeed that such an instance of courage and presence of mind comes before the public, and while the medal is an official recognition of a splendidly brave act the real reward to a woman of such character must be the enduring memory that through her prompt action an aged, helpless fellow being had been rescued from a cruel death.

LAUS DEO.

BY S. L. EMERY.

Safe through the awful conflict,
  Safe through the flood and the fire!
Mary has been my protection;
  God has fulfilled my desire.

Laus Deo! Laus Deo! Laus Deo!
  My banner unsullied I bring,
On through the raging torrent,
  Straight to the feet of my King.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS, KILLARNEY.

BY VIRGINIA MC SHERRY.

Glena's green wooded slopes and hills
Sweep upward from the blue lake's shore,
Its charm the heart with rapture fills,
This vestibule to heaven's door.

One fears to breathe. Is this a dream?
No sounds the summer stillness break
But swish of oars that plashing gleam
Beneath the ripples of the lake.

A tangled mass of light and shade,
The trees and banks of mossy green
Reflected are, but quickly fade,
Or in the shimmering waves are seen.

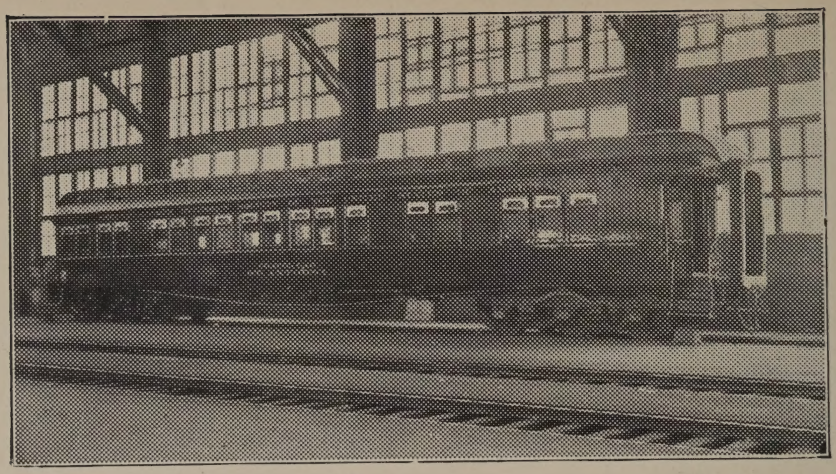
A timid fawn comes down to drink
The limpid waters of the lake,
And stands reluctant on the brink,
Then turns to vanish in the brake.

Beneath the bridge of grim grey stone
Great giant trees, the yew and larch,
Their roots a century old have thrown,
Where rounds the circle of the arch.

The waters meet and rapid flow,
The heathery hills beyond dividing,
All purple-tinted and a-glow
Save one tall peak a dark cloud's hiding

That stands, a watchful guardian nigh,
And like a shepherdess, behold!
The fleecy white clouds in the sky
Like lambs she gathers to the fold.

Where they unite each river brings
An added beauty to the scene.
Killarney's praises Nature sings
And crowns her here as beauty's queen.



EXTERIOR OF CHAPEL CAR.

ST. ANTHONY'S CHAPEL CAR.

BY C. M. C.

The Most Rev. Archbishop James Edward Quigley, D. D., dedicated the chapel car of the Catholic Church Extension Society, Sunday afternoon, June 16, at the Rock Island depot, Chicago. His Grace was assisted by Rt. Rev. Bishop Muldoon, D. D., V. G., Rev. Francis C. Kelly, president of the society, and several

INTERIOR OF CHAPEL CAR.

priests from Chicago and neighboring parishes. The services were very impressive, consisting of the blessing of the interior and exterior of the car, the altar and the various articles to be used in the sacred liturgy.

Addresses were delivered by Rev. Francis Kelly, Rev. Gilbert Jennings, of Cleveland, O., Rev. Dr. Melody, of the Catholic University, of Washington, and Hon. W. P. Breen, treasurer of the society.

An assemblage of lay people numbering more than 500, among them Mr. Ambrose Petry, of New York, the donor of the chapel car to the Church Extension Society, gathered around the back platform of the car to listen to the addresses. Each speaker pictured graphically the work of the chapel car in isolated settlements and commended the generosity of Mr. Petry, whose gift of $15,000 made the project possible.

The car left the LaSalle street station at 6:30 o'clock Sunday evening for Wichita, Kas., where it will be at the service of Bishop Hennessey until next December. During this time the Bishop or a missionary priest will tour the branch lines of the railroads running through Kansas, stopping at towns where there are no Catholic churches, to administer the sacraments and bring the consolation of religion to the isolated members of the faith.

We make bold to say that this chapel is as pleasing in the sight of Almighty God as the most magnificent pile of marble surmounted by a golden cross. For, the priest in this chapel will go forth, preaching the gospel, administering the sacraments, offering up the holy sacrifice of the Mass, bringing consolation and peace to thousands of souls, comforting the sick, ministering to the dying, and blessing the living.

In the remote western countries and in the northwest and the south there are hundreds of thinly populated settlements, —and a considerable portion of the people there are Catholics. They have no church; the priest visits them only occasionally; for the supply of priests in the west, the northwest, and the south is by no means adequate. There are some places where the people have not seen a priest for years; and it goes without saying that consequently they have not heard a sermon, attended Mass nor received the sacraments. It is no fault of theirs. These poor people cling for a while to the faith of their fathers; but in course of time other denominations encroach and one by one they fall away. Through the agency of the Chapel Car it is proposed to collect and bring back these sheep that are scattered, that have strayed from the fold.

The first Chapel Car marks an era of progress in a new direction. The donor, Mr. Ambrose Petry of New York, is using his wealth, not in buying books and building libraries for the well and the strong— for those who are able to help themselves —but for the salvation of souls. The car is named in honor of St. Anthony of Padua, and placed under his protection, for the reason that Mr. Petry is specially devoted to this saint.

In the panel usually occupied by the name of the railroad company appear the words, "Catholic Church Extension Society," and below, in the space occupied on palace cars by their titles, are the words, "St. Anthony's Chapel Car."

Thousands of people passed through the car after it was dedicated,—an evidence of the beautiful simple faith of the people who visited the chapel, not as curiosity seekers, but to offer up a short prayer before the altar. While no appeal

was made for donations, voluntary offerings of varying amounts, from the child's penny to the munificent sum of the rich man, poured in until quite a sum had accumulated. The Count of Santa Eulalia, Portuguese Consul at Chicago, presented a beautiful crucifix, made in the eleventh century, and valued at $5,000. Many gifts from other persons were received. It was pleasing to hear the good wishes of the visitors, and to note the enthusiasm with which they commented upon the idea of a chapel car. They seemed proud of the achievement for the Faith and they listened with intent interest to the addresses. The event is one which will long be remembered by those fortunate enough to witness it.

Dr. Melody said in part:

"The ceremony in which we are participating to-day, my dear friends, marks a new era of missionary effort—not indeed a new era in the nature of this effort, but in the matter of its method. Ever since the call of the twelve apostles the Christian missionary has been at work. His office obviously was the necessary complement of the ministry of his Lord and Master. The truth and religion of Jesus Christ, it is needless here to observe, was for all time and all men. His Church was to accredit itself to the world by its inherent power to appeal to all men, to satisfy fully their every true spiritual aspiration and need. And so the high commission was given to 'Go into the world and preach to every creature,' not to the privileged few, not as before to the members of a chosen race but to every son of man, in all parts and for all time. The men of whom the apostles were to be made fishers were not those only of a particular tribe or people, and the deeper sea into which these apostles were bidden to launch forth and cast their nets typified the larger world above and beyond the merely local to which their message was destined to come. But not only does the Christian missionary find a motive for his office in the fact of the vocation of all men to the truth of Jesus Christ, clearly evidenced in the positive injunction to preach to every creature, but an impelling and inspiring force to his zeal must be sought in the very nature of his religious convictions. For, directly we lay hold on religious truth, as indeed on any vital truth, we are stirred to communicate that truth to others. Truth if it is at all a living, moving, compelling element in our lives cannot remain with us unfruitful with respect to others. Like goodness it is necessarily diffusive of itself. And just in proportion to our realization of it, just in proportion to our appreciation of its wealth and import, just so do we necessarily even unconsciously become its missionaries, its apostles. And this apostolate, this missionary effort can know no local metes or bounds. The home missionary needs but the occasion, the opportunity to become the foreign missionary.

"And so it is my friends, the freighted ship upon the main, the laden train upon the prairie, while primarily but instruments of a material commerce, become the generous means of promoting in those who send them forth as in those whom they do reach a higher and broader life. Yet how much nobler will that life be which our modern carriers of trade promote when that which they bring to distant brethren is not only the grain of the field or the bread of man's kneading but the store garnered for them by the heavenly Harvester. If then we launch forth the new built ship upon the welcoming waves with high acclaim and joyous shout; if we wave with feeling hearts our Godspeed to the parting train that bears a boon to absent friends; how are our Christian hearts dilated at this ceremony to-day as we dedicate the car that to needy parts is to bring glad tidings, 'is to show forth good,' is to be the altar and pulpit of salvation to many. May God's blessing attend it upon its way. May it realize the mission upon which we send it forth. May it ever be the harbinger of grace to those to whom it shall come and may it finally augur propitiously for the new manner of missionary effort which to-day it doth usher in."

The eloquent Fort Wayne attorney, Mr. Breen, made the closing address, and in outlining the work which the chapel car is intended to carry out, spoke as follows:

"The great purpose to which the society, under whose auspices we are met this afternoon, is dedicated is the equality of opportunity to be afforded less favored Catholics, in this God-anointed republic to partake of the solace and comforts of religious service and religious instruction. This society has set before it the task, insuperable as it may seem, of making all Catholics in this great land partakers of the sacramental bounty of their Church. This task contemplates that in sparsely settled districts and where Catholics are poor in purse or too few in number to have a church or the needful accessories that go with it, this society will provide a church, a minister and services.

"This task means that in the future no Catholic in this great republic, whether he resides in a community unblessed by a church of his faith, or far from neighbors or friends on the alkali plains of the west, or in the mountain fastnesses of the Rockies, need be without the ministrations of church and priest. The recipient of the bounty of this society may be the cultured white man

or the untutored Negro, or the abandoned Indian; he is our equal in the possession of an immortal soul. What nobler work can engage the energies of man!

But this high aim, this lofty mission, can be accomplished by no one man. It demands the encouragement and sympathy of the many. Above all, it demands the material assistance of the laity. Great churchmen and ecclesiastics, high and low, appreciative of the great work to be wrought out, have given liberally from their lean purses, but from the laity must come the substantial funds for the carrying out of this stupendous undertaking. You cannot build a church with sympathy. You cannot put an altar nor the sacramental necessaries in a church with kind words, nor can you feed or clothe a priest with nods of approval and expressions of commendation.

"This Society needs contributions. It needs money. It can use the mite of the poor as well as the dollar of the millionaire. The societies that do this work for our non-Catholic brethren have endowments of millions. Let us hope that the generosity of the royal-hearted donor of St. Anthony's chapel car may prove an earnest of what well-to-do and rightly inclined Catholics will do in the future for a purpose which touches the best and noblest instincts of every Catholic heart."

St. Anthony Chapel Car is equipped with everything necessary for a long journey over prairie and desert, and through mountainous regions. The length of the car is seventy-two feet. Most of the space, of course, is given up to the chapel, which has a seating capacity of fifty and will probably accommodate a total of sixty-five persons. The altar, specially made for the car, is so constructed that in its many drawers and receptacles may be stored the sacred vessels and vestments. In the center of the altar is a beautiful painting of St. Anthony. The altar utensils, such as candles, crucifix, etc., will be held in place by screws. The communion railing is movable, and when needed can be converted into a confessional. There are two rows of pews which slide along a grooved rail, seating two or three persons, and divided by a narrow aisle. The appointments of the chapel car are complete in every particular, the entire effect being one of extreme simplicity. A set of stations will be added within a few weeks. The other compartments of the car are the bishop's room, for, the bishops of the various dioceses will travel in this car as often as their manifold duties will permit them, to administer the sacrament of Confirmation to their scattered people. This room is not of large size, and is in reality composed simply of two seats such as are found in the ordinary Pullman car. At night it is converted into a bed-chamber. The adjoining room will be occupied by the priest who will accompany the car on its travels. In this room there is a combination book-case and writing table. This room, too, has sleeping accommodations for two persons,—all beds to be "made up" in the regular Pullman style.

The car has a small kitchen completely equipped and the services of a porter, who is also a cook, have been engaged. This is an important feature, for to conserve the health of the itinerant priest a suitable fare is necessary; and in view of the fact that the car is intended to traverse the wild and isolated regions of the west and south, a number of storage boxes and refrigerators are provided, which will enable the occupants to carry supplies and provisions for a journey of several weeks. All these things were carefully considered in planning the car, with the result that no essentials for comfort, convenience and serviceability have been overlooked.

A certain amount of space will be devoted every month to giving reports of the work that is being done with this chapel car. While it is the first chapel car in the world, it is well to remember that several religious denominations long ago inaugurated the idea of the "Church on Wheels," and, as far as we have been able to ascertain, they have been very successful. With us the idea is as yet

experimental. Within a few months we shall be better able to point out the many advantages of the chapel car for the people in the out-of-the-way places.

The St. Anthony Chapel Car is now making the rounds of the Wichita diocese, and Bishop John J. Hennessey will accompany it for some time. The diocese of Wichita comprises one third of the entire state of Kansas, and covers an area of 42,915 square miles. The total Catholic population of the Wichita diocese is 30,000 and for this number there are only seventy-four priests, fifty-three churches with resident priests, and sixty-two missions with churches. There are only thirty-three parishes with schools, with a total attendance of less than 1,000 children.

These few figures indicate that there is plenty of opportunity to use the chapel car to good advantage in Bishop Hennessey's diocese; and this holds good in many other dioceses in the south and west.

It is expected that the car will be in service in the Wichita diocese for fully two months, after which time it will probably make the rounds of the mountainous regions of Kentucky.

TRAMORE BY THE SEA.

BY REV. J. T. WALSH.

Fond memory takes me home, beyond the ocean's foam,
And again I dwell in spirit in that place I long to see.
'Tis but a little town,
Yet it has great renown;
Hard by the "Urbs intacta"* lies sweet Tramore by the sea.

This sweet spot of my birth is pleasantly sea-girth;
The thought of all its beauties brings unfailing joy to me;
Though void of shady bowers,
I've wandered there for hours
Along the sandy beach around old Tramore by the sea.

* Words on the coat-of-arms of Waterford City

There rocks, like mountains high, fling their peaks unto the sky;
So wild and weird and black are they, — fit home of the banshee;
And there the billows roar,
That to ruin often bore
The vessels on the rocky coast at Tramore by the sea.

When comes the summer time, the scenes there are sublime,
As travelers from the country far roam by its waters free.
The headland you may scan
Where looms the "Mettleman" †
On the mighty rocks that cleave the deep at Tramore by the sea.

And when the raging surf rolls in on the green turf;
The foaming waters far surpass the placid river Lee;
And we hear the solemn knell
Of the soft-tongued chapel-bell,
Calling people into Mass in Tramore by the sea.

In the college, old St. John's,‡ as his tasks the student cons
At times there comes the news to him that fills his heart with glee
He finds upon the code:
"To-day we take the road
That leads unto that charming spot, sweet Tramore by the sea!"

That I have wandered far does oft my gladness mar,
For the people of my home-land are very dear to me;
They're the chosen ones of God.
May He bless "the dear old sod,"
And, most of all, the friends I've left in Tramore by the sea.

But often in my dreams how bright the future seems!
For something fills my heart with hope, and surely it will be
That my steps I shall retrace
Unto my native place,
And greet again the loved ones in sweet Tramore by the sea.

† A pillar with light.
‡ A college near Waterford City.

ECCLESIASTICAL EMBROIDERY.

BY C. S. CLARK.

Recent years have seen a revival in the ancient art of embroidery. One of the most ancient uses of embroidery, and still a very common use of it, is a holy one, the service of the Church. Many are engaged in it for this purpose only.

The Jews are said to have learned the art from the Egyptians. Many passages of the Bible mention and enumerate works of embroidery in their least detail; the designs were very complicated.

In the Book of Exodus it is related that Moses ordered a veil for the Holy of Holies, to be made of fine linen, embroidered with figures of cherubim in purple, violet and crimson. The vestments of the high priest were also of fine linen and embroidered with the same colors.

The veil of Solomon's magnificent temple was of azure ground embroidered with cherubim in purple and scarlet, and other draperies and hangings for the temple were embroidered with flowers and all the fruits and produce of the earth. But there were no figures of animals embroidered on these draperies.

King Herod, the reigning sovereign when Our Saviour was born, rebuilt the temple and presented to it a veil fifty cubits high and sixteen wide, embroidered in red and blue, and of a marvelous tissue. It was a picture of the universe, and represented all the stars and elements. It was that same veil that was rent in twain when Christ expired on the cross.

The vestments of the high priest in those days were made and embroidered by young girls who were brought up in the temple; it is said the Blessed Virgin was one of them.

In the early ages of the Christian Church little embroidery was done; continual persecutions prevented any work of this kind. However, we find some applique, round or square ornamented pieces of bright colors, sewed on the chest and lower part of the tunics. These were called "calliculæ," and later developed into the magnificent "orphreys."

Later, under Constantine the Great, all that was rich, rare and beautiful was dedicated and used in the service of God.

In the Church of St. Sophia, in Constantinople, built by Constantine, the Emperor Justinian presented the altar-cloth. It has been thus described: "In the centre was seen Christ, clothed with a tunic of purple and a mantle of gold and dazzling brightness; in the left hand He held open the book of the Gospels: He extended in blessing the right hand. On each side was seen St. Peter and St. Paul, clothed in white; one carrying the sacred book, the other a golden cross. The personages were under a gold canopy. On the borders were traced the miracles of Christ, different episodes, and the Emperor Justinian and his wife visiting the churches and distributing alms."

But it is to the monasteries that we must look for the most beautiful embroidery, for there it was worked out in all its varied forms.

Gregory of Tours covered the walls of the churches with it. But it was in the vestments of the bishops and priests that the greatest ornamentation was displayed. There is preserved in the Cathedral of Metz a cope given by Charlemagne. It is of red silk, embroidered with large

eagles extending their wings, monsters biting their feet, the colors being gold, blue and red.

St. Gisella, Charlemagne's sister, founded monasteries where the nuns were taught to embroider and make vestments.

Many princesses were famous for their skill in embroidery. Adhe, wife of Hugues Capet (987–996), offered to the church of St. Martin of Tours a cope, on the back of which she had embroidered a design showing God the Father surrounded by seraphim and cherubim, and in front God the Son, under the form of a lamb, adored by the four symbolical figures.

England was also famous for its embroidery. As far back as the seventh century, St. Ethelreda, first abbess of the monastery of Ely, gave to the bishop, St. Cuthbert, a sacred ornament which she had embroidered and enriched with threads of gold and many precious stones. Denbart, Bishop of Durham, in the year 800, granted the revenue of a farm of two hundred acres to Eausswitha, the embroiderer, that enabled her to repair and embroider the vestments of the clergy.

There is preserved in the Kensington Museum a cope of the thirteenth century, most elaborately embroidered. It shows Christ on the cross, with the Blessed Virgin and St. John the Baptist. Above, God the Father distributing His graces at the request of Mary; below, St. Michael killing the dragon, and all around medallions describing the life of Our Saviour.

In Germany, St. Henry (973–1024) had a great taste for embroidery and gave vestments to churches and a magnificent one to St. Peter's in Rome.

Gisella, wife of St. Stephen of Hungary, had in her palace weavers and embroiderers. She presented to Pope Leo IX. a set of elaborate vestments, the chasuble being of crimson satin with bluish tints. On it was embroidered in gold threads a representation of Jesus Christ seated, blessing with right hand, and holding with the left the book of Gospels, below, St. Peter and St. Paul.

What is said to be the most magnificent piece of embroidery in the world is preserved in the treasury of St. Peter's in Rome. It was made in Greece and dates back to the eighth century. It is a dalmatic of blue silk, with designs of small silver and gold crosses in gold circles. On the shoulders and sleeves are embroidered different subjects emphasizing one idea—the glory of Jesus Christ on earth and in heaven. In the centre of the back and front are depicted the Transfiguration and the Last Judgment. These figures are embroidered in silks of various colors and threads of gold and silver.

On the mountain of the "metamorphosis" are green branches, giving forth rose-colored flowers and fruits, and a bird of green and gold colors. Tradition says that Charlemagne wore it at his coronation at Rome in 800. In olden times, when an Emperor was in Rome at solemn times of the year, his place was near the Pope; at Mass he was clothed in a dalmatic and read the epistle or the gospel. Some judges of embroidery contend that this dalmatic does not date further back than the twelfth century.

Spain has also been noted for its embroidery of gold, silver, and precious stones. Queen Isabella and her maids of honor spent their leisure time in embroidering vestments, and there is now in the Cathedral of Granada a chasuble embroidered by the queen herself.

In our own time, a Protestant empress, Augusta, wife of the late William the

First, on the occasion of the golden jubilee of the ordination of Leo the Thirteenth, presented him with a set of vestments which she had embroidered herself.

The finest embroidery is now done in cloistered convents by the nuns, and some also in the great manufactories of Europe and this country.

There is a notable revival of the colonial designs in embroidery, in the old town of Deerfield, Mass. The "Deerfield Society of Blue and White Needlework" is an expression of the popular and patriotic liking for the survivals of that past industry which we have almost lost in our meek acceptance of the cheap machine-made work that superseded the older products.

Its object is twofold, that of forming a village industry that shall bring remunerative work to the little town of Deerfield, and of saving, by reproduction, the old designs of embroidery which were in vogue a century and more ago. The society also aims to put forth work that shall be artistic, while true to the quaint, even archaic, art of its models, and at the same time to produce needlework that shall rival the excellence of the early generation of craftswomen. It is an attempt that has come about naturally, has proceeded to get under way leisurely and without undue advertising.

The strongest purpose of the society, perhaps, is the wish to show to the world the art that belonged to the Puritan women who spun and wove their linen cloth, spun and dyed their linen or woolen threads, and drew upon the shining web with a bit of charcoal a free-hand design, not copied, but fresh from their instinctive love of beauty and sense of decoration (sometimes a marked possession), which they worked out with the several colored threads and a multitude of curious stitches set with the care and affection of minds that found no other form of art to practice. Some of the bed-curtains, bed-spreads, and gowns, thus embroidered, are admirable to our modern eyes; many only need adaptations to make them so; they exist as unique specimens of a by-gone craft that the moths and time are fast destroying.

The Deerfield society, placed amongst these relics, would fain reproduce them before they disappear. The society uses only linen thread and works only upon linen, since the most valuable of the old embroidery was done upon linen, and with flax thread, oftenest dyed in shades of indigo (whose brilliancy of hue still attests the honesty of their dye-pots) though sometimes in yellows, browns, reds and greens of mellow tones and few shades; the society therefore has taken its name from the colors it most often works in, but has produced some pieces in other colors and is about to begin some table linen in designs in yellow, green and brown that promise to be particularly attractive.

The second intention of the society,—which is that of establishing an industry and to promote good needlework,—is almost as dear to the hearts of its members, and they make it their pride that every piece of work sent out bearing their signature is as beautifully wrought and finished in all details as was the custom of the days when Dolly Madison was young. This signature is appropriately symbolic; it consists of a small spinnning wheel with a letter "D" in old script in the centre, and it is wrought upon every piece sold by the society (sometimes accompanied by the date of the design, when this is discoverable), both as a protection from copyists and as an autograph seal of approval from the society.

ST. THOMAS' CHURCH, THOMASTOWN, CONN.

ACHIEVEMENTS IN ARCHITECTURE.

BY STEPHEN NEILL.

In all ages, whatever the creed or form of worship, the best that the age afforded was offered for the honor and glory of God, under whatever name He was worshipped, and to-day the greatest monuments of architectural art that the continent of Europe can display are those splendid piles erected under the inspiration of the Christian Church, including the colossal St. Peter's at Rome; and the cathedrals of Cologne, Antwerp, Strasburg, Milan, Rheims, and others, —even that Byzantine model of the builder's art, which has for centuries been profaned by appropriation to Mohammedan uses as a mosque, the cathedral of St. Sophia at Constantinople. So, too, in a lesser degree, the cathedrals in England, which have long since passed from the authority that once dominated their altars, still stand as monuments of the sacrifice and the religious fervor of an earlier and more fervent time, before the blight of the so-called Reformation came to blunt the faith of the people and introduce discord where hitherto had been harmony and concord.

To those early models the architects of to-day are glad to turn for inspiration and suggestion, and in this country we find them to a large extent borrowing ideas from the early English structures,

ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST CHURCH, NORTH CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

mostly of the time when the Gothic type had taken definite form. Thus we find the churches of to-day modelled mainly after the Gothic type —furnishing as it does more latitude for ornate construction, even when at times modified by suggestions of the older Romanesque or Greek designs.

In this country every year finds some splendid accessions made to the church property, attesting the faith of the people. Those new churches are material testimony to the vitality and ever-expanding influence of the Church of God, and they stand as contradictions of the assumption that this is an age when Faith is less assertive than in the years past.

In common with Catholics all over the country, New England Catholics are giving splendid evidence of their desire to honor God, in so far as their means will allow, and it is only necessary to point to the churches in every community of appreciable size, and the new structures in process of erection, to show how fully such honor is being bestowed.

If the people are so happily responsive to the desires of their pastors and their own sense of the religious requirements, so, too, has inspiration been given to the architect, and in this country there is being developed an architectural art with many earnest followers who are giving splendid evidence of their appreciation of progressive, aesthetic demands, and who are building up a school that is distinctively their own. With the freedom characteristic of the American environ-

ment, they have the courage and ability to be no mere slavish imitators of old models. While appreciating what is adapted to the needs of the particular locality or surroundings, they can reach out to heights of attainment on their own account.

Some of the more recent additions to Catholic church property in this part of New England, give striking evidence of the growth of architectural art, as well as of the Catholic fervor that has made the exemplification of such art possible. While paying tribute to the sacrifices of the people that find such material expression, let us not forget the men whose appreciation of the requirements and whose recognition of what they owed to their art and its advancement have found such practical and attractive expression.

One of the most attractive of the recent additions to the parish churches of New England is in Thomastown, Connecticut.

St. Thomas' parish having outgrown the little wooden church in which they worshipped for so many years, the people decided to build a new one, and the Rev. T. M. O'Brien, the pastor, purchased the lot of land at the corner of Main and No. Main streets. It is a beautiful site, situated in the very heart of the city, and facing the public park. The designing of the edifice was entrusted to the well-known firm of architects, Chickering & O'Connell of Boston, Mass.

They selected English Gothic as the style best suited to the conditions and surroundings, and the results amply proved the soundness of their judgment.

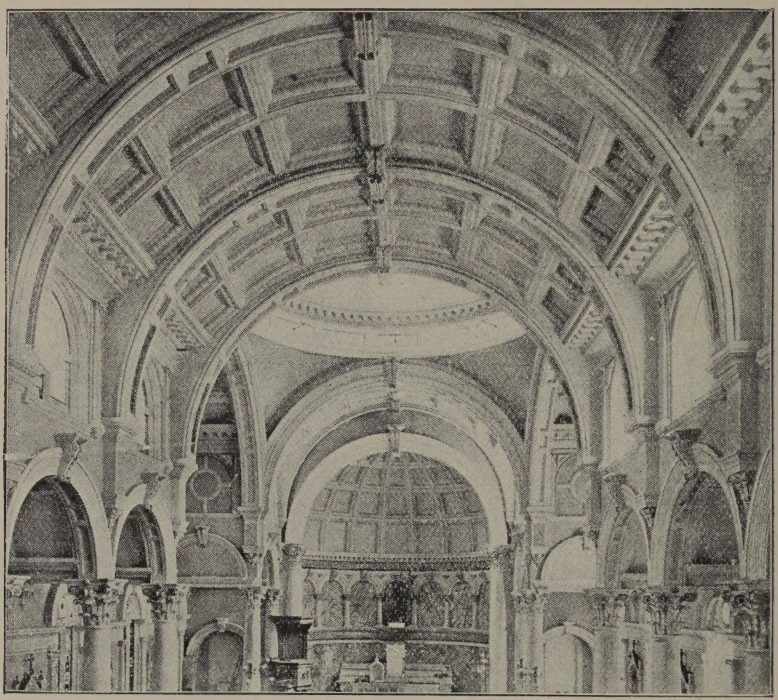
In 1905 the beloved pastor, the Rev. T. M. O'Brien, died, and the labor of love was taken in charge by the new pastor, the Rev. J H. Walsh, who has carried the work to a successful completion on the same lines.

The building is built of Weymouth seam face granite by Eli BeLisle of Worcester, Massachusetts, and the soft warm colors blend most harmoniously with the surrounding scenery. It is designed to seat six hundred worshippers, and is 125 feet long, 65 feet wide, and 55 feet high, to the ridge of the slate roof, with a beautiful tower upon the corner, 82 feet high to the top of the cross. Inside it is entirely free of columns, yet possesses a beautiful groined ceiling, done in plaster and stucco. The sanctuary is octagonal

CHANCEL COLUMN OF ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST CHURCH.

in plan and particularly beautiful in design and finish. The choir gallery is ample in size, and screened from the auditorium by a handsome rail. The general effect is most harmonious.

The altars, stations, pews, and other furniture are not yet installed, but have been ordered from designs carefully chosen to harmonize with the general scheme, and when it is completed, St. Thomas' church will undoubtedly be the most beautiful church of its pretensions in New England.



INTERIOR OF ST. LEONARD'S CHURCH, BOSTON, MASS.

A most notable addition to the Catholic churches of New England will be the church of the Blessed Sacrament, Cambridge. This is a new parish, and the completion of a church edifice within so short a time after the formation of the parish is not only striking evidence of the growth of Catholicity in Cambridge, already honored by many churches, but a tribute to the pastor, Rev. John A. Crowe, and his flock. The plans of the new church were drawn by Charles R. Greco, architect, of Boston, and the structure will be a splendid example of the Italian Renaissance order of architecture. It will have a frontage of 100 feet on Pearl street and 150 on Lake street. It will be of red brick, with limestone trimmings. There will be a main entrance on Pearl street, a side entrance on Lake street, and another side entrance opposite the latter, from the lot itself.

The front will have four imposing columns of limestone, each forty feet in hight. The floor of the main vestibule will be mosaic. Between these columns will be three sets of doors. Each side

ST. RAPHAEL'S CHURCH, WEST MEDFORD, MASS.

entrance will project, giving a vestibule in the centre and a confessional on each side of it. The roof will be of green slate and will be supported by steel columns and steel trusses.

A striking feature of the interior will be the arrangements of these columns. From every seat in every pew there will be no obstruction to shut off the view of the altar. Along each side wall there will be an aisle, seven feet in width, between the columns and the outside wall. The centre aisle will also be seven feet wide. The church will have a seating capacity of 1,100.

The columns will be finished with hard plaster and stucco. The ceiling will be finished in panel of like material. There will be no gallery except over the main entrance, where the choir loft will be located.

The principal light in the main part of the church will come from the windows just under the main cornice, although there will be smaller windows along the side walls, under which will be located the stations of the cross.

There will be two sacristies, one for the clergymen and one for the altar boys. Over each sacristy there will be rooms to be used for society meetings, and these will have a special entrance from the outside.

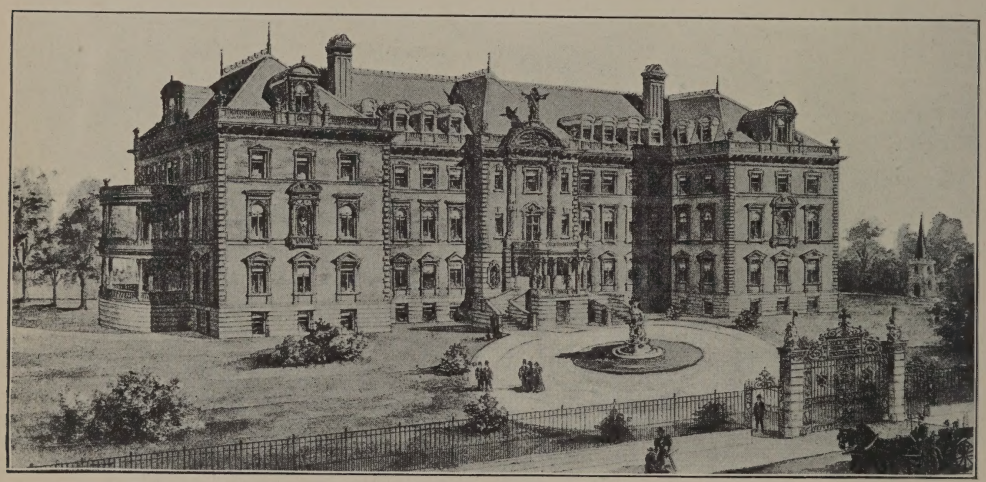
Under the side entrances are to be located the entrances to the commodious basement, which will have a seating capacity of 800. This part of the edifice will also contain a sacristy for the clergymen and one for the altar boys, and also a boiler room.

The ventilation of the church will be of the latest and most approved type

and the building will be lighted by electricity and heated by steam.

Cambridge has another new church to its credit in St. John's, designed by Maginnis, Walsh & Sullivan.

The design is an adaptation of the Italian Byzantine style of which many beautiful examples are to be found in Sicily. While it does not owe its inspiration to any particular building, it is distinctly reminiscent. Where the Sicilian churches have arcades of merely decorative scale at the tops of their facades, here the arcade is of large proportions and provides a dignified frame for the several entrance doorways. The tower which recalls the Italian campanile is located characteristically towards the chancel end of church. The upper church is unfinished, but the lower church has been occupied for more than a year. The unique architectural character of this lower church has been the subject of extended comment. That a great advance has been made here in the direction of a dignified and artistic expression is conceded. By a steel girder construction the usual clutter of thin columns has been avoided, the number introduced corresponding to that designed for the church overhead. These columns have been given a sturdy character with capitals of rich symbolic pattern, close-knit in Byzantine pattern, the capitals varying in design. The attractive altars have been executed in white composition, and the stations of the cross are bedded in the walls and framed, not by commonplace borders of wood, but by a flat arabesque specially designed. The line of the chancel is emphasized by two great columns whose shafts are richly decorated in relief with a Christian design of great antiquity, dealing with the symbolism of the grape-vine and the doves. The exterior of the building is executed in gray brick and a dull-glaze white terra cotta, with occasional decoration of colored mosaic.



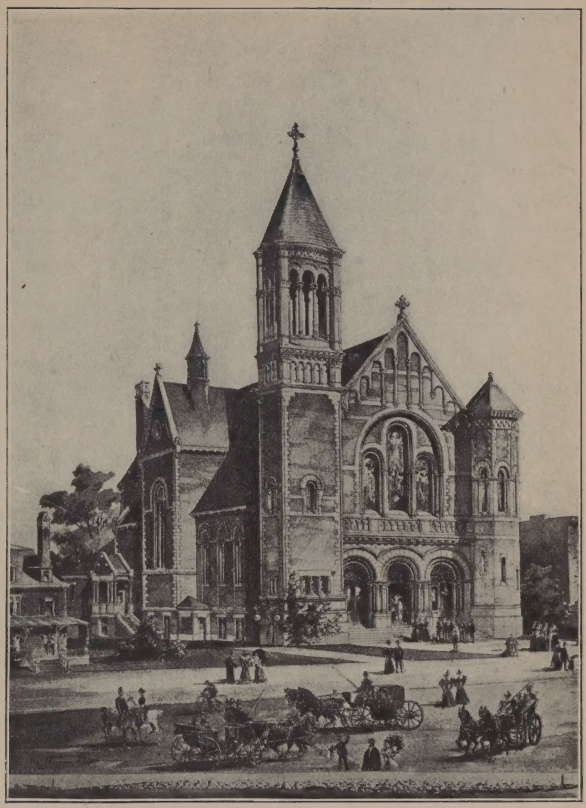
HOLY GHOST HOME FOR INCURABLES, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.
W. H. McGinty, Architect.

As showing what can be done in the way of a church interior when the most advanced intelligence of an architect has

found expression, St. Leonard's church, Boston, must ever do credit to the skilland artistic ability of T. Edward Sheehan. This interior is one of the finest examples of Romanesque architecture in Boston

The vaulting of the interior is supported by immense columns, finished in hard plaster from their base to the heavy Corinthian capitals which adorn their top. The interior is composed of nave and side aisles, with strongly marked transepts. The high altar is a work that hardly needs special mention on account of its simplicity.

The sanctuary is separated from the nave by a very handsome oak railing, its walls adorned with marble pilasters, and a magnificent statue of St. Anthony recessed in a niche tower above the altar. Turning right and left from the sanctuary, admission is gained to the sacristies, which consist of spacious and lofty halls with three windows in each. The furniture of these rooms consists of oak presses containing the utensils of the church and the vestments of the priests.



CHURCH OF ST. MARY, STAR OF THE SEA, BEVERLY, MASS.
W. H. McGinty, Architect.

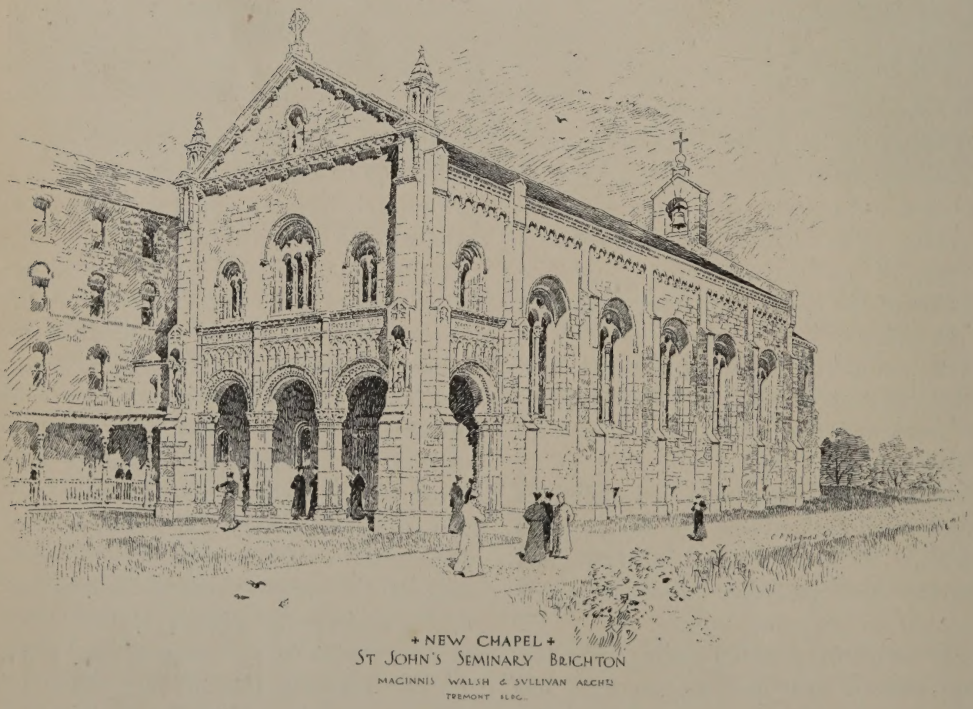
The main church walls are adorned with large stained glass windows, beautiful bracketed and dental cornices, and richly carved oak dado.

A dome of magnificent proportions towers over the nave at the head of the church. With its figured stained glass windows and its heavy panelled ceiling it makes an imposing feature.

The beautiful paneled ceiling over the main church with its deep settings, has been widely admired, and it ranks as the first church interior where circular steel ceilings have been attempted.

As an illustration of architectural accomplishment the new chapel for St. John's Seminary, Brighton, designed by architects Maginnis, Walsh & Sullivan, is a noteworthy contribution. It is of Romanesque design and occupies a salient position on the grounds, its main axis corresponding to that of the central pavilion of the Seminary. The chief feature of the exterior design is the cloistral treatment of the facade, which, besides imparting a degree of dignity to the building, has the useful purpose of providing for the continuation of the students' promenade. The ceiling of the cloister is

CHURCH OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.



CHAPEL OF ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY, BRIGHTON, MASS.

vaulted with Guastavino glazed tile, and the stone piers and arches are richly carved, additional emphasis being given to this part of the design by the decorative treatment of the wall above, in the shape of interlacing arches supporting a broad frieze on which are inscribed the words, "Quam dilecta tabernacula tua domine virtutum." Flanking the main entrance, which is placed in the centre of the cloister wall, are niches arranged for statuary.

The interior, which has been given a Byzantine character as to detail, is designed to depend largely for its effect upon the simplicity of its architectural lines and on the rich mural decorations contemplated. The chapel is spanned by a semicircular vault, no isolated columns being employed. The chancel is semicircular on end and richly wainscotted to a height of sixteen feet with Sienna, Brescia and Verde Antique marbles in paneled design. The floor is of terrazzo, bordered with marble mosaics. Towards the completion of the interior, designs have been made for a new marble altar in harmony with the architecture, also for new choir seats and for ornamental top of organ-case. The building in its main dimensions is forty-six feet wide, by one hundred and twenty-five feet long.

Another example of the skill in designing of Maginnis, Walsh & Sullivan is seen in the new chapel of St. Raphael, West Medford, recently constructed. It is located on High street, just opposite the railway station. The building is designed, while introducing a new architectural note, to recognize the picturesque character of the neighborhood, its style being a free modification of the Spanish Renaissance, such as suggests the Old Missions. The building is comparatively low, and finished on the exterior with a composition wood pulp and cement of a roughish texture. Access to the chapel is by means of three arched doorways deeply recessed beneath an overhanging red-tiled roof. From either side of the vestibule, which extends the width of the chapel, a stairway leads to the gallery overhead. The auditorium, which has a seating capacity of 500, is thirty-eight wide by sixty-seven feet long, ending in a capacious sanctuary. An extra exit is provided on the epistle side near the altar. Two vestries are provided, one of which is adapted to be made use of as a transept on occasion by means of a rolling screen behind a triple open arch. The ceiling is vaulted by a graceful sweep, emphasized by simple hammer-beam trusses. The frames for the stations of the cross are specially designed so as to give a decorative effect in keeping with the architectural style.

Churches, splendid as they may be, do not represent the entire fruitage of Catholic offering to the cause of God and the Faith that is our happy inheritance. Institutions of Catholic education also have their place, and mark the progress of the Church in this New England that was once unpromising ground for the germination of Catholic seed. The times have changed, however, and what was once prohibited territory is now the abiding place of a large and influential Catholic population, with the power to command respect and with the knowledge of deserving it. Thus with the multiplication of churches have come the other institutions of the Church that safeguards every interest. In this connection, therefore, while dealing with the accessions to the church edifices, it is important that reference should be made to the educational additions, also; and in this connection it is a praiseworthy work to refer to the new academy for girls, being erected at

Hooksett, N. H., eight miles from Manchester, by the Sisters of Mercy, Rev. Mother M. Beatrice, Superior.

Situated on an eminence, the building overlooks a vista, that affords a picture of Nature beautiful. The building itself presents an appearance of solidity and magnificence. Two hundred and seventy-five feet long, it comprises a main building flanked on either side by two wings, with circular projections and circular crown arches and stone crosses above; in the centre, a round dome, supported by columns or pedestals, rises majestically above the structure. The roof is pitch and is beautified by dormer windows that are a treat to the artistic eye. The windows are treated with stone quoin trimmings.

The entrance is composed of stately columns, supporting a balcony as high as the third floor; the whole projecting in circular form and over the piazza below, to which access is given by granite steps on the front and two sides.

The facade is beautifully "broken" and proportioned, combining strength with artistic beauty and detail.

Passing through the great doors into the vestibule, and into the wide, spacious hall, to the right and left are found the parlors, two on each side; farther on are the two large parlors, right and left respectively. We now advance to the centre of the building, under the rotunda of the tower above. Directly in front, through the open doors we look down the long cloister passage to the chapel beyond, a chapel that will seat four hundred.

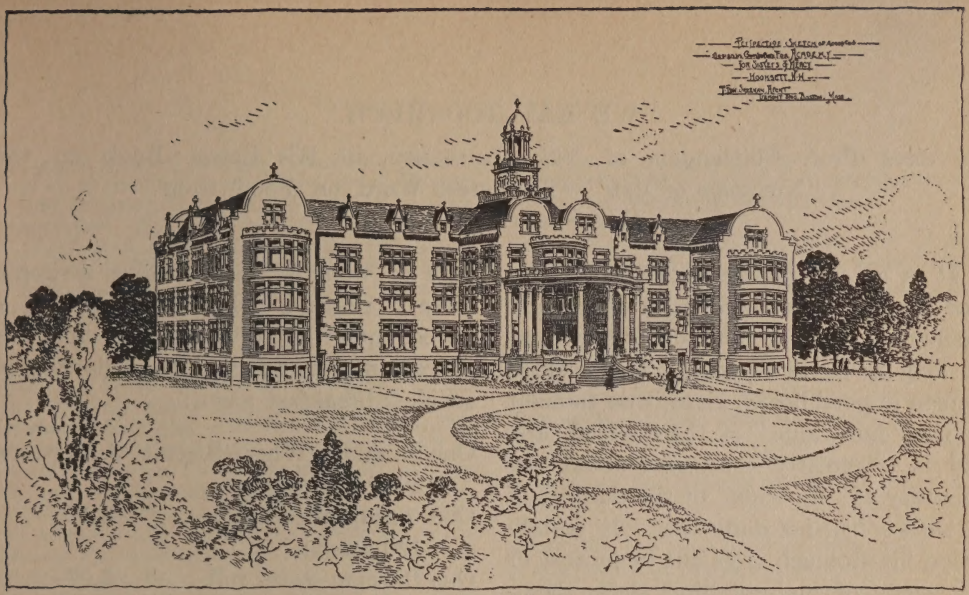
On the left, in the farther wing, is the children's study room, —the sewing room, the Sisters' conference room; going back, on the left is the priest's study, chamber, dining, and bath rooms; on the right we pass the staircase to the second floor, the record room, director's room, and the class rooms.

In the other wing is situated the large study hall—the whole width of the wing and seventy-five feet long—with a stage, dressing rooms on either side of the raised platform—a perfectly adapted place for general meetings. On this side is also found a sewing room forty feet square, and a staircase to the second floor; the rest of the rooms are class rooms.

Ascending the second floor we find a spacious library, and turning to the left reach the wing at the end of the corridor. Here are the music rooms, nineteen of them; in the front are the class singing-rooms. Leaving those, and proceeding to the right wing, on our left are passed the private rooms, a chemical laboratory and toilet room; on the right the staircase to the third floor, and the three class rooms. Crossing the centre of the building to the right wing in front are three class rooms directly over the sewing rooms on the first floor.

To the left is the senior class parlor, record, and class rooms; also the staircase to third floor; on our right is the physical laboratory, and private rooms.

On the third floor, and directly in front, is a large children's dormitory, over the library. In the farther wing are situated the Sisters' bedrooms, eighteen of them, two storerooms for linen, and also an elevator. Returning, we pass a small dormitory, with a Sister's bedroom, and a locker room for the dormitory. On the right are more bedrooms. In the front of the right wing is a dormitory; also in this wing there are twelve bedrooms, and a store room for linen; on the right is another dormitory, with bedrooms leading off as in the other wing, a locker room for the dormitory, and toilet rooms. On the left are bedrooms.



ACADEMY OF SISTERS OF MERCY, HOOKSETT, N. H.

While on this floor we must visit the infirmary, ingeniously arranged over the passage leading from the school to the chapel. Here are six rooms, medicine rooms, baths, etc. — in fact a nicely-appointed hospital, possessing those advantages which can only be obtained in the best institutions of the kind, namely; —isolation, completeness, good light, and ventilation.

In the basement are kitchen, pantries, refrigerator rooms, rooms for provisions, stores, etc. Here also is a sewing room, and a dining room sixty-five feet long and twenty feet wide, coat room, room for teaching cooking, and in the centre is a children's gymnasium and play room.

In the right wing is situated a large gymnasium with parallel bars, chest weights, indian clubs, rowing machines, everything found in a modern and well-appointed gymnasium of physical culture. Here also are coat rooms and children's laundry.

On the right the space is divided into two sections, between which runs a corridor leading out through the building to a sanitary building in the rear, twenty-four by thirty-six feet, divided into two sections, twenty shower baths in each section, besides the bath rooms, toilets, etc.

In the rear of the institution on the left is the power plant and boiler room, where the boilers are situated to heat the institution; the electricity generated to light it, and the water plant to supply it, all are here,—in fact, the whole thing is a veritable little city itself.

This building when completed will be one of the largest of its kind east of New York, and will cost in the neighborhood of $200,000.00.

"WE EAT TOO MUCH."

So Says Prof. Chittenden, of Yale University, in His Latest Book on the "Nutrition of Man"—The Latest Word on Food from this Scientific Authority.

It is an oft-repeated statement—and one that doubtless holds true with many people—that we do not care what we eat so long as it tastes good. The average person in good health gives little thought to the "fuel value" of the food he eats, nor is he greatly concerned about the quantity of "proteids" or the number of "calories" in his daily diet. It is only when his stomach cries out in protest or the signs of mal-nutrition show themselves in gradually decreasing strength that he begins to give the food question serious or intelligent study.

Within the last few years, however, there has been a popular awakening on the question of food and the nutrition of man. Pure food laws have been enacted and scientific men are making experiments to determine just what kind of food and how much food is required to maintain health and a proper amount of energy in all kinds of employment, mental and physical. Professor Chittenden's book is one of the results of this popular awakening. It is an exhaustive work of three hundred and twenty-one pages, covering all sorts of dietetic experiments on men and dogs.

Professor Chittenden believes that we all eat too much—especially too much meat—and that the great majority of our bodily ailments may be traced to this cause. It is interesting to note the prominence given throughout the book to Shredded Wheat Biscuit as being an ideal, perfectly balanced food, containing all the proteids and calories that are necessary to perfectly nourish the average man or woman. In outlining a simple dietary showing what will provide a proper quantity of nutriment for the average man he suggests the following as an ideal breakfast menu:

	Proteids.
One Shredded Wheat Biscuit 30 grams	3.15 grams
One teacup of cream 120 grams	3.12
One German water roll 57 grams	5.07
Two one-inch cubes of butter 38 grams	0.38
Three-fourths cup of coffee 100 grams	0.26
One-fourth teacup of cream 30 grams	0.78
One lump of sugar 10 grams	
	12.76

It is also interesting to note that Shredded Wheat is the only wheat breakfast food mentioned in the entire volume, which may be regarded as the latest scientific authority upon the question of food. It merely tends to confirm the general belief of physicians and dietetic experts that Shredded Whole Wheat is becoming more and more recognized as the one standard cereal food which contains in well-balanced proportions and in a digestible form all the elements that are needed for the complete nourishment of the perfect human body. It is always clean, always pure, always the same. An ideal summer food. Nourishing, Strengthening.

Makers of Modern Medicine. A series of biographies of the men to whom we owe the important advances in the development of modern medicine. By James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph.D., LL.D., Acting Dean and Professor of the History of Medicine at Fordham University Medical School, New York. Fordham University Press, 1907. Pages, 362. Price, $2.00 (*net*). Postage, 15 cents extra.

Medicine is usually said to be distinctly unorthodox in its tendencies. There is an old proverb that where there are three physicians you will find two atheists. Dr. Walsh has shown in this excursion into the history of modern medicine that while this may possibly be true for the rank and file of physicians, for the mediocre and ordinary thinkers in medical science, it is not true for the great minds among the discoverers in medicine. He has sketched the lives of a baker's dozen of the men to whom we owe our progress in modern medicine, from Morgagni, the Father of Pathology in Italy at the end of the eighteenth century, down to Pasteur, the Father of Bacteriology and immunity against disease in France at the end of the nineteenth. Not a single one of these men was a materialist. They all had too much imagination to think that the material world around them was the only thing that they could know, or that the life they were so deeply engaged in studying was the end of all things. Not a single one of the greatest discoverers in medicine in the nineteenth century is absent from the list.

Most of these great discoverers in medicine were devout Catholics. Morgagni was the personal and intimate friend of four Popes, and had a standing invitation to stay at the Vatican whenever he visited Rome. Eight of his daughters became nuns and one of his sons became a Jesuit. This is only an example of the sort of men who made great discoveries in medicine. Galvani, the founder of medical electricity, made a novena in order to be directed in the choice of a wife. Lænnee, traveling with his wife, says his rosary with her as they journey to Paris. Even Johann Müller, the father of modern German medicine, made it a point while teaching in Protestant Berlin to go to Mass on Sundays. Claude Bernard was for many years indifferent in religion, but returned to the Catholic faith some years before his death. Pasteur said "that if he knew enough, he would have the faith of the Breton peasant. If he knew as much as he would like to know, he felt sure that he would have the faith of a Breton peasant woman." In a word, this book does more to overturn the old tradition that science and faith are incompatible or that religion and original thinking do not go together than any book that has been issued in a long time. It makes an excellent present for a young man about to begin the study of medicine and a suggestive reminder to young physicians who think that they are lacking in devotion to medical science unless they become lukewarm in faith.

Lectures on the Holy Eucharist. By Charles Coupe, S. J., M. A. Herder. St. Louis. 1907.

These lectures on the Holy Eucharist we can heartily and unhesitatingly recommend. They are admirable in every way. The lecture form and style in which they are written, it seems to us, is a point in their favor, for it renders unnecessary any effort to disentangle thought from style, — which effort we might be called upon to make were the subjects cast in essay form. Despite their popular character, the lectures cover the theology of the Blessed Sacrament pretty thoroughly. We feel that any Catholic man or woman would be amply rewarded for any time spent on these pages. He or she would be equipped thereby with a good stock, both of argument for controversy or for honest inquiry, and of motives for strengthening faith and deepening devotion. We wish the book a wide circulation.

Christian Education. By Very Rev. C. J. O'Connell. New York. Benziger Bros. 1907.

In a short but vigorous preface to this volume entitled "Christian Education" the Right Rev. Camillus P. Maes strikes the key-note of the whole happy work. The book consists of a series of interesting chapters, each dealing with truths of the first moment to student and teacher, but especially to parents and guardians. Perhaps, if called on to choose, we should name the first, and possibly the second chapters as superior to the others; the first, by reason of its novel presentation of an old truth; the second, by reason of the prime importance of the facts therein dealt with, and the great need of their being impressed on those who have care of the home training of the young. The fourth, seventh and eighth papers have special interest for Catholic lay-teachers.

This small volume makes it possible for all Catholics to understand and defend the basic reasons for the Church's struggle in behalf of Catholic Christian education.

Valiant and True. By Joseph Spillmann. St. Louis, Mo. B. Herder. 1907.

This is a story of the adventures and experiences of a young Swiss, Damian Muos, in Paris, while in the service of France, from 1789 to 1792. To please his influential god-father he foregoes his heart's desire to become an artist, and enters the army of France. Therein, through the favor of the queen, Marie Antoinette, he soon becomes a lieutenant, and is commissioned by her Majesty to perform a secret service. He is engaged in working out the plans of this commission, when untoward circumstances force him into a trying situation. He is

charged with, and convicted of, forgery and sentenced to be degraded. Sickness, consequent on his painful humiliation, confines him to the military hospital, whence, still fever-stricken, he makes his escape to Paris and there lives for a while in obscurity as an artist's assistant. Recognized by the Jew, who had been instrumental in his downfall, he is again brought before the bar of justice, but here unexpectedly, when utter disgrace seemed to be impending, he regained all that had been lost, and was rewarded besides by advancement to the rank of captain, at the special desire of the king.

His subsequent career proved him worthy of the honor conferred on him, but the Legislative Assembly of France knew the courage and the fidelity of the Swiss troops to the king and disbanded them. Damian, therefore, returns to his native Zug in Switzerland, and there finds the two hearts that have all the while remained true to him—his pious, invalid mother and the beloved playmate of his boyhood days, Verena Keyser, now to be at last his devoted wife. It is the pure and faithful affection of these two lovers, in spite of rumors and gossip, that gives to these adventures an added charm and a brighter coloring.

Nor are they the only characters that command our attention and admiration. The devoted love of Martha Valdouleur for Damian's friend, Rudolph Reding, the simplicity and bravery of Marie Antoinette, the heroic devotion of the Marquis Valdouleur to the person of his king—these are examples of the pictures scattered throughout this interesting book.

We come across, too, in these pages the historical personages and places of the French Revolution. We meet with Danton and Murat; we witness the struggles at Versailles and in the Bastille; in a word, we live in those days and nights of horror and butchery when all that was ignoble terrorized France.

"Valiant and True" is well worth having, especially for its story of chaste and faithful love.

Plain Sermons. Rev. Thos. S. Dolan. St. Louis, Mo. B. Herder. 1907.

These sermons fulfill, we think, the purpose of the author. They are plainly-spoken, direct presentations of moral and of dogmatic subjects that need to be constantly brought before the people for the purpose of enforcing the fundamental truths of the Christian life.

The first sermon on "The Supernatural Kingdom" and the three that follow on "Faith" and "The Church As the Organ of Revelation" disclose the ground work of our holy religion and briefly explain the nature of the unchanging authority of the Church, the essence of faith and its characteristics, and the means of preserving and propagating the religion of Christ. Discourses on "The Holy Eucharist," "The Blessed Virgin," and "Mortal Sin," "Death," and the ordinary subjects of sermons to the people, follow.

The sermon on "The Name of God" deserves particular notice because of the zeal with which it attacks that most unfortunately too common habit among Catholic men, and women, too, of taking the holy name of God in vain. The author certainly does not go too far when he says that "You cannot walk the streets of the city without hearing God and Jesus Christ vainly invoked by the little fellow who can have no possible sense of what he says." It is a sin—this vain use of God's name—"confined to no particular class, nor restricted to any particular period in the lives of men, for it is learned almost with the first articulate lispings, and gray hairs are dishonored by it."

Worthy, also, of special consideration by those who have the care of souls are the last four sermons treating on religion in the married life and in the family.

We learn again that irreligion in the family, disrespect for parental authority, lack of preparation for the holy sacrament of matrimony, and marriages with non-Catholics, have their evil source, as the reverend author repeatedly points out, in the failure to provide for our Catholic children and our youths and maidens a true Catholic training and education.

Three Acres and Liberty. By Bolton Hall. Second Edition. The Macmillan Company. New York. 1907.

"We are not tied to a desk or a bench; we stay there only because we think we are tied," says the author of this book, in the "Foreword," and to prove his assertion he shows how a living can be made under other conditions. The purpose of the book is not to give instruction in the requirements of agriculture so much as to awaken active and earnest thought upon the social betterment of our rapidly increasing population. Realizing that the home is the basic foundation of the nation, Mr. Hall deplores the increasing movement of population towards cities, which diminishes for vast numbers the possibility of acquiring homes and making a livelihood under satisfactory conditions.

The author brings out clearly the desirability of developing agricultural pursuits, and shows the results derived from small land holdings when intelligent methods are employed. Upon agriculture depends the best and permanent development of all other interests, as it will not only care for itself and for those intelligently engaged in it, but it will give stability to all other industries and pursuits.

Among the practical points taken up in detail are "How to Buy the Farm," "Vacant City Lot Cultivation," "What an Acre may Produce," "The Kitchen Garden," "Hot Beds and Greenhouses," "Fruits," "Flowers," "Drug Plants," "Clearing the Land," "How to Build," a very attractive description of how to put up a shack, log-house, bungalow, or fine house.

The closing chapter is commended to the thoughtful attention of parents. It deals with agriculture as the "Coming Profession for Boys," and makes profitable reading for all interested in the welfare of youth. If many of the boys now seeking office employment in the cities could be induced to follow the suggestions Bolton

Hall makes, and devote their energies to the cultivation of small farms, they would grow up to a sense of proprietorship and the self-respect that it brings with it—to say nothing of the gain in physical strength.

The growing interest in horticultural and agricultural pursuits is shown in the character of the attendance at the lectures given on those subjects, in large cities. In Boston, during the past winter, such a course of lectures was largely attended by people whose appearance and intellectual attainments were sufficient proof of the standing that the study of agriculture has to-day. "Back to the land" is the answer to the problem that agitates the minds of the thoughtful, and in "Three Acres and Liberty" they will find a large amount of practical information, supported by proofs in the form of figures and statements of actual results. This is one of the useful books that should be brought to the attention not only of adult readers but also to that of the young people who are or may become interested in the cultivation of the land as an honorable and profitable career.

Madame Louise De France. By Leon De Labriere. Translated by Meta and May Brown. Benziger Brothers. New York. 1907.

Many books present the dark side of the reign of Louis XV. giving prominence to that side of his character which led him into a whirl of evil pleasures and drowned all sense of duty. Yet in the heat of this heartless frivolity, in the very Palace of Versailles, was a little group who lived untainted by the life around them. This group consisted of the neglected queen, Marie Leczinska, and her daughters. The book at hand, here translated into English, tells the life-story of one of those daughters and gives a glimpse of a tiny court within a court. It throws a curious light on the private life of Louis XV. and reveals in him flashes of virtue that had they been acted upon might have made him a great and good man. The recital of the life of this French princess, who became a Carmelite nun, gives us also an insight into the convent life of that period She insisted upon following the rules of the Order with the utmost rigor, though her health and royal estate would have procured for her dispensations.

The Cabin Boys. By Rev. Joseph Spillmann, S. J. Translated from the German by Mary Richards Gray. St. Louis. Herder. 1907.

The Cabin Boys is a short story which will delight young Americans. The author has crowded into this little book a number of exciting, as well as pathetic scenes, and the whole story breathes a spirit of sterling piety. The movement throughout is very rapid, and cannot fail to hold a boy's interest. The scenes of the first two chapters, the embarkation and the departure of the banished French priests for pestilential Cayenne, awaken a sympathy even deeper than that felt for the sorrowing exiles of Grand-Pré, as portrayed in Longfellow's *Evangeline*.

Chapter III., "A Battle at Sea," and Chapter XI., "In Great Danger," are as thrilling as the titles imply, and they will hold to the end the interest of the adventure-loving boy or girl. We hope that teachers and friends will make our young people acquainted with these splendid stories.

When Love is Strong. By Grace Keon. Benziger Brothers. New York. 1907.

The author's name is enough to make one take up this latest book from her pen,—for she has never yet disappointed her readers. The story is one of strong human interest, and the characters are drawn with the skill in protrayal that marks all of Grace Keon's work. Donald Mackenzie, Dorothy Wentworth, and her father, Beatrice Wyndom, the blind girl, Randolph Carew, Father Preston, David Langdon, Ethel Lorimer, are so clearly and fully presented that they seem like studies from life. The double life of Randolph Carew furnishes the events that keep the interest of the story at a high point. "A blackleg, a scoundrel, a self-confessed thief," is his own summary of his character. Through the devotion of his Catholic wife, who had married him thinking him an ideal of manly perfection, he is saved from himself and led upward to a high plane of living. The story teems with action and unusual situations, becoming at times so complex that one wonders how even the author can adjust them satisfactorily.

Readers who like a thrilling story will be rewarded for the time spent in reading "When Love is Strong." It is also a forceful presentation of the loyalty of the Catholic wife, who remains steadfast in her devotion to her husband though he has levelled her pride to the dust, and is steeped in crime.

A Mirror of Shalott. By Rev. Robert Hugh Benson. Benziger Brothers. New York. 1907.

The tales, thirteen in number, comprising the volume, are supposed to have been told in the presbytery of the Canadian church of S. Filippo, in Rome. Seven priests, and the writer of the stories (a layman), gathered every evening in a stone-floored room, which they had redeemed from discomfort by the addition of rugs and easy chairs, to discuss such subjects as modern miracles, levitation, table turning, family curses, ghosts and banshees.

An Italian priest expresses his disbelief in such things—except in the incidents from the lives of the saints—and Canon Maxwell makes a proposition that each priest shall tell a tale bearing on the subject under discussion—"and Mr. Benson shall write them all down, if he wishes to, and make an honest penny or two if he can get any publisher to take the book."

The stories are told—illustrating vicarious expiation, exorcism, inner vision, assaults on the soul, apparitions, etc., all so thrillingly described that the reader must be grateful to Father Benson for sending them abroad in print. Having read them, one can not dismiss the

thoughts they suggest as readily as did the circle of story-tellers. The Monsignor's assertion that "not one of us commits himself to belief in any of them except, I suppose, each in his own" is probably intended to relieve the tension on the imagination, and the narrator conscientiously obeys the command to make this belief known.

Outlines of the History of Ireland. By P. W. Joyce, LL.D. Longmans, Green & Company. New York.

The "Outlines" will be appreciated by teachers, for giving in brief space a clear view of the leading features of Irish history. To make it readable and interesting the information is conveyed in the form of a narrative, and statistics and scrappy statements have been avoided. It is divided into six periods, each one dealing with the noteworthy personages and events of that time.

Church Music. J. Fischer & Bro. New York. Subscription price, $1.50.

A recent number of this magazine contains many features of interest to readers in general, as well as to the class for whom it is specially intended. The Rev. H. G. Hughes, whose name appears frequently in DONAHOE'S, contributes a fine article on "Church Music and the Worshipper," Earnest T. Winchester gives "A Practical Talk to Choir-masters," and "The Ideal Choirmaster" is considered in another paper.

His Fortunate Grace. By Gertrude Atherton. John Lane Company. New York. 1907.

The capitalist, whose daughter disquiets him by stooping to a fortune-hunting duke, is the strongest character in a story that has little to recommend it—except that it is a study of people in so-called high society. What interest it possesses does not come from the principals in the marriage, but from the strong character of Edward Forbes, who is bitterly opposed to his wife's ambition to strengthen her social position abroad by becoming the mother-in-law of His Grace. The women circumvent him, however, and the wedding takes place. It is not to be expected, of course, that a book dealing with such elements of society could be profitable reading unless as an argument against the possibility of happiness where false ambition is the governing force in a life.

Little Helps and Daily Aids. By M. A. Riley. Christian Press Association. New York. 1907.

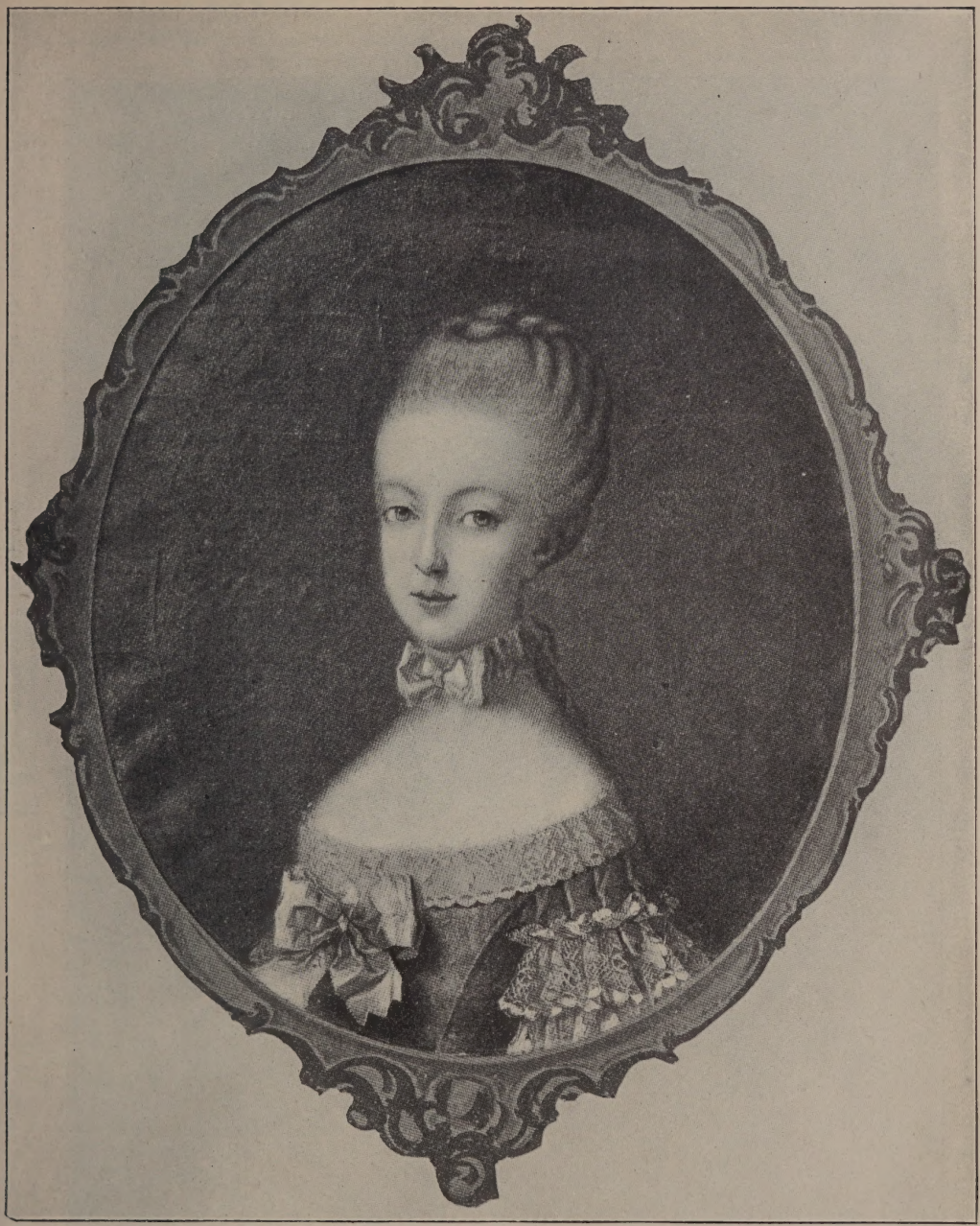
Short meditations, pious reflections, considerations and litanies and prayers for every day of the week make up this little manual which is dedicated to Our Blessed Lady of the Annunciation and must aid in promoting devotion to her.

Patron Saints for Catholic Youth. Vol. III. By Mary E. Mannix. Benziger Brothers. New York. 1907.

Mrs. Mannix renders a valuable service to young readers by preparing for them the sketches and stories of saints whose names are household words. The third volume deals with St. Francis Xavier, St. Patrick, St. Louis, St. Charles, St. Elizabeth, St. Margaret, St. Catherine and St. Clare.

"Catholic Missions." Published by the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, 627 Lexington Avenue, New York City. Subscription, one dollar per year.

The aim of this magazine is to make American Catholics better acquainted with the work of the Church's missionaries at home and abroad. It has many interesting articles about little-known places in all parts of the world, where our missionaries are working for the spread of the Faith. The missionaries themselves send these vivid descriptions of their surroundings, their struggles, and their work, and original photographs that bring these far-off countries and people right before our eyes.



MARIE ANTOINETTE, ARCHDUCHESS OF AUSTRIA.

(See page 224.)

"He plowed each furrow till the last,
When Death's dark angel o'er him cast
Her shadow."

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"THE LAST FURROW."

BY HENRY COYLE.

"An Arab, journeying across a vast desert, wearily exclaimed, 'I pray that, before I die, this my desire may be fulfilled, that, a river dashing its waves against my knees, I may fill my leathern sack with water.'" — Saadi.

From morn till night, through torrid heat,
He plowed, yet found life's burden sweet;
With no desire for wealth or fame,
He kept untarnished his good name.

He plowed each furrow till the last,
When Death's dark angel o'er him cast
Her shadow, and she kissed his brow,
As he fell dead across the plow.

He toiled and moiled through a long life,
Without ambition, and the strife
And tumult of the world outside
He knew not, nor its sin and pride.

His life was pure and innocent,
And he with little was content;
And like the Arab's simple quest,
The plowman only prayed for rest.

POPE PIUS VI. (1717-1799)

Through whose energy in resisting the Civil Constitution of the Clergy the French nation was saved to the Church.

THE STRUGGLE FOR RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN FRANCE.

BY THE REV. FRANCIS A. CUNNINGHAM.

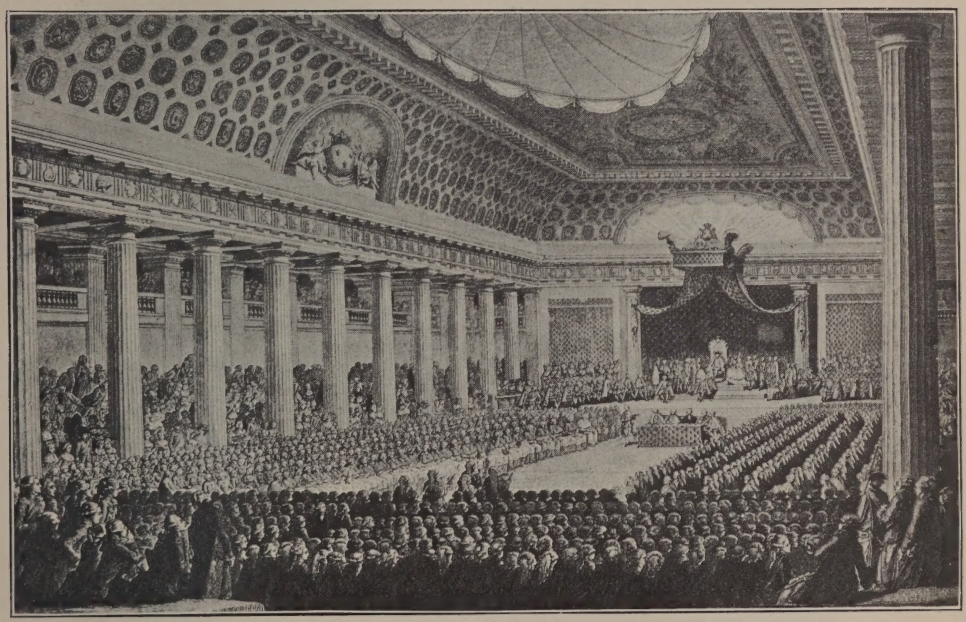
Chapter II.

The French Revolution of 1789*—The Civil Constitution of the Clergy.

All the various forces indicated in the preceding chapter came together in one appalling union towards the year 1789, forming a veritable cauldron seething with malign influences. An unhappy public opinion had been created, "a power vague and terrible, born of the confusion of all interests, strong in its opposition to every power, constantly caressed by princes who feared it, and feared by those who pretended to defy it." The masses of France, provoked by the arbitrary government of Louis XIV., angered by the feeble and scandalous rule of Louis XV., broke out into license and destruction under the gentle and paternal administration of Louis XVI. The latter monarch had come into an in-

*The great French Revolution took its inception in the States General, convoked for May 5, 1789, at the call of Mgr. Lomenie De Brienne, then Minister of Finances for France. The States General almost immediately resolved itself into the National Assembly, which by the end of June became a definite government under the name of the Constituent Assembly. The latter was dissolved on Sept. 30, 1791, to be succeeded by the Legislative Assembly, which in turn gave place to the Convention on Sept. 21, 1792. This government was succeeded on Oct. 26, 1795, by the Directory, which lasted until Dec. 15, 1799, when it was overturned by Napoleon upon his return from the Egyptian campaign. The course of the Revolution thus embraced ten years.

heritance vitiated by the extravagances and follies of his predecessors; with all the virtues and noble characteristics of a sincere Christian and refined gentleman, he was destined to bear the punishment for the sins of his fathers. He had long foreseen the hastening storm, and trembled before its coming. The exhausted state of the treasury and the diminution of credit gave the excuse for



FIRST MEETING OF THE STATES GENERAL, MAY 5, 1789.

demands of the most far-reaching extent. The nobility, regarding the situation with indifference, remained inert before the approaching ruin of the social order. Unwilling to be disturbed in their round of pleasure, they permitted the evil to grow until the very moment of the crisis.

The royal government betrayed its weakness when it convoked the States General, which held its first session on May 5, 1789. It was an assembly constituted of the three classes of the French nation,—the nobility, the clergy, and the common people. Of its 1148 members, the Third Estate was represented by 598; there were 308 members of the clergy, of whom forty-four were bishops, 205 cures, fifty-two abbes or canons, and seven religious; the remaining 242 comprised the representatives of the noble class. The States General was an event of rare occurrence in French history, and was called together only in the most extreme crises of the State. It was now nearly two centuries (1615) since a gathering of a similar nature had been convoked, and from its unusual character and the gravity of its purpose much was expected on all sides. In the heat of its first debates, and in the rancor aroused in the public mind through the foolish and humiliating etiquette of the aristocratic elements, a strong sentiment of

hostility made itself manifest between the people and their former masters. The popular element was conscious of its court, the nobility, the clergy, and every order that stood for law and decency went down in ruin. With the political

Greuze LOUIS XVI. (1754-1793)

Mild and paternal, but unable to meet the storms resulting from the maladministrations of his predecessors. He was executed January 21, 1793. As the executioner bound him Louis tore himself free and exclaimed: "Frenchmen, I die innocent; I pray that my blood come not upon France."

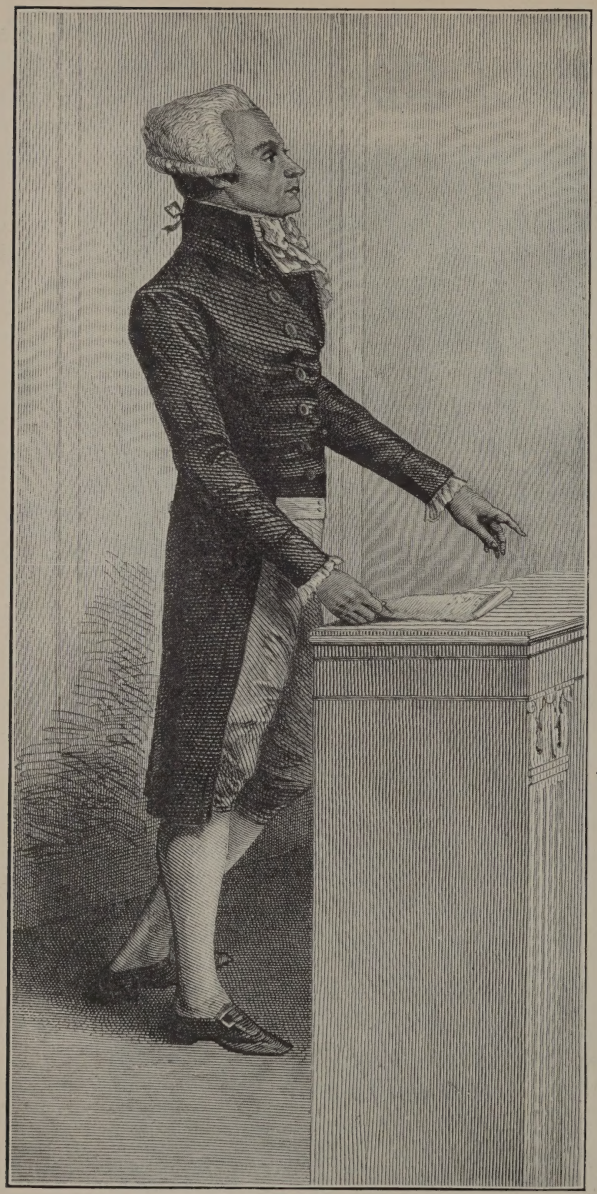
power, and made it felt almost from the beginning; in the space of a few months it was master of the situation; it had inaugurated a revolution before which the phases of this great crisis we are not particularly concerned at present; the religious aspects of the conflict will suffice for our consideration.

CONFISCATION OF CHURCH PROPERTY.

On the night of August 4, 1789, the privileged classes abandoned their feudal rights and the clergy renounced their titles, and the offerings usual at baptisms, marriages, and funerals. This sacrifice, however, did not suffice to appease the revolutionary spirits, and on August 6th, the right of the clergy to hold property was called into question for the first time. It was then that Buzot pronounced that phrase which was soon to re-echo through the halls of the Assembly: "The property of the clergy belongs to the nation."

Lebrun MARIE ANTOINETTE AND HER CHILDREN.

Queen of France and wife of Louis XVI. Executed August 1. 1793. An object of hatred to the Parisian mobs, because of her loyalty to royalty and religion.



ROBESPIERRE. (1758-1794)

One of the bloodiest of the Revolutionary fanatics. One of the institutors of that pagan religion, the Worship of the Supreme Being, which succeeded the Worship of Reason. After causing the murder of thousands of Frenchmen, he himself fell under the knife of the guillotine.

On October 10, Talleyrand, the Bishop of Autun, so soon to become an apostate and indefatigable persecutor of the Church, returned to the charge. After a fawning address to the popular passions he concluded in proposing a law whose first article declared that "the revenues and property of the clergy are at the disposition of the nation," with the condition that the State should recompense the ministers of worship with a suitable salary, which should be solemnly recognized as a public debt. The project of Talleyrand was espoused with fierce eloquence by Mirabeau and became a law on Nov. 2, 1789, framed in these terms:

"The National Assembly decrees: 1st. That all ecclesiastical property is at the disposition of the nation, which charges itself with providing in a suitable manner for the expenses of worship, the maintenance of its ministers, and the relief of the poor, subject to the surveillance and according to the instructions of the provinces; 2nd. That, in the dispositions to be made for the maintenance of the ministers of religion, there shall be assured every curé a payment of not less than 1,200 livres a year, not including his house and garden."

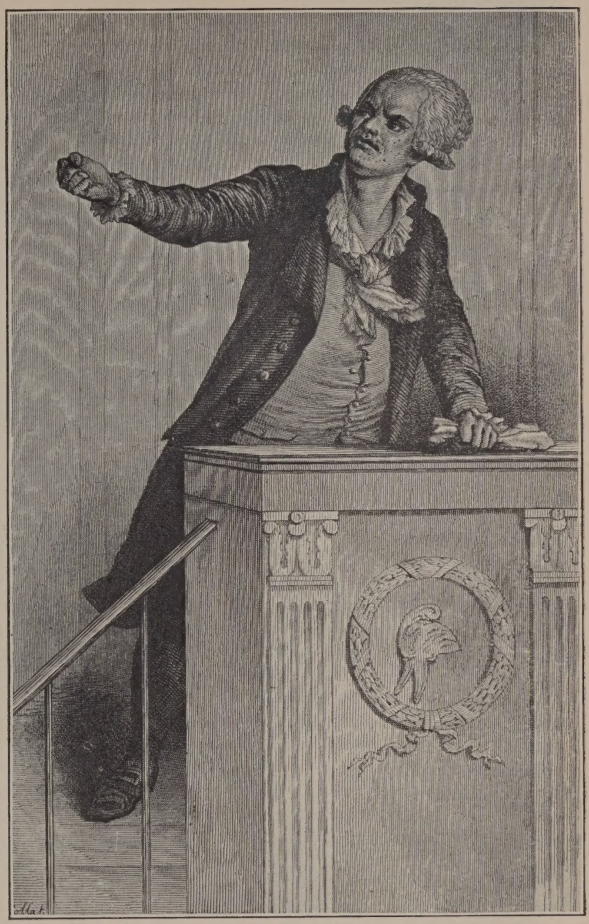
On April 9, 1790, Chasset demanded the actual confiscation of all ecclesiastical property, a motion that was voted a law on April 14th following. The possessions of the clergy, valued at $400,000,000, were then put up at auction, and sold to speculators at prices that at once betrayed the venal spirit of the agitators. Indignant protests went up on all sides, against a sacrilege whose effect could be nothing less than the destruction of religion; but all efforts to stay the action were unavailing.

PERSECUTION OF THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

The religious orders have ever been the object of peculiar hatred on the part of all that stands for anti-Christianism. Their close identification with the best interests of the Church, and the exemplification in their life of that evangelical perfection to which the whole doctrine of Christ invites, became a crime in the eyes of a generation delivered up to lawlessness and the slavery of passion. It was only natural, therefore, that the impious spirit of 1789 should fasten its fangs upon this order of men and women and do them to death. The laws of the time tell the story very graphically. A decree of October 28, 1789, suspended the taking of monastic vows. The monastic orders were suppressed by a decree of February 13, 1790 :

Art. I. The constitutional law of the realm shall no longer recognize solemn monastic vows of either sex; in consequence the orders and regular corporations in which such vows are taken are and will remain suppressed in France, nor may they be again established in the future.

Art. 2. All individuals of either sex living in monasteries and religious houses, may leave such houses by making a declaration before the municipality of the place, and they shall receive a suitable pension. Houses shall also be indicated to which all religious men who do not desire to profit by the present disposition shall be obliged to retire. For the present there shall be no change in regard to houses charged with public education and establishments of charity, until measures have been taken for that purpose."



DANTON.

An emulator of Robespierre. After a career of barbarous cruelty to others he was himself guillotined, April 5, 1794.

On March 11, 1791, a law was passed abolishing the monastic habit. On July 31, of the same year, all religious houses were declared for sale. On August 7, 1792, a new decree declares that the pension accorded to religious shall be granted to such as should marry, or who have abandoned or shall abandon their monasteries. On August 12, 1792, a decree orders the evacuation before October 1, following, and the sale of "all houses as yet actually occupied by religious men or women," excepting such as are consecrated to the service of hospitals or establishments of charity.

On August 18, 1792, a decree was passed suppressing "the corporations

STORMING OF THE BASTILE, JULY 14, 1789.

This event has since been commemorated every year upon that date which has become the great national holiday of France.

known in France under the name of secular ecclesiastical congregations, such as the priests of the Oratory of Jesus, of Christian Doctrine, of the Mission of France, of St. Lazare, etc., etc., and generally all religious corporations of men and women, ecclesiastical or lay, even those devoted only to the service of hospitals and the relief of the sick, under whatever denomination they may exist in France." All such persons, however, were authorized to continue their care of the poor and sick, "but only as individuals, and under the surveillance of the municipal and administrative bodies, until the definitive organization which the Committee on Aid shall present as soon as possible to the National Assembly. Those who shall continue their services in houses indicated by the directories of departments shall receive only a part of the salary which would have been accorded them. All irremovable property of such societies shall be put on sale, except colleges still open in 1789 which may be utilized for seminaries. Pensions shall be accorded all members of the suppressed societies on condition that they take the oath of fidelity to the nation, of maintaining liberty and equality, and of being ready to die in its defence."

THE CIVIL CONSTITUTION.

The defenders of the Revolution take great pains to demonstrate that the object of the earlier laws was not anti-Christian or subversive of religion, alleging that the spirit of demolition appeared only after and because of the hostile atti-

tude of the Church. One has only to read the speeches in the National Assembly, and the early laws emanating therefrom, to perceive the hypocritical nature of such assurances. The spirit of Voltaire is evident from the first day of the States General, and its tactics of falsehood and deception mark every stage of revolutionary progress until the end. The pretext of establishing a national church is a fact in evidence, whereby under the pretence of safeguarding the liberties of Catholics in France, an effort was made to uproot all idea of religion from the minds of the people. The signal for the opening of such a perversive campaign was the passing of that iniquitous law to which was given the name of the Civil Constitution of the Clergy.

On August 20, 1789, an ecclesiastical committee was formed for the regulation of all affairs pending between Church and State. It was composed of thirty members, chosen with great care from among the most violent sectaries of the Assembly. Out of the thirty only nine were able to approach the discussion of ecclesiastical subjects with any appearance of justice, and this small minority soon found it impossible to advance their views in the face of the twenty-one radicals sworn to enslave and degrade the

ARREST OF LOUIS XVI.

Perceiving that his cause had become hopeless, the King and the royal family fled from Paris on June 20, 1791. Although disguised he was discovered at Varennes, and brought back to Paris. His life thenceforth was a continual preparation for the death which he saw was inevitable.

MARAT.

One of the most infamous characters in the Revolution. It was his influence which led to the horrible massacres of September, 1792. It was he who demanded the slaughter of 270,000 persons, and who caused the imprisonment of 400,000. On July 13, 1793, he was stabbed to death in his own house by Charlotte Corday.

Church; they were consequently compelled to resign from the commission, leaving the great work of Church affairs in the hands of an impious cabal. The result of the deliberations of this diminished committee is found in the Civil Constitution of the Clergy, which was voted in the Constituent Assembly, from July 12 to July 24, 1790.

The adversaries of religion betray a naive surprise that the Church should refuse to accept a law so worded as the Civil Constitution of the Clergy. Yet to anyone acquainted with the spirit of Christianity the reasons for such hostility are sufficiently evident. The Abbe Hubert Mailfait in his comprehensive little work upon the subject thus sums up the most objectionable features of the wholly iniquitous law:

1st. It destroys the religious hierarchy and annihilates the pontifical supremacy when it stipulates: (*a*) that the new bishops can no longer address the Pope to obtain from him the bulls of confirmation (tit. II., art. 19): (*b*) that the canonical institution shall no longer be given by the Pope, but by the metropolitan (tit. II., art. 16 and 17): (*c*) that the old division of France into dioceses and parishes shall be substituted by a new repartition, decreed without the advice of ecclesiastical authority, and without the approbation of the head of Christianity (tit. I.).

2nd. It destroys ecclesiastical discipline: (*a*) by attributting the election of bishops and pastors to the laity, by way of the ballot and the absolute plurality of votes (tit. II., art. 2) and in decreeing the conditions of eligibility which should be found in candidates to a bishopric or parish (tit. II.): (*b*) in determining the number of foundations, prebends, abbeys, priories, etc. (tit. I. art. 20–24 and 25); in restricting to the point of annihilation the power of the bishops in the nomination to ecclesiastical employments. (tit. II., art. 22, 24, 25, 43.)

3rd. It sanctions an inadmissible domination of the temporal over the spiritual power, in subordinating the exercise of ecclesiastical functions to the taking of an oath of fidelity to the Constitution decreed by the Assembly (tit. II., art. 21 and 38).

The Civil Constitution of the Clergy thus established in France not only a schism, by depriving the bishops of the right of recourse to the

MIRABEAU.

A man of disreputable character, an ardent supporter of the Third Estate in the beginning of the Revolution, yet through his moderation an opponent of the drastic measures of the Revolutionists. His influence proved of great support to the throne in times of extreme danger. He died in 1791, through the effects of a dissolute, immoral life.

Pope, but heresy also in denying the effective primacy of the Pope and his sovereign power in the direction of the Church and the nomination of her ministers.

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When the news was brought to Pope Pius VI. that the Assembly was actually engaged in voting the several articles of the Civil Constitution, his sorrow knew no bounds. Public prayers were at once ordered in the churches of Rome, while at the same time the Holy Father addressed an impressive appeal to Louis XVI., insisting on his refusing his sanction to the impious measures. Letters were also sent by the Pope to the Archbishops of Bordeaux and Vienne, requesting them to use their good offices in dissuading the king from sanctioning the law. Unhappily these two prelates betrayed the trust reposed in them and used their influence to the opposite end. It is to their credit that they soon perceived their error and repented bitterly for it.

LAFAYETTE.

Famous for the part he took in the American Revolution — became a conspicuous figure in the events following 1789. Although a strong advocate of the new order of things, he yet showed a spirit of moderation in the face of the Revolutionary fanatics. It was he who with Sieyes introduced into the Assembly the famous Declaration of the Rights of Man. His conservatism caused him to be suspected by the mobs of Paris and obliged him to fly from France. He died May 20, 1834.

In the meantime Louis XVI. wrote to the Pope beseeching him to approve, at least provisorily, of the first five articles to which he was in a manner forced to give his sanction. The Holy Father

placed the matter in the hands of a commission of cardinals for examination. On October 30, of the same year, the thirty bishops who occupied seats in the Assembly subscribed their names to a carefully-prepared memorial entitled *Exposition of Principles Concerning the Civil Constitution of the Clergy*, wherein the new code of laws was unequivocably condemned. In this position the episcopal deputies were supported by the adherence of nearly all the French bishops. Their expression of disapproval, however, came too late, as the civil constitution had already received the royal sanction (August 24, 1790), and thereby became a law of the realm.

CARDINAL LOMENIE DE BRIENNE.

One who had entered into the sanctuary without a vocation. During the days before 1789 he had been made Minister of Finances to the King. His administration was full of disaster for the nation. He was obliged to resign in favor of the more able Necker. He was one of the four bishops who by taking the civil oath, in 1791, thereby apostatized from the Church, for which treachery he was deprived of his Cardinalitial dignity by Pope Pius VI. He died in 1794, stricken with apoplexy, in the midst of a crowd of ruffians who were dragging him to prison.

A test of the new decrees developed an unexpected resistance, so bitter and decisive in many quarters as to awaken newer outbursts of harshness from the enemies of the Church. On November 27, 1790, after a violent diatribe delivered by Mirabeau against the independent bishops a law was voted in the Assembly declaring that all clergy "shall take the oath within eight days" under the penalty of being debarred from the exercise of their functions. It stipulated, moreover, that in case of resistance the offending clergy should be treated as disturbers of the public peace, and deprived of their civic rights. This law received the royal sanction on December 26, and went into execution from that date. In the Assembly itself were many bishops and priests who were called upon to give the example of subservience. Only a few, encouraged by such notorious characters as Talleyrand, Gregoire,

WAITING FOR THE SUMMONS TO THE GUILLOTINE.

CHARLES MAURICE, PRINCE DE TALLEYRAND, BISHOP OF AUTUN.

A delegate to the States General, he betrayed the cause of the Church, proposed the confiscation of ecclesiastical property, took the oath of the Civil Constitution, thus becoming a renegade to the Church. He ordained priests and consecrated bishops in defiance of papal prohibitions. Later he married a Protestant divorced woman with whom he lived even during the calmer days of the Restoration. He was reconciled to the Church before his death in 1838.

Camus, and Gobel, and tempted by the hope of preferment under the new order, yielded to the demands of the revolutionaries. Of the one hundred and thirty-five bishops of France, only four, including Talleyrand and Cardinal de Brienne, took the oath. During the following year the latter prelate was degraded from the honor of the Roman purple, for his unworthy act.

When the question was put to the priests of the country it met with a like reception. One should not be deceived, in reading the anti-Christian records of this time, by the long lists of names purporting to be the official register of priests who had subscribed to the oath. An examination of these lists reveals the usual duplicity of irreligious hatred, for

A SCENE FROM THE SEPTEMBER MASSACRES OF 1792.

The head of the Princess Lamballe, the trusted friend of the Queen, being carried through the streets of Paris, after a Parisian cannibal had devoured her quivering heart. This was one of the specimens of the new civilization which anti-Christianism aimed to establish upon the ruins of Christianity.

in many cases, notably in the lists of Paris, they contain the names of church employes, sacristans, choir-singers, bell-ringers, and other ordinary laymen. In other cases we find the names of young men just preparing for the seminary, and school-teachers who taught the catechism. Often, too, country pastors were deceived into believing that the taking of such oath was an act demanded by their bishop; these, however, were only too anxious to retract as soon as the true state of the case was made evident to them. Of the real pastors of the Church the number who proved unfaithful to their duty was inconsiderable; the loyalty of the vast body, both of bishops and clergy, forms one of the brightest pages in the dark history of those unhappy years.

In the midst of the general anxiety there came to Paris on April 13, 1791, the Bull of Pope Pius VI., formally condemning the Civil Constitution and calling upon the bishops and priests of France to stand firmly to the principles of their faith. This act of the Holy Father was the signal for outbursts of fury in the hostile camp. The papal Bull was publicly burned amidst outcries of hatred and execration; women coming from Mass were whipped through the streets; ruffians interrupted the divine services and threw disorder into congregations of the faithful, while in many places disorderly mobs invaded the convents and dragging the nuns out to the public squares inflicted upon them the degrading punishment of the scourge. It was in vain that the Directory of Paris, frightened at the prospect of civil war, permitted Catholics to hire places for the use of divine worship; the very appearance of leniency only drew forth greater exhibitions of hatred and persecution. The king himself was compelled to attend at Mass celebrated by a Constitutional priest, as a pledge of his adherence to the principles of the Civil Constitution. Throughout the departments the persecution had already gone to great lengths; priests were everywhere imprisoned, and the Catholic laity who had dared to assist at the Catholic Mass, or who had refused to take part in the election of schismatical priests, were declared incapable of all civil functions. On June 9, 1790, the Constituent decreed that no bulls or briefs of the Pope might be published or propagated in the kingdom without the authorization of the Legislative Corps and of the king.

In the meantime, the apostate bishop of Autun, Talleyrand, had consecrated two constitutional bishops, who in their turn proceeded to ordain to the priesthood a list of unworthy, illiterate, immoral, and dishonest rascals. The legitimate clergy, shut out from their churches, and driven to the homes of their friends, had nevertheless the consolation of knowing that the faithful were refusing everywhere to acknowledge the authority of the unlawful priests, and demanding in quiet, but significant ways, the services of those who alone had been called to the sanctuary.

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The Constituent Assembly was dissolved on Sept. 30, 1791, and was succeeded on the following day, by the Legislative Assembly. The new government, in the hands of men more impious than those of the Constituent, began their proceedings with the passage of new laws of persecution, to which, however, the king had the courage to refuse his sanction. In spite, however, of the royal opposition new decrees continued to be published. On the twenty-ninth of No-

vember a law was voted declaring that all ecclesiastics, other than those who had conformed to the decree of November 29 last would be obliged to present themselves before the municipality of the place in which they lived, and there take the civic oath, in the terms of Art. 5, title II. of the Constitution, and sign a legal attestation of the same. Such as should refuse would be held as suspects in revolt against the law, and with evil intent against their country, and as such particularly subjected and recommended to the surveillance of all constituted authorities. If trouble should arise in the place of their residence they could be evicted from their domicile, arrested by the directory of the department, and, in case of disobedience, condemned to prison.

On May 27, 1792, the Legislative Assembly published another decree, stating that the deportation of non-juring ecclesiastics would take place as a measure of public safety and police regulation. Ecclesiastics were considered as non-juring who, being subject to the law of December 26, 1790, had not taken the oath; those also who, though not subject to that law had not taken the oath posterior to September 3rd, preceding, the day on which the French constitution was considered as completed; those also, who had retracted their oath. The deportation could be pronounced by the local authorities upon the denunciation of twenty citizens.

A law of August 26, 1792, prescribed that "all those ecclesiastics who have not taken the oath, or who having taken it have retracted and persist in their retraction, shall be compelled to leave within eight days, the limits of the district or department in which they reside, and within fifteen days they must leave the country. After fifteen days such ecclesiastics as shall not have obeyed the preceding dispositions should be deported to French Guyenne. Every ecclesiastic, who should dare to remain in the country after such procedures, should be condemned to ten years of imprisonment. This law was applicable to all priests—both secular and regular. About 50,000 priests became victims of these violent proscriptions.

The passion of hatred for religion never abated during the sad days of 1792. Law followed law proscribing, persecuting, hunting down all who dared to oppose the evil suggestions of the revolutionary despots. On August 4, 1792, a decree was passed confiscating all religious establishments in the kingdom. On August 16, an order was issued appropriating all the sacred vessels of the churches, with the design of converting them into money or utensils of war. Another project of the government had for its purpose the banishment of all clergy within a fortnight. This method, however, of getting rid of the priesthood, seemed too slow to suit the ferocious lust of the tyrants—a quicker and surer plan suggested itself. To secure its execution, the leaders of the anti-Christian party sought to inflame the minds of the rabble with stories of plots and treason, perpetrated by the priests against the safety of the nation. Above all the threatened invasion of the Prussians was laid to their door, and the report of the same circulated through every street and alley of Paris. The populace, already made familiar with the sight of blood, seized upon the wild reports with the avidity of hungry animals, and needed only a suggestion to lead them on to acts of violence. This was not wanting. In the Assembly, Marat, Legendre and others openly demanded the slaughter of the priests, while Danton,

the Minister of Justice, was appointed to see that the project was executed. In the meantime hundreds of priests, and thousands of Catholic laity, men, women and children, had been arrested, and filled the prisons of the country to overflowing. On August 31, the Commune of Paris put up everywhere placards containing a proclamation of Robespierre: "We have arrested the priestly disturbers; we hold them behind prison bars, and in a few days, the sun of liberty shall be purged of their presence." All was ready for a massacre of gigantic proportions. A signal was agreed upon, for the commencement of the bloody deed; it was to be the third discharge of the cannon on Point-Neuf. On the morning of September 2, the dreadful carnage began in the prison house of the Carmes, where 120 fell by the sword. The massacre lasted four days,while bands of assassins went from prison to prison, and in that short space of time took the lives of 1,400 persons of every sex, age and condition, 300 of whom were priests.

The Abbe Lecard, an eye-witness, describes the awful scene at the prison of the Abbey:

"The massacre took place under my window. The cries of the victims, the blows of the sabres as they fell upon the heads of the innocent victims, the shouts of the murderers, the applause of the witnesses, all resounded in my soul. I even distinguished the voices of my confreres, who were arrested and brought in the night before. I heard the questions put to them, and the responses they gave. They were asked if they had taken the civil oath, but none had done so. All could have escaped death by a lie; but all preferred death. All said when dying: 'We are subject to your law, we die faithful to your constitution, we except only what regards religion and what has reference to conscience.' They were immediately pierced by numerous swords, amid the most frightful vociferations. The spectators while applauding cried out: 'Long live the nation!'—at the same time executing abominable dances around the corpses.

"Towards three or four o'clock in the morning, similar cries, tumult and ribaldry were repeated. This was in consequence of their bringing into the courtyard, now strewn with corpses, two priests whom they had dragged from their beds. The executioners jested over the horrible scene. The two priests were asked to take the oath, but they refused with mildness and firmness. Seeing themselves on that account condemned to death, they demanded a few hours to prepare themselves, and they obtained their request. The assassins employed the interval in removing the bodies, in washing and sweeping the court-yard, red with blood—a work which caused them considerable difficulty. To avoid this in the case of others who were about to be massacred, they proposed various expedients and, finally, agreed upon employing a quantity of straw on which they would butcher their victims and which would absorb the blood and prevent the pavement from being stained. One of the assassins complained that the aristocrats died too quickly; that only those in the front row had the pleasure of striking them. It was accordingly determined that the victims should be struck only with the back of the sword, and that they should be made to run between two files of assassins. It was determined that around the place where the victims were to be immolated there should be benches for the ladies and gentlemen. All were free to enter. All this I have seen and heard with my own eyes and ears."

These frightful scenes of Paris were equalled if not surpassed by the terrorists of the provinces, and especially in the cities of Lyons, Rheims, Nantes, Bordeaux, and Avignon. It was but natural that the flight of priests from the insane fury of the Revolution should be hastened by the events of those days. Many succeeded in gaining the frontier and found refuge in the Papal States, in Spain, Portugal and in England where they were received with respect and welcome. Many returned secretly to France and bravely defied the dangers of martyrdom in the exercise of their sacred ministry.

The Legislative Assembly, after a final law granting divorce upon mutual consent, or upon the demand of one of the parties, was dissolved on September 20, 1792.

(To be continued.)

THE PASSING OF THE SIDHE.

BY REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD.

There is weeping on Cnoc-Aulin, and on hoary Slievenamon,
There's a weary wind careering over haggard Knocnaree,
By the broken Mound of Almhin
Sad as death the voices calling,
Calling ever, wailing ever, for the passing of the *Sidhe.*

Where the horn-peal of Ossian waked the woods of Glen-na-mour;
Where the Fianna's hoarse cheering silenced noisy Assaroe;
Like the homing swallows meeting—
Like a beaten host retreating—
Hear them sobbing as they hurry from the hills they used to know!

There's a haunted hazel standing on a grim and gloomy scaur,
Tossing ceaselessly its arms like a keener o'er the dead;
Deep around it press the masses,
Of the *Sluag-Sidhe** that passes,
To the moan of fairy-music timing well their muffled tread.

Came a wail of mortal anguish o'er the night-enshrouded sea,
Sudden death o'ertook the aged, while the infant cried in fear,
And the dreamers on their pillows,
Heard the beat of bursting billows,
Or the rumble and the rhythm of an Army passing near.

They have left the unbelieving,—past and gone their gentle sway,
Lonely now the rath enchanted, eerie glen, and wild *crannoge,*
But the sad winds unforgetting
Call them back with ceaseless fretting,
Snatching songs of elfin sorrow from the streams of Tir-na-n-og!

*Pronounced—Slua-shee:—the fairy host.

THE BISHOP'S PICNIC.

BY BLANCHE DESMOND.

In the Cathedral parish there was one Sunday that stood out from all others in the year, by reason of this announcement: "The Cathedral Sunday School picnic will be held on Tuesday, on the Bishop's beautiful grounds at Rayburn. If the weather is fine the bell will ring at eight o'clock." The oldest parishioner had never known the words to vary until one memorable Sunday when a young French priest, just from his seminary, after making his painstaking way through the other announcements, without mishap, read out triumphantly: "The Cathedral Sunday School picnic will take place on Tuesday at the beautiful Bishop's grounds at Rayburn." You could feel the silence,—and that the juniors in the congregation were mightily pleased; even the elders smiled, though they said afterwards that the young priest "wasn't far wrong."

For the Bishop was beautiful—with the grave, benign beauty of one who lived much in spirit with the elect. There was never a pastor of souls more conscious of his responsibility, or more alert for the welfare of his flock, and he never lost an opportunity to exhort young and old to prepare for eternity; to make the chief aim of their existence the salvation of their immortal souls. Whatever the text might be, or whatever the application he made of it, the Bishop invariably came back to the same conclusion, a course of action that drew from an admiring listener the unusual compliment, "He's a great navigator, altogether."

The Bishop's word was law: and the advice he gave to parents was so rigorously acted upon that the young people were in no danger of being over-indulged or pampered. He was very severe on "sinful amusements," in which he classed public dances, sleighing parties, moonlight excursions, and similar diversions to which youth is prone; and when he denounced such goings-on, from the pulpit, the heads of families looked significantly at their sons and daughters as if to quell there and then any lurking tendency to revolt. Pride in their own respectability was the besetting sin of these worthy parishioners; and the determination to rear families that would be a credit to them was so strong that they succeeded even beyond their own expectations; and while, with outward humility, they attributed such success to the grace of God, they secretly congratulated themselves on their own efforts.

Thus, between the Bishop and firm parental guidance, there was little chance to deflect from the straight path. But the love of pleasure was strong, and so, seizing eagerly on what diversion they could get, the young people hailed with delight the approach of the annual picnic.

It was the social parish function of the year. Every one attended; and the Bishop walked among his people, with smiling eyes and genial words, his hands clasped behind his back, his head bent forward and drooped a little, as if to let the warmth of his fatherly expression fall on the young faces turned towards him.

But this is getting to the grounds too quickly—before the message of the bell, and the procession, and the strains of the

band, and the distribution of the children's tickets—which, by the way, was a very interesting feature of the proceedings. The juvenile tickets were supplied for the modest sum of ten cents, and were supposed to be limited to Sunday School children, but no teacher had ever been found mean enough to question the presence of unregistered infants, who showed a sudden and fleeting zest for religious instruction. They came unknown and unheralded, and after that Sunday was over, retired again into obscurity, until their years entitled them to rank as students.

As a general rule the boys were abjectly dependent on an elder sister, for this occasion, and their subjection was painfully evident in their efforts to be respectful and civil to her while she held the purse. In those days, spending money was doled out carefully, and to make sure it would not be lost, or diverted from the purchase of the tickets, the most prudent girl in the family was commissioned to buy for her numerous brothers and sisters. If her sense of justice was strong she discharged her important office with impartiality, but if she held a grudge against a brother who did not accord her the respect which she deemed her due, she kept him in a state of suspense, by holding his ticket in reserve until he had made his submission.

There was always a degree of anxiety about the weather—most justifiable anxiety, for wet picnic Tuesdays were not by any means uncommon. This fact was so generally acknowledged that when the picnic was announced prudent folk made immediate preparation for a rainy day. There was a story told of a godless man who lived some miles from the city, and who was seen industriously raking hay one Sunday afternoon.

"What's that for?" demanded a scandalized neighbor.

"The Bishop gave out his picnic this morning," was the laconic reply, as the haymaker bent industriously to his work.

There was one boy who couldn't be sure that he heard the bell—though his hearing was keen—unless he sat on the steps of the house across from the Cathedral; and there was another boy who would rush along the street crying "The bell rang!" when it had not rung at all, a practical joke that was not found out sometimes until the children were dressed. In such cases mothers had been known to express a desire to own the joker for five minutes only.

But when the bell did ring, what a bustle there was all over the city! Lunch baskets were packed, collars adjusted, sashes tied, countless admonitions given, and each little group went forth—personally conducted by the holder of the tickets—to swell the ranks of the procession.

The prestige of walking behind the band was accorded to the boys, and for a time they enjoyed the pomp and circumstance of marching through the main streets, and swinging into the depot under the admiring eyes of the multitude. The girls fluttered along in the rear, content with second place, and making a pretty showing.

The time came, however, when some conspirators sought to break the time-honored custom. These malcontents made their plans with care, and circumstances favored them in the fact that the superintendent was new in office and known to be of exquisitely refined sensibilities. As usual the boys assembled in the upper hall, and to expedite passing them through the station gates their tickets were given to them before starting.

This was the superintendent's great mistake. "They will bolt when they reach the street," declared an experienced teacher, but the superintendent refused to think so ill of his kind. "They are on their honor," he said, as he gave the word to march. March, indeed! They charged, and the superintendent was borne along in the rush. Cheering wildly, the boys vaulted down the stairway, past the first landing, and reached the second, with the street in view. Only a moment between them and liberty! But history has taught that even a moment may overturn the most carefully thought-out plans. And so it proved in this case. The minute and the principal of the day schools arrived together. The principal wore a determined air and a silver-headed cane that had been presented to him by a society in recognition of his many amiable and admirable qualities—but he was not as tender-hearted as the superintendent.

At the turn of the stairs the boys met their Waterloo, and the superintendent, unable to witness the harrowing scenes, turned his face to the window, thereby jamming his official silk hat into a most unofficial appearance.

The band was doing its best on the street to rouse picnic feeling to its highest pitch, and when it led off the parish thrilled with pride at the spectacle it presented. The bandsmen wore a semi-military uniform with red stripes, gold lace, brass buttons, and shakos with flaunting plumes of green and white—superb decorations they seemed to the thousand and more children who stepped along behind. Perhaps there are better bands than the City Cadet, but we didn't know of them then, and do not yet, for that matter. The impressions of youth are lasting, and no later pageant can efface the memory of that picnic parade on its way to the station, with the people lined up along the streets and grouped on the sides of the hill through which the track cleft its route.

There was always an anxious moment when the station was reached, lest the open cars might not be on, or so insufficient in number that some box cars would be pressed into the service. In the latter case every child did its best not to be told off for the conventional trip. The open cars were really trucks, fenced in and provided with planks for seats, in taking possession of which the eldest sister again came to the front. She had received her orders and carried them out with exactitude. By right of seniority and superior prudence she occupied the outside seat and ranged her charges along inside, with the youngest next to her, for protection in case of danger. There were never any accidents, that I can remember, but there were hazardous moments when the girls held their breath while the boys persisted in sitting on the wooden rail, from which they pretended to fall off—often for no other purpose than to get square with their temporary guardians,—but only when they had in their pockets their modest share of spending money. The trip to the beautiful grounds was a triumphal passage, through outlying villages, each of which gave a royal ovation to the picnic train as it sped along.

All too soon a stretch of meadow bordered by a river came into view. The whistle blew a shrill blast, as the train ran in on the siding, and the less important individuals—who had charge of the tables or filled other official positions on the grounds—hastened to receive the host of children, as they tumbled from the cars and scattered broadcast over the expanse of field, which shone yellow in the sun

where the stubble had already taken on the tint of autumn. Over by the fence shrubs flowered bravely, and down towards the river the alder bushes made a pretty green fringe through which the water showed in gleams of silver.

There was a house on the grounds where the Bishop and priests were supposed to dine in the solemn state and isolation that their dignity demanded, but some of the curates had been known to lunch at the pavilion which supplied the parish in general. The pavilion was open on all sides, so that the tables might prove an irresistible lure; and at one end a platform for dancing spread out, with a little gallery above for the band, thus centering the great attractions of the field. Raspberry tarts, homemade strawberry pies with a lattice-work of crust, railroad cake, three-cornered turnovers filled with jam, watermelon, ice cream, and a seemingly inexhaustible supply of "pop" were among the salient features of the feast that the attendants knew so well how to spread. There were also green apples in abundance and they were partaken of recklessly.

By noon not a penny remained in the pockets of the youngsters, and they then became dependent on the charity of relatives or the kindly feeling of friends. It was an occasion when those who thought well of your father and mother had a chance to show it by treating you, and though etiquette required that you should refuse the first offer, it would be positive discourtesy to decline the second. Occasionally some stupid or penurious creature took the refusal at its face value, and then, with soul warring at conventions, the victim retired in anguish of spirit while a less punctilious child mounted into the swing, or lined up for a race. It was a crucial test of character. There was one child who was twelve years old before her careful guardian would consent to her going on the merry-go-round, and even as she tucked her long limbs into place before starting she was enjoined not to fall off. She grew so tall that year that when the next picnic came round she could not ride at all. If you even *looked* grown-up you were expected to be very decorous. There was no danger of the merry-go-round being overcrowded towards the close of the day, as the price, five cents, was prohibitive for the children themselves, and the generosity of adults was reaching its limit.

As I remember, "pop" was perhaps the most favored refreshment on the grounds, and it was in evidence all day long. It was the children's privilege to bring the bottles from the tables and carry them back, and the peculiar sensation of the fizz escaping up their noses seemed to be especially sought for.

When you could not get pop there was always the well to fall back upon—or into—though the muddy space encircling it made you think twice before you reached for the tin dipper. If any boys were there, and they generally were, they splashed the water about recklessly, without a thought for crisp, white frocks and spotless hose. About one o'clock you didn't care for such frivolities yourself, and by mid afternoon a neat-looking child was an object of pity, for we knew at once that she had come out on the two o'clock train—probably handcuffed to her mother and aunt.

Among the trees there were impromptu seats made of planks placed on the protruding roots and rocks, and these seats attracted the adults—useful people to take care of wraps, provide supplies from baskets, and encourage you to rest long enough to get your breath and ease the soles of your feet.

Then there was another class of picnickers — foolish mortals! — young men and women who wore their best clothes, looked only at each other, and—when they weren't partaking of refreshments in the pavilion!—wandered about in a dazed condition. Shortly after the picnic their banns would be given out at the parish Mass, together with the pew rent reminders and the prayers for the dead.

Though peace spread its wings over the grounds and all thereon, there were times when we were vagely conscious of some trouble connected with express wagons lined up outside "in spite of the priests." That in itself was enough to make us view them with disfavor, though to outward seeming their traffic was of the most innocent character. But when some youths who were known to be wild, and some older men who had the reputation of "taking a drop," were seen to leave the field, we realized that the Bishop's foe had set up his breastworks at the very gates. He didn't get his agents inside, though he tried hard enough. They were invariably detected and evicted by the vigilant committee. We knew that the iniquity was great, for with our own ears we heard the Bishop call the express dealers "scoundrels"—from the pulpit—a proof that his anger was deep. "A holy wrath, children," one of our teachers at the convent explained, lest we be disedified.

With the Bishop early hours meant daylight, so when the afternoon was in its prime the train for the first return trip came in. The Sisters, the orphans, and very old people—like one's parents—went home on this, together with some sated votaries of pleasure who found the picnic tame. There was a seven o'clock train, but only very slack parents gave permission to come home on that. It was outrageously late for children. Accordingly, round about five, we reluctantly began our preparations for departure. Considerable time was needed to find lost relatives, and it was generally at the last minute the hosts of boys and girls rallied to the train, tumbled in, and subsided into place. By the time the train rolled through the valley and under the bridge their spirits had revived, and when the station was reached, the city knew that the children were home again, and that another picnic day had come to a glorious close.

There was another aspect of the Bishop's picnic, but I do not care to dwell on it. It is enough to have experienced the heartache, the disappointment, and utter dejection that was ours when suddenly the sky became overcast and torrents of rain fell on the merrymakers. There was no hope of respite, for these rains came to spend the day, so drenched and forlorn we abandoned the field, gathered at the platform, and crawled into the shelter of the train, no longer fighting for places in the open cars.

When you were grown up it didn't matter so much, for you didn't expect so much of life, and if your clothes were damaged you didn't have to answer embarrassing questions about them. Apropos of clothes, some gorgeously attired former parishioners sometimes made the picnic the scene of their triumphant return. They had gone to "the States," had prospered, and walked before us living embodiments of success. We didn't know much then about outward show, but the years brought knowledge, and afterwards we came to realize that back of the bravery was the struggle of which we knew nothing. Our parents, who had

kept on their plodding way in a small city, were rather silent after a conversation with their flourishing contemporaries who had gone abroad, but by the time the station was reached their spirits rose again, and when the crowds on the bridge and at the depot cheered lustily, they were ready to smile once more in sympathy with their boys and girls, trooping home beside them in the early twilight.

The Bishop is gone—God rest his soul! For the greater number, the children he confirmed and admonished, and safeguarded so zealously, have done him no discredit. There is a new Bishop—may his years be many!—and possibly there are new ways; but the picnic still takes place at Rayburn, on Tuesday, weather permitting, and the children still wait breathlessly for the bell to ring at eight o'clock.

THE CALF OF GOLD.

BY KATHLEEN KAVANAGH.

We toil with ceaseless, tireless plod ;
Build and rebuild clod after clod;
Strive hard to give back blow for blow
Triumphant on the neck of foe;
'Tis wrestle, struggle, push and press,
From dire defeat to win success.

We hardly dare to take the time
To yield in answer smile for smile,
Much less a minute more to stand
And gently take a neighbor's hand;
To whisper low a bit of cheer
When things seem desolate and drear.

Our eyes grow dim before our years
Because of fabricated fears;
Our ears are deaf to everything
Not of a pure metallic ring;
Our hearts enthralled by rote and fret
Are cold and barren with regret.

With footsteps onward, hurrying fast,
Despite the rain, the biting blast,
We try with utmost might and main,
Risk every ligament to strain,
Endeavoring to find and borrow
The subtle secrets of to-morrow.

We never see, we do not care,
That now, *to-day*, is wondrous fair,
But crush and trample 'neath our feet
Her reddest roses fragrant, sweet—
Poor victims of the common lot!
We hunger for what we have not.

Beneath the stars' soft tender shine
Our spirits feel no thrill divine;
In this the age of rush and reason,
To dream aye, aye to dream, is treason.
But whither this, this modern creed,
Lo, whither, whither doth it lead?

What is its recompense unto
Its votaries reliant, true?
Good men and women! have a thought
Lest we find out that we have brought
(As did the Israelites of old)
Our incense to a calf of gold.

AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS.

Augustus St. Gaudens died at his home in Cornish, New Hampshire, on August 3rd, after an illness extending over several months. Death was due to a general breakdown of the system, the result in part, of a nervous dyspepsia, from which he had suffered. Even during his decline the famous sculptor visited his studio every day, until the middle of July, when he was compelled to remain in bed, owing to extreme weakness.

St. Gaudens' mother was Irish and his father a Frenchman. He was born in Dublin, in 1848. While a baby his parents emigrated to America. His father opened a shoemaker's shop in Fourth Avenue, New York, not far from the old Academy of Design. As a child, work to Augustus became a necessity. At the age of thirteen he left school and was apprenticed to a cameo cutter.

The very first money the lad earned he spent for a box of colors. His days were spent at the bench and his nights in the study of art in Cooper Institute. He worked so hard at the bench, learning everything there was to be learned, that at the end of three years he was reputed to be the best cameo cutter in the city. He saved money enough to go to Paris to perfect himself in the art of cameo cutting, but his great ambition was to be a sculptor, and with this object in view, he entered the studio of Jouffroy, in the Ecole des Beaux Arts. He was then only nineteen. His work made him a favorite with his master.

The Franco-German War broke out, and this compelled him to leave France. He went to Rome, the centre of the artistic world, and opened a studio. One of his first works was a tribute to his country, a figure of Hiawatha, modeled in clay, which so pleased the eyes of Joshua Montgomery Sears, of Boston, that he supplied the money to have it cast in plaster; and then ex-Governor Morgan, of New York, seeing the cast in his studio, commissioned him to cut it in marble. It was his first statue, and a success; nor did this fortunate and richly endowed artist ever experience failure.

"Hiawatha" opened the pathway to fame, and orders flowed in upon St. Gaudens—among others, a bust of Senator William M. Evarts. After his return to America, in 1872, he was elected President of the Society of American Artists, and shortly after he received his first great commission—to design a monument to Admiral Farragut.

The statue, erected in Madison Square, was pronounced by the critics to be a masterpiece. The plaster cast had been exhibited in Paris, in the Salon of 1880, and attracted admiration.

This was followed in quick succession by the statue of Deacon Samuel Chapin, called "The Puritan," in Stearns' Park, Springfield, Mass. This will always stand as the Puritan type of character—rugged, strong, thoughtful and somewhat gloomy.

The statue of Lincoln, in Lincoln Park, in Chicago, is another remarkable figure. In fact, this monument is considered the greatest single figure monument in the world. It represents the martyred president standing before a large arm chair, as if he had just arisen from it to address an audience.

He executed some exquisite medallion portraits, notably those of Bastien Le Page, the great French artist, and Robert Louis Stevenson.

Some notable portrait busts are those of Hon. William M. Evarts, Theodore D. Woolsey of Yale University and General Sherman. Before his death he com-

pleted a monument to Gen. Sherman, for New York city, with an equestrian figure of the famous general on a prancing horse and a goddess of victory.

Others are his statue of Charles Stewart Parnell and the Logan statue in Chicago. In New York his chief works are the golden Diana on Madison Square Garden and the seated figure of Peter Cooper in the rear of Cooper Union.

A very beautiful bas-relief. "The Adoration of the Cross by Angels," in St. Thomas' Protestant Episcopal Church, New York, and much work in collaboration with La Farge in Trinity Church, Boston, testify to a religious imagination in the sculptor, no doubt derived from his Irish mother, who is indeed commonly spoken of by those who knew of her as the source of his artistic genius.

This same character is shown to a high degree in his noble work, the monument to Robert Gould Shaw and the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment of Negroes, facing the State House on Boston Common mall, a strong and vivid alto-relievo, full of the characteristics of vitality which pertain to this form of sculpture, which adds the freedom of the round to the pictural composition of the low relief.

The intention of the promoters of the memorial was probably to glorify Robert Shaw. But with the sculptor this was a matter of less importance than the expression of a great idea. What appealed to him first was the soldier—the soldier on horseback, the leader of men. As he worked upon his theme he became fascinated by a larger conception—still the soldier on horseback, the leader of men, but, more than that, choosing Shaw as a typical leader, leading the black men to the fight for the freedom of their fellows. And so the idea and its expression grew, and now the country has that splendid young Northern hero riding at the head of his Negro regiment, the first Negro regiment ever enrolled by government. And over all the symbolic figure of winged Fame directing the onward march. St. Gaudens changed the design several times, and finally made it almost "in the round." It is a bronze mural panel, fourteen feet wide by eleven feet high, set up on Boston Common.

The Boston Public Library was to have had some notable groups by him, to be placed just outside of the entrance on either side on the immense granite pedestals which stand there. These were well under way at the time of his death. The two lions at the head of the grand staircase in the library were modeled by St. Gaudens, and much of the interior decoration of the library was suggested by him.

St. Gaudens was given the commission for a statue to Phillips Brooks which is to be placed in the triangle in front of Trinity Church.

Through a letter from President Roosevelt, made public on August 3, it was learned that St. Gaudens designed the new gold coins, eagle and double eagle, which are now being completed. These designs are probably the last completed works that left the hands of the sculptor.

St. Gaudens was easily the foremost of American sculptors, and the "American" may be emphasized without error, for his work was quite free from French or Italian traits, and even strikingly original to the country as well as to his own genius.

He raised the standard of sculpture in America to a height little dreamed of thirty years ago, and his influence during this period has been felt in nearly every part of the domain of art in the United States.

Though modest and retiring, he was a power among the younger sculptors of

the land especially, but also among the painters, architects, noted literary men, and connoisseurs in general. No such peculiar influence has ever been wielded by one man in this country. To know him was to love and admire him and to become convinced at a glance that here, truly, was a master.

He was among the first to catch the awakening spirit of art which was born in this country about forty years ago.

Not quite two years ago Hon. John E. Redmond, M. P., leader of the Irish Parliamentary Party, while in America visited Mr. St. Gaudens and inspected the model of his statute to Parnell. John O'Callaghan, of The Boston *Globe*, Secretary of the United Irish League of America, accompanied Mr. Redmond, and in an article in The Boston *Globe* after the sculptor's death told of the visit. He said:—

"The eyes of the sculptor lighted up with pleasure, when, after the Irish leader had observed the model from every possible point of view, walked around it several times, studied it from the ground floor to the studio, and had gone up on a ladder to get a view on a level with its pedestal of the statue of his dead predecessor, in the rough and stormy post of leader of the Irish national and political forces, Mr. Redmond's verdict justified Mr. St. Gaudens' conception of his immortal subject.

"I would not have you alter a line nor a crease in it, Mr. St. Gaudens; it is Parnell to the very life; his figure, his appearance, even his very gesture when under the influence of strong feeling or emotion. I congratulate you on your wonderful success, and I am satisfied that we shall have in Dublin, when this is finished, a monument not alone worthy of Parnell, but a work of art second to none in Europe."

The statue is to be placed in the royal Irish Academy, Dublin, pending the erection of the marble pyramid and the pedestal on which the statue will rest permanently on O'Connell Street near the Rotunda. The fact that it will be admitted to the Academy attests sufficiently its value as a work of art.

The tenderness and affection with which Mr. St. Gaudens, in the course of conversation that day with Mr. Redmond, spoke of his mother, and her memory, and the repeated declarations he made, that apart altogether from the object of the work itself, it would be a labor of love to him, as it was to be erected in the city which gave his mother birth, were most touching. He grew quite talkative on the subject.

He said since he was brought to the United States from Ireland when a child, he had never been back in the country, and he dearly longed to visit it.

"I have never seen Foley's great monument to O'Connell in Dublin," said Mr. St. Gaudens, "although there is scarcely any other great work of art in England, Scotland, Wales, or any other part of Europe that I have not seen. I have, of course, seen photographs of it, and seen other works by Foley, but the O'Connell monument I have never seen. I am looking forward with much pleasure to visiting Dublin when the Parnell monument's unveiled, and hope that it will be a work worthy to take rank with Foley's great masterpiece."

And so the eminent sculptor chatted on, he and Mr. Redmond, discussing the great art works of Europe which both had seen, St. Gaudens growing more and more enthusiastic over what he repeatedly said he wished to make his life work.

The pyramid will be triangular, of Irish marble, sixty-five feet high, surmounted

by a gilt oriflamme six feet high, which will be lighted at night. On the three sides of the shaft will be quotations from some of the most famous declarations of Parnell, while the dead leader himself is represented standing on a pedestal six feet from the ground, with his right hand outstretched as if calming a multitude while in his left hand he holds some stray leaves of manuscript containing notes for his speech, as it were.

The whole expression is one of concentrated and repressed power, and in that respect strikes the keynote of Parnell's aggressive character.

Mr. St. Gaudens is survived by his wife, and son, Homer St. Gaudens, who has managed his father's business for some years, and a niece, Miss Marie St. Gaudens, of New York. He also has a brother, Louis St. Gaudens, whose reputation as a sculptor is second only to that of the deceased, and who has a studio about three-fourths of a mile from that of the former.

Writing of the Parnell statue in the *Freeman*, Stephen Gwynn, M. P., thus describes the work, while giving also his opinion of St. Gaudens as an artist and sculptor: "The Gaelic League's Art Exhibition, which will be held during the first weeks of August in the Royal Hibernian Academy's rooms, ought to have a notable success, for they have secured the privilege of showing, for the first time, the most interesting work of art that has been seen in Ireland for many years—the statue of Parnell, finished now, at last, by the greatest of American sculptors Much has yet to be done before the completed monument can be unveiled in its place, at the northern end of O'Connell Street. The architectural part of the design, costly and elaborate, still exists only in plans, though these are detailed out to the smallest specification. The great three-sided pyramid, sixty-five feet in height, which will make a background to the figure, has yet to be hewn —out of red granite from Galway, I am proud to say. But all the bronze work —the figure itself, of heroic size, designed to stand on a pedestal some six feet from the ground, the finely wrought panels of bronze, with inscriptions in Irish, in English, and in Latin, which are to be set into the pyramid, and the crowning ornament for the top of the pyramid—all these have arrived, in packing cases, and are being arranged for exhibition, with the kind assistance of Sir Thomas Drew.

"Any statue of Parnell would attract interest in Dublin. But here is a statue by one of the half-dozen men living—if, indeed, there are so many—whose name is famous wherever the meaning of sculpture is known; and, what is more, it will be the one and only important example of the artist's work which can be seen on this side of the Atlantic. One cannot be too thankful for the wisdom of the choice which entrusted this national commission, not to some decent mediocrity who could be relied upon to turn out promptly, with precision and despatch, some neat and inoffensive piece of stone or metal, but to an artist who at his own time would give to the city which trusted him a work that should be a lasting glory, and (one may hope, too) a source of inspiration for artists yet unborn. Dublin has a reputation to keep in the matter of its public statuary, and St. Gaudens is one of the few who may be trusted not to fall below Foley's level.

"At the same time, photographs of his work, and the one small example of it which I have seen, show a talent formed in a very different school. Foley belongs to the tradition which perhaps Reynolds, better than any man, represents in portraiture. St. Gaudens is as modern as

Sargent. The circular bas-relief panel which represents Robert Louis Stevenson propped up with pillows in one episode of his long disease, strikes one more at first by its quality of life, almost of vivacity, than by its charm of line and subtlety of modelling; it suggests so vividly the over-fatigued contour of the sick man's body in sharp contrast with the indomitable spirit of the face, lit, as it is, with a queer elusive smile. That, of course, is a portrait study, meant to hang in a room and in a statue designed for a great public thoroughfare such subtleties would be out of place. But one may be sure, at least, that the thing done will be no conventional representation merely of a recognizable type.

"It will be Parnell, the man who in his day, by mere force of character, became one of the world's outstanding figures, seen in a great artist's vision of him. Sculptors of the older school might have aimed to suggest the man's position, rather than his personality, the leader of Ireland, rather than the man. It is not likely that St. Gaudens would have been content with such an emblematic treatment of his subject as is typified, indeed admirably, in the O'Connell monument. If he has, he has departed from his own tradition.

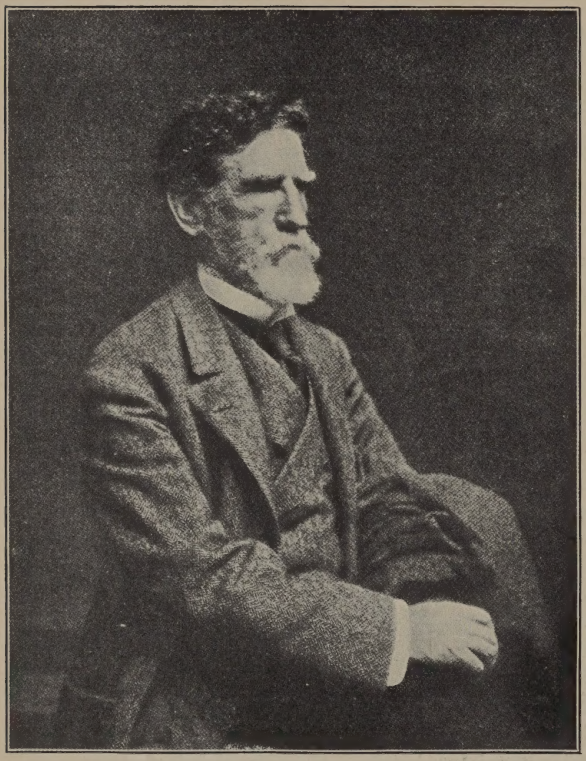
"How has he seen Parnell—most tragic figure in Ireland's sombre pageant? He has seen him, anyhow, with no alien eyes for Augustus St. Gaudens is the son, indeed, of a Frenchman, but he was born in Dublin (fifty-nine years ago) of an Irish mother, and his life, spent in the Greater Ireland beyond the seas, has never sundered him in sympathy from the country of his birth. He has contented himself, they say, with this result of his labor—achieved after many years indeed, though not many compared with the twelve which elapsed before the Shaw Memorial, by which he is famous in Boston, was ready for erection. And if an artist, so patient and so brilliant has pleased himself in a work which lay so near his heart, there is good reason to hope that few of those who judge it will be disappointed."

The New York *Sun* dwells upon the "infallible mastery of character" possessed by St. Gaudens, and in the following paragraphs points out the striking features of his main works.

"The man and artist in Augustus St. Gaudens were so admirably welded that the too frequent dissonance—an astounding paradox to laymen—between the art and the human who fashions it never once sounded during his lifetime, crowded with felicity and works. Not even the mingled blood of Irish and French will account for this unusual fact. Not that artists are usually wicked persons. Not that artists in private life are mediocre persons. But the harmonious combination that was observed in the case of St. Gaudens is rare. He was a great sculptor and he was a normal man. His virility led him into no extravagant or exotic experimentings with his art. Sane and essentially noble, this art, was the outcome of a sane and essentially noble nature. Of St. Gaudens we may say that the art is the man.

"Born in Dublin nearly threescore years ago, his mother Irish, his father hailing from the south of France, it needs no wire-edged psychology to see in him the Latin love of form and Celtic imagination. But he was an American. No native born sculptor has ever caught up with such sympathetic vision and plastic power of presentation the types of American character. Character above all was the object of St. Gaudens' untiring pursuit. Whether in the sailor admiral that was Farragut, the patriot, that was Lin-

THE SHAW MONUMENT, BOSTON.

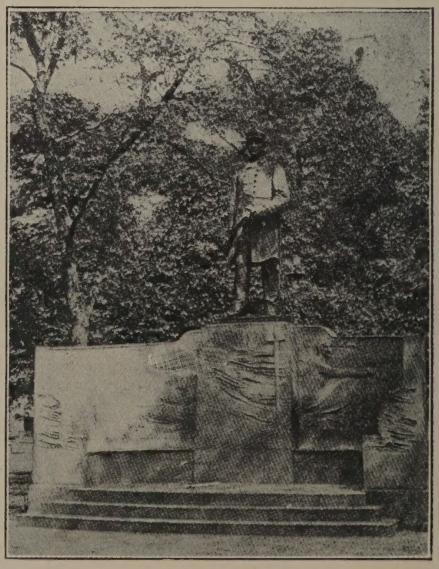


THE LATE AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS.

coln, the soldier Sherman, or the philanthropist Cooper, this sculptor envisaged them all and with the unerring strokes of his chisel set them before us, not mere simulacra in stone or bronze, but the very quintessence of their widely dissimilar souls.

"He achieved in his productions that miracle—the evocation by means of form of the body and spirit of his subject. The monumental grandeur of the Sherman statue, the magnificent horse, its rider masterfully controlling its fierce forward thrusts, are but the externals of a man of penetrating observation and plastic genius; it is rather the profounder spiritual meanings of his conception that set St. Gaudens apart from his contemporaries. The man he portrayed had said that 'war is hell'; he is the warrior astride a warlike brute; no belching batteries could quail his courage. Verrochio's Colleoné at Venice shows us a panoplied knight ahorse; the Gattamelata of Donatello at Padua is still the matchless equestrian statue. Yet our American sculptor has infused a subtle spirit into this Sherman that it would be vain to look for elsewhere. War and Peace, and, again, Peace, are there! Victory, that aerial messenger with ecstatic gaze and carrying the palms, is not treated as a conventional symbol. She is the *leit motiv* of a composition that has few equals in structural grandeur.

"The Farragut statue — its low relief figures in the base— surely allegory has been seldom embodied with such an exquisite touch — shows the same

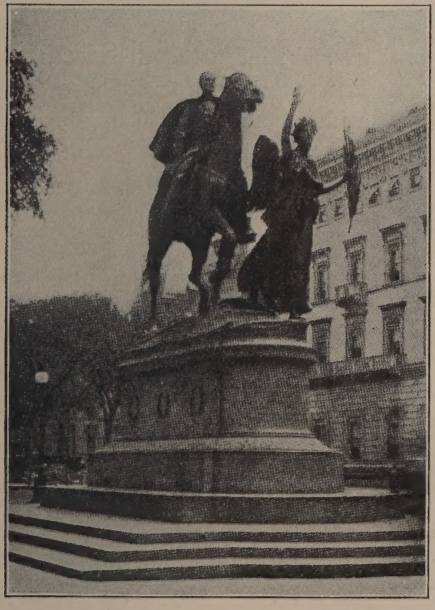


THE STATUE OF FARRAGUT, MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK.

infallible mastery of character. Whether it be the Shaw memorial in Boston or the Lincoln statue in Chicago, St. Gaudens never fails to disengage the heart of his theme. Lincoln, for a sculptor, is most unpromising. Consider how he is handled by this artist. No attempt is made to attenuate the homeliness of the man; nor is he posed as a melodramatic martyr. Dignity is the keynote, dignity and a veiled power. It is indeed, the Father of his times and country, an individual and a type.

"Individuality is the essence of St. Gaudens. A student at Paris, after a laborious apprenticeship in New York as a cameo cutter (he came to America when a child), a pupil of Jouffroy and an associate of Mercie, Falguiere and St. Marceau, he imbibed the lessons of classic

THE LINCOLN STATUE, LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO.



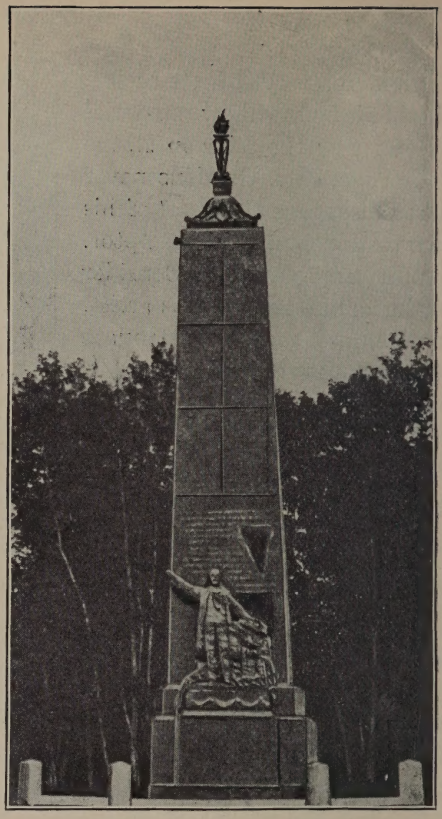
SHERMAN STATUE, CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.

French sculptural art; avoiding the attempts at academic recrudescence of the Greek, St. Gaudens's art stems from the Renaissance. He is nearer in spirit to Donatello than Phidias. He first searches for character and he is versatile in its portrayment. The larger simplicity and poignant emotion of "Grief," that mortuary statue in the Rock Creek cemetery, Washington, betray the modern artist; the grief imprinted upon the woman's countenance is immitigable; it is not classic woe, nor is it paroxysmal. It holds the horror of hopelessness in every lineament, and in every fold of the garb there is despair. You involuntarily recall Beethoven—the Beethoven of the Funeral March.

"The obverse of St. Gaudens's gift was serene and sunny. His low re-

THE FIGURE IN ROCK CEMETERY, WASHINGTON

lief portraits of Robert Louis Stevenson, of the Butler children, are as charming as Donatello. A master in suggestion he was in this extremely difficult department of sculpture, so beloved by the artists of the Renaissance. The Stevenson head, with its delicate contours, the familiar pose, cigarette



PARNELL STATUE, DUBLIN, IRELAND.

THE STEVENSON BAS-RELIEF.

between two lean artistic fingers, are indicated with a surprising verisimilitude. Those marvellous and almost microscopic indentations, those tender inflections of the metal, surfaces so airily dwelt upon, reveal the extraordinary and sensitive skill of St. Gaudens. A miniaturist and a builder of the mighty architectonics of the Sherman, a sculptor and a psychologist—who has resumed, as he has in his Deacon Chapin, all New England?—he ranks with the noblest practitioners of his art; there emanates from his marbles a magnetism that proclaims him genius. Let us add, an American genius, in the widest sense of the phrase."

INTERIOR OF CHAPEL.

THE CANADIAN MOUNT ALVERNIA.

BY J. GERTRUDE MENARD.

Twice has the sweet but modest flower of Franciscanism blossomed on the lofty height of picturesque Quebec. The first seed was brought as early as 1615 from the province of St. Denis in France, by the great Champlain himself who, with all the fervor of his deeply religious soul, planted it in soil which he hoped would yield a most extraordinary nourishment. An old painting represents the valiant explorer surrounded by a debonair company of soldiers, merchants, and sailors, standing boldly upon the prow of his vessel as it approaches the shores of the New World, and contemplating with ardent gaze the site of the city he is to build upon its topmost cliff, "for the glory of God, and the aggrandisement of France."

The spectacle portrayed is brilliant and alluring, and one scarcely perceives amid the glitter of arms and splendor of gay-colored habiliments the little group of brown-robed figures retiring humbly behind the gorgeous person of the commander; but in these same brown-robed figures was vested the task of laying the foundation of the Catholic Church in Canada—a work the immensity of which history has faithfully preserved. To the three unknown Recollet priests first to step upon the soil of New France was assigned the Christianizing of the entire Canadian wilderness. One journeyed to remote Tadousac, there to begin the conversion of the Montagnais; another penetrated the unknown and terrible regions of the west; while the third, Pere

NORTH VIEW OF FRANCISCAN CONVENT.

Dolbeau, remained with Champlain in Quebec to take charge of the parish about to be born there. No time was lost by the latter in carrying out the projects of his apostolic zeal. In less than a month after the arrival of the company a little chapel was ready for occupancy, and one writer quaintly remarks: "this first temple of God upon Canadian territory was built of wood without doubt painfully quarried."

The building served as parish church for the struggling community until 1821 when, better accommodations being needed, a new church was erected, together with a convent suitable to the needs of a religious community. The site selected was what might be called a little isle between the St. Charles and the St. Lawrence rivers. "The structure," says the historian, "resembles little enough a Franciscan retreat. Exteriorly the convent had all the appearance of a chateau-fort, with dungeons, courtyards, bastions, and ramparts, and also a natural moat which surrounded the house and garden." Yet these warlike appurtenances were necessitated by the dangers of the period, each year of which brought new foes and disasters.

Hardly was the church consecrated when it was called upon to receive the remains of the first of the fearless band of missionaries to tread the martyr's path—a path soon to be followed in so gloriously by the Peres Brebeuf, Lallement, Jogues, and their companions. Rev. Nicholas Viel had for two years labored

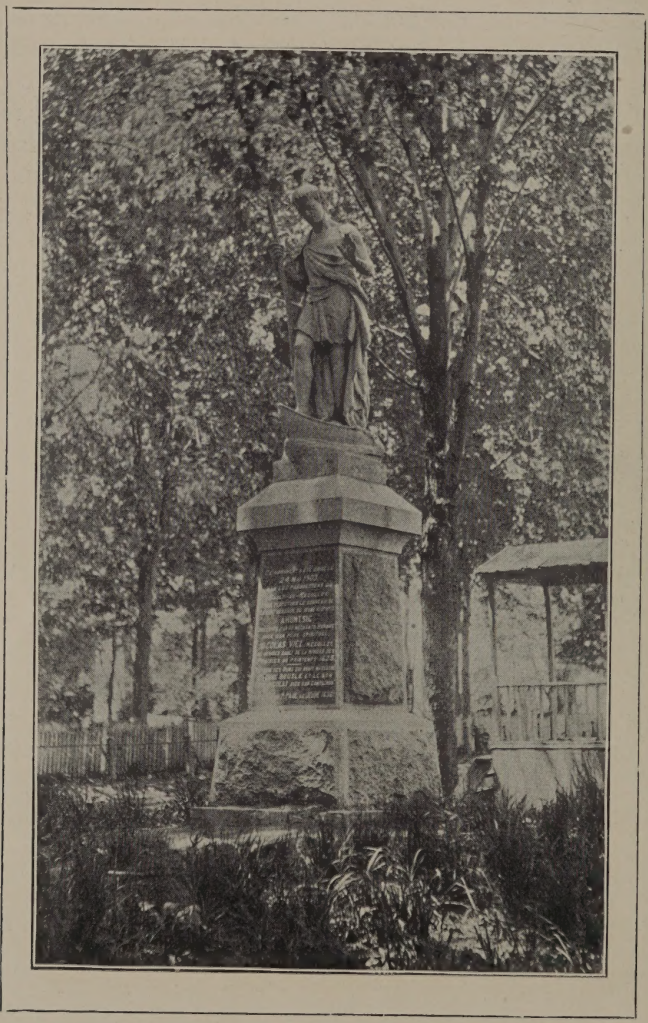
amid incredible hardships and dangers in the Huron country where he had led many to baptism and faith. He was returning to Quebec with a party of Indians and a young Huron neophyte named Ahuntsic, when, in descending the rapids of the Ottawa, he and his youthful convert were suddenly set upon by their treacherous companions, and after being cruelly maltreated were cast into the rapids to drown. The body of the Recollet was afterward secured and brought to the sanctuary at Quebec, where it reposed as a most valued possession.

As time passed and the colony took on the manners and forms of an established town, the Franciscan Friary became the centre of interest for the northern portion of New France. Hither from their distant posts came at intervals the weary missionaries, to taste for a while the refreshment and peace of the cloister, and to gain inspiration for renewed exertion. Hither came reckless soldiers and woodsmen seeking absolution for sins committed during their long absences from civilization. Hither came newly-converted Indians to be fed and lodged, timid pioneers to be encouraged and advised, and children to be instructed and corrected. During his period of governorship the redoubtable Frontenac himself was a frequent visitor to the convent, for the Recollets possessed no stancher friend at home or abroad than he, and to them, in spite of all opposition, he invariably gave the keeping of his conscience.

In this same church was consecrated

CHAPTER ROOM.

the first native Canadian to take the robe of St. Francis, the saintly Frere Didare, whose name is now being presented at Rome for canonization. Here also, the



AHUNTSIC, INDIAN COMPANION OF FATHER VIEL.

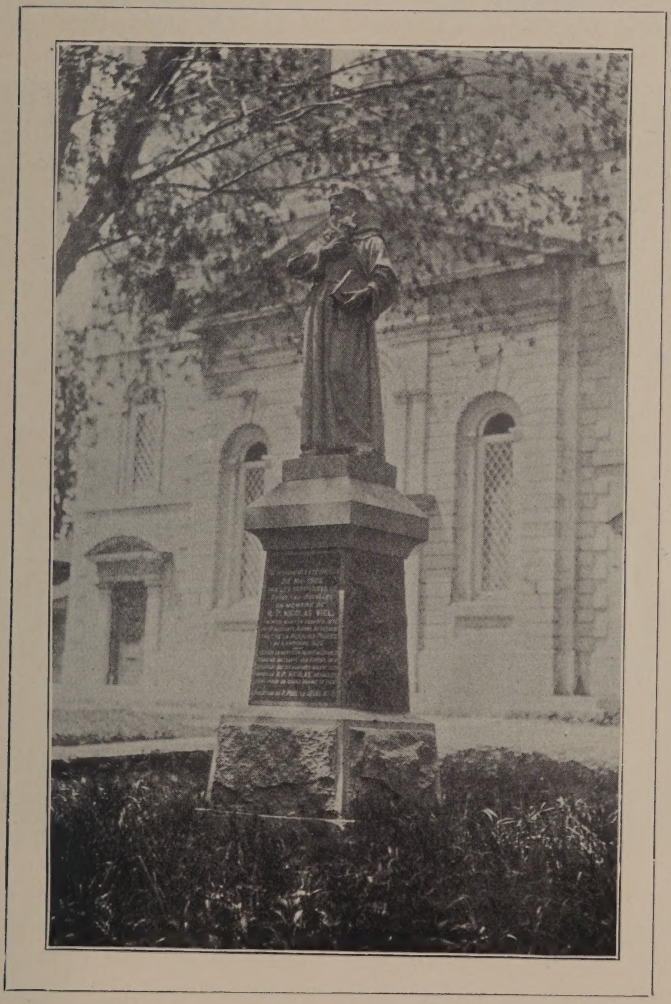
Jesuits, coming in 1625 to share in the apostolic labors of Canada, found shelter when homeless and in distress. So inhospitable, indeed, was the reception accorded the newcomers when approaching Quebec that they were about to turn and set sail again for France, when the Recollets putting out in a boat persuaded the strangers to land, and gave them the protection of their monastery.

"The two families of St. Francis and St. Ignatius," says the chronicle, "remained for two years under the same roof, edifying each other by their regular life and wholly fraternal union."

The exertions of both, however, were

destined soon to a rude and prolonged interruption. In the year 1629, notwithstanding the fact that peace existed between the mother countries, Quebec was attacked by an English fleet and capitulated. The two religious orders were obliged to retire to France, but they awaited confidently the hour of recall, for, as the conquest was an injustice, it was felt it could not be lasting. Such, in fact, proved to be the case, and three years later the treaty was signed which restored New France to its original lords.

The Jesuits at once re-embarked for their former field of action, and the Friars prepared to follow when it was found that the "Company of Merchants," in whose hands the control of Quebec practically rested, refused to grant permission to the Franciscans to enter their territory. The Recollets, astounded at this decision and overwhelmed with disappointment,



NICHOLAS VIEL, FIRST CANADIAN MARTYR.

offered to maintain themselves without making a single demand upon the citizens of Quebec, but the Company remained inflexible, and, strange as it may seem, it was not until after a lapse of forty years that the sons of St. Francis saw again the walls of their monastery

the Governor, and in the very heart of the official and military circle.

Here, the convent of St. Anthony was erected to the great joy and pride of the followers of the re-established monks. The writers of the period were enthusiastic and Charlevoix thus praises its charms:

THE REFECTORY.

stronghold on the St. Charles. But the beloved cloister, once the summit of their ambition, proved after this long period of change and improvement quite unsuited to the needs of the time. The active life of the city was now centered not on the banks of the St. Charles, but within the walls of the impregnable upper town. The Friars decided to build again, this time directly opposite the chateau of

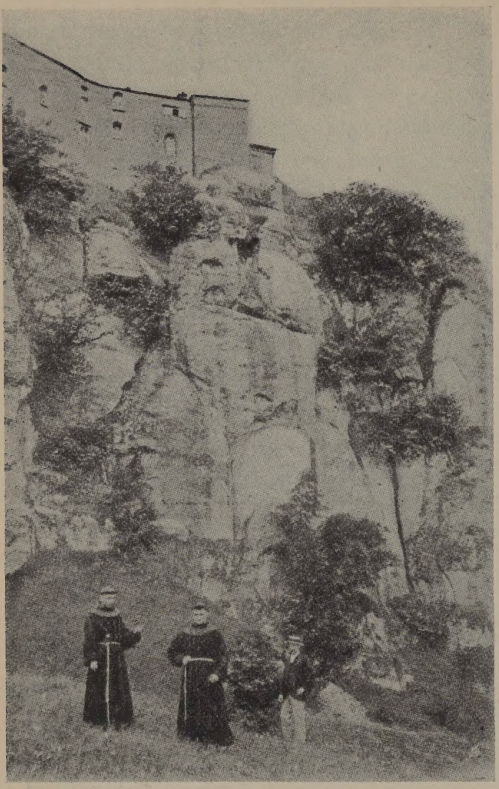
"The Recollet Fathers have a large and beautiful church which would do honor to Versailles." The foot-note of a modern reviser naively adds, however, "This affirmation is a little exaggerated." Be that as it may the structure satisfied the tastes and needs of Quebec devotees, and nothing occurred to mar the progress of the brotherhood until the great struggle, —of which they had been earnest ob-

servers and even participants,—ended at last in the downfall of the French standard and rule.

At the famous battle of Carillon, it was a Recollet, accompanying the French forces, who secured and carried away the bullet-riddled flag. The din and horror of warfare had been about them during almost the whole of their sojourn in Canada, but when peace was at last proclaimed, and the out-numbered Canadians were called upon to lay down their arms, the Recollets found themselves outlaws. The edict of the English victors was: "The Jesuits and Recollets may die where they are, but may have no successors."

The Friars, therefore, were condemned to disappear one by one, among the people they had so loved. It was indeed a melancholy prospect which they had to brood upon in their convent of St. Anthony. But even the shelter of this cherished home was to be taken from them. In 1796 the fire which consumed so large a portion of the city destroyed also the Franciscan monastery. The Recollets were in stern reality actually homeless. The Bishop, making use of his official power, secularized those receiving the habit since 1784, and the remainder were dispensed from the observance of conventual rule, with permission to retain their religious habit if they chose.

THE CHAPEL.

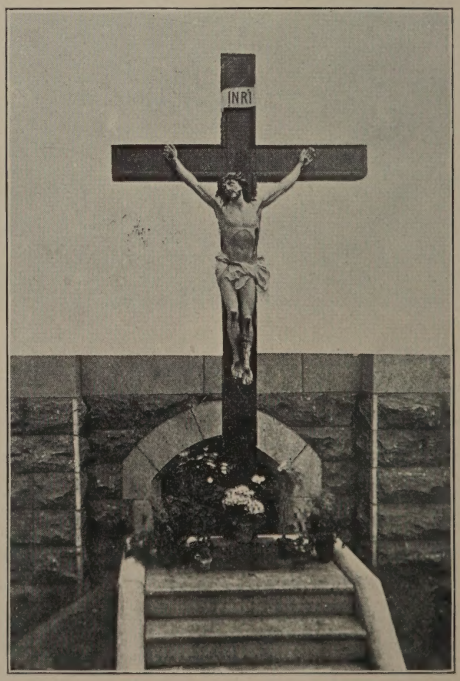


MOUNT ALVERNIA.

The older priests whom this decree did not affect had only to resign themselves to die in such retreats as the charity of clergy and people provided. Many of them took up their residence in the presbyteries of parish clergy, where they performed such duties as came within their scope, and became the object of special veneration to faithful sympathizers. The last Recollet priest, Father Louis Derners, died at Montreal in the year 1813, at the advanced age of eighty-one years, thus preserving for the nineteenth century the memory of the sandal and hood which had played so vital a part in the religious life of the seventeenth.

It would have been a brave prophet surely who would have ventured—with the flickering out of that last feeble flame,—to foretell the restoration of Franciscanism in Quebec, and that on a scale of beauty and solidity challenging comparison.

But such a prophecy in the fulness of time would have been fulfilled. In the month of September, 1900, once more a little company of Friars made their appearance upon the heights of the old city, coming this time not from distant France, but from Montreal, where a foundation had already been successfully laid. Once more the seed was to be planted, once more the ensign of the Seraphic Father was to float over this most sacred place. But how different now the times, the scene! No more the savage waited to be Christianized. No more the land reeked with wars and disasters. The amity of an advanced civilization warmly extended its hand of welcome, and the toil



"A HUGE CROSS OF BROWN WOOD."

and hardships of the early Fathers were to reap a reward in the establishing upon a veritable Mount Alvernia of a convent dedicated to the Stigmata, which should look upon the beauties of the surrounding Canadian country, even as the lofty retreat of St. Francis surveys the fair Italian hills.

The present property of the Friars Minor surmounts a cliff, one hundred and fifty feet in height, and has an unbroken outlook of thirty miles. Below winds the fertile valley of the St. Charles, in the farther distance gleams the St. Lawrence; a chaplet of villages lays its white cottages from Limoilou even to St. Anne de Beaupré; while against the horizon the mighty forms of the Laurentian mountains stand in solemn majesty, eloquent of God and all things eternal.

Far above the commonplace world, the monk of to-day may find ample opportunity to commune with nature in its grandest forms. From his cell window he may see the stupendous drifts of winter swirling through the unprotected ravine; he may watch the panoramic changes of spring transforming the farmlands from sombre, dun-colored wastes to reaches of shining gold and green; he may gaze enraptured upon the splendid glories of the autumn sunsets that nowhere, except in Italy, show such gorgeousness of coloring. Truly the restoration is one to gladden the eyes of those first pioneers,—could they but see,—who, in a tiny chapel in the midst of an Indian-haunted forest, celebrated almost three centuries ago the first Mass said upon this portion of the earth's surface.

The convent is dedicated to the Holy Stigmata of St. Francis, as has been stated, and preserves as its relic some drops of the blood flowing from the miraculous wounds of the saint. In its fifty or more cells are sheltered many students banished from France, who find in this ideal place the calm and solitude necessary to prepare them for the dignity of the priesthood.

Before the door of the church stands a huge cross of brown wood, on which is nailed a life-sized Christ of unusual pathos and beauty. The head is turned towards the heavens, the eyes are fixed on the immensity of the western distances; a charm at once sweet, sorrowful, and compelling pervades the whole figure. Gazing upon this sacred emblem, and calling to mind the fervor of that poor little lover of the Crucified, it requires indeed but a small stretch of the imagination to picture there at the feet of the Master, the gentle Francis himself, lost in an ecstasy of contemplation, and asking for this new Alvernia the graces and favors of the old.

THE NARROW WAY.

BY MARY ALLEGRA GALLAGHER.

"If I may question you," I said,
"Good sister, tell me why
You tread life's path without a friend,
With no dear neighbor by?"

"The road I take," she sweet replied,
Her smile a halo-ray,
"Admits of no companion, for
It is the Narrow Way.

"I have no eyes for other hearts,
I need them, as you see,
To follow in the Footprints kind
That lie ahead of me.

"His Words have filled my humble ears
So full of music rare,
That human voices grate on it,
No other tone is fair.

"I need my tongue to answer Him
Who e'er hath pleasing say—
It takes one's whole, entire self
To walk the Narrow Way."

THE DIARY OF AN EXILED NUN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY DANIEL J. DESMOND.

CHAPTER I.

OUR SUPERIOR DESIRES THAT I BEGIN A DIARY OF EVENTS AT NOTRE DAME DU PRIEURE — OUR WORK — THE PERSONNEL OF THE HOUSE.

Monastery of Notre Dame du Prieure.
Saturday, January 2, 1904.

This morning, the third day of our New Year holidays, I was busy preparing class matter for the month of January when there came a light tap on the door.

"Come in," said I.

It was Sister Clement.

"Reverend Mother Superior wishes you to come to her room."

"Thank you, Sister, I will go immediately."

I hurried somewhat, for when one is unexpectedly called to the Superior's room there is always anxiety. The questions come up: "Is there any bad news from home?" "Have I done anything amiss?" etc. But for the most part (thanks to God!) there is only a letter to write or some urgent task to be done.

Here I am at last at Reverend Mother's room. In a tone of voice, so firm and yet so very kind that it makes one give up all hope of refusing the request it utters, she said: "My dear child, as I suppose this year will bring a crisis in political affairs, and with it our expulsion, I shall be very grateful if you keep a diary of these our last few months at the Priory. A summary will suffice—just a plain resume without any embellishments of imagery. Do you understand? Record the events, important or not; in general, whatever you feel will be of interest to the community later on. As to the time—well you are ingenious enough to find that without interfering with the community exercises or your other duties."

"Thank you, Reverend Mother," I replied. "I will fulfill the task carefully and with love, too. But would you permit me to duplicate what I write, or, rather, may I keep a second journal more identified with some of my Sisters and myself? That of the community will be little more than a report, without any personal character; but *mine*, if you allow me to use the word, will constitute the history of our life and at the same time the history of our convent. I will recount all our joys, our sorrows,—if they befall us,—our religious feasts, the festivals of the children—"

Mother was smiling at me. There was such a kind look in those teasing eyes that I feared my request would be refused. How mistaken I was!

"Do it by all means, my child. Let it spring from the heart; let there be a touch of poetry in it all; let your pen go free, and by and by, if God keeps us here we shall have in your diary thrilling pages to be read again and again, with a profitable pleasure."

When I came back to my cell, my dear, cozy cell! always a treasury of peace and quietness, I was bewildered.

"Is it possible, Oh Lord! that on one of these days I shall have to leave our convent? Oh, no! You will not allow it."

Kneeling before Our Lady of Lourdes I poured out my sorrow in prayer. What calmness, what cheering confidence did I

feel as I arose! I looked about my cell,—eleven feet long and nine feet wide,—with its whitened walls, its tiled floor, and the great window looking down on the garden—and what a view! Away off on the horizon I see the dull gray crests of the mountains, and nearer to me I behold the trees now covered with their glittering mantle of snow. How pretty a place is my cell! Inside, are my bed with its white curtains, a prie-dieu with its statue of Our Lady, a table burdened with text books and note books, a chair, and a little straw tabouret. There you have all my riches. Who would care to deprive me of these? Our life is so simple, too; we pray; we work; we devote ourselves to others. Why then would anyone wish to drive us off? Yes, it is impossible! We shall remain. After some months of anxiety and trial, which will increase our confidence in God, our life of prayer and devotion will again go on as peaceably as before, but with how much sweeter joy and with what heartfelt gratitude.

But our work! We must begin the diary. May the good Lord help me; may Our Blessed Lady and my angel guardian guide my heart and my pen.

* * * * * *

I wish, before beginning our diary, first to say a word about our work, and then,—in the order of their profession and with the indication of their respective charges,—to inscribe the names of our Mothers and Sisters.

Our religious house, with its large garden stretching out on every side, lies in the outskirts of one of the largest cities in France. The community,—including the professed religious who teach, as well as the lay Sisters,—numbers just forty. Education of young girls is our work. This year we have in our academy—counting boarders and half-boarders—one hundred and twenty pupils. Standing beside the academy is the schoolhouse where poor girls, many of whom are orphans, are taught.

It is in prayer and in the teaching of these children that our peaceful days are spent. We love our pupils, and so there is a sweet satisfaction in our devotion to them. How can this annoy our Government? Indeed I can not see. The poor people hereabouts cherish us likewise; for, through the little ones of the free schools, the good we do them goes out beyond our dear old walls and comes to these poor folks themselves.

Our Reverend Mother Superior, in religion Sister Saint Stephen, is fifty-five years of age. Since we have chosen her Superior one must see that we have discovered in her noble virtues and sterling qualities. Of these, I esteem most highly her supernatural spirit and her uncompromising love of the rule. In the strictest sense she is a woman of duty, and at the same time she is in truth our Mother. We esteem her; we love her with our whole heart.

The Assistant Superior, Sister Thomas Aquinas, aged sixty-seven, is mistress of novices and also class-teacher. She is devotion and self-sacrifice personified. If a religious is ill the Assistant Superior is there to take her place; if anything is left undone you can count on her. She would do many things at once if possible, and sometimes attempts such tasks; but alas! there is an obstacle. Nothing then turns out right.

Mother Stephana, aged seventy-eight, has celebrated her fiftieth anniversary. In her charge of procurator and manager of the house she displays a rare judgment which, in her old age she retains, as well as her robustness and love of regularity.

Mother Scholastica, aged eighty-three, has also celebrated her fiftieth anniversary. Dear Mother has spent a life of tender devotedness, but now that childhood is returning—more marked as it is each day—it is necessary to attend and even watch her.

Sister de Ligouri, aged sixty-two, our sacristan, is tall, strong, and an excellent religious.

Sister Louise, aged fifty-five, is one of the class teachers and also manager of all alumnae affairs. Devotion to her work, a happy disposition, not a bit of timidity, and a conversation full of kindness, are the guarantee of her fitness for the latter position.

Sister of the Assumption, aged fifty, is our seamstress; short, dark, very active, spiritual, continually suffering, but never giving up her work.

Sister Saint Paul, aged fifty-six, is infirmarian of the community. How we appreciate her care of our dear invalids!

Sister John of the Cross, aged forty-four, is active and clever. She is an excellent teacher of painting and drawing.

Sister Mary Bridget is forty-two years old, sick and always confined to her bed. She has a most enthusiastic nature.

Sister Mary Eulalia, aged forty-four, is head teacher of the free school,

Sister Elizabeth, aged forty-one, is class-teacher, and instructor of piano and vocal music. She is very intelligent, perspicacious, prudent, and lovingly appreciated by all. She is one of those I love most.

Sister Joseph Mary, aged thirty-nine, is of a refined gentle nature. Besides being a class-teacher she is also our organist. She plays well on the violin, harp, mandolin, and other instruments. I have great love for Sister Mary Joseph.

Sister Mary Kostka, aged forty-two, is overseer of the little division of the boarding school. She is very scrupulous and hence often sad; but for all that she is very devoted and directs perfectly the little ones under her charge.

Sister Mary Bernard, aged thirty-eight, is overseer general of the academy school. She is at once very stern and gracious. The fear which the pupils have for her is blended with a sterling love. Her gait, her voice, and even her gestures, are a bit military, subdued, however, by those wonderfully pure, loving eyes. Her's is a beautiful soul. Busy with many occupations she ever remains in the presence of God, charming those about her by the unbroken serenity of her disposition. I claim Sister Bernard as my friend—yes, my dearly beloved older sister.

Sister Saint Peter, aged thirty-five, is directress of studies, the most conciliatory creature I ever knew.

Sister Mary of Nazareth, aged thirty-six, is my own self. Although a class-teacher, I am more truly the directress of games, academic meetings, entertainments, comedies and tragedies. I write poems, make veils, paint decorations, and construct grottoes.

Sister Antoinette, aged thirty-six, is another of our teachers. She is the aunt of Sister Mary Bernard; a childless widow, after some years of married life, she entered religion. Sister is the best person under the sun. At first Sister Mary Bernard called her *Aunt Matilda.* All of us like to call her by this familiar name, for she has indeed become our common aunt.

Sister Saint John, aged thirty-two, is an excellent teacher. Being in her leisure moments a musician, she often raises the tone of our entertainments by her strong soprano voice.

Sister Margaret Mary, aged thirty, is also a teacher, and one admirably adapted for initiating the little tots.

Sister Saint Michael, aged twenty-eight, besides teaching in class is also teacher of piano.

Sister Saint Andrew, aged twenty-six, teaches in the free school. Having entered in 1903 she is the most recently professed of the community.

Sister of the Nativity, aged twenty, is a novice, a strong, comely girl with all the appearances of an energetic loyal character.

Sister Mary Agnes is a sweet, timid novice, fair and rosy. One would say, despite her twenty-three summers, that she is but seventeen.

Let us now pass to the lay sisters.

Sister Saint Ursula, aged eighty-four, has celebrated her fiftieth anniversary. This good old soul still has control of her brain, but has lost all command over her limbs.

Sister Josephine, aged seventy-seven, besides being ill is also a child again.

Sister Saint Anne, aged sixty-six, despite her sickness and the ugly cancer with which she wastes away is always gentle and patient.

Sister Veronica, aged sixty-four, is sometimes called Sister J'ordonne. She has charge of the kitchen, the pharmacy, and more especially the lower courtyard.

Sister Susan, aged fifty-five, with a deal of tenderness looks after the sick and infirm.

Sister Saint Bonaventure, aged forty-four, all round and all red, is an excellent character.

Sister Melanie is forty years old.

Sister Mary, aged thirty-two, is a pretty girl with dark eyes, not always good-natured.

Sister Lucy, aged thirty-three, is a cook but not by trade.

Sister Rosalie, aged thirty, is the Merry Andrew of the Priory.

Sister Clement, aged twenty-eight, is a discreet person, very lofty in thought—a pearl.

Sister Celestine is twenty-five years of age.

Finally there are our three portresses: Sister Mary Henrietta, aged eighty, Sister Alexis, aged fifty-five, and Sister Desirée, aged twenty-four.

Chapter II.

Retrospect. My group.

In order to see the beginning of our fears it is necessary to go back a few months in retrospect. Since 1901 matters have looked dark and discouraging. The Government has closed the houses of the Jesuits, Dominicans, Assumptionists. . . "Will it be our turn soon?" should we not say? On all sides come words of assurance: "Oh, have no fear, they will not disturb the nuns."

At the close of 1902 peace and happiness reigned at our dear monastery of Notre Dame du Prieure. But 1903 brought back our fears, which now appeared well founded. Mother Superior judged it advisable to seek a house somewhere outside the country. Our resources however, were so far gone, if not all gone, that a lease of a place became very difficult, not to mention the impossibility of a purchase. Besides, what country should we choose? This point was not at all made clearer by the fact that each one gave a different solution to the problem. At length our Reverend Mother decided to go with Mrs. E——one of her dear friends, an alumnus of the Priory and now a childless widow—to Holland, Belgium, and Germany.

These two travellers left us about the middle of March, 1903, in the fourth week of Lent. Then began unhappy days for us. Never before had our Mother left us, and now that she was gone how empty seemed the Priory. Our young religious especially were deeply affected. Their cheerless and even sorrowful air proved well that despite their black veils their hearts, so young and innocent, were really afflicted.

At length, on Tuesday of Holy Week, our Reverend Mother came back to us. What joy possessed us as the gate in the fence opened to let her in! And what exclamations of happiness and impatience because we could not all kiss her at once! Our good lay Sisters were in the bustle, too, each energetically rubbing her cheeks with an apron (not over-presentable itself) that she might be more presentable, and each giving our Mother a ringing kiss. All this time we were besieging the traveller with questions, but her silence told us that she did not yet wish to give us any news.

On Holy Thursday, Mother Superior called the Mothers into council. Then, as to-day, the council was composed of Reverend Mother Superior, the Assistant Superior, Mother Stephana, Sister Louise, and dear Sister Mary Bernard, who, despite her growing age, possesses an excellent judgment and a rare discretion. The secret of the deliberation must not leave the council chamber! Fortunately or otherwise, as the case may be, good old Mother Stephana, at other times so severe and quiet, at times of excitement delivered many soliloquies on the affairs of the house. Thus we became informed, without even wishing,—but perhaps we did at times wish a little bit,—to know what others would not tell us. On this memorable Holy Thursday one could hear the good Mother sigh and then mumble "Then it is impossible! . . . Oh pity! . . . We haven't enough money!. My God, have mercy on us!" etc. This was sufficient to let us know that matters were not going smoothly, and sadness now showed itself on every face and in every heart. Immediately, as I am wont to do, I hastened to Mother Superior to tell her of Mother Stephana's exclamations, which so disturbed our minds; and I added bravely "They say such and such a thing. . . . Is it so?" Reverend Mother replied: "My dear child, a good religious rests untroubled in the hands of God and does not presume to ask questions of her superior." For the moment that was all I could obtain.

The same evening, however, our Mother assembled the community, to publicly announce that the voyage had resulted in nothing but to clearly prove that to buy or even lease a house was almost impossible with such small capital. And when the academy would close then we should have no means of sustenance. The iniquitous law now in making takes away our only means of existence; it prevents us from teaching; it takes away our house; it robs us of the old edifice bought by our Mothers after the Revolution; it robs us of the academy which our Mothers had erected after more than fifty years of the most painful economy. So we must go. It will be necessary to separate, to renounce the religious life we so loved and desired, to renounce the education of our pupils, to renounce our cloisture, to be deprived of the adoration of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

Hitherto we have given up our well-loved and respected parents, our brothers and sisters, our families, our welfare, in fine our all, to devote ourselves to prayer. In a little time, a few months perhaps, we

must bid farewell—an agonizing farewell—to all that we have chosen. Why is it so? Because those who hold the reins of government in France detest God, and because they can not attack God Himself they maliciously and cruelly attack His poor monks, His poor nuns, cut off from the world, occupied only in God and in the education of His little ones.

To separate! To be dispersed! these words strike a bitter chord in our hearts.

Reverend Mother told us that in Germany she had found two communities, each of which was anxious to receive two nuns. In Belgium, at L— the convent of Bethany, of which we had heard much, was willing to take three Sisters. Then, money could perhaps be raised to lease a house for the old and infirm. Finally, the others would go to the homes of their families or friends.

Heartrending sadness fell upon the community. Renounce the religious life? . . . Part from one another? . . . Oh, no, no, never! This was the sentiment that bore us up.

Our community, to say the least, is very regular; but, for all that do not think that we who toil along the way of perfection are already perfect. Each one who enters has her own character, with its peculiar qualities and defects. The work of our life is to smooth down the roughness, and it is only by dint of continual rubbing that sanctification is reached, So it is that a diversity of opinions often arises, which, though never causing disputes or ill feelings—I never saw anything of this kind at the Priory—yet is the occasion of trifling discussions. From this day our little variances became more frequent. Of course a word from our Reverend Mother sufficed always to bring concord, but so repressing was the anguish which had beset our convent that our peace and tranquillity seemed to be entirely gone from us since that terrible Holy Thursday of 1903.

It was now necessary to resist, to pray. Together we put ourselves to the work. In groups we offered up novenas, days of silence, days of mortification. A life with a fervor of new intensity was organized to touch the heart of our good God.

I formed a group with some of my Sisters; for, in a large community, as in a big family, there exist certain similarities of character which lead to the formation of groups. These groupings, when permitted by Mother Superior, are a source of energy for those who struggle along together by their mutual assistance and encouragement.

I shall now make a digression to ask my dear Sisters,—who perhaps will read these pages,—to pardon me if I put too great and too special a stress on the history of certain ones of the community. The permission is granted me by our Mother Superior to write *My Diary*, and if I have sought this permission it is not to include all, but just to speak of our group, to relate our intimate life, our pains, our joys, our prospect, too, if we must part.

To come back to my diary. Our group is composed of Sister Antoinette whom, out of respect for her age, I name first. Sister is the aunt of Sister Mary Bernard. As she entered the novitiate several years after us she is much younger in religion. This dear aunt is as I have said an excellent creature, always ready to try her hand at every work,—in a word, as she herself says, she is a good Jack-of-all-trades, an office not easy to fill. She always has a smile on her lips, but never makes a show of the services she renders. We love and revere our dear "Aunt Matilda" as the senior if not the mother of our little group.

After Sister Antoinette I name the others in the rank of profession.

Sister Elizabeth, judicious, upright and earnest. At the academy where we were friends, while I was yet among the little girls she was in the higher classes. For the most part I was an indifferent scholar, she was ever sensible and industrious. I sought her friendship, however, and loved her with all the ardor which young pupils have for their seniors of the graduating class. She loved me too. During the few years between my arrival at the academy and her entrance to the novitiate we were friends. Six months after she left the novitiate, to become a member of the community, I became a novice.

Sister Joseph Mary, a nature somewhat original perhaps, but most delicious. She is full of the grace and life of youth, a timid, gracious flower from the garden of the Heavenly King. And under this exterior child is hidden a calm unruffled energy which urges her on without compromise to the end.

Sister Mary Bernard, my most dearly loved Sister! Her portrait I have already painted. Here I will mention only that blending of tenderness and severity which gives her such authority over her pupils. Over the community even she has gained considerable influence by her good sense and the sanctity of her life. Sister Mary Bernard is much loved by all the community, but especially by our group, of which she is,—without her knowing or wishing it—the chief.

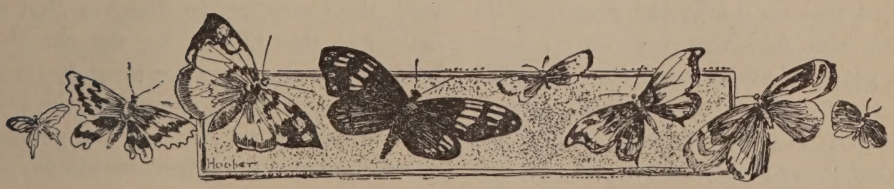
At the academy we were intimate friends. People used to call her a volcano under ashes, and myself a volcano in eruption. In the novitiate Sister Mary Bernard was my angel guardian. It was she who while I was a postulant calmed that heart of mine, which now wished to go back to my parents and now in my enthusiasm dreamed ever of foreign missions. It was Sister Bernard who by her warm-heartedness and authority brought me back to the proper middle path. I owe her much, since I owe to her my remaining at the Priory-house of peace and prayer, where I am perfectly happy!

Then there is myself, Sister Mary of Nazareth, to whom my Sisters deign to give their love. At times, however, they reproach me with being quick and plain-spoken. This means that I say very frankly what I think.

Finally, Sister Saint Peter, much loved by those in the academy, and,—despite her gentle, demure manner,—obeyed by all. Her tall figure and her beautiful dark countenance greatly affect our pupils.

There you have our little group. Together we are to make a novena of novenas, that is, nine successive novenas, to obtain from God the favor of not being dispersed.

(To be continued.)



BLIND MAUREEN.

BY ELEANOR F. KELLY.

It was a beautiful August evening. The sun had sunk amid a mass of gorgeous clouds behind the bold hills of Connemara, leaving earth and sky dyed with every shade of loveliness. The exquisite tints of the heavens where amethyst and gold and purple and turquoise were harmoniously blended in one blaze of beauty, were rivalled by the rich coloring of the wild landscape which never looked better than when touched by the last rays of the setting sun. The Twelve Pins seemed of a deep violet hue, and Lough Corrib, with its emerald islets, was like a mass of molten silver, and lovingly the last golden rays lingered on the ruins with which the place abounds—ruins of church and abbey and castle, where the checkered, yet glorious, history of the land might still be read. Even the little brown cottages on the side of Knock-mur were things of beauty as their small windows, consisting only of a pane or two of glass, flashed back the golden light.

These cottages were few and far between, for the soil was ungenerous and the peasant had little room to live. One of them was situated in the wildest and most sequestered part, high up on the hillside. It was sheltered on two sides by huge rocks which reared their summits far above its low roof. The shelter thus afforded was no doubt the reason of its peculiar site, for there was only a very small patch of arable land near it and it was remote from any other human habitation. It contained only two rooms, the kitchen—which was also the sitting-room of the little home—and a single bedroom. Poor though it was, it was scrupulously clean and neat. Everything in the interior was in good order, and the outside was in keeping. The coat of brown thatch was even and well cared for, and the whitewashed walls shone like a snowdrift on the hill side.

At a short distance from the cabin was a clump of hazel trees growing in wild luxuriance against a sheltering rock. One of them had been uprooted by the wild winds which blow inland from the Atlantic, and it lay withered on the ground.

On this particular August evening a little girl of about nine summers was seated on its trunk, and on her lap rested a cage, in which was a starling, with a very knowing look.

The child was as charming a specimen of budding Celtic maidenhood as one could wish to see. Wavy locks of jet-black hair

> "As glossy as a raven's wing
> Upon the turban of a king,"

clustered round her head, and framed a face where the brow was of lily whiteness and the cheeks like the heart of a rose. Her eyebrows were straight and of the same color as her hair. The large, well-shaped eyes were of the most charming shade imaginable of that peculiarly Irish tint, gray-blue. But alas! they were vacant in expression, and it needed no very close scrutiny to discover that the little girl was blind. As she sat there holding the starling affectionately on her knee, she saw not the glories of the beautiful world around her, nor the gorgeous cloud scenery in the heavens above. To her there was one long, monotonous night. And hers was the saddest blind-

ness of all, for she had enjoyed the blessing of sight until a couple of years before. She well remembered the beautiful things which now she could see only in dreams.

First of all her vision became blurred, then her eyes began to wear a queer expression, and gradually the light faded, until all was utter darkness. Her parents, Anthony and Maureen Joyce, were heartbroken over the affliction of their child. When the calamity first began to threaten her they did all they could to aid her, but their efforts were of no avail.

There was no doctor in the neighborhood, but about three miles away, on the other side of Knock-mur, there lived an old woman who had the reputation of being very "knowledgeable" and who was reported to have effected wonderful cures by means of herbs. To her Anthony and Maureen took their little girl when her eyes grew bad. She applied some remedies, but young Maureen grew worse, and at last, after the unhappy parents had paid her several visits with their afflicted child, the "wise woman" shook her head and confessed that it was a case beyond her skill. Day by day the light faded, until at last there was nothing left but one long black night for poor Maureen. No longer merry as a lark, did she wander about the fields as she had been wont to do. She sat silent and sad within the little cabin, seldom opening her lips except to ask her unhappy parents such questions as:—

"Daddy, why can't I see?" or "Mammy, when will my sight come back again?" Their tears often flowed when she thus questioned them, but they did not despair. They trusted in God and in St. Anthony.

II.

The Joyces had always had a deep devotion to the great Wonder-Worker. One day at the fair of Galway Anthony's father lost a purse in which was the price of two goats, which was all his worldly wealth. In deep distress he went to the Franciscan Fathers for advice. They told him to pray to St. Anthony. He did so, and almost directly the purse was put into his hand by a friend who had found it lying in the gutter. Ever since then he had undoubting faith in St. Anthony, and when his son was born he named him after the saint, and taught him later on to have great devotion to him.

Anthony Joyce, in turn, imbued his wife and child with the same devotion, and after blindness had struck little Maureen they never ceased to invoke the saint's intercession. The little girl's constant prayer was "St. Anthony, help me!"

And, though her blindness continued, she did not lose heart or hope. She prayed on.

The small patch of cultivable land which Anthony Joyce owned was not anything like sufficient for the support of himself and his wife and child, so he was obliged to go to England every year as a "harvest-man"—to earn money for their support as well as to pay the landlord his rent.

In one of these expeditions he had for a fellow-laborer in the harvest-fields, an Englishman who was the proud possessor of a pet starling which he had taught to speak. The thought struck Anthony that his little blind Maureen would be very pleased to have for a companion a bird who could talk, and he entered into negotiations for its purchase. The man at first demurred, for he was very vain of the starling's accomplishments, but he could not long resist the offer of money, and at last the bird was handed over to

Anthony Joyce for the sum of ten shillings. It was a big sum for poor Anthony to pay, but he counted it nothing in comparison with the pleasure which his purchase would give little blind Maureen. When he took the starling home to the stable in which he slept—such very often is the lodging of the poor Irish "harvest-men" in England—he was delighted to hear it display its accomplishments.

He hung the cage near his bed, and when the starling said "Good morning!" "How are you?" when he woke up, Anthony was in raptures. He was not, however, so well pleased with little bursts of profanity in which his pet occasionally indulged. In fact he opened his eyes in horror when the bird gave him for greeting—"Damnation!" or "Go to Hell!" He even hesitated about taking him home to Maureen, but soon decided to do so, "For," said he to himself, "Maureen, the crathure, 'ill soon teach him to say his prayers like a Christian instead of swarin' like a tinker."

On the evening when we found the little girl seated on the fallen hazel-tree she was giving the bird his lesson. She had had him now for nearly a year, ever since her father had come back from England the previous October, and though during that time she had expended any amount of time and patience in trying to teach him his prayers he had made little progress, but continued to spout out with the utmost volubility the "swear words" which he had learned in England. With the lower creation, as with man, early impressions are the most lasting and the most difficult to forget.

It was Maureen's ambition to teach him to say the Lord's prayer and the Hail Mary, but, as yet, he could only make an absurd attempt at the first words of the first-mentioned prayer.

"Our Father who art in Heaven," repeated Maureen, to the starling, as she held him on her knee. "Wur furde word heavy," repeated the starling. Again and again the little girl said the same words but John's accent did not improve—he was called John by the Englishman who had sold him to her father. Sometimes the lesson went on without interruption for two hours. At the end of that time, and very often before, John would lose his temper and swear "like any Christian" as Maureen said.

"Our Father who art in heaven," repeated the little girl, and as she said it perhaps the five hundredth time, John would ruffle up his feathers and say in his shrillest tones:—"Damnation!" "Go to 'ell!"

"Oh stop! stop, John!" Maureen cried, covering him with her pinafore to silence his profanity, "it must be a verra bad place ye came from. Shure if ye were an Irish starlin' it would come kinder to ye to say ye prayers than thim curses."

Nothing daunted, she returned to the task next day. If John was not an apt pupil he certainly had a patient mistress.

As the August sunset faded, and the twilight came on—the long delicious Irish twilight—so suggestive of peace and prayer, Mrs. Joyce came from the cabin to take her little girl home. As she approached her the beauties of nature scattered about in such profusion gladdened her heart and the tears came to her eyes for sorrow that little Maureen could not see them. At that moment the thought of St. Anthony and of the wonderful things which he had done, ay, and was doing every day of the year,

came to her mind. Almost unconsciously she said aloud the prayer:—"Saint Anthony, help us," just as she reached the place where her daughter sat. Almost immediately, from the cage came the words:—"Anthony! Help!" spoken with a good imitation of an Irish accent. Mrs. Joyce smiled and Maureen was in raptures.

"Well, I never!" she cried. "There I've bin teachin' him for nearly a whole year to say the 'Our Father' an' he can hardly say a word yet, an' now without any teachin' at all he can pray to St. Anthony."

"It's wonderful," answered her mother, "but mebbe thim words comes aisier to him, *asthore*. You ought to start teachin' thim to him to-morrow; but come in now, *mavourneen*—it's time to say the Rosary for your father, an' I'm shure he or anywan else that has to airn their bread over in that haythen England is badly in need o' prayers. But, please God, he'll be home to us in a few weeks' time."

Anthony Joyce was again, like so many thousands of Connaughtmen, a laborer in the harvest fields of England. And yet what belief is so fondly cherished by Englishmen as that the Irish peasant is lazy!

As soon as the Rosary had been said, Maureen and her mother retired to rest, leaving the cabin door unfastened save by a latch, and yet they and their little possessions were as safe among the fair hills as if they were guarded by an army.

III.

After breakfast next morning, Maureen took the cage to her favorite seat near the clump of hazel, and began to teach John his new lesson:—

"St. Anthony, help us!"

He learned the words "Anthony" and "help" with the greatest facility, but for "Saint" and "us" he could only make indescribable sounds. Perhaps one reason why he learnt the former words so quickly was that he had heard them frequently in the cabin when Mrs. Joyce was addressing her husband whose name, as we have said, was Anthony. Maureen hoped with time and patience to teach him to repeat the whole prayer distinctly, and spent several hours every day at the task. John made most heroic efforts to learn, and seemed to redouble his energy whenever she patted his shiny coat and gave him some dainty morsel to eat, as she often did whenever he made a better attempt than usual at the words.

One warm September afternoon the little girl felt weary, and dropped off to sleep. The cage fell from her knee, and as it rolled on the ground the door opened and John walked out. He did not, however, seem in a hurry to go away. He first of all flew to Maureen's shoulder and perched there for a moment or two, but seeing that she took no notice of him, he began to look about him with curious eyes and the thought came into his head that it would be very interesting to explore his surroundings and see what lay beyond the clump of hazel. Alas, for his curiosity! By strutting a few yards at a time and flying several more he had covered a great distance in a very short time, and at last found himself so far from home that he had quite lost his bearings, and did not know how to return.

Poor John! He was standing on the stone wall which ran along the high road, looking very irresolute and perplexed, when a pedlar came along whistling merrily. John did not move. He was so used to human beings that they

caused him no alarm. The pedlar stopped whistling, when he saw him, and approached cautiously. "Here's luck!" said he joyfully, "a tame stharlin'". He then took hold of John, who offered no resistance, and put him in a basket which he carried on his back. The pedlar was on his way to Dublin. About a week later, when within a few miles of his destination, he sat down to rest near a charming villa not far from the Grand Canal. He opened the basket, and took John out to give him a meal. The crumbs which he offered him were not to John's liking for they were stale and hard. Instead of eating them he ruffled up his feathers, and screamed out "Damnation!" "Go to Hell!" in his shrillest voice.

"The Lord purtect us. I've bin carryin' the divil on me back," said the pedlar, in utter consternation, as he crossed himself devoutly. He made the best of his heels to get clear of John's vicinity, and every now and again looked fearfully back to see if he were being pursued. The bird looked after him with a very comical air, as if he understood it all.

But he was sorely in need of a meal, and looked about in search of one. Seeing a little girl about the size of Maureen, standing outside the door of the villa he flew up to her and perched on her shoulder. "Well, I declare! a pretty tame starling," said she, as she took him gently in her hands, and stroked his plumage. Presently she looked up her "Book of British Birds" to see what it was that starlings liked to eat, and immediately after, John enjoyed a sumptuous banquet. He and little Kathleen Fitzgerald soon became fast friends and inseparable companions. Nor did John ever attempt to fly away, though he was uncaged and free.

IV.

When poor, blind Maureen woke up and found the cage empty her distress was pitiable to see. Several times she put her hand into the cage unwilling to realize the cruel fact that he was gone. Then for a long time she kept stumbling about the hazels calling "John!" "John!" in her most coaxing tones, but the note with which John was accustomed to reply, did not now greet her ears. All was silence. In despair she sat down again on the withered hazel and wept as if her heart would break.

Her mother observing from the cabin door that something had happened came to inquire what it was. The empty cage told its own story, and Maureen related in broken sentences how the misfortune occurred. Mrs. Joyce tried to console her, but all to no purpose. She would not be comforted.

"I go bail the little rogue 'ill come back to you whin he's hungry for his supper, so don't be breakin' yer heart about him, *asthoreen*. Shure it's hid somewhere in thim hazel bushes he is, playin' hide an' seek' wid you."

"No, mother, he's gone—gone away from me intirely an' may be I'll niver see him agin. Oh *wirra! warra!* 'tis lost I'll be intirely without him. I've bin callin' him this two hours, but he hasn't answered me. An' may be it isn't kind thratement he'll be gettin' from thim that finds him aither." Here the child's tears flowed afresh and choked her utterance. "John" meant more to her than glittering wealth to the millionaire.

"Don't take on that way, *asthoreen*," coaxed her mother, as she guided the

child's steps towards the cabin. "Shure isn't yer father comin' home from England in a month's time an' amn't I goin' to send him a letther at wanst to bring ye home another stharlin', wan that'll be twice as cliver as John at the talkin.'"

"If he was twice as cliver, mother, I'd still like John a thousand times better. A new wan couldn't be the same to me at all, at all."

"Well, thin, you must pray to St. Anthony to find him for you, *mavourneen.* He sees where everything is, an' if you keep on prayin' to him he'll bring him back to you."

The child dried her tears. Hope took the place of despair in her heart. That night when her mother was asleep, Maureen was kneeling in the dark before a little unframed picture of St. Anthony which she had pinned over her bed, asking the saint with childlike confidence to restore to her the little pet and companion, who meant so much to her in her helpless blindness.

V.

Bronzed and weather-beaten, and with hands hardened by toil in the harvest fields of England, Anthony Joyce landed at the North Wall. Knotted in a blue handkerchief, which was securely fastened inside his waistcoat, was the sum of fifteen pounds. This sum was the recompense of all his hard labor, and with it he would have to pay the "rint" and support himself and his wife and child through the coming year.

His journey home by railway would reduce his hard-earned money by nearly a pound, so he resolved to walk all the way to his little cabin in the west.

"Me poor blind colleen 'ill want ivery pinny that I can lave her whin I'm gone," said he to himself, and with a stout blackthorn and a small red bundle containing a collar and shirt which was all his luggage, he turned his face bravely westward. He had not gone many miles when he felt utterly weary, for he had not slept the night before, having suffered much from sea-sickness during the crossing. Seeing a rustic bench by the side of the Grand Canal he sat down upon it to rest. Close by was a pretty villa surrounded by trees whose foliage wore the rich and variegated hues of autumn. Anthony had scarcely time to notice his surroundings when he dropped off to sleep. In his dreams he was crossing the Channel once again. Little, blind Maureen was with him and in an unguarded moment she fell overboard. With a loud cry for help he plunged after her into the icy water. The shock woke him— but—surely that was a cry for help close by! Yes, there it was, repeated again and again in a shrill excited voice—"Anthony, help!" "Anthony, help!" He rushed to the place whence the sound came, and reached it just in time to see the body of a little girl sink into the sluggish waters. Without hesitation he plunged in after her and brought her safely to land. She was unconscious and he feared that she was dead. Placing her in the best position possible, he rushed to the villa for aid, and in a few breathless words told of the disaster. A lady and gentleman—the little girl's father and mother—and two or three servants hurried to the spot. With the aid of restoratives little Kathleen Fitzgerald, for it was she, quickly revived.

Perched on a bough just above her head, and taking the greatest possible interest in the proceedings, was our friend John. It was his shrill cry that

had summoned the harvest-man to the rescue of his little mistress.

When Kathleen opened her eyes and all danger was over, Anthony Joyce turned to her father and said:—

"It's the quarest thing at all, sir, but when your little girl was dhrowndin', somewan woke me up callin' out "Anthony, help!" but sight or light o' any human bein' I couldn't see about the whole place. May be 'twas the fairies." At that moment Mr. Fitzgerald looked up, and his eyes rested on John. The whole thing was clear to him then.

"See, my friend," said he, pointing to the starling, "the faithful comrade that called you to the rescue. That bird is her pet, and is always repeating those two words—'Anthony! Help!'"

Anthony looked closely at the starling.

"Well then, sir," said he, "he's as like as two peas to a stharlin' that I brought home from England last year for me little blind colleen, except that he was always swearin' 'Damnation!' 'Go to Hell!'"

No sooner did John hear the words than he screamed them out in chorus. Anthony Joyce was amazed.

"'Tis the verra same stharlin'," said he, "I'd know him be thim words anywhere. How did ye get him at all, at all?"

Little Kathleen, who was resting peacefully in her mother's arms, explained how he came into her possession, and also how it was that her disaster occurred. It appeared that she was stretching over to reach some late blackberries, when she fell into the canal.

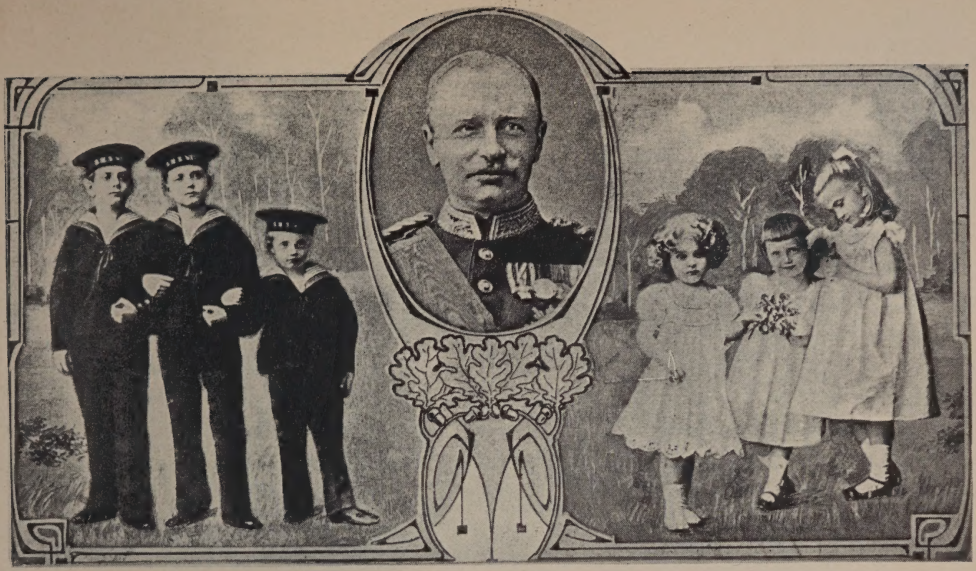
"Glory be to God! It's all for luck that ye have him," said Anthony, "but I wondher what my poor, blind Maureen is doin' without him. She was that fond of him that they used to be always together."

"What's the matter with your little girl's eyes?" queried Mr. Fitzgerald. "Was she born blind, or is it disease or accident? I'm an oculist; that is (seeing that Anthony didn't understand the word), I am a doctor especially for the eyes. Bring her up here as soon as you can and if anything can be done for her I'll see that it's done."

At the same time he slipped a well-filled purse into Anthony's hand. Anthony protested, but the oculist insisted on his accepting it.

A few days later, Maureen, holding her father's hand, entered the villa by the Grand Canal. When she left it her eyes were able to take in the beauty of God's world. Her sight had been restored by a simple operation.

In her happiness she consented to leave John to his new mistress, who was too tenderly attached to him to part with him without pain. In return, Maureen received a beautiful statue of St. Anthony, before which she frequently kneels in praise and prayer.



THE KING OF SAXONY AND HIS FAMILY.

CATHOLIC ROYALTIES

IX.

The King of Saxony.

BY BEN HURST.

The flourishing land of Saxony—as kingdom only one century old, but as state and nucleus of a state, existing over ten—owes more perhaps to its sovereign house than any other of the countries which go to form the German Empire. Often threatened with absorption and extinction by powerful neighbors, ancient bone of contention between Gaul and Teuton, during the last hostilities between Russia and Austria its adherence to the latter might have proved fatal as that of Hanover, were it not for the firm attitude and tactful diplomacy of its ruler. Saxony has to-day a proud position as prominent factor of the German Bund. After Sadowa the valorous Saxons obtained an honorable peace, guaranteeing the integrity of their soil and administrative independence. After Sedan, where the Saxon army, true to its glorious record, won additional laurels,—it had worked prodigies at Gravelotte and Champigny,—the prestige of the kingdom was assured.

The reigning family,—distinct from the elder Ernestine line which gives the branches of Weimar, Gotha, Meiningen, Altenburg, and Coburg,—belongs to the junior Albertine line that has remained unswervingly Catholic from the time of its author, Albert the Courageous, Duke of Saxony, in 1443, to the present day. The late King George, whose strenuous and exemplary life was shortened by the poignant domestic tragedy that enveloped his palace and the land in distress and gloom, left a splendid series of re-

forms and beneficient innovations to connect his name forever with the development of his country. His son, King Frederic Augustus, — that blameless knight and chivalrous soldier,—has already proved that his people's interests are nearer to his heart than any other, the claim of duty first in his mind, and personal considerations the least capable of influencing his acts and decisions. Luckily his early training was directed to the acquirement of self-restraint, and in the saddest, most trying circumstances that ever befell father and husband he has not belied his upbringing.

While yet Crown Prince, young Frederic Augustus bestowed a vast deal of time and energy on the discipline and equipment of the troops, and since his accession this interest has been intensified. His sons likewise have been initiated into the profession of arms, and are taught by himself the charms of those hardy, outdoor pursuits, dear to all healthy-minded, good-living men. Companions in his hunting and shooting expeditions, they already share their father's keenness for sport, without relaxing their assiduity in the school-room. True manliness is the characteristic of all three.

The unprecedented misfortune that befell a virtuous ancient house, high in the esteem of its European sisters, has not been without certain good results. The hapless woman, who should have been to-day Queen of Saxony, and who played the role of Edith Dombey in order to take revenge for fancied slights or thwarted caprices on the part of her husband's female relatives, was the means of bringing before the world remarkable qualities that had lain hidden beneath the modest demeanor of a rarely noble prince.

Noted for his severely unbending adhesion to the strictest of moral codes, Frederic of Saxony revealed in a moment of excruciating test the higher attributes of magnanimity and Christian forbear-

ROYAL PALACE, DRESDEN, WITH COURT CHAPEL TO THE LEFT.

ance. Well may he rank among the veritable followers of Him Who said: "Neither will I condemn thee!" for after the first shock of the terrible catastrophe, pity, and not vindictiveness, solicitude, and not indifference, governed the measures he took to reorganize the separated, blighted lives of those he loved best.

FREDERIC AUGUSTUS III., KING OF SAXONY.

The unworthy Louisa had fled from husband and children in the most glaringly scandalous manner she could combine or conceive; her non-compliance with her religious obligations, and her open disregard for the ban placed on criminal books in Dresden palace, had already wounded to the soul her sworn life partner, but the extent of her voluntary degradation he could neither fathom nor foresee. A nature debased by feeding on the vilest writers of the day was likewise incapable of gauging the generosity of her judge. The fugitive princess needlessly sought refuge in the lands where flourish the laxest moral codes. But more

From the painting by Trache.

KING FREDERIC AUGUSTUS REVIEWING HIS ARMY.

than the most lenient tribunal would accord to one in her position has been granted to the Countess Montignoso by the spontaneous will of him against whom she had sinned. The monarch described as a "monster of rigid harshness, exacting his own iron impeccability from all around him," relents each time the term agreed upon for delivering up to him their youngest child comes round. Little Princess Monica, strange to relate, is still with her mother, since her father's indulgence outstrips legal pronouncements. Moreover, an exceptionally generous competence has been settled on the deserter, and with the sense of obligation for her spiritual welfare heavy on him the King of Saxony watches over her necessities and never ceases to count on her ultimate regeneration by repentance. Before closing this sorrowful chapter it is but fair to mention that the Countess of Montignoso, from the abyss of degradation wherein abandonment of her creed and its principles has plunged her, refuses to associate herself with the godless faction who in the name of "humanity" demands the restoration of her rank and privileges, including that of guardian and tutrice of her sons and daughters. Allowed to see them at regular intervals, these interviews cost her bitter tears, while the King retires into solitude, communing with his own grief until his children return to him. His sister, the excellent Princess Mathilda, supervises all matters connected with their home life, taking special precautions that no literary poison shall infect their young minds; and another sister, Archduchess Maria Josefa, with a sketch of whose admirably busy life we began this series, includes them in the maternal affection she gives her

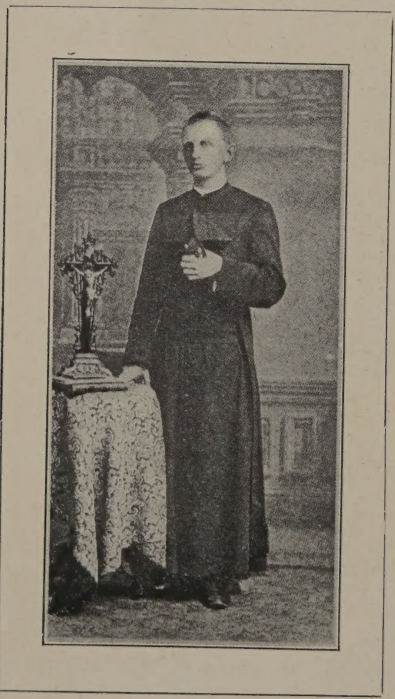
own boys. Whatever be the ultimate fate of the erring ex-crown Princess of Saxony we know that she will never cease to be an object of supreme solicitude to the great-hearted sovereign whose law of life is the rule of the Church.

LITTLE PRINCESS MONICA.
Allowed by the king's grace to remain still in her mother's custody in spite of the decree of separation.

If, among the Pope's sons, the rulers of Austria, Spain and Portugal are styled respectively "Apostolic," "Truly Catholic," and "Most Faithful," the kings of Saxony might well bear the title of "Most Valiant," for they have done wonders in a Protestant land for the restoration of Catholicity. Their fervor and virtue have won the deepest respect from their subjects. We are not surprised to find a brother of the present King, Prince Maximilian William Gregory, in holy orders. As incumbent of St. Elizabeth's church in Nuremberg he works in the

CHANGING OF THE GUARD IN COURTYARD OF DRESDEN PALACE.

quiet, unpretentious manner characteristic of his family. The reverend prince has on more than one occasion consented to preach in different London churches where his earnest, penetrating words made a deep impression on those who had perchance come to stare rather than to listen. After his ordination many awkward little incidents made this humble worker in the Lord's vineyard reluctant to officiate, irrespective of place, throughout his father's dominions. Unable to do violence to court etiquette, some loyal but mistaken courtiers would not seat themselves, even in church, while a prince of the blood was standing. I have myself seen the gentle occupant of the pulpit turn to a distinguished group in the congregation and—while his face flushed painfully with embarrassment—give the command: "*Bitte, setzen sie sich!*" (Please, sit down.")



PRINCE MAX OF SAXONY.

Prince Max's diction is simple, direct, lucid, delivered in the purest, most refined language, and with perfect restraint of emotion or emphasis. Having assisted once at the Holy Sacrifice of which he was the celebrant, I was particularly struck by his slow and extremely reverential movements. Seldom have I seen

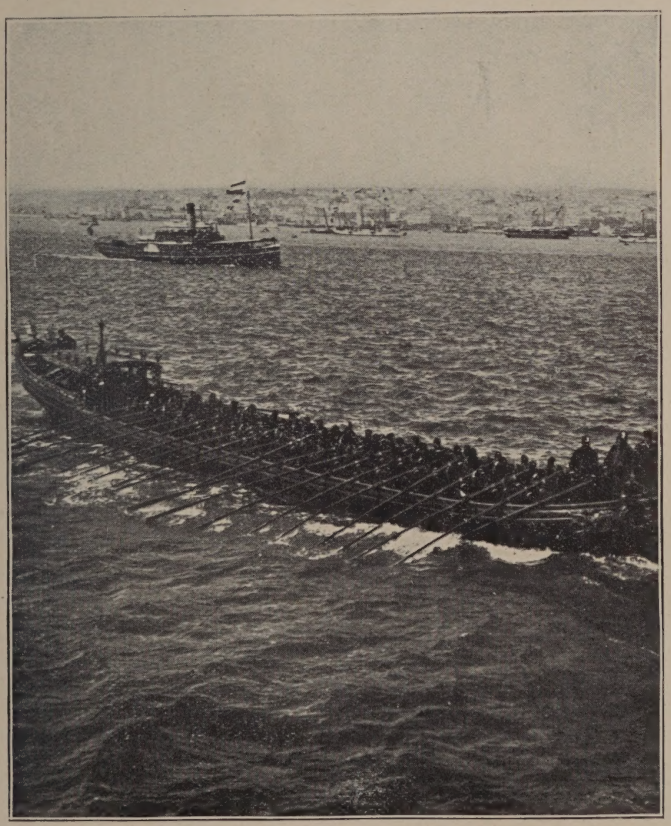
conveyed a livelier sense of the responsibility of the priest's sacred office.

In person Prince Max is slight, middle-sized, erect, and of a distinguished presence. A remarkably beautiful allocution on the sanctity of marriage was recently pronounced by the Prince at the Nuptial Mass of his brother, Prince John George, and Princess Mary Immaculate of Bourbon-Sicily. Prince Max has renounced all decorations and distinctions, home and foreign, to which his rank entitles him, excepting his title of Chevalier of the Black Eagle, a family order. At present this zealous and unassuming apostle is Professor of Theology at Freiburg University ready to leave or stay at the first call of his superior.

The King of Saxony has expressed his hope that the example of his brother may be followed by at least one of his offspring; but whatever form the vocation of his sons may take there is work cut out for them in the fair kingdom of Saxony, to redound to the honor of their Church.

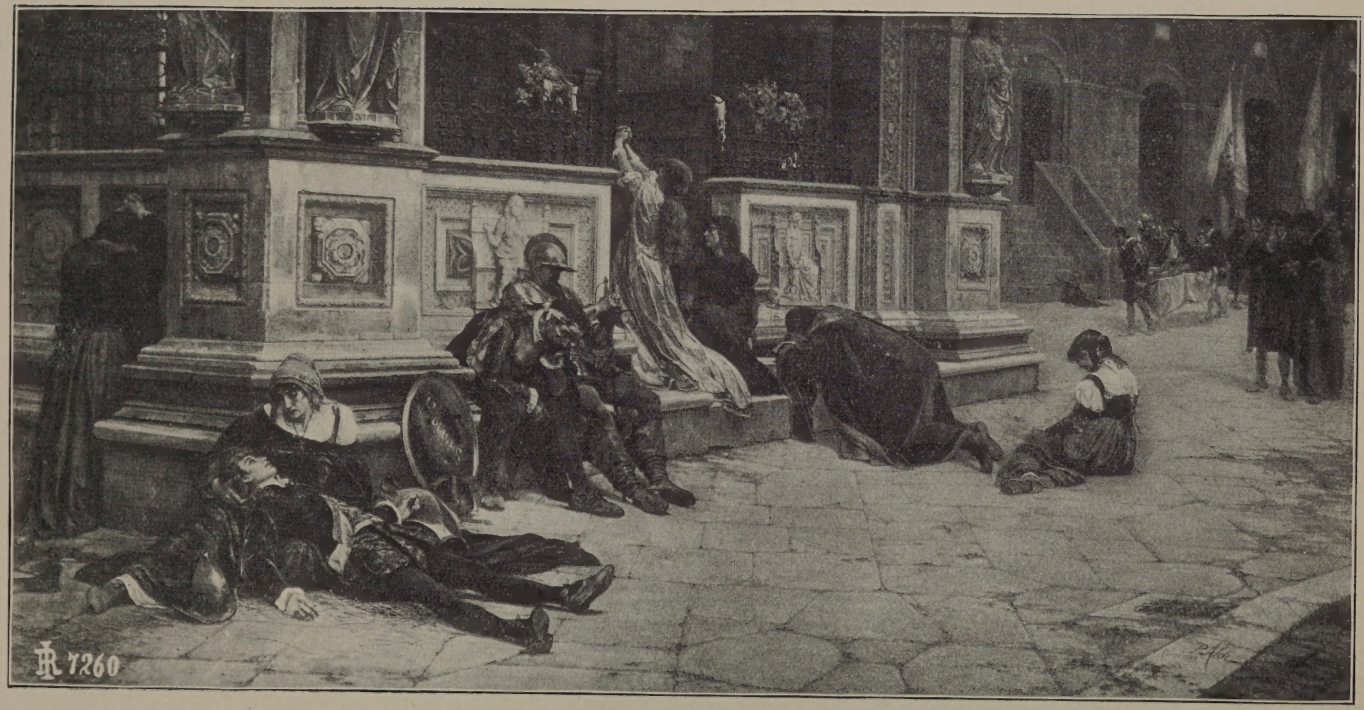
Separated as rarely as possible from his children at his hunting seat of Tarvis in Carniola, in the lovely summer resort of Sybillenord, or in Dresden palace, the father chats with his boys freely on the men and circumstances of the day, instilling sound lessons of moderation, perspicacity, and abnegation.

King Frederic Augustus made no secret of his satisfaction when the Socialists were routed in the recent parliamentary elections. In his telegram to the Home Minister, Count Hohenthal, on the triumph of conservative principles, he said: "I rejoice at this strong proof that the old Saxon spirit is still alive. Here, by God's grace is a fair promise for the future!"



THE STATE BARGE OF PORTUGAL, CONVEYING KING FREDERIC AUGUSTUS TO LAND ON HIS RECENT VISIT TO KING CARLOS AND QUEEN AMALIA.

The embodiment of the true Saxon spirit, its steadfastness, chivalry, and courage, is to be found in the soldier king himself, as gallant knight as ever rode at the head of gallant army.



THE SHRINE.

THE DESERT AND THE SOWN.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

Chapter XIV. (Continued.)

Slight indeed are the incidents that ofttimes prove the determining forces of life.

That night in the Bohemian restaurant, when Sarah said to the stranger: "The story is written—do you still want to read it?" she turned the key in the door of her future.

"You know I do!" he answered simply. "There is the address of the studio." He pushed a card across the tablecloth and as she read—"Sylvester Leverone, No.— Lincoln Inn" — the surprise and wonder grew in her eyes. What had her own paper called his recent article in a new weekly journal that the Reform Municipal element of the city had established? "Revolutionary utterances more suitable for an European than an American publication." And this was Sylvester Leverone! Her continued silence amused him, and the smile came into his face, lighting up its dark beauty.

"I am he!" he said. "Will you not introduce me to your friends?"

Sarah hastily complied, and then on her invitation he joined them. With ready adaptability he brought himself to the level of her other guests, and to the onlookers they were four ordinary young people out for an evening's enjoyment. When the little supper was over Sarah remembered Dr. Hayward, but looking in his direction she saw that he was gone.

Chapter XV.

"You will never sell it, for the reading public of Poe is not here, but it is truly a marvellous tale. How did you ever think of such a thing?"

"The old sword told it to me, I tell you," said Sarah, laughing and looking down at the well-thumbed manuscript which he had placed in her hand.

"How did you get it to—talk?"

"How do you get a face to tell you its story—a scene to show you its soul?" she asked, looking around at the picture-littered room.

"Do they do so?" he asked, out of a silence. "Do we not rather set there our own thought of them, which may be altogether false, false as the story your genius has woven around that old Egyptian sword?"

"No," she answered. "I do not think so. I think the truth stands there. I was going through the post-office the other day at the time when the clerks and office boys are bringing in the mail from the various business concerns, and when hundreds of people are passing through it. There in my path lay a new dollar bill. I do not know how long it had lain there, nor how many had walked over it, and by it, yet no one had seen it, for we are not so constituted as to pass money as we do a stranger. That is the way with the truth of these things. It is there, but unseen, until comes the eye that perceives; then, when pointed out, all behold it, as all saw the dollar when I stooped to pick it up."

"I shall not argue against your theory," he said. "I have reached that place in the mental world where nothing is denied because of the marvels one beholds."

Sarah said nothing, but sat nervously turning the corners of the pages of the manuscript. Presently her companion resumed, looking closely at her:

"There is one exception in this doctrine of not knowing—we know we must work."

"Yes," she assented, as he paused, feeling instinctively what was coming, "we must work."

"And ought we not work in that place where our efforts would be most fruitful of good?"

She bowed her head, as again he waited for her answer.

"And Sarah," he said, laying a hand lightly on the manuscript in her lap, "is this where your pen will do the most good?"

A slight flush colored her pale face, whether because of his unspoken criticism, or the speaking of her name, she could not have said.

"Is there not something in giving amusement to people?" she ventured.

"Whom do you amuse?" he asked, his eyes growing strangely beautiful under the light that began to burn in them. "Whom do you amuse, Sarah?" he repeated.

She lifted her hand in protest against the questions, and tried to draw away her eyes from his compelling gaze.

"Why are you afraid of the truth, who see it so clearly?" he asked, regret shading his voice. "Do you know why?" he continued. "Because you are a coward. I think you have been a coward all your life."

As a lightning flash illumines sky and earth, Sarah saw her life as it had been spent—the child afraid of the Negress, of her uncle and his family, and of the stranger who had so deeply crossed it; the girl afraid of her step-mother and her children; and the woman now afraid of herself.

"Yes," she answered, "I have been. And do you know why?" she cried with sudden passion.

"I know quite well," he replied gently. "There was none who understood. Not," he added quickly, "that there were not some to do so, but you held them off; and the ones who could have disarmed that reserve did not care enough; those who did care were timid, or made the wrong approach. But, are you going to be a coward to the end?"

"I believe I must be going to the office," was Sarah's irrelevant reply, rising, the old weariness of heart manifesting itself in her slow unsteady movements.

"Yes, it is almost two o'clock," he replied, glancing at his watch. He went with her to the head of the stairs, and no word was spoken until they reached them; then he said:

"You do intend to answer my question?"

"You do not know"—she interrupted and stopped.

"I think I know"—he answered, "that stronger influences than ever before are working to hold your soul to the very end in fear; that you are battling against that, and that I have been sent to help you win. Don't look at me like that," he commanded as the familiar fear dilated her eyes. "Can't you trust me as a friend? Can't you believe that God loves you well enough to send you some one to save you from the culminating misfortune of your unhappy life? Can't you be brave for once and refuse to cast me off?"

Then, at the look on her face, he added, gently:

"Go! You needn't answer now."

Two days later, he received a note from Sarah. The one line read: "I shall be at the art gallery Sunday morning, in the Egyptian room.

The note was penned after an hour spent with Dr. Hayward, when Sarah realized in all its startling reality the powerless-

ness of her will against his. She was the child crouching against the kitchen wall by Nettie, while the dumb fortune-teller regarded her from Grace's side, and who had risen obediently from her place before the stern catechism teacher at the sound of the stranger's voice at the doorway. There had been several meetings since their chance encounter in the restaurant, and with the superior scorn of men of his class he had made no allusion whatever to it. It was as if he had seen a diamond in an ash heap, for an ash heap he knew was not the place for the display of diamonds, and it was only through some blunder it got there. It was not good form to take notice of blunders, though the height of wisdom to guard against their repetition. Sarah must not blunder again in the choice of her company and pleasures, and he exerted himself to place her beyond the possibility of so doing.

All arrangements were now completed for her removal to his friend's house, and he quietly over-ruled Sarah's objection. Of course she would be permitted to continue her work he assured her, although she was given to understand that it would only be regarded as a whim of a self-willed young woman by those among whom she would dwell, and which would finally yield to the duties of her new life.

"What are those duties?" she had inquired, but he had only answered:

"We have discussed this matter before," and Sarah felt she hated him well enough in that moment.

When, however, he appeared for his last call at the hotel there was an exaltation in his manner which, more than the power he exercised over her, made fear mount high in the heart of Sarah Kenny. Dr. Hayward as the friend she had some chance against; as the lover she knew she was helpless, for something in her own heart joined its forces with him; while over that something seemed to stand the absolute conviction that no worse thing could befall her than to unite herself more intimately with one who viewed life in a position exactly the opposite of her own. This exaltation presently died when, as he invariably did, he began to speak of Grace; but this time, perhaps because of the memory of the artist's words which clung like burrs in her mind, she prevented herself from being swayed by his sorrow for his shattered dream. He felt this, and it seemed to go over him like an icy blast that Sarah was lacking in sympathy.

"I fear I bore you, Sarah," he said, coldly as he rose, "I should have learned by this time that the friend to whom we can go when the burden presses too heavily is rarely found; and, when found, must too soon be parted with. Once it was not so; once you were all sympathy and friendliness, but that was before you fell under the influence of the pernicious. Do you not know that the loveliest attribute of woman is the power to soothe the brow of care."

"Masculine care—I suppose?" asked Sarah, and then her heart leaped at her hardihood. "Forgive me!" she instantly pleaded. "But there is something on my mind. I want to ask you a question, and yet I am afraid—"

"Why should you be afraid of me?" he asked.

"I am not afraid of you," she retorted, but she dropped her eyes as she made the assertion. "I meant you might not like my question. It is this: 'If Ben Anderson were to die—" But she stopped, struck silent by the change that swept over the man—a change which showed her it was something he did not want to be.

"I had a letter this week from Nettie,

and in it she says Ben Anderson is very ill, and they don't think he will ever be well again."

Once more she stopped, this time silenced by the stony look with which he greeted her words.

"Good night, Sarah!" he said, as if she had not spoken a word. "The carriage will be sent in for you Sunday evening. I believe they have arranged a little dinner in honor of your coming to what I hope you will find a happy home until you leave it for your own."

Then Sarah wrote the note to the Italian artist. He was waiting for her in the Egyptian room, standing by the case containing the old sword. They clasped hands in silence, then Sarah said:

"I did not come to answer your question, but I would ask you one. How can one save one's soul?"

"By being true to it; there is no other way," he answered.

"But suppose you do not know the truth of the soul?" she asked.

"That were impossible for an intelligent being," he answered.

"But sometimes," she began, "you think"—

"The soul does not think, it knows," he interrupted. When she remained silent he went on: "Do you mean that sometimes a thing appears so good and desirable, or it so resolutely blocks our way it seems the one thing intended for us, and we find ourselves in doubt? The very fact of there being doubt proves the soul has not spoken. When two ways open before us we can not believe we are taking the right one if always back of us we feel something drawing us away, as it were, from that path. And we shall always regret it if we act contrary to that direction, for it is the soul's, seeking to serve itself. Am I not right?" he finished, with a smile.

She nodded her head, then, after a pause, asked irresolutely:

"Do you think I have any talent?"

"I know it," he answered, quietly.

"Then why do you think so slightingly of it?"

"Not of it!" he exclaimed, "of the use made of it—yes. And I should not so regard that use," he continued, "if you had never known of the higher and better channel waiting for it, if you had been content I should have said nothing. But this is not so; a thousand hands point it out to you in the day; a thousand opportunities present themselves to you, all leading toward the employment of your gift which you know is the true one. And you would not hesitate if it were not for that fear. It must be overcome, Sarah."

"It will not be," she exclaimed in a tense whisper, looking into his eyes. "Because I did not have courage to refuse his request I am going this very day to live with a friend of Dr. Hayward. She is a society woman, and it is their intention to introduce me to their friends. They look upon my work as the whim of a self-willed young woman, so he once told me, and which they expect the pleasures of the new life will draw me away from. And they will," she assented, shivering in the pleasant room. "Not the pleasures but their wills which I shall not long be able to hold out against. I shall fall in with their way of living and thinking, marry some one they will choose for me, abandon my dream—lose my soul!"

He listened quietly, then said:

"No, you will save it! We do not conquer a foe by running away from him. Nothing better than this could have happened, because you will fight your battles out and win."

She shook her head, but remained

silent for she could not tell him that in herself was something which would aid the others in bringing about her ultimate defeat. As they were parting he said:

"One favor I beg of you,—let us meet here every Sunday morning, if only for a few minutes."

She readily gave her promise to so slight a request, not knowing its fulfilment was to be so difficult of performance, for, it appeared to Sarah, Sunday morning was the time both Dr. Hayward and his friends made their most frequent demands upon her. Often she came to the gallery at the last moment, bearing on face and manner the signs of the strenuous effort she had made to keep the appointment, and the man smiled to himself, seeing this was the avenue by which she eventually would come into her own.

Sarah's social life could scarcely be called a success; she was not at home in it, though, in her wish to please Dr. Hayward, she honestly tried to accommodate herself to it. Their unspoken intention to keep her work as much in the background as possible left the girl without the chief power she possessed, as their insistence upon her assuming many of the duties of her new position interfered with its performance. Her repeated failures, and the excuses she was compelled to give for them, finally overcame the patience of the editors, and they told her they were forced to dispense with her services. When Dr. Hayward heard of it, instead of the sympathy or at least regret she expected him to express, he pointed out the slight regard in which such work was held by men, and congratulated her that she had been brought to see this before it was too late.

Sarah, finding in this indifference the punishment for her base desertion, said nothing farther on the subject. Her country breeding had made her prudent, and so the loss of her position did not leave her without money; but she knew her funds would speedily decrease, and then if she became dependent upon her new friends she would have to sell herself completely to them. In her trouble she turned to the artist who told her there was an opening for her on the new weekly which he and his friends had started, and he smiled again to himself when she hesitated at the offer.

In the midst of this state of affairs there came a telegram, announcing the death of Grace's husband. When the messenger arrived Sarah was leaving the house with Dr. Hayward, for a drive, which was to end at a fashionable club-house where they would be joined by their friends, for the supper. She read the words, scarcely comprehending their meaning, then mechanically handed it to him. For so long a time that all her faculties roused into sharp, intense life he stood looking at the sheet of yellow paper, which told him Grace was free. Then, he lifted his eyes to Sarah, and their revelation fell like a blinding light upon her soul; it was she, not Grace, this man loved.

For a month Sarah stayed with her uncle who had brought Grace home. Except for Alice, at rest at last in her quiet bed, they were all together once more. Shortly after having met Dr. Hayward, Sarah, true to the promise made by her, had written to Grace all she knew of him; and now the regard for the dead husband forbade any reference to the old lover. But knowing the unspoken wish of her cousin's heart, Sarah frequently in the presence of the others spoke of the young physician whom they remembered, and the expression of Grace's eyes smote the girl with the

deepest pain she had known for her, remembering the light that had betrayed the cruel knowledge of the doctor's dead love. Fate never offers us the same blessing twice, and Sarah turned from her uncle's home knowing she would revisit it no more.

A strange unrest possessed her, but when, as the carriage sent to meet her was passing the building in which his studio was, she saw the artist standing on the steps, the peace he always seemed to bestow came to her. She stopped, and he advanced to greet her.

"Home again!" he exclaimed, clasping her hand. "I have missed those Sunday mornings sadly. And to-morrow is Sunday!"

"And the Egyptian room still is there," she answered, laughing.

"And we shall be there?" he half-questioned.

"Yes," she answered, and drove on.

Before she reached the house Sarah was aware that something had happened. Her hostess met her at the door, with an anxious face.

"I am so glad you have come," she said. "I did not want to write you of our trouble, because I hoped all along it would blow over; but I see I am mistaken. The day after you left Dr. Hayward announced that he intended offering himself to the Government to go to Cuba to study yellow fever. I pleaded with him not to put such an intention into execution, and so did the doctor, for what should we do without Dr. Hayward? He paid no heed to our words, and seemed to be laboring under some great excitement. Sarah, did you refuse to marry him?"

"He never asked me to marry him," said the girl, ashen to the lips.

"That is strange, when he loves you so much," she observed dreamily. "Perhaps he learned in some way that you do not love him—perhaps he was jealous of that dark man my husband saw you with in a restaurant. What drove him away from us, Sarah?"

"Is he gone?" asked Sarah, in a hollow voice.

"Yes, he is gone," she cried, lifting her handkerchief to her eyes, while Sarah repeated:

"Gone!—Left me!—My God!" and she fell on her knees and hid her face on her friend's lap. They cried together for a while, and then the older woman said:

"My husband had a letter from him last week, telling us his offer had been accepted by the Government; and in a few days he expected to start for his new work. Then this morning this letter came for you," she handed Sarah a letter, and rising went to the next room.

And Sarah read in the letter the full confession of Dr. Hayward's love for her. What he had felt for her cousin he now knew was the first love of a heart, which, fulfilled, would have developed into the deep and holy love of a man for the wife of his youth; and, which, unrealized, would have faded into the tender memory of the loss of something dear, had he not persisted in wrapping himself in the sorrow it had occasioned. Even with the coming of Sarah into his maturity, he had steadily refused to see that that early love was dead, until the night she had put the question to him concerning her cousin's husband. That had shown the truth to him, and when the telegram confirmed it he had known his hour of despair. Not despair because that first love was dead, but because he might miss this second and more desired. He felt she did not love him, and knowing it was impossible to remain in that

city, he had applied for a position which would take him far away, a position whose dangers were so many he might speedily hope for release from a life of unhappiness.

While waiting for the sailing of the vessel many memories had come back to him, and with them had come the first gleam of hope. Did Sarah not love him, when at his bidding she had given up the work she liked, and the first friends she had made in her new world? Did she not love him when she had been so patient with him, when likely her deep-seeing eyes beheld what was so lately made apparent to his? Ah, did not little Sarah love him even as he loved her? Then would she come to him, go with him as his honored and beloved wife to this new land to keep him from its manifold dangers and despair?

Sarah rose from her knees, and went into the next room.

"Dr. Hayward wants me to join him in Washington, where we will be married before he starts for Cuba. You will come with me, will you not?" she cried, sinking into the outstretched arms of her friend. The telegram that was to lift Dr. Hayward to the highest hour of joy he could know was sent; and then Sarah and her friend made ready for their journey. At noon they were leaving the city,—into which a few years before Sarah had come miserable, poor and lonely,—and as the miles swept by the girl wondered that life should have made this wonderful turn for her. As night fell her friend sought her berth, but Sarah sat by the window gazing on the darkening landscape.

Then she dozed, to wake out of her sleep with the thought of the artist breaking full on her mind, and the recollection of the appointment at the art gallery on the morning. Thoughts swept over her, his words recurred to her, and she beheld as by a flash the world which he inhabited, the world of her soul!

And what was this to which she was hastening? She beheld the man she was going to marry with all his limitations, his iron-bound world of thought and sentiment, his narrowness, and all backed by the dominant will that would crush what it could not conquer. She beheld the life that would be hers among his friends, made in his likeness, and all her soul rose up in revolt. Then the train came to a stop in the heart of the great dark country.

"What is it?" she asked the porter.

"We wait here for the northbound train," he answered. "It's late to-night."

Sarah left the car, and, descending to the rude modern platform, fought out her battle alone with the night. When it was over she said to the conductor:

"Does that northbound train stop here?"

"It will if signalled," he answered.

"Then signal it!" she said. "I must return on that train." As she spoke she heard the thunder of its approach. Hurriedly mounting the steps, and gathering up her few belongings, she sought her friend, who asked peevishly:

"Is that train ever going to come? or must we stay here all night?"

"It is coming," said Sarah, calmly. "And I am going back in it. I know I can not marry Dr. Hayward."

"Sarah! Are you crazy?"

"I was to-day, I am sane to-night," she answered. "I do not love Dr. Hayward, I only feared him, as I fear every one else in the world—except one. But please go to him, and when you see him, tell him Sarah went back to the world of her soul where the work of her life awaits

her. And tell him Cousin Grace still loves him, as no other woman ever will. Good-by—and forget me!"

She ran from the coach as the other train stopped at the station. The next morning saw Sylvester Leverone at the appointed place, but loss and sorrow sat heavily on his heart, for the newspaper he had read on his way to the gallery told him of the departure of Sarah for Washington, and hinted broadly the purpose of the trip. He would take one more look at the old room where he had put forth his best efforts to save this kindred soul to itself and then — well, work, the work for humanity, remained!

Then he knew another was in the room —he turned his head quickly, and saw Sarah coming to him—but a Sarah he had never known. Youth seemed suddenly to have descended upon her, and her feet had the fleetness of a fawn. Her eyes held a wondrous light, and the exaltation of a smile was in her face. She seemed to have grown up strangely tall, and he could have sworn a glow was shed around her.

"I did conquer, Sylvester!" she said, reaching out her hands to his: "I shall save my soul!"

[THE END.]

THE WANDERER'S STAR.

BY AMADEUS, O. S. F.

Let not thy heart drift out too far
  On Life's tempestuous sea;
Gaze thou above to where a Star
  Doth constant burn for thee;
Though tossed by storm and tempest oft,
—Though shadows cross thy way,—
Have courage still; look thou aloft,
  To that one faithful ray!

Keep thou within its tender light;
  Thy pilot let it be;
And, through the watches of the night,
  'Twill brightly shine for thee;
For Mary is the Star that gleams,
  And Mary is thy Guide,
And safe thou'lt be if 'neath her beams,
  Thou'lt sail on Life's dark tide!

The following letter will explain itself. The original was read to me by my friend on one of those days during my stay with him; and he allowed me, at my request, to make a copy. The sermon referred to in the first sentence of the letter was preached in a foreign watering-place on Christmas Day.

"VILLA—

"December 29, 18—

"REVEREND AND DEAR SIR:—

"I listened with great attention to your sermon on Christmas Day; I am getting on in years, and I am an invalid; so you will understand that I have few friends—and I think none who would not think me mad if I told them the story that I am proposing to tell you. For many years I have been silent on this subject; since it always used to be received with incredulity. But I fancy that you will not be incredulous. As I watched you and listened to you on Christmas Day, I thought I saw in you one to whom the supernatural was more than a beautiful and symbolical fairy-story, and one who held it not impossible that this unseen should sometimes manifest itself. As you reminded us, the Religion of the Incarnation rests on the fact that the Infinite and the Eternal expresses Himself in terms of space and time; and that it is in this that the greatness of the Love of God consists. Since then, as you said, the Creation, the Incarnation, and the Sacramental System alike, in various degree, are the manifestation of God under these conditions, surely it can not be 'materialistic' (whatever that exactly means), to believe that the 'spiritual' world and the personages that inhabit it sometimes express themselves in the same manner as their Maker. However, will you have patience with me while I tell you this story? I can not believe that such a grace should be kept in darkness.

"I was about seven years old when my mother died, and my father left me chiefly to the care of servants. Either I must have been a difficult child, or my nurse must have been a hard woman: but I never gave her my confidence. I had clung to my mother as a saint clings to God; and when I lost her, it nearly broke my heart. Night after night I used to lie awake, with the firelight in the room, remembering how she would look in on her way to bed; when at last I slept it seems to me now, as if I never did anything but dream of her; and it was only to wake again to that desolate emptiness. I would torture myself by closing my eyes, and fancying she was there; and then opening them and seeing the room empty, I would turn and toss and sob without a sound. I suppose that I was as near the limit that divides sanity from madness as it is possible to be. During the day I would sit on the stairs when I could get away from my nurse, and pretend that mother's footsteps were moving overhead, that her door opened, that I heard her dress on the carpet; again I would open my eyes, and in self-cruelty compel myself to understand that she was gone. Then again I would tell myself that it was all right; that she was away for the day, but would come back at night. In the evenings I would be happier, as the time for her return drew nearer; even when I said my prayers I would look forward to the moment, into which I had cheated myself in believing,

* From "The Light Invisible," by the Rev. Robert Hugh Benson. Benziger Brothers, N. Y.

when the door would open, after I was in bed, and my mother looked in. Then as the time passed, my false faith would break down, and I would sob myself to sleep, dream of her, and sob myself awake again. As I look back it appears to me as if this went on for months; I suppose, however, in reality, it could not have been more than a very few weeks, or my reason would have given way. And at last I was caught on the edge of the precipice, and drawn lovingly back to safety and peace.

"I used to sleep alone in the night-nursery at this time, and my nurse occupied a room opening out of it. The night-nursery had two doors, one at the foot of my bed, and one at the further end of the room, in the corner diagonally opposite to that in which the head of my bed stood. The first opened upon the landing and the second into my nurse's room, and this latter was generally kept a few inches open. There was no light in my room, but a night-light was kept burning in the nurse's room, so that even without the firelight my room was not in total darkness.

"I was lying awake one night (I suppose it would be about eleven o'clock), having gone through a dreadful hour or two of misery, half-waking and half-sleeping. I had been crying quietly, for fear my nurse should hear through the partly opened door, burying my hot face in the pillow. I was feeling really exhausted, listening to my own heart, and cheating myself into the half-faith that its throbs were the footsteps of my mother coming towards my room; I had raised my face and was staring at the door at the foot of my bed, when it opened suddenly without a sound; and there, as I thought, my mother stood, with the light from the oil-lamp outside, shining upon her. She was dressed, it seemed, as once before I had seen her in London when she came into my room to bid me good-night before she went out to an evening party. Her head shone with jewels that flashed as the firelight rose and sank in the room, a dark cloak shrouded her neck and shoulders, one hand held the edge of the door, and a great jewel gleamed on one of her fingers. She seemed to be looking at me.

"I sat up in bed in a moment, amazed, but not frightened, for was it not what I had so often fancied? and I called out to her:

"Mother, mother!

"At the word she turned and looked on to the landing, and gave a slight movement with her head, as if to some one waiting there, either of assent or dismissal, and then turned to me again. The door closed silently, and I could see in the firelight, and in the faint glimmer that came through the other door, that she held out her arms to me. I threw off the bed-clothes, and scrambled down to the end of the bed, and she lifted me gently in her arms, but said no word. I too, said nothing, but she raised the cloak a little and wrapped it round me, and I lay there in bliss, my head on her shoulder, and my arm round her neck. She walked smoothly and noiselessly to a rocking chair that stood beside the fire and sat down, and then began to rock gently to and fro. Now it may be difficult to believe, but I tell you that I never said anything, nor desired to say anything. It was enough that she was there. After a little while I suppose I fell asleep, for I found myself in an agony of tears and trembling again, but those arms held me firmly, and I was soon at peace; still she spoke no word, and I did not see her face.

"When I woke again she was gone, and it was morning, and I was in bed, and the nurse was drawing up the blind, and the winter sunshine lay on the wall. That day was the happiest I had known since my mother's death; for I knew she would come again.

"After I was in bed that evening, I lay awake waiting, so full of happy content and certainty that I fell asleep. When I awoke the fire was out, and there was no light but a narrow streak that came through the door from my nurse's room. I lay there a minute or two waiting, expecting every moment to see the door open at the foot of my bed; but the minutes passed, and then the clock in the hall below beat three. Then I fell into a passion of tears; the night was nearly gone, and she had not come to me. Then, as I tossed to and fro, trying to stifle my crying, through my tears there came the misty flash of light as the door opened, and there she stood again. Once again I was in her arms, and my face on her shoulder. And again I fell asleep there.

"Now this went on night after night, but not every night, and never unless I awoke and cried. It seemed that if I needed her desperately she came, but only then.

"But there were two curious incidents that occurred in the order in which I will write them down. The second I understand now, at any rate; the first I have never altogether understood, or rather there are several possible explanations.

"One night as I lay in her arms by the fire, a large coal suddenly slipped from the grate and fell with a crash, awaking the nurse in the other room. I suppose she thought something was wrong, for she appeared at the door with a shawl over her shoulders, holding the night-light in one hand and shading it with the other. I was going to speak, when my mother laid her hand across my mouth. The nurse advanced into the room, passed close beside us, apparently without seeing us, went straight to the empty bed, looked down on the tumbled clothes, and then turned away as if satisfied, and went back to her room. The next day I managed to elicit from her, by questioning, the fact that she had been disturbed in the night, and had come into my room, but had seen me sleeping quietly in bed.

"The other incident is as follows: One night I was lying half dozing against my mother's breast, my head against her heart, and not, as I usually lay, with my head on her shoulder. As I lay there it seemed to me as if I heard a strange sound like the noise of the sea in a shell, but more melodious. It is difficult to describe it, but it was like the murmuring of a far-off crowd, overlaid with musical pulsations. I nestled closer to her and listened; and then I could distinguish, I thought, innumerable ripples of church bells pealing, as if from another world. Then I listened more intently to the other sound; there were words, but I could not distinguish them. Again and again a voice seemed to rise above the others, but I could hear no intelligible words. The voice cried in every sort of tone—passion, content, despair, monotony. And then as I listened I fell asleep. As I look back now, I have no doubt what voices those were that I heard.

"And now comes the end of the story. My health began to improve so remarkably that those about me noticed it. I never gave way, during the day at any rate, to those old piteous imaginings; and at night, when, I suppose, the will partly relaxes its control, whenever my distress reached a certain point, she was there to comfort me. But her visits grew more

and more rare, as I needed her less, and at last ceased. But it is of her last visit, which took place in the spring of the following year, that I wish to speak.

"I had slept well all night, but had awakened in the dark just before the dawn, from some dream which I forget, but which left my nerves shaken. When in my terror I cried out, again the door opened, and she was there. She stood with the jewels in her hair, and the cloak across her shoulders, and the light from the landing lay partly on her face. I scrambled at once down the bed, and was lifted and carried to the chair, and presently fell asleep. When I awoke the dawn had come, and the birds were stirring and chirping, and a pleasant green light was in the room; and I was still in her arms. It was the first time, except in the instance I have mentioned, that I had awakened except in bed, and it was a great joy to find her there. As I turned a little I saw the cloak which sheltered us both—of a deep blue, with an intricate pattern of flowers and leaves and birds among branches. Then I turned still more to see her face, which was so near me, but it was turned away; and even as I moved she rose and carried me towards the bed. Still holding me on her left arm she lifted and smoothed the bedclothes, and then laid me gently in bed, with my head on the pillow. And then for the first time I saw her face plainly. She bent over me, with one hand on my breast as if to prevent me from rising, and looked straight into my eyes; and it was not my mother.

"There was one moment of blinding shock and sorrow, and I gave a great sob, and would have risen in bed, but her hand held me down, and I seized it with both my own, and still looked in her eyes. It was not my mother, and yet was there ever such a mother's face as that? I seemed to be looking into depths of indescribable tenderness and strength, and I leaned on that strength in those moments of misery. I gave another sob or two as I looked, but I was quieter, and at last peace came to me, and I had learnt my lesson.

"I did not at the time know who she was, but my little soul dimly saw that my own mother, for some reason, could not, at that time come to me, who needed her so sorely, and that another great Mother had taken her place; yet, after the first moment or so, I felt no anger or jealousy, for one who had looked into that kindly face could have no such unworthy thought.

"Then I lifted my head a little, I remember, and kissed the hand that I held in my own, reverently and slowly. I do not know why I did it, except that it was the natural thing to do. The hand was strong and white, and delicately fragrant. Then it was withdrawn, and she was standing by the door, and the door was open; and then she was gone, and the door was closed.

"I have never seen her since, but I have never needed to see her, for I know who she is; and, please God, I shall see her again; and next time I hope my mother and I will be together; and perhaps it will not be very long; and perhaps she will allow me to kiss her hand again.

"Now, my dear sir, I do not know how all this will appear to you; it may seem to you, though I do not think it will, merely childish. Yet, in a sense, I desire nothing more than that, for our Saviour Himself told us to be like children, and our Saviour, too, once lay on His Mother's breast. I know that I am getting an old man, and that old men are sometimes very foolish, but it more

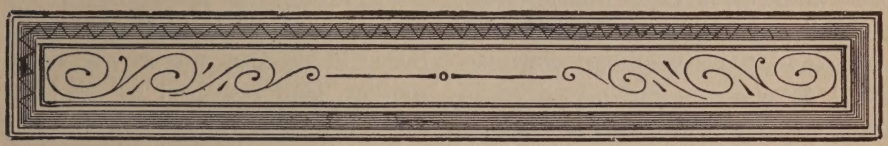
and more seems to me that experience, as well as His words, tells me that the great Kingdom of Heaven has a low and narrow door that only little children can enter, and that we must become little again, and drop all our bundles, if we would go through.

"That, dear and reverend sir, is my story. And may I ask you to remember me sometimes at the altar and in your prayers? For surely God will ask much from one to whom He has given so much, and as yet I have nothing to show for it; and my time must be nearly at an end, even if His infinite patience is not.

"Believe me,

"Yours faithfully,

"_____"



MICHO'S MATCH.

BY G. NI RAGHALLAIGH.

"God bless the work!"

The horse was pulled up, and the young man at its head looked round smiling, while the father, who was guiding the plough, turned to greet me, glad it seemed to knock off work and have a bit of a chat.

"God save ye kindly, *asthore;* it's time for the work to be over for the day, I'm thinkin'; but sure the blessin' 'ill keep for tomorra never fear," and he laughed good-humoredly.

"That it will then, and I'm spoiling for a story, so let Ned put up the horse while you sit here and chat with me."

"Well, well, sure I suppose I'll be humorin' ye, *avoureen,* an' if ye *will* be keepin' an ould chap like me idlin' his time, instead of a good-lookin' boy like Ned here, ye couldn't be findin' a finer spot in all Galway." And leaning over the loose stone wall he pointed out to me the panorama stretched at our feet.

Far away to the left Lough Corrib lay, placid and blue, without a ripple; then, as it gradually narrowed in to the river, the opposite shore came in sight, grey and desolate,—rocks! rocks! rocks! sticking up in the midst of the scanty grass, piled together into low walls or used to build the few small cottages dotted here and there. Straight in front, the old city looked quite imposing in the distance with its many spires and tall factory chimneys. If we could only add a little smoke to these! But then we would lose the clear sight of the bay beyond, the glorious bay! more beautiful than any poet's dream on an evening like this, when blue waters reflect still bluer skies, and the brown sails of the fishing boats gleam redly in the sun, while over on the horizon we can see the hills of Clare, a soft rich purple and deep, deep blue. Right round the wooded point of Barna we could see, and on to

the right, till Spiddal rose, cut out sharp against the clear sky. It was no wonder the old man felt pride in his beautiful home.

"They do be sayin," he explained, "them that have gone foreign, that there isn't the like o' that to be seen no matter where ye go."

"I've only seen other parts of Ireland, but I know that I never saw its match within the four seas."

"Now would ye be sayin' that, *asthore*, well, well," and with a gratified chuckle Tim came over the stile and sat down beside me. After a long pause, to drink in the beauty and to rest, he began again.

"An' it's a story ye're wantin' at this hour o' the day? Did ye iver hear the like? An' what kind id ye be wantin'? One about the fairies, or the ould times when there were giants an' heroes, or is it just about the neighbors that were around long ago?" Sighing, as he glanced at the roofless cottages standing in the fields around, he queried whimsically. "An would ye be likin' a laugh or a cry?"

"A laugh for sure, and I think I'd like to hear about the neighbors best."

"Then ye're right, for ye'll have enough an' plenty to cry over as ye go on, God help us all! An' the story we saw goin' on is the one we tell best, so I couldn't be doin' better than tellin' how Micho Lains got his wife. He was a fine boyo in them days,—though ye wouldn't be thinkin' it now to look at him an' he doubled in two with the rheumatics, the cratur!—an' everyone was wonderin' an' sayin' among thimselves 'Why the devil, doesn't Micho be gettin' a wife?' An' the girls were thinkin' it too, though they wouldn't be sayin' it. Every Sunda' after Mass there was many a one watchin' an' wonderin' who'd Micho be walkin' home with; but sure he was the cute lad, an' its off with Thady Martyn or Shaun Coneely he'd be, an' sorra' a girl at all, though it was he'd have the joke an' the pleasant word for them all."

"The ould Canon was parish priest then, an' sure His Reverence was a caution entirely. There was no standin' the grandeur of him—he'd be callin' his niece 'Miss Lynch' if ye please, an' he speakin' to thim that knew her since she was a bit of a colleen runnin' to school in her bare legs like the rest o' the childer. Did ye iver hear the like? An' he'd come over wid his gran' Englishy accent to me mother, God rest her! an' she his own second cousin, an' call her 'me good woman,' no less. But wid all his high falutin', a better priest never drew breath, nor a better-natured. Orra! It was he had the givin' hand to the poor, an' if there was trouble on ye he'd forget the grandeur quick enough, an' be as plain an' simple as Father Pat himself. Sighle, his niece, was a shy timid little cratur, with big innocent brown eyes, for all the world like a weeshy calf, frightened out o' her sinses wid the style of her uncle, an' afeared o' her life she couldn't act up to him. She'd be lookin' at him for every word that kem out o' her mouth, the poor little colleen, but wid all her quiet ways it was she that had caught me brave Micho.

"No one 'ill never know how they med it up atween them, for they kep' it as dark as the night, knowin' well that there was nary a bit o' good for Micho to be askin' the Canon for her. There wasn't a man in Galway, unless a lord or a gineral, that he'd be thinkin' good enough for one o' the family. It was a year or more they'd be courtin' when the Canon tuk it into his head to go for Micho about settlin'. I was walkin' wid him meself that verra day; we were comin' home from the

hurley, an' smokin' an' chattin' as we kem over the brow o' the hill, an' niver tuk note o' the Canon till he walked right up to us an' there an' then he began. 'Michael,' says he, 'I was wishin' to speak to ye on a most important matter.' 'An what id that be, yer Reverence,' says Micho, his heart in his mouth for fear he'd got wind o' his goin's on wid Sighle.

" 'It's time,' says he, 'that ye'd be thinkin' o' marryin' an' settlin' down, a fine lad like you,' says he, smilin' on the rogue, an' he lookin' as if butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. 'A fine lad like you,' says he, 'might have his pick o' the girls; an' its comin' near Shrove, an' I hear no talk about you at all, Michael, how's that?' Ye could a knocked me down wid a feather, when I heard the ruffian, as innocent as you please, sayin' to him, 'Well, yer Reverence, it's this way,' says he, 'there is a little girl,—but not from this part,' he struck in, afeard he'd be caught; an' sure it was true, too, for she was born over Spiddal way, 'an' I'd be glad enough to make a match wid her, but her people wouldn't hear o' it.' 'Oh, nonsense, nonsense, me boy!' says the Canon, quite hot like, 'there isn't a better match than yerself in the country; a good steady lad an' a nice bit o' land, too. What is her father at all,' says he, 'that they'd be lookin' down on the like o' you?' 'Well, no better than me own, sir,' say me brave Micho, 'but sure the decent man is dead, God rest him! an' it's her uncle that keeps her that close there is no gettin' a look at her. He 's an ould bachelor,' says he, warmin' to the work; 'an' he doesn't see what a girl id be wantin wid a man at all, at all; an' he's that full o' himself he thinks the man isn't born good enough for any belongin' to him.'

"Me heart was across me wid the fright listenin' to him, but the poor innocent priest never saw who the rogue was drivin' at. 'What a foolish fella, he must be,' says he, fallin' into the trap like a babby, God help him! 'it id be servin' him right,' says he, 'if she ran away wid ye.' 'That's what I'm thinkin' meself,' says Micho, 'but she'll never consint, unless,' says he, as if the idea had only come into his head that blessed minnit, 'unless yer Reverence id marry us when she kem.' Mind ye that was the first time I saw what he was drivin' at, an' it was all I could do to keep meself from laughin' out. The poor old Canon thought it the grandest idea he'd ever heard. 'But,' says he, 'I'd be wantin' to get the lines from her own priest, afore I could marry ye, an' how 'ill ye do that?' says he. 'If ye'll just write,' says Micho, as quick as ye please, 'that ye're willin' to marry us an' that ye see no reason agin it, then,' says he, 'she'll get the word from her own priest, too. Ah! God bless ye for thinkin' of it, yer Reverence!'

"Widout another word the poor Canon whipt out a book an' began to write—'I know Micho Lains to be a decent steady boy an' I see no reason why he wouldn't marry—'Sure what's her name, Michael?' 'Arrah!' says I to meself, 'the fat's in the fire now, an' no mistake.' But ye couldn't be up to the conthrivance of the rogue; he hanged down his head, an' looked that shy ye'd think he was a weeshy little girl before the school inspector, an' says he with a grin, 'Wisha now couldn't ye just put—the girl he wants—yer Reverence?' as if he was ashamed like. Wid that the Canon gev him a slap on the back, and says he, 'Well, well, Michael, it's mighty shy ye are, but here goes!' an' laughin' away he wrote—'why he wouldn't marry the girl of his choice, an' I promise to marry them on Shrove Tuesday if they

present themselves on that day—Signed, Canon Joseph Lynch—'Now how's that? Michael,' says he, an' tearin' out the page he gev it to the rogue, and went laughin' down the hill. Well, when Micho had it safe in his fist, and His Reverence was well out o' hearin,' he let a shout out o' him an' catchin' me by the arm he ran me across the fields, laughin' an' shoutin' an' goin' on like mad, an' not a bit o' shame on him for the trick he had played on the innocent priest.

"But shure, ye women are the queer things, an' it's hard for a man to know where he is wid ye. For, would ye believe it now?'—and Tim turned round and looked at me with all seriousness, as though he were propounding a most important question of philosophy—"when Sighle heard his story she flared up an' tould him he was a liar an' a cheat, deceivin' even the priest; an' she'd have nothin' to say to him or his conthrivances! Poor Micho didn't know where he was wid her, for he'd never seen her like that afore,—she that was always so quiet an' shy. It was a terrible take down for him intirely, but instead of argufyin', like a wise man he just took her up in his arms an' kissed the sense into her, an' says he, 'Ye'll have everything to say to both me an' me conthrivance from Shrove Tuesday on, wid the help o' God, *asthoreen*, so ye must make the best o' me.' Well, when the day came Sighle was in a terrible way, afeard of her life of facin' the uncle, an' id was all Micho an' meself could do to get her into the vestry, where the Canon was waitin' for me boyo. She was tremblin' like a leaf, an' her face was as white as the driven snow, so that to tell ye the truth I was thinkin' each minnit she'd be off in a faint, and faith Micho himself was not much better—for the ould Canon was a terrible man to anger. An' when we knocked at the door, an' he shouted 'Come in!' I was near as bad meself as the other two. Well ye should have seen his face when he laid eyes on them! First he was as black as thunder, an' then the joke o' the thing struck him, an' shure it showed the good heart o' him in spite o' all, for he laughed out, an' says he 'So, Michael, me boy, ye got the better o' the crusty ould bachelor. Well, I must keep me word to ye, so come out to the chapel, an' the blessin' o' God on ye both.' So now *asthoreen*, haven't I kep' me word, too, an' given ye a laugh?"

"But is it true, Tim, or did you make it up?"

"It's as true as I'm sittin' here, and many a laugh I've had over it with the Canon himself, God rest him! Wid all his grandeur, we'll find it hard to get his like, and he was that good to both Micho and Sighle when trouble kem on them that often Micho 'id say to me, 'Faith it was a mean trick I played on His Reverence, but wid all that it was the best day's work I ever did. It gave me the best wife an' the best friend a man ever had, thanks be to God.'

"Now, *agradh*, it's time for ye to be gettin' home, ye've a long way to go down to the town an' darkness 'ill be on ye afore ye know where ye are—God speed you, a childeen! And don't let any Micho whip ye off from me!"

MOST REV. THOMAS CARR, ARCHBISHOP OF MELBOURNE.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

On August 26th, Archbishop Carr, of Melbourne, Australia, completed his twenty-fifth year in the episcopate. One of the jubilee gifts that the venerable prelate received was the title deed of Cathedral Hall—which meant that the debt of more than thirty thousand dollars had been paid.

His Grace's career in Melbourne has been singularly successful, showing great administrative capacity and wisely-directed activity. During the seven years following his arrival in Australia, nine new convents were founded, eight superior schools established, twenty-two new parochial schools built, twenty-one new churches erected, and the number of priests engaged in parochial work increased from fifty-five to ninety-seven. But the work with which Dr. Carr's name will be most associated is the completion of St. Patrick's Cathedral, a noble structure, larger than any cathedral in Ireland or Scotland. The Archbishop has spent nearly sixty thousand pounds upon the work, his capacity and energy accomplishing wonders even in a time of great depression.

In the pulpit and the press Dr. Carr has pleaded the cause of religion and charity, and has triumphantly vindicated truths of Catholic faith against its assailants. Several series of lectures, marked by dignity and rare self-command, present facts and arguments driven home with merciless precision. Archbishop Carr possesses the admiration and love of the people of Victoria, irrespective of creed or class.

In every scheme of practical benevolence, as in every effort for the general betterment, His Grace is an earnest co-operator.

At the educational convention, Archbishop Messmer, in his address of welcome, made a stirring plea for progressiveness in Catholic education. He urged the establishment of a uniformity of standard, covering the schools of all dioceses, and a broadening of the educational system that will keep the Catholic schools abreast of the times.

"The time is past when the Catholic schools can be regarded as private institutions. Hitherto we have not had the concentration or unifor-

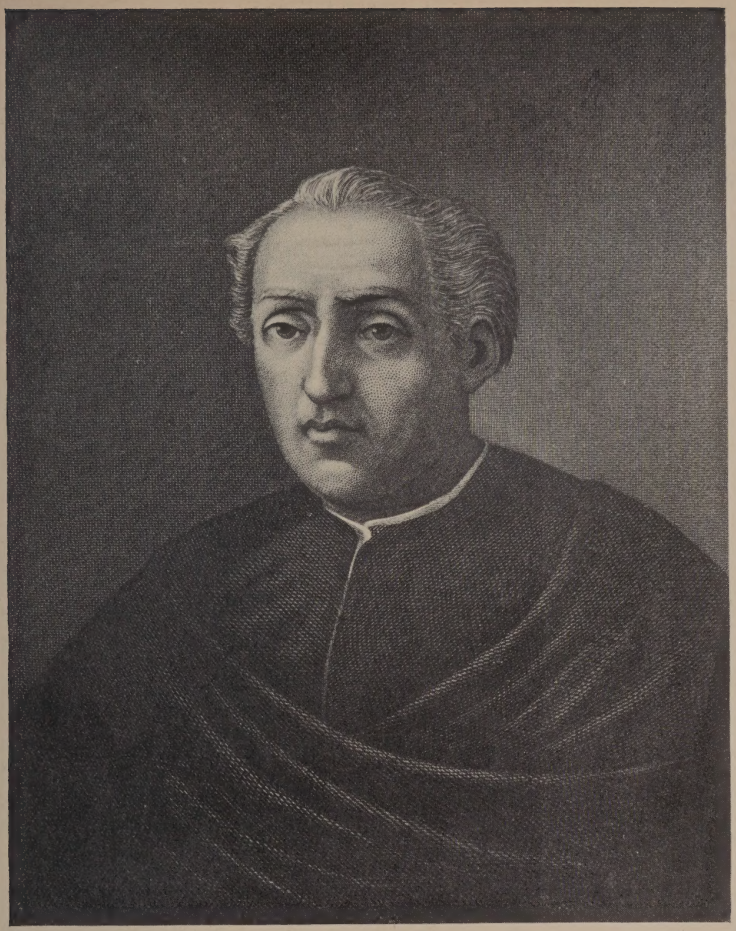
mity we should have had. Each school, or each diocese, has gone its own way. I urge upon this body that in your deliberations you do not slight the subject of unity in Catholic education. Let us establish a system that will be uniform. We should do it, and we are able to do it. Besides, it is necessary to the honor of our association that we bring up our general educational system to a specific standard.

MOST REV. SEBASTIAN G. MESSMER, D. D.

The Archbishop's views on the duties of citizens are pointed out clearly in a "Handbook for Parishioners," published by His Grace:

"The Catholic citizen," he says, "cannot throw off the 'Christian'; he must be a Christian citizen and his politics must be Christian politics, whether it be in the Union, and the State, or in his township, village or city. The loyal citizen must be guarded by principle, not by the mere hope of profit; party principles and politics must be subordinate to Christian principles; he will look more to the man of religious conviction and honest purpose than to the platform of his party. For a man to sell his vote for filthy lucre or political advancement is a sin against God, just as well as a crime against the country."

The Archbishop further says that "no Christian, unless compelled, should stay away from election. To abstain from voting is always poor politics, and very often poor Christianity."



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.
Said to be a copy of an original portrait.

MARRIAGES OF GREAT MEN.

II.

Christopher Columbus.

BY ELIZABETH CALHOUN.

"The biography of Columbus has remained in the hands of his natural enemies," asserted Count Roselly De Lorgues in the introduction to his life of the great discoverer (published in Paris, 1864), and foremost amongst those prejudiced biographers he places Humboldt and Washington Irving.

"Now Irving and Humboldt, the only writers who have fully treated of this history, are both Protestants. It will be easily conceived that, athwart the prejudices of sect, they could not judge soundly of the spirit and the acts of the man in whom the most ardent Catholicity was personified. The history of this servant of God has been exclusively presented to the public by two men opposed to his faith, to the yearnings of his heart, to the aspirations of his soul. . . . They have presented him to us such as they have made him, far from us, without restraint, without control."

Continuing, he declares that the success obtained by the work of Irving and

the great name of Humboldt discouraged effort in the way of vindication, and that from these two writers, academicians, learned societies, reviews, biographies, and encyclopedias derived facts and opinions. "There is scarcely in the whole world, a single line printed on Columbus that has not been, with docility, borrowed from one or other of these two sources."

Washington Irving, having access to the archives of Madrid, wrote his history of the life and voyages of Columbus in 1826, and in a few years this work was circulated in all the nations of Europe, scattering broadcast the calumny it contained.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS AND HIS SON, DIEGO, AT LA RABIDA.

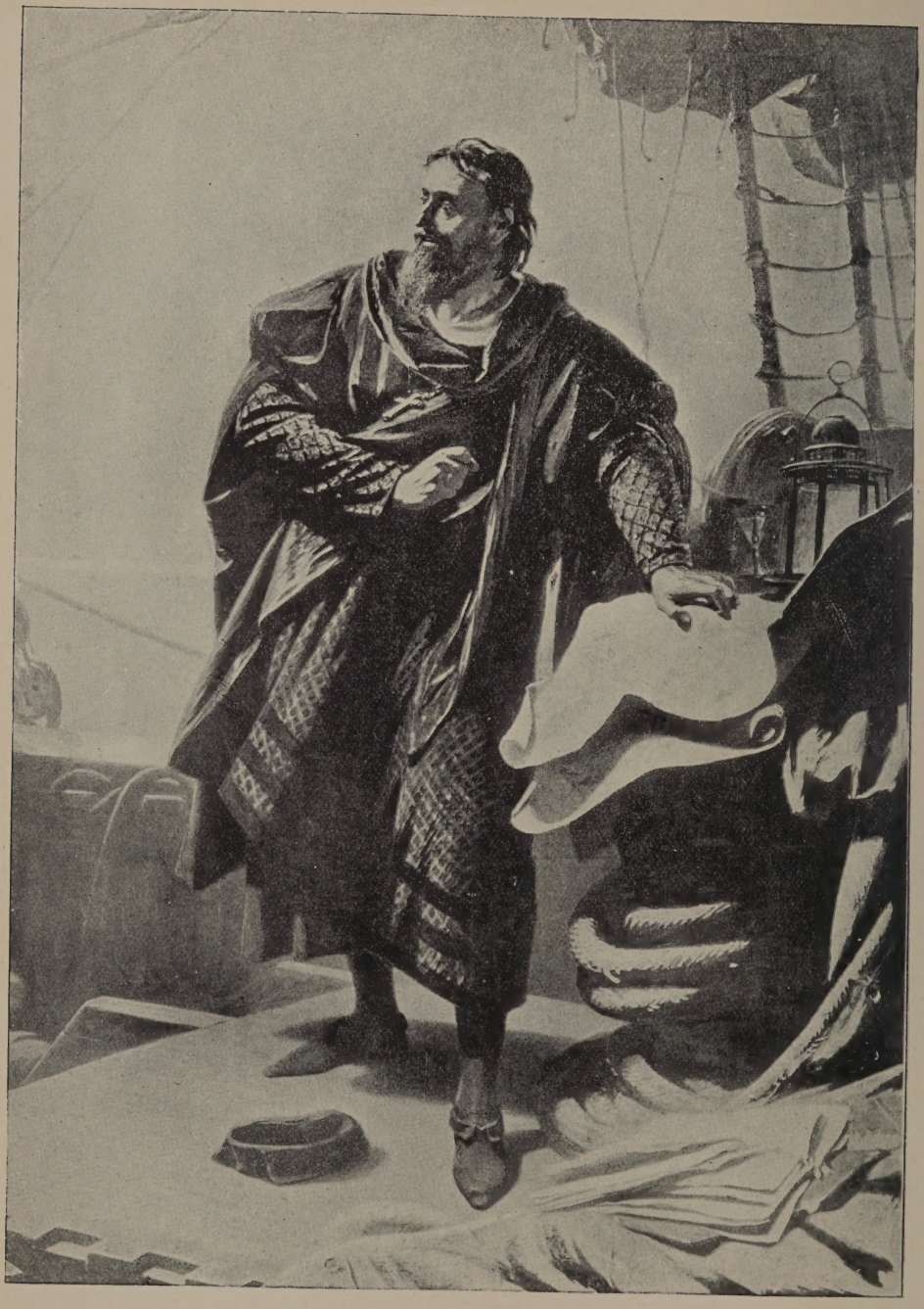
The Rev. Arthur George Knight, S. J., in speaking of this work points out the harmful influence it exerts through the very generosity of the writer, in so handsomely recognizing the nobility of Columbus apart from this implied stain on his character. Father Knight says:

> "Not only in England and where the English language is spoken, but throughout Europe, the beautiful life of Columbus by Washington Irving, had been read and admired, and men easily acquiesced in the judgment of an historian who showed so generous an appreciation of true merit, and who was so eloquent in his praise of virtue and his condemnation of injustice."

While giving high praise to Irving, this reverend author says that until the publication of the Count De Lorgues' "*La Croix dans les Deux Mondes*," in 1843, "no really truthful history of the actions of Columbus had been given to the world." And again he commends it as a "genuine life of Columbus."

Yet the fact remains that while Irving's history is read with avidity and

COLUMBUS AT THE COURT OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA.



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS ON THE DECK OF THE SANTA MARIA.

quoted as an authority, the works of the French Count and of later writers who have uttered a noble defence of the moral character of Columbus are comparatively unknown.

We shall refer to this later when dealing with the question of the second marriage contracted by the Genoese.

Born in Genoa about the year 1435 (according to some writers ten years later), Columbus began life in very humble circumstances. His father was a wool-comber, and, it is said, was of illustrious descent. This, however, is immaterial as the fame of the discoverer rested on his own achievements, and not on the nobility of the family from which he came. His son, Fernando, referring to the disputed question said with truth: "I am of opinion that I should derive less dignity from any nobility of ancestry than from being the son of such a father." At a very early age Columbus evinced his desire to follow the sea as a means of livelihood, and his education was directed to fit him for a maritime life. Beside the ordinary branches of reading, writing, grammar, and arithmetic, he was instructed in the Latin tongue and had acquired some facility in drawing and design. He also studied for a short time in the university of Pavia, learning geometry, geography, astronomy and navigation. It is said that on his return to Genoa he assisted his father in wool-combing, but this his son indignantly denies. However, he entered upon a nautical life when fourteen years old,

ISABELLA RECEIVING THE SURRENDER OF THE MOORS AT GRANADA.

and always attributed his irresistible inclination for the sea and his passion for geographical studies to the Divine Leading towards the high destiny in store for him.

After varied experiences, including expeditions against the pirates, Columbus arrived at Lisbon about the year 1470, being then in early manhood and of an engaging presence. Minute descriptions of him are given by his son, by Las Casas, and other contemporaries. From these word portraits Irving drew the following estimate of his appearance and character:

"He was tall, well-formed, muscular; and of an elevated and dignified demeanor. His visage was long, and neither full or meagre; his complexion fair and freckled, and inclined to ruddy; his nose aquiline; his cheek bones were rather high, his eyes light gray, and apt to enkindle; his whole countenance had an air of authority. His hair, in his youthful days, was of a light color; but care and trouble, according to Las Casas, soon turned it gray, and at thirty years of age it was quite white. He was moderate and simple in diet and apparel, eloquent in discourse, engaging and affable with strangers, and his amiableness and suavity in domestic life strongly attached his household to his person. His temper was naturally irritable; but he subdued it by the magnanimity of his spirit, comporting himself with a courteous and gentle gravity, and never indulging in any intemperance of language. Throughout his life he was noted for strict attention to the offices of religion, observing rigorously the fasts and ceremonies of the Church; nor did his piety consist in mere forms, but partook of that lofty and solemn enthusiasm with which his whole character was strongly tinctured."

THE HOUSE IN WHICH COLUMBUS DIED, VALLADOLID.

Columbus had carried into his manhood the Christian habits of his childhood, and from his arrival in Lisbon he never failed to hear Mass every morning in the Church of All Saints, which adjoined a convent. His piety and air of distinction attracted the attention of a young lady, one of the boarders at the convent, and her tender curiosity opened the way to gratify her wish of becoming acquainted with him. Her name was Donna Felippa Perestrello, and she was of noble birth. Her father was an Italian gentleman, naturalized in Portugal, an officer of the king's household, and a mariner who had been in several Portuguese expeditions of discovery. In recompense for his maritime services, Prince Henry had appointed him Governor of Porto Santo, and had authorized him to colonize that island, where large possessions were granted him in perpetuity. But lack of capital fettered the colonization scheme and Perestrello died a ruined man, leaving his widow with three daughters whose graces and virtues constituted their principal fortune. This fact, however, did not prevent Columbus from offering his hand to Donna Felippa, and after a long interval the marriage took place with the consent of the Perestrello family, a fact which would seem to help establish the claim to nobility of the family of Columbus.

In a more recent work, by Richard H. Clarke, "Old and New Lights on Columbus," published in 1893, a different account is given of this interesting event. Mr. Clarke derives his facts from a little book—"The Wife of Columbus"—the result of researches made by Senor Gabriel Pereira, director of the National Library at Lisbon, and Senora Regina Maney, among official and authentic archives at Lisbon. Up to the time of the publication of this work, historians, Mr. Clarke affirms, had uniformly related that this marriage occurred at Lisbon, and that the son, Diego, was born at Porto Santo, but Senora Maney, in her preface to "The Wife of Columbus," declares that she and the director of the National Library at Lisbon had been able to discover among the national archives a different history of this interesting event. "We have established," she says, "the time and the place of his marriage, along with other data, and we have found much about Columbus which is entirely new."

The date of the marriage agrees with that given by other historians, 1475, but the place is Machico. After being married "with the solemn rites of the Church," the young couple went immediately to live at Funchal, "a residence preferred by Columbus because he thus remained in direct contact with the whole maritime movement." Here his son, Diego, was born, in 1476. The young wife is represented as being very beautiful, accomplished, and possessing social advantages. Mr. Clarke embodies the salient points of "The Wife of Columbus" in his narrative, giving an account of the families of Moniz and Perestrello, and tracing their fortunes down to the time of the marriage of Felippa with the Genoese. "Few, if any, there were among the young men of Machico so handsome, accomplished and plausible as the bold Genoese." Senor Periera and his associate are of the opinion that few, if any, marine maps or maritime traditions had been left by Bartholomew Perestrello to serve his future son-in-law in his vast schemes of discovery, "for he had never been a mariner, discoverer, or follower of the sea"—a direct contradiction of the statement made by earlier writers who assert that his mother-in-law, perceiving the interest which he took in

matters concerning the sea, related to Columbus all she knew of the voyages and expeditions of her late husband, and brought to him his papers, charts, and journals, thus making him acquainted with the routes of the Portuguese. These earlier writers also state that the young couple had such limited means that they were obliged to take up their residence with Felippa's mother, where Christopher continued to work at his charts and manuscripts to gain their daily bread.

Despite his narrow circumstances and the need of strict economy, he never forgot his filial obligations. From his scanty means he contributed to the support of his aged father at Genoa, and to the education of his younger brothers.

The recent researches disclose evidence that the wife of Columbus died shortly after the birth of their son, who, thereupon, fell to the tender care of his grandmother. The death of his wife came at a time when Columbus was suffering from the ill faith of the Portuguese king, who had betrayed his confidence and defrauded him of his scientific data. The circumstances mentioned by Las Casas and other contemporaries of Columbus—that his hair had turned gray prematurely—now becomes a thread of testimony in connection with the charge of Harrisse and Winsor, that he deserted his wife when he left Portugal for Spain.

"At the time of his wife's death he was thirty years old, and the time assigned by his contemporary historians for his hair turning gray was precisely at that age. It is, therefore, but a natural conclusion that so sudden and violent a grief, one which forced him to seek mental relief in a trip then regarded as heroic even among veteran mariners—the voyage to Iceland—was the cause of his hair turning gray. Sudden grief or excitement has frequently been known to produce that result. The death of his wife and the change in the color of his hair occurred at the same time. The ardent temperament of Columbus lends strength to the conclusion." (*Old and New Lights on Columbus.*)

The period of time, from 1470, when Columbus first visited Portugal, to 1484, when it is generally agreed that he left Portugal, is one in which the greatest confusion exists as to the exact dates in the events of his life. De Lorgues states that Columbus, having been deceived by the Portuguese king, would have nothing more to do with him, and resolutely remained in obscure occupations until he learned that the monarch was going to bind him to his enterprise, when, having everything to fear should he persist in refusal, he quietly turned into cash the property of his wife, and, towards the end of 1484, fled secretly from Lisbon, taking with him his little son, Diego, whose delicate features recalled to the father the beauty of his young wife.

On leaving Portugal he directed his course to Genoa, but there is no account of his immediate movements or presence until the following year. Some have supposed that it was during this interval that he made propositions to Genoa and Venice, and others assert that he spent the time with his venerable father. It is quite probable that he, for the second time, pressed his application upon the senate of his native city, but without success.

"The first firm and indisputable trace we have of Columbus after leaving Portugal," asserts Irving, "is in the south of Spain in 1485, where we find him seeking his fortune among the Spanish nobles, several of whom had vast possessions, and exercised almost independent sovereignty in their domains."

The story of his visit to the monastery of La Rabida and of the noble friendship of the Franciscan, Father Juan Perez, is too well known to need repetition here. The friendship that gained the ear of

kings for the father, won for the son shelter and education. At the solicitation of Father Perez Columbus committed Diego to his care, and in La Rabida, Diego was fed, clothed, and educated in his early youth. The guest of the convent of La Rabida, with heart at ease and mind at rest in regard to his child, took leave of the venerable Superior and, accompanied by his prayers, took the route for Cordova.

Arrived in Cordova, the Genoese, though he succeeded in getting an audience in court, was doomed to long and wearisome delay before his plans reached fruition. And during this delay occurred the second marriage of Columbus, his second wife being Donna Beatrix Enriquez, a lady of surpassing beauty, most amiable disposition, and a member of one of the oldest and most aristocratic families of Spain.

"Few Spanish families had a higher prestige than that of the De Aranas, to which Beatrix Enriquez belonged, though their wealth at this time did not correspond with their distinguished lineage and station. The marriage of Columbus to Beatrix Enriquez took place at Cordova, toward the end of November, 1487, and Fernando Columbus, the only child of this union, was born on August 29th, or as others state, August 15th, 1488. According to the customs of the country, as the Count de Lorgues informs us, and as she had brothers who alone could inherit the family estates and titles, her marriage portion must have been limited to the usual *legitime;* but he thinks it was such as to insure her an independent living."*

Little is known of this lady or of the influence she exerted on the admiral's fortunes, or of the part she took in his future struggles, successes, triumphs, and misfortunes. Her life was spent modestly at Cordova, and she is not known ever to have left that city. During his lifetime no man ever had more enemies or such bitter and untiring maligners of his conduct and motives, or such industrious inquisitors into every act or step of his eventful career. The enemies who had carefully and maliciously brought forward every accusation against him which hatred and revenge could suggest, never once attacked the purity and integrity of his moral character, never was the legality of his connection with Beatrix Enriquez questioned; never was his marriage to her doubted; never was the legitimacy of his second son, Fernando, challenged.

**Old and New Lights on Columbus.*

Such is the statement made by Mr. Clarke as the result of his researches. Let us take up next the account given by the Marquis De Belloy in his Life of Christopher Columbus, written for the instruction of a young nephew of the Marquis. The style is easy and simple, and the narrative so direct and pleasing that one is not surprised to learn that the book immediately took rank among the modern French classics. It was translated into English for the fourth centennial of the discovery of America, and the English version is evidently as popular as the original. A copy found on the shelves of the children's room of the Boston Public Library showed by its well thumbed condition that it was a favorite with juvenile readers. We take the following from its pages, as it gives a pleasing picture of the second wife with her two young charges in their Cordovan home, while the husband and father was abroad on his great emprise.

It was during this period of painful suspense that he obtained the hand of a noble lady of Cordova, Donna Beatrix Enriquez, who became the mother of Don Fernando.

The opposition,—recorded by Antonio de Herrara, according to the Academy of History a most trustworthy historian,—which this marriage at first encountered from the kinsmen of the lady has, no doubt, been greatly exaggerated, seeing that a nephew of Donna Beatrix accompanied Columbus on his first voyage, when his greatness was still a disputed problem, and that a younger brother of hers was in command of one of the ships that sailed in the third expedition.

The pair were, as it turned out, destined to taste but few of the pleasures they had hoped for in their union. Columbus did not belong to himself, and if, for an instant, he had forgotten and suffered Donna Beatrix to forget, his higher calling, she had occasion to remember it in the hours of parting, and nobly resigned herself to the exercise of the only virtue which could raise her to her husband's level, the virtue of self-denial. She gave herself up entirely to the education of their son Fernando and of the young Diego, Columbus' eldest born, who was placed under her care, and seeing her husband only at rare intervals, lived on quietly and usefully with the two boys at Cordova in the neighborhood of her own family.

Father Knight's account of the marriage at Cordova is given in these words:

"It was during this painful suspense that Columbus, who had lost his first wife before leaving Portugal, married Donna Beatrix Enriquez, who became the mother of Don Fernando. The lady, who belonged to an influential family of Cordova, has been cruelly maligned. Too little is known about her, but the little which is known gives indication of a noble nature. She would not have been willing to marry a poor man and a foreigner, who, to less generous souls, appeared no better than a needy adventurer, or an eccentric visionary, unless she had received from heaven unusual power of discerning real merit, and she would never have carried into effect the marriage with Columbus in the face of all the opposition and ridicule which she could not fail to encounter from her kinsmen of the powerful Arana family, unless she had been endowed with high spirit and strong will. Poverty and anxiety could never vulgarize Columbus, and a kind-hearted, somewhat romantic girl might easily find him worth loving."

The Count De Lorgues not only dwells upon this union in the introduction to his history, but returns to it repeatedly whenever the opportunity occurs to advance proof or to reiterate the validity of the marriage, the circumstances of which he thus describes:

Lost in the midst of the crowd in that brilliant Cordova, famous for its elegant frivolities and the exigencies of its luxury, Columbus found himself forgotten, isolated, without friends, without familiar acquaintances, and given up to the saddest abandonment; when, notwithstanding his destitution, a noble maiden, in whose neighborhood he lodged, desired to console his misfortune in attaching herself to him by an indissoluble union.

She was of high descent. Her birth far surpassed her fortune, and her beauty her birth. She was named Beatrix. This name, so much loved by Dante, seemed to have been made for an Italian. Donna Beatrix Enriquez belonged to the noble house of Arana, one of the most ancient families of Cordova, in which virtue was transmitted by right of birth, and which, notwithstanding its little opulence, enjoyed that respectability which riches alone can never obtain.

The laconicism of historians, often their silence, and always the absence of Beatrix Enriquez on solemn occasions, some words of Columbus on his death-bed,—veiled with a modest reticence, and grossly interpreted,—have produced a general prejudice against her. In fact, ancient historians, after having mentioned the fact of Columbus' marriage, have no more spoken of Beatrix. It was because they had nothing to say against her. Her modesty, the nature of her tastes, her habits, which made her shun the high scenes to which her title gave her access, her attachment for her native city, from which she was never absent, have prevented her being followed throughout the course of her life. Her history is limited to her marriage, as her happiness is to her union. The Christian wife enjoys modestly the glory of her husband, and does not make a show of it.

In what concerns Beatrix Enriquez the documents are brief, but convincing.

They show that she descended from the highest nobility, and was of rare beauty. Her fortune, unequal to her rank, still insured her an independent living. But, having brothers, it is probable that, according to the custom of the times and of the country, she received as a marriage portion only her "legitime." The marriage of Beatrix Enriquez took place in Cordova towards the end of November, 1486. She became the mother of Fernando Columbus, the twenty-ninth of August, following.

William H. Prescott, in his history of Ferdinand and Isabella, writes in no uncertain terms of the high moral character of Columbus: "Whatever were the defects of his mental constitution, the finger of the historian will find it difficult to point to a single blemish in his moral character." . . . He then extols his loyalty, his solicitude for his men, his fine regard for honor and justice, his elevation above all petty artifices to secure his ends, and concludes in these words:

There are some men, in whom rare virtues have been closely allied, if not to positive vice, to degrading weakness. Columbus' character presented no such humiliating incongruity. Whether we contemplate it in its public or private relations, in all its features it wears the same noble aspect. It was in perfect harmony with the grandeur of his plans, and their results, more stupendous than those which Heaven has permitted any other mortal to achieve.

And now for the statement of Irving, the most popular historian of all who have written of Columbus. His works are the most accessible to students and most favored by them, for reasons already stated. Let us see how he treats the question of the second marriage. There is no mistaking the opinion he holds, for in very few words he gives expression to

the calumny that is accepted by too many as historic fact.

"While thus lingering in idle suspense in Cordova, he became attached to a lady of the city, Beatrix Enriquez by name, of a noble family, though in reduced circumstances. Their connection was not sanctioned by marriage; yet he cherished sentiments of respect and tenderness for her to his dying day. She was the mother of his second son, Fernando, born in the following year (1487), whom he always treated on terms of perfect equality with his legitimate son Diego, and who, after his death, became his historian."

Again, in the appendix to his history, Irving asserts—"Fernando Columbus was the natural son of the Admiral," and that "his mother, Donna Beatrix Enriquez, was of respectable family, but was never married to the Admiral, as has been stated by some of his biographers."

And yet he concedes that Columbus was devoutly pious; that "religion mingled with the whole course of his thoughts and actions, and shone forth in his most private and unstudied writings." Again he states: "The religion thus deeply seated in his soul diffused a sober dignity and benign composure over his whole demeanor. His language was pure and guarded, and free from all imprecations, oaths, and other irreverent expressions."

While he accepts the statement of Spotorno, Irving quotes words uttered or written by Columbus that are direct proof of the legality of his son, Fernando, —such as the clause in his will when he says, "I am to be succeeded by Don Diego, my son, who in case of death without children, is to be succeeded by my other son, Fernando." And throughout he lays great stress on the legitimacy of each successor to his estates. The esteem in which Columbus held brotherly love is shown in the following passage, in which Mr. Irving records sentiments worthy of the heart of the great discoverer, who seeks to establish between his sons the fraternal unity that bound him to his own brothers.

"His brother, the Adelantada, who supported him with his accustomed fondness through all his trials, proceeded to court, to attend to his interest, taking with him the Admiral's younger son, Fernando, then aged about seventeen. The latter, the affectionate father, repeatedly represents to his son Diego as a man in understanding and conduct, though but a stripling in years, and inculcates the strongest fraternal attachment, alluding to his own brethren with one of those simple, eloquent and affecting expressions which stamp his heart upon his letters. 'To thy brother conduct thyself as the elder brother should unto the younger. Thou hast no other, and I praise God that this is such a one as thou dost need. Ten brothers would not be too many for thee. Never have I found a better friend to right or left than my brothers.'"

Despite the frequency of Columbus' own recognition of Fernando as of equal birth with Diego, Irving persists in believing the calumny, and after recounting the virtues of the discoverer, says: "It is not the intention of the author, however, to justify Columbus on a point where it is inexcusable to err. Let it remain a blot on his illustrious name."

But this is precisely what the Count De Lorgues and other champions have decided shall not be allowed.

Declaring that the time had come for the rehabilitation of Columbus, De Lorgues makes an exhaustive enquiry into the origin of the assertion which Irving so boldly states. "Opinion is formed on the appreciation of writers whose accredited names countenance the error of the common herd," declares the Count, as he reviews the works of the various authors who have cast this blemish on the memory of Columbus. Denouncing the purpose of the coterie of writers who have so maligned the fair fame of the Genoese, De Lorgues says: "In the most envenomed persecutions he endured never did any enemy of Columbus attack his purity of manners. The breath of hatred never dared to tar-

nish this mirror of chastity. Such an imposture was reserved for our days." Claiming that it is time to advance the proofs that will clear the memory of Columbus his vindicator states: "We are going to show how this calumny was impudently brought forward, accepted, accredited, and imposed on the learned of Europe."

He then traces the story to its source. It is an interesting recital. The validity of Columbus' second marriage and of the legitimacy of his son Fernando, was recognized by historians for one hundred and thirty years after the death of the Admiral. It was not until 1672 that the question was raised for the first time, and it arose in the most casual manner, and without thought or investigation on the part of the doubter. Nicolao Antonio, Procurator-General of Spanish Affairs at the court of Rome, came across a copy of the Admiral's will in which a pension was provided for Beatrix Enriquez. In these words Columbus enjoins upon Don Diego, his eldest son, "to devise unto Beatrix Enriquez, mother of Don Fernando, my son, a sum which shall enable her to live in a suitable manner, as being one to whom I am much indebted. And this be done for the relief of my conscience, for it weighs heavily on my soul. The reason of this it is not right to insert here."

The Procurator-General noticed the absence of the word wife and also that Columbus was stirred by remorse, and without contemplating any mischief, he wrote down his conclusion that Don Fernando was an illegitimate son. For a hundred and twenty years more these words slept quietly on the library shelves, and then they were revived by a lawyer Luiz de la Palma y Freytas, who found them very much to his purpose as an argument in a lawsuit, but they were put out of court. In 1805, Galeani Napione, an erudite, but caviling writer, examining the testimony of lawsuits carried on in Spain on account of the inheritance of the descendants of Columbus, found a memorandum drawn up in behalf of a certain Diego Colon y Larriategui, but which was rejected by the court. To sustain his cause the attorney attacked the legitimacy of the second son of Columbus, and as no proof existed in any instrument or document, the crafty lawyer sought to deduce it—not from what was written, but from the absence of a word which he pretended to be necessary.

In 1809, Francesco Cancellieri, a learned man, affirmed his adhesion to Napione's statement, but so far the ill report was kept in narrow compass. It was reserved for another Genoese, the Barnabite, Father Spotorno, to send it broadcast. De Lorgues openly accuses him of being actuated by resentment against Don Fernando, whom he accused of having created doubts in regard to the origin and birthplace of Columbus. "His dislike of the son," writes Father Knight, "seems to have outweighed his respect for the father." In all his writings Spotorno renews the charge of illegitimacy against Don Fernando. To unthinking readers, Spotorno appeared to be a learned critic, and in 1823 he was charged by the decurional corps of Genoa with the publication of some documents relative to Columbus, and the care of introducing the new volume with a notice of Columbus was entrusted to him. It was an opportunity not to be lost of venting his wrath upon Fernando, and his official position lent weight to his words.

Martin Fernando Navarette, the industrious compiler of diplomatic documents for the Spanish Government, was

engaged on his great work at the time when Washington Irving was collecting materials for the life of Columbus. Navarette had borrowed the opinion of Spotorno, and from Navarette, Washington Irving—who had access to the yet unfinished compilation—derived the false idea about the second marriage. "And then at last," comments Father Knight, "the mischief was full-fledged, and flew away." Since then, eighty or more writers have repeated the calumny, by taking their data from these sources.

The Count De Lorgues thus gives the history of the calumny: Humboldt derived it from Washington Irving; Washington Irving derived it from Navarette; Navarette derived it from Spotorno; Spotorno derived it from Cancellieri; Cancellieri derived it from Napione; Napione derived it from the attorney Freytas; Freytas derived it from the bibliographer Nicolao; Nicolao derived it from his own dull brain.

A very complete array of proof is brought forward by the vindicators of Columbus. Mr. Clarke, under twenty-eight or more heads, considers the accusation, and in refutation dwells on the deeply religious character of Columbus, the noble family to which his wife belonged—and which would have shed the blood of the Genoese had his intentions been other than honorable; that both the children were given to the care of Donna Beatrix; and also that Queen Isabella, having expressed great admiration at the manner in which the two sons of Columbus had been reared by Beatrix, appointed both Diego and Fernando, pages to her own son, Prince Juan. Columbus had won the friendship and patronage of the hierarchy of the Church and Queen Isabella held for him feelings of respect, confidence and admiration.

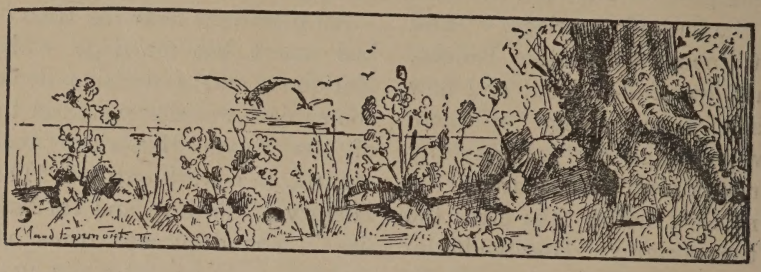
"Columbus' enemies, numerous enough," writes Father Knight, "could greatly have diminished his credit with the Queen by charging him with vicious living. This was the one thing that they seem to have considered it hopeless to attempt."

All historians near the time of Columbus assert his marriage with Beatrix Enriquez, and a decisive document on the subject was discovered in the library of the Royal Historical Academy of Madrid, in a work entitled "The General History of Cordova and Its Noble Families." The document reads as follows:

> Christopher Columbus, Grand Admiral of the West Indies, married twice: the first time in Portugal with Donna Philippa Moniz de Perestrello, who gave him his eldest son, Don Diego; the second time in Cordova, with a young lady of that city named Beatrix Enriquez de Arana, of high lineage, a descendant of the Viscaya, and from her he had Don Fernando Columbus, a knight of great intelligence, bravery, virtue, and a great scholar, after leaving the service of the Prince Don Juan, whose page he had been.

The words from which the blundering librarian, Antonio, drew such a sinister conclusion did express remorse on the part of Columbus for his treatment of Beatrix—that he had set Spain above his domestic interests. In his anguish of heart he cried out that "he had quitted all—wife and children—and had never enjoyed the sweetness of living with them." During the years of feverish excitement and incessant travel in which Columbus pursued his mission, his wife had no share in his triumphs, and yet, writes Mr. Clarke, "she faithfully performed the duties of a mother and guardian to both his sons, maintained his legal residence at Cordova, and evidently was ever submissive, uncomplaining, faithful, maternal, domestic and loving." That the absent husband was not unappreciative is indicated in such messages as that which he sent to Diego:

"Let Beatrix Enriquez be recommended to thee by the love of me, absent from thee, and regard her as thy mother." Perhaps such words were compensation enough for the devoted wife and mother. It would seem at best, that but a small portion of life's joys fell to Beatrix, "the beautiful lady of Cordova."



THE VOICE OF THE CHILDREN OF FOCLUT.

BY BEATRIX BEST.

"'Tis the voice of the wind," he muttered,
And turned to his sleep again;
But it came—all his dreams disturbing—
Persistent as falling rain.

Once more he awoke from his slumbers;
"Is it thunder that I hear?
Ah! no! it cannot be thunder
For the sky is all bright and clear."

Again he slept; but they called him,
Loud, clearer than ever before;
Then swiftly he rose, and in silence
Walked by the starlit shore;

There he fell on his knees, all reverent,
With; "Father, reveal to me!"—
"'Tis the voice of the children of Foclut,
Out of the Western Sea!"

"The voice of the Children of Foclut!
Dear Father, all weak am I!
I pray Thee for grace and for wisdom
To answer the Ersemen's cry!"

So he went in the strength of meekness
To answer that midnight call;
And of early Christian teachers
His record surpasses all.

For not one deed of darkness
Blackens St. Patrick's fame,
And blessings were poured on the people
Wherever St. Patrick came.

For wise was he in the counsel,
And preached he the Gospel of Love;
And there was not one martyr in Erin's
Early Church of the Dove.

And still he is loved in Erin
Of its heroes the best of all,
For the Irish remember he answered
The children of Foclut's call.

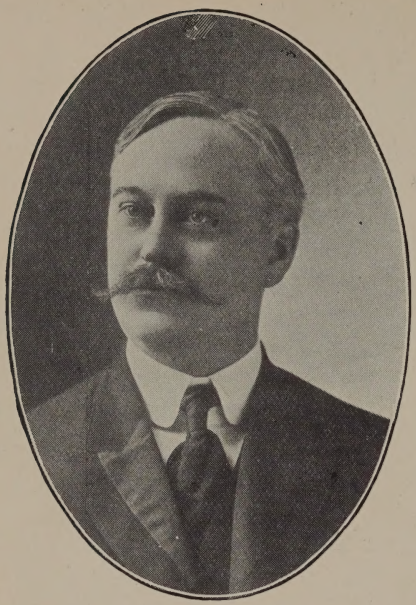
MOST REV. DIOMEDE FALCONIO, D. D.

THE SILVER JUBILEE OF THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.

BY STEPHEN NEILL.

A quarter of a century is not a long period in the life of a fraternal body, but when it covers the entire history of an organization like that of the Knights of Columbus, one may well marvel at the richness of the fruitage of the years and the wealth of beneficent accomplishment. No better evidence could be presented of the splendidly helpful field in the cultivation of which it is engaged, or of the sterling effort it has put forward, than the mere recital of the story of the years. Great as were the anticipations of its founders, the realization surpasses anything the most sanguine mind presaged at the outset, both as regards the roll of membership and the vast and material evidences of good that the years have garnered

From the feeble beginnings of twenty-



EDWARD L. HEARN, SUPREME KNIGHT.
New Haven, Conn.

five years ago, the Order has expanded to every State in the Union, to Canada, Mexico, and the Philippines, and has attained to a membership of almost 200,000, reflecting the best that is in the Catholic laity and rendering loyal service to Church, country and society. One of the fruits of its practical helpfulness was the founding of a chair in the Catholic University at Washington, while its service to members and to humanity by the instilling of a lofty spirit of generous manhood has been incalculable.

Most assuredly the founders of this splendid body builded better than they knew, a fact that received most happy and most striking demonstration at the twenty-fifth annual convention, held at Norfolk (Va.), the past month. It was most singularly appropriate that an order of knighthood honoring the memory of the Discoverer, should at this time, hold its annual gathering among the surroundings of the Jamestown Exposition, which commemorates the first settlement of an English colony on these shores, a settlement born of the rivalry to dispute with Spain the possessions here which were won for the latter through the adventurous daring of Columbus.

Those who had the privilege of attending this most imposing gathering in the history of the Order, and amid surroundings well calculated to prove impressive, will never forget the happy experience. There was the proverbial hospitality extended by the "Mother of Presidents," the entire atmosphere being one of welcome and of generous good-will. Aside from the perfection of arrangements made by Virginia knights, that the visit of their brethren might be a notable occasion in the Order's history, there was the utmost cordiality shown on every hand, from the State officials, the management of the Jamestown Exposition, the distinguished church dignitaries who honored the gathering with their presence, and the people generally—while there was a responsive appreciation on the part of the host of visiting knights that left nothing to be desired, marking the occasion as the brightest, happiest, and best in the annals of the Order.

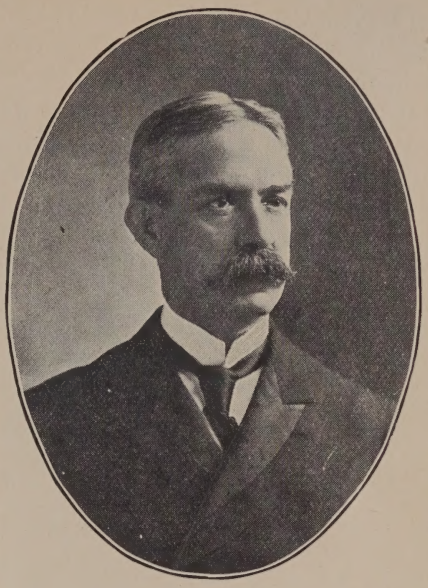
It is not intended here to touch but in a cursory way upon the convention details. The dispatches in the daily press at the time covered very fully the story; rather is it the purpose to deal only with the more striking features, standing out as they do as monumental proofs of the recognition to which the Knights of Columbus has attained as a great, helpful national Catholic body, and a model among fraternal organizations, helpful alike to the cause of God and country, and an upbuilding agency, promoting the highest type of Christian manhood.

The Church to whom the members

yield devoted allegiance, honored the occasion with the presence of the Papal Delegate, the Most Rev. Diomede Falconio, and distinguished members of the American episcopate; the Nation paid tribute to it, through such of its representatives as were temporarily stationed at Jamestown or vicinity; while the State of Virginia, through its lieutenant-governor, extended to the knights, in behalf of the Old Dominion, the heartiest kind of a welcome.

The selection of Norfolk as the place for this year's convention furnished the delegates not only with the means of conveniently visiting the Jamestown Exposition, but of enjoying other attractive portions of Virginia as well. It also provided the Virginia knights with the opportunity for broadening their plans for hospitable entertainment. Most memorable will be the recollection of Knights of Columbus Day at the Jamestown Exposition, signalizing in a most particular manner the recognition accorded to the Order. The pleasures of that day will never be forgotten by those participating, nor will the cordiality of the State and exposition authorities soon pass from memory. So, too, the remembrance of the completeness of the arrangements made by Virginia knights to add in every way to the pleasure of their visiting brethren will not be soon blotted from the page of recollection.

There was the realization of the fact that we are living in a country that would have been unknown but for the adventurous spirit of Columbus, who revealed to the then known world the existence of the Western continent. The keynote of every address was the obligation owed to the original discoverer, for without his work the unveiling of the possibilities of the Western world would have been much



JAMES A. FLAHERTY, D. S. K.
Philadelphia, Pa.

longer deferred, and tribute was, therefore, paid to the great discoverer whose name the Order bears. The institution of the Order was happily timed when there was a disposition to minimize the work of Columbus and to attribute to others the credit that was entirely his—to give to John Cabot, a fellow countryman of the great Genoese navigator, credit that belonged to Columbus, simply because Cabot sailed in the service of Henry VII. of England. Thus England was to be the beneficiary of Cabot's discoveries, even though the limit of his work in that direction was the island of Newfoundland, the nearest approach he had made to the American Continent.

At the present time a summary of the history of the Order is appropriate. A glance at the modest beginnings furnishes the best possible idea of the splendid growth the years have witnessed, and for this glance we are indebted to the report of Supreme Knight Edward L. Hearn of

New Haven, Conn., a citizen of the State where the Order had its origin. Chartered under the laws of Connecticut, March 29, 1882, until 1885, its efforts in the way of development were confined to that State, the first council, beyond the confines of the "Land of Steady Habits" being in Rhode Island, of that year. From Little Rhody went the interest that

DANIEL COLWELL.
National Secretary, K. of C.

resulted in the introduction of the Order into Massachusetts. Here it immediately took firm root and has developed into one of the most influential bodies of the State, no city or town of any importance being without its council, while it has passed beyond State and even national bounds and obtained a standing as a great international Catholic fraternal body, at the present time flourishing in every State and territory of the Union, in every province of the Dominion of Canada, the Philippine Islands, and the Republic of Mexico, represented by forty-one State councils, twelve territorial jurisdictions, distributed into 1,223 councils with a total membership of 186,066, the insurance membership being 61,033 and the associate membership, 125,033.

During the period from April 1st, 1899 to July 1st, 1907, the finances of the organization have expanded from $289,544.94 to $2,002,279.88, distributed as follows: Death benefit fund in banks $50,000.00; mortuary reserve fund in banks, $123,430.99; general funds in banks $73,217.44; mortuary reserve fund in mortgage loans, $282,500.00; mortuary reserve fund, invested in bonds (book value), $1,268,618.91; mortuary reserve fund, deposited with the depart ment of insurance, Quebec, $5,000.00, mortuary reserve fund, real estate (home office building in New Haven), $191,642.24; general supply fund, deposited with supply department at New Haven, for current expenses, $250.00, special funds, $7,620.30. A financial showing of this kind is a splendid proof of the material health of the Order and of its secure monetary standing.

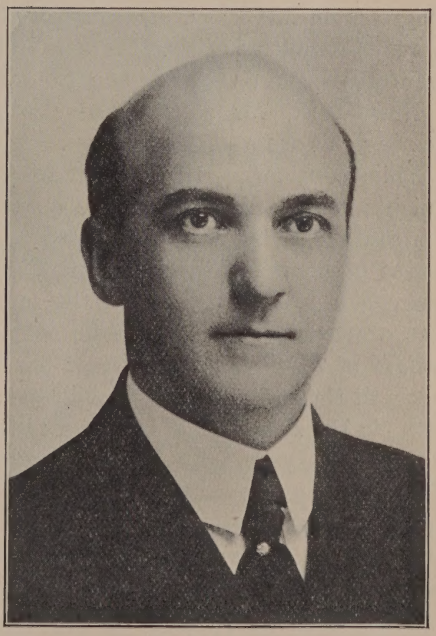
Thus has been rehearsed the splendid growth in membership, the encouraging evidences of its material prosperity, and yet it is but a quarter of a century old. What will be the record written when its golden jubilee is celebrated? It remains for the years to unveil that story, but judging by the achievement of the years already numbered who can doubt but it will be a narrative of additional honor to the Order, which must inevitably attain to still greater heights of practical usefulness. The Supreme Knight in his annual report mentioned that 121 new councils were organized the past year, and no stronger testimony should be needed of the healthy growth with which the Order is happily favored.

A timely suggestion made by Supreme Knight Hearn, was that in reference to the observance of Discovery Day (October 12). Through the influence of the Knights of Columbus of Colorado, that day has been made a legal holiday in the Centennial State, and the work of the Colorado knights in this particular, is commended to the attention of their brethren in other States of the Union,

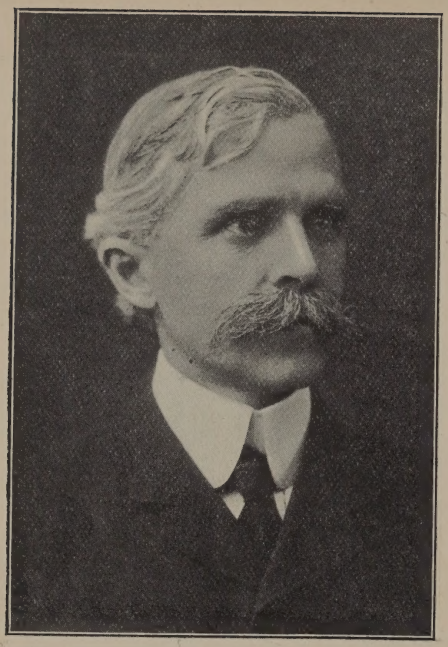
JOSEPH C. PELLETIER.
National Advocate, Boston, Mass.

in order that the memory of the great discoverer be fittingly perpetuated. Most excellent work for such perpetuation has been initiated through the commission appointed by Congress to take charge of the erection of a memorial to Christopher Columbus in Washington, for which an appropriation of $100,000 was voted. Knights of Columbus, wherever they may be located, should have a kind regard for Senator Wetmore of Rhode Island, chair-

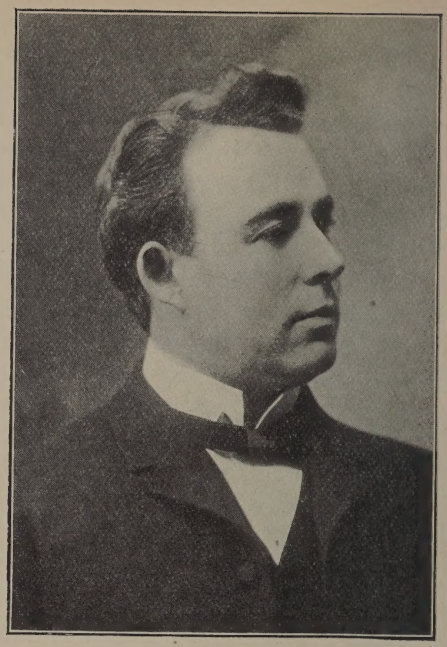
DR. E. W. BUCKLEY.
National Physician, St. Paul, Minn.



VICTOR J. DORR.
National Director, Augusta, Ga.



C. J. SMYTH.
National Director, Omaha, Neb.



HENRY W. HERBERT.
National Director, New York, N. Y.

man of the Senate Library Committee, Congressman McCleary, chairman of the Library Committee of the House of Representatives, and Congressman Goulden of New York, for splendid service in securing this memorial legislation.

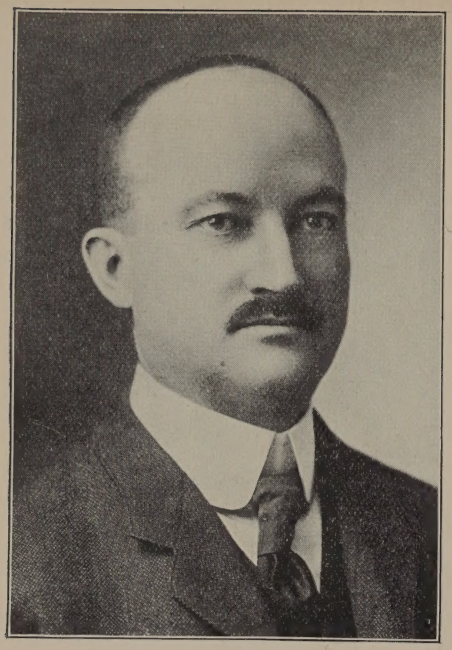
While considering the growth of the Knights of Columbus during the quarter of a century, it is timely to note the evidences of its religious, educational, and benevolent worth, aside from the influence exerted in behalf of the immediate welfare of members. The Order has to its credit the endowment of a chair in the Catholic University at Washington; little more than a year ago when the shadow of disaster hung over California through the earthquake's upheaval the benevolent impulse of the organization immediately found expression in the appropriation of $100,000 for the assistance of brother knights suffering from the effects of that terrible calamity, and although the spirit and self-reliance of the California brethren was such as to not require the expenditure of that amount, yet its appropriation for the purpose was splendid evidence of the generous concern felt for the stricken locality and an object lesson in the practical philanthropy actuating the members of the Order. Wherever the Order has a strong foothold it is a practical contributor to all that makes for the highest humane advancement of the community. In New York city beds have been established in nearly all the hospitals for the benefit of members of the Order. In Philadelphia, the councils have established a library of Catholic literature, and are rendering most efficient aid to His Grace Archbishop Ryan in maintaining missions for the benefit of Italian immigrants; while in Massachusetts, substantial assistance is being given to orphanages and day nurseries. The Order is prompt to re-

spond to the pressing needs of the particular localities favored by the possession of councils, and its expansion means but an amplification of all such contributions to educational and benevolent work. Thus the Order is a religious, a social, a patriotic and a humane force, contributing to the general uplift and betterment of mankind.

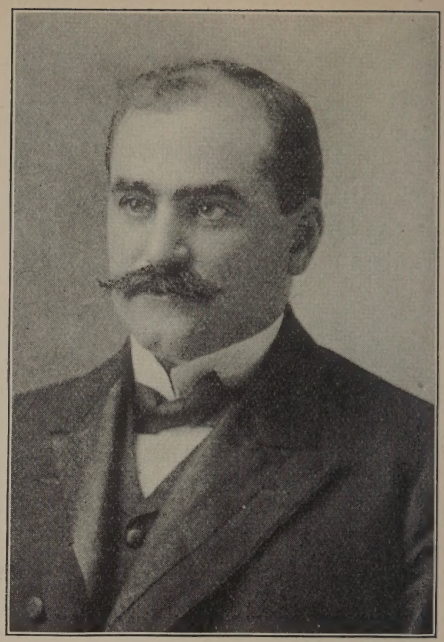
REV. PATRICK J. McGIVNEY.
National Chaplain.

In considering the Order, its purposes and its history, I have drifted somewhat away from the moorings of the convention that was the suggestion and the inspiration for this article, and after all it is the Order itself and what it stands for that counts for the most and not any particular gathering, no matter how auspicious such gathering may be, the wealth of attendance, or the generous hospitality of those who are privileged to be the hosts. Wherever its annual conventions have been held, history has repeated itself in nothing being left undone that could add to the warmth of the welcome of the visiting knights, or fortify the pleasant memory of the experience.

This twenty-fifth annual meeting, however, marked a most important milestone in the career of the Order, and it was fitting that it should be held amid scenes that were historic, and where was being observed the anniversary of one of the epoch-making events in the annals of the nation, an observance that enlisted the



JOHN H. REDDIN.
National Director, Denver, Colorado.



JOSEPH A. MERCIER.
National Director, Montreal, Can.

CARDINAL GIBBONS WITH CLERGY AND EXPOSITION OFFICERS, AT JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION.

interest and attention of the entire country. It furnished the delegates an opportunity for patriotic pilgrimage, as well as for attending to the duty for which they had gathered from all parts of the country. It also furnished to their Virginia brethren the opportunity of playing the part of entertainers, and right royally the knights of the Old Dominion attended to that duty. One of the broadening and ennobling things about such annual gatherings is the lesson taught of the universality of the spirit of Columbian knighthood. Virginia honored itself by the cordiality of the welcome extended, and thus this particular convention will stand as one of the red-letter gatherings in the annals of the Order.

The convention of 1907 has passed into history, but its inspirations remain to point the way to greater heights of usefulness and honor. The Knights of Columbus have entered upon the first year of their second quarter of a century, and judging by the achievements of the past, the era that lies ahead is one of most inviting and encouraging brightness. The Order has long since proved its worth, and has passed far beyond the experimental stage. Thus the future is one of the most attractive certainty. True to the lines upon which it has been built up to its present eminence as a fraternal body, it will go forward to a still higher plane of usefulness to Church, country, and mankind, and to those who are permitted to witness the observance of its golden jubilee the showing must inevitably be in keeping with the brilliant promise of the present. Its destiny is forward to the winning of new laurels, and the garnering of higher honors than any that have yet been achieved.

THE ALTAR LAMP.

BY CLAIRE M. CARBERRY.

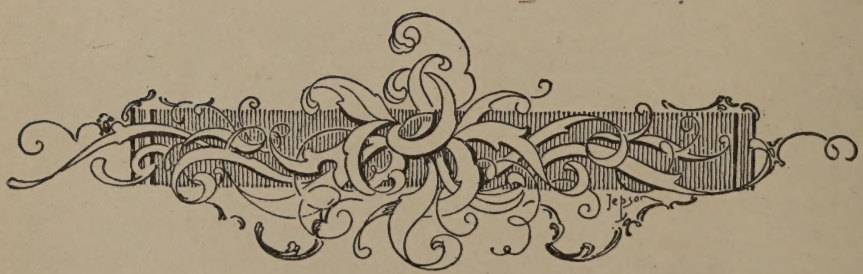
Alone in the dusk of the evening,
I kneel in the temple of God,
Begging the wonderful favor,
To walk where the Crucified trod.

Above me the altar light glowing
Ruby-tinted in burning gold,
The homage of centuries showing
Which the wondering angels told.

Thou gav'st thy life without question
To the heart which was pierced for me
That little, and weak, and unworthy
I might learn a lesson from thee.

And now in the silence and darkness,
The angels hovering near;
I offer my life's short service,
In mingled love and fear.

That God in His power and wisdom
May fashion my heart like thee
Glowing, and burning, and steadfast
For time and eternity.



VALUE OF STARCH AND SUGAR.

Their Importance in a Diet that is to Give the Greatest Strength with the Least Tax upon the Digestive Organs.

It is strange how people get the notion that because an ox is strong human beings can get strong by eating beef. It is stranger still when you reflect, that the ox gets all his strength from eating grass and cereals. He is a strict vegetarian.

In a recent interview, Dr. Wiley, chief chemist of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, is quoted as saying: "I think we eat too much meat for health. For the sustenance of physical exertion, if you have hard work to do, there is nothing better than starch or sugar. The cereal eating nations can endure more physical toil than the meat eating nations. That is not the accepted view, but it is true. You cannot tire out a Japanese, who eats rice. He will draw you around the town on a pound of rice, and be as fresh at the close of the day as when he started. You could not do that on a pound of meat to save your life."

Whether Dr. Wiley is correctly quoted or not, the statements attributed to him merely affirm what nearly every recognized authority on dietetics has said many times and which every physician knows to be true. But it is one thing to have a food that is rich in starch and sugar and quite another thing to have it in digestible form.

In shredded whole wheat the starch of the wheat kernel combined with the brain-making phosphates and the muscle-building nitrates, are prepared in their most easily digested form. It is the whole wheat, steam-cooked, shredded and baked. It is not a "pre-digested" food. It makes the stomach strong by helping it to do its work, while the so-called "pre-digested" foods weaken the stomach by depriving it of the functions which Nature intended it to perform. Science has not yet perfected a food that will enable the human organism to dispense with saliva and the gastric juices.

In making Shredded Wheat the whole wheat kernel is not only thoroughly steam-cooked, but it is afterwards drawn out into fine porous shreds and then thoroughly baked. This process leaves the starch in a condition where it is easily converted into sugar by the stomach. The shreds being verp crisp and porous, compel thorough mastication during which the food is completely insalivated, which is the first process in digestion. Shredded Wheat not only supplies the greatest amount of nutriment in easily digested form, but is a stimulus to the "bowel action," thereby keeping the alimentary canal in a healthy condition. It is a particularly valuable summer food, furnishing more nutriment than meat, corn or oats and with *much less tax upon* the digestive organs. All grocers sell it.

BOOK REVIEWS.

In the Footprints of the Good Shepherd. By Katherine E. Conway. Stanhope Press. T. W. Flynn & Company, Boston, Mass.

This book is a worthy souvenir of a memorable event, the Golden Jubilee of the Convent of the Good Shepherd, New York City. Of the two hundred and sixty-five convents of the Order founded since the institution of the Generalate in 1835, there is none whose situation compelled a more rapid local development. The work began in New York under peculiar difficulties, including the feeling exhibited by Archbishop Hughes, who tolerated, rather than approved the work until its worth was demonstrated, when he became a firm friend and protector of the Order of the Good Shepherd.

The State and civic authorities were also brought to see the value of the work being done. From the New York foundation the branch houses of Boston, Brooklyn, Newark, Troy Albany, Peekskill, Springfield, Hartford and Providence were established, and also the convents of Trinidad, B. W. I., and Bogota, Columbia, S. A. The story of the fruitful provincial house of New York is admirably told by Miss Katherine E. Conway, whose literary work is specially noticed by the Archbishop of New York, in his letter to the Reverend Mother. "I am pleased," wrote His Grace, "to know that the story of your institute for the past fifty years in this diocese has been prepared for publication by so loyal a Catholic, and so capable a writer as Miss Katherine E. Conway."

Beginning with a description of the house as it is at present with its "classes," beautiful chapels, work rooms, etc., the writer then goes back to the planting of "the grain of mustard seed." "It was a charitable Protestant, after all," writes Miss Conway, "who spoke the decisive word which secured the introduction of the Nuns of the Good Shepherd into New York in 1857." Moved with compassion for the young girls from foreign shores, who had been entrapped in a strange country, and, losing heart, had plunged from one excess to another until the prison was reached, some devout Catholic ladies of New York, set themselves to remedy this state of affairs. Among them were Mrs. George Ripley, a convert, Mrs. Foote, Mrs. Blatchford, Mrs. Sayers, Miss Scott and Miss O'Reilly. These devoted women visited the prisons to keep alive the spirit of faith in Catholic girls who had been unfortunate. After leaving prison there was no place for these girls, and they were forced back to their old haunts. Why should not New York also, have its house of the Good Shepherd? asked Mrs. Ripley and her associates, after studying what had been accomplished in Louisville, Montreal and Philadelphia. Archbishop Hughes was reluctant to encourage the idea, and it was only when Miss Foster, the matron at the Tombs, appealed personally to him that he gave permission to start the House. The Vicar-General immediately secured a house in Fourteenth Street at a rent of $1,000 a year—which Mrs. Ripley undertook to collect. But more than a year went by before the Superior at Philadelphia felt that she could safely take up the work. She brought with her three Sisters, and for a fortnight the religious enjoyed the hospitality of Mrs. Foote and Mrs. Blatchford. Anxious to begin their labors, they started housekeeping in their new abode with a few mattresses and blankets, a frying-pan, and a few other kitchen utensils, but their good friends soon made provision for proper housekeeping. Such was the beginning of the New York foundation.

The chapter devoted to telling the experiences of the first Mother, and the first novices and their friends in need are of special interest. A remarkable incident is narrated in connection with the order of exercises carried out.

"On a Sunday at Vespers, Mother Magdalen was hesitating, because of the small number of religious, as to whether she would have the Office for the Dead recited privately or in choir, when suddenly, a tremendous blow resounded on the folding-doors. The Sister-Assistant hastened to ascertain the cause. No one was in sight, nor could any one be discovered in the neighborhood of the chapel. Mother Magdalen decided on the immediate recitation of the Office for the Dead in choir. A few weeks later, a letter from Angers apprised her of the death, at the very moment of the clamor at the doors, of Sister Mary of St. Louis. This dear Sister had been closely connected with the religious life of Mother Magdalen, having accompanied her while she was still a postulant from Paris to Angers, and having made it her charge, so to speak, to help her "little English Sister," as she always called Mother Magdalen, over the difficulties of adjusting herself to the conventual life amid strangers speaking an unfamiliar tongue. A strong friendship naturally sprang up between them, and when the little English Sister was setting out for the American mission, they mutually promised faithful remembrance in prayer. Mother Magdalen felt a strong impression that her beloved friend had been permitted to announce her departure from this life and claim the pious suffrages of the community. In any event, from that time to this, the Office of the Dead has been regularly chanted in choir, no matter what the difficulties."

The steps of progress from the little house on Fourteenth Street to the home by the river are diligently traced, with a personal word along the way for the many who aided the work of the Sisters—the State and city, Archbishop

Hughes and his successor, Cardinal McCloskey, the Irish Emigration Society, the Emigrants' Bank, and the numerous contributors in private life, who lent their aid to the extension of the work. The death of the foundress, the joys and sorrows of the community, the new foundations, the transfer of the provincial house to Brooklyn, the personality of the women who achieved such signal success, and the wreath of remembrance which is laid on the graves of the Mothers and Sisters who gave their lives to the service, make an absorbing story, and one that cannot fail to stimulate interest in the noble work of rescue carried on by this devoted Order.

The book is valuable not only as a history of the growth of the work of the Good Shepherd Order in New York, but also as a record of the zeal and piety and unwearying effort of many Catholic lay people whose example might well be followed by their co-religionists of a later day.

"The Nun of the Good Shepherd," written by Miss Conway for a "Silver Jubilee of Profession," makes a fitting close to this story of consecrated effort.

Saint Francis of Assisi, Social Reformer. By Leo L. Dubois, S. M. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago. Benziger Brothers. 1906. $1.00 net.

Social reformers and theories of social reform have occupied a large part of the attention of the reading public in recent years. These theories have been so various, and at times so contradictory, that one ceases to try to understand them; one only wonders that so much labor has resulted in so little fruit. The book we have before us tells us of a social reformer who was a success, and expounds the principles of a social reform, which not only bore fruit in the thirteenth century, but in every century since, not excluding what has passed of the twentieth century. Indeed these principles have borne fruit in every century wherein men were found with courage to apply them. They must inevitably succeed, for they are the principles of Christ's gospel. All systems of social reform will be more or less successful in so far as they more or less partake of these principles.

This is the lesson taught by the book before us. We feel we cannot give it higher praise than by saying that it will have to be read by everyone who wishes to know how to help and uplift his fellow-man. To the lover of Saint Francis it will be welcome for its portrayal of the saint in a new light. To the student of Franciscana it will commend itself for its extensive bibliography.

The Chronicles of Martin Hewitt, Detective. By Arthur Morrison. Author of "The Red Triangle," "The Green Diamond," etc. New Illustrated Edition. Illustrated by W. Kirkpatrick. Boston. L. C. Page & Co. 1907.

This is another volume of detective stories, by an author whose previous volumes of similar tales have made a favorable impression. The present collection of "thrillers" makes pleasant enough reading and furnishes plenty of excitement, but it strikes us that the tales might have been improved by a little more originality of treatment. Martin Hewitt is too much like our old friend Sherlock Holmes, without the latter's charm of novelty. But he is a clever detective, and does some ingenious ferreting in the book, although he takes too much time, we think, to tell us how he did it all—especially when we have followed him with interest all through the doing of it. The book will be enjoyed by the host of readers who, nowadays, devour this form of short story.

A Day With Mary. By Caryl Coleman. Fleming Press. New York. 1907.

The motive of the book is beautifully expressed in the following quotation from Saint Ephrem, in the first page:

"The Virgin daughter of David has, with inscrutable love, invited me to-day to a banquet. Come then, let us enjoy ourselves at her table and make glad with her, confessing that the offspring she gave birth to is God. The mother who gave Him birth is worthy of memorial; the mother that bore Him is worthy of benediction."

The volume is composed largely of poems singing the praise of the Mother of God, selected from various authors. Dante is given the place of honor, and is represented by the following lines:

"Her smile had more than human tenderness;
Her eyes the summer glory of the skies;
Her snow-white brow, crowned by each auburn tress,
Enshrined a mind where lustre never dies;
Her sacred Name all generations bless
In that she oped the gates of Paradise."

These verses are interspersed with short prayers, taken chiefly from the Fathers of the Church. They are arranged according to the canonical hours, beginning with matins and ending with compline. Each canonical hour has for its special subject one of the important events in the life of Our Lady. The author has shown fine literary discrimination in his selection of material, and great familiarity with the writings of the Fathers. The book is exquisitely bound in blue and white; and has for a frontispiece a fine photograph of Botticelli's Madonna and Child. Each prayer is an inspiration, and the whole book is so harmoniously moulded that it appeals to the intellect as well as to the heart.

A great service has been done to religion in general, and to the devotion to the Blessed Virgin in particular, by the publication of this charming little book. It is to be hoped that Catholics will show their appreciation of it by soon exhausting the first edition. The proceeds of its sale are to be devoted to the St. Vincent de Paul Society.

The Rhymed Life of St. Patrick. By Katherine Tynan. Illustrated by Lindsay Symington. Burns & Oates. London, England.

As might be expected this book is very readable, and will pleasantly instruct young readers in the story of St. Patrick's work for Ireland. The Foreword, by Sir William Butler, G. C. B., tells the legend of St. Patrick's visions and shows how the fourteen hundred years that have passed since then have only fed the fire of faith which he kindled in Ireland. The book is dedicated to Patrick's children, little and great,

> "But chiefly to the little ones,
> Dearest among his daughters and sons,
> Whose voices called him to deliver
> Them from the dark for ever and ever."

The contents include St. Patrick's First Miracle, Milcho's Dream, The Voice of the Irish, The Test of the Druids, The Shamrock for a Text, and many other incidents and events more or less familiar to readers. A unique illustration is one that shows St. Patrick with a fawn in his arms and the doe beside him, and outlined against the background are the cathedrals of New York, Rochester, and Newark, which bear St. Patrick's name.

The story ends with the invocation,

> Blessed St. Patrick, sweet St. Bride,
> Bless this book and scatter it wide!

a wish that will be echoed by every one, young or old, who has the good fortune to see a copy.

The Truth About the Congo. By Professor Frederick Starr. Forbes & Company, Chicago.

This book is the report of an impartial investigator into present social and political conditions in the Congo Free State, where the author spent more than a year, during which, he traveled seven thousand miles and visited twenty-eight different tribes. "Having found conditions there quite different from what I expected," he says, "it was impossible for me to state my actual impressions without danger of antagonizing or offending some whom I had valued as friends." Hence, on landing at New York, Mr. Starr refused to be interviewed, but when urged by the Chicago *Tribune* to give the result of his travels to the public, he prepared a series of articles, which are now reprinted in book form.

Mr. Starr's interest in the Congo Free State began at the St. Louis Exposition, where he saw a group of Congolese. "About this time I received considerable literature from the Congo Reform Association at Boston," he says, "the reading of which had its influence in deciding me to undertake the expedition.

"After reading this literature, I started for the Congo, fully prepared to see all kinds of horrors. I supposed that mutilations, cruelties, and atrocities of the most frightful kinds, would everywhere present themselves. I expected to find a people everywhere suffering, mourning, and in unhappiness."

Before telling of his actual experiences Professor Starr impresses upon his readers that his opinions were not formed by a hasty journey, that this journey was made at his own expense, that he was not the representative of any institution, society, or body, was without instructions, and that his observations were untrammeled by any demands or conditions from outside.

"Of course I saw much to criticise," he admits, but he denies that conditions are so appalling as the newspaper reports would indicate. "On the contrary, I found at many places a condition of the Negro population, far happier than I deemed it possible. . . I saw hundreds of natives who were working happily, living in good houses, dressing in good clothes of European stuff and pattern, and saving property."

He then records his impressions, observations, and opinions, fearlessly criticising features that deserve criticism, and giving generous praise where deserved. All who are interested in the question will read with attention what Professor Starr sets before them, and will learn from his personal investigations that the Belgian policy is not one of extreme injustice and barbarous severity.

The Life Around Us. By Maurice Francis Egan. Fifth Edition. Pustet & Company, New York.

It is rare luck to get a score of really interesting Catholic stories in one volume, but Dr. Egan's collection is good throughout. He truly writes of the life around us, and as you read you feel you are meeting people whom you know. "A Tragi-Comedy" presents a very familiar scene—the delighted relatives and friends listening to the orations of students who handle with ease such subjects as "Grattan as a Patriot," "Examination of the Genius of Machiavelli," "Arctic Expeditions," "Free Thought and its Relations to the Poetry of the Renaissance in Italy." We have all met the valedictorian who began with Latin and descended to English.

"He cast long, lingering glances into the past; he prophesied of the future; he talked to Mr. Gladstone in a way that no man with any respect for himself ought to stand; he fearlessly told Prince Bismarck what he thought of him; he raised Erin from her prostrate state and told her how she ought to behave herself; he quoted, 'Let Erin remember the Days of Old.' This brought out a volume of applause, and the first violin, suddenly awakened and fancying that the end had come, played the opening bar of the waltz in the 'Merry War.'

"The valedictorian went on, however; he gave a sketch of Darwin, and then, soaring upward, told why Raphael had included Dante among the theologians of the Church in a famous picture; he castigated the pagan spirit of the Renaissance with fury, and, coming down to modern

life, gave Swinburne a blow that almost moved his mother to remonstrate.

"'Sure, Terence,' she whispered to her husband, 'he's very, very hard on that one.'

"'Whoever he is, he deserves it,' answered that good man. 'Barney knows what he's talking about.'"

"Lilies Among Thorns" points in story form to the influence that one boy can exert over another in bringing him to a better way of living. It is noticeable that while Dr. Egan never preaches throughout his stories, yet there is always some good achieved by force of example.

The Story of Ancient Irish Civilization. By T. W. Joyce. Longmans, Green & Company, New York.

This publication comes at an appropriate time when interest in the Irish language and in Irish lore of every kind is unparalleled in our history. Dr. Joyce's object in writing this book was to spread as widely as possible a knowledge of the civilization and general social conditions of Ireland from the fifth or sixth to the twelfth century.

English and Anglo-Irish people will learn from it a truer idea of the ancient Irish, of their industries, laws, and civilizing arts, their education, scholarship, and general mental culture. This book is the last of a series of three of which the second is abridged from the first and the third from both—"A Social History of Ancient Ireland," "A Smaller Social History of Ancient Ireland," and the book at hand, They bring within reach of the general public a knowledge of the whole social life of ancient Ireland, and should have a place in every public and family library.

A Garland of Violets. By Clara Drees.

A collection of short stories for young readers. The contents include several Christmas and Thanksgiving stories that will please juvenile readers, who will also be benefited by the company assembled at the author's command.

Among the pamphlets received are "The Notion of Morality," by the Very Rev. John T. Driscoll, S. T. L. (Catholic Truth Society, Chicago). "Francis Thompson," a critical essay, by Charles L. O'Donnell (University Press, Notre Dame, Ind.). The "Catalogue of Books for Young Catholic Readers" (International Catholic Truth Society, Brooklyn, N. Y.)

St. Anthony's Almanac for 1908. Franciscan Monastery, Paterson, N. J. 25 cents.

This first warning that summer is on the wane, contains an interesting list of articles, stories, and poems, in addition to the usual calendar features. The aim of the almanac is to promote the veneration of St. Anthony, and any money earned through it is devoted to the education of young men studying for the priesthood.

The mid-summer number of *Catholic Missions*, the new illustrated magazine, is particularly interesting in descriptions of the races and peoples among whom our missionaries labor. It also contains various pleasing incidents and anecdotes of the apostolate.

Church Music. Dolphin Press. Philadelphia, Pa. $1.50 a year.

Among the features of interest in the July issue of this admirable publication are "Georgian Rhythm," "Expression in Plain Song," "The Art of Accompanying Plain Chant," and "Some Recollections of the Schola Cantorum in Paris."

William F. Markoe in "Letters to the Editor," has a practical paper, "Hints on Reforming Church Choirs."

Voices From Erin. By Denis A. McCarthy. East Cambridge, Mass.

It is pleasant to know that Mr. McCarthy's collection of poems has met the success it merits. The second edition is already exhausted, and it is to be hoped that a third and much larger edition will be on the market for the holiday season.

SAVINGS BANKS INSURANCE.

Mr. Louis D. Brandeis, who contributed to DONAHOE'S the able article on "Savings Banks and Life Insurance for Wage Earners," has brought before the Legislature an act to secure permission for savings banks, incorporated under the laws of the Commonwealth, to establish life insurance departments. This act will be thoughtfully studied by people interested in the great problem of labor, and the best means of promoting the welfare of the workers. The list of officers of the Mass. Insurance League, which was formed to promote the passage of the bill, shows how widely diffused has been the interest in the measure.

HOLY GHOST APOSTOLIC COLLEGE.

This College has been opened at Cornwells, near Philadelphia, with the approval of His Grace the Archbishop, for the purpose of receiving and training candidates for the Missionary and Apostolic life.

The general age for admission is from fourteen to eighteen years. Candidates are required to give satisfactory evidence that they are of honorable parentage, of sound health, of unblemished character, of pious and docile disposition, and sincerely desirous to become missionary Priests.

After about three years' study in the Apostolic College, such candidates as show signs of a true vocation will be received as Junior Scholastics of the Society of the Holy Ghost, which is a Religious Congregation, approved by the Holy See, and already existing over two hundred years, for the special purpose of evangelizing abandoned souls. Those who will not be considered as called to the religious life will be directed elsewhere, and encouraged to prosecute their studies for some other sphere of missionary labor.

The Scholastic year begins on the first Tuesday of September and ends on St. John the Baptist's Day. There are short vacations at Christmas and Easter and other holidays, which are all spent in the College.

The Apostolic College is earnestly recommended to the kindly zeal of pastors and teachers, to pious Christian parents, and to all those who have a keen sense of the excellence of missionary work, and of the pressing need of missioners at home and abroad.

A SCHOLARSHIP FUND has been opened to help worthy candidates. Contributions towards it will be thankfully received. The sum of five thousand dollars will endow a full scholarship in perpetuity.

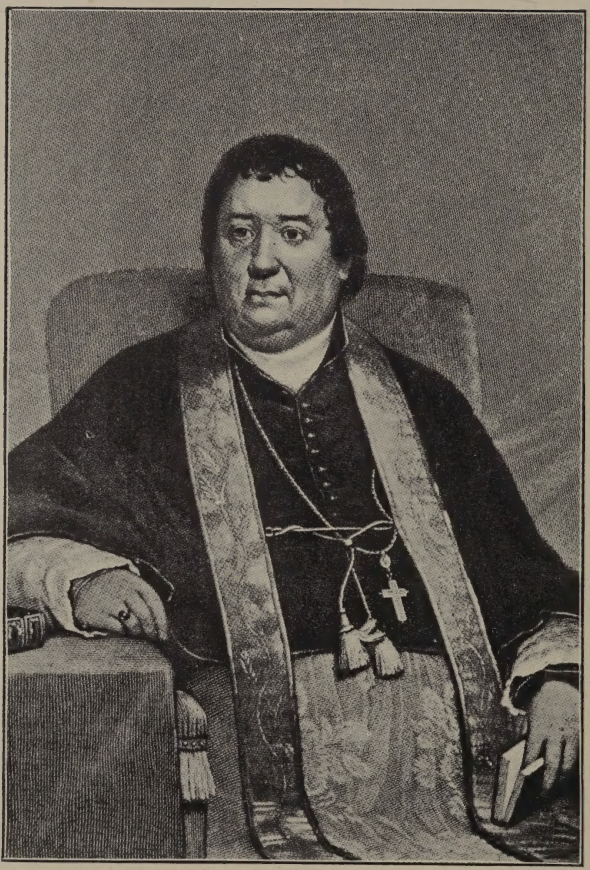
All communications to be addressed to

THE REVEREND FATHER SUPERIOR,
HOLY GHOST APOSTOLIC COLLEGE
CORNWELLS, MAUD, PA.

A WORTHY WORK.

A Worcester correspondent wishes to enlist the aid of the charitable in providing good reading matter for the lepers at Kalaupapa, Molokai. Father Maxime who is carrying on Father Damien's noble work will be very grateful for Catholic magazines and papers to distribute among his afflicted people. If every Catholic who reads this notice will personally mail to Father Maxime, Kalaupapa, Molokai, Hawaiian Islands, one magazine or paper every month, his need will be amply supplied, and as the Father is a Frenchman, it would be a much appreciated courtesy to send him some Catholic literature in his own language.

THE RT. REV. JOHN LEFEVRE DE CHEVERUS, FIRST BISHOP OF BOSTON.
Consecrated November 1st, 1810; Died Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux July 19th, 1836.



THE RT. REV. BENEDICT J. FENWICK, D. D.
SECOND BISHOP OF BOSTON.

Consecrated November 1st, 1825. Died August 11th, 1846.

THE RT. REV. JOHN BERNARD FITZPATRICK, D. D.
THIRD BISHOP OF BOSTON.

Born November, 1812. Consecrated March 4th, 1844.
Died February 13th, 1866.

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THE MOST REVEREND JOHN JOSEPH WILLIAMS, D.D.
FOURTH BISHOP AND FIRST ARCHBISHOP OF BOSTON.

Born in Boston, Mass., April 27, 1822. Ordained priest in Paris, May 16, 1845. Consecrated Bishop of Boston, March 11, 1866. Appointed Archbishop of Boston, February 12, 1875. Died at Boston, August 30, 1907.

Donahoe's Magazine

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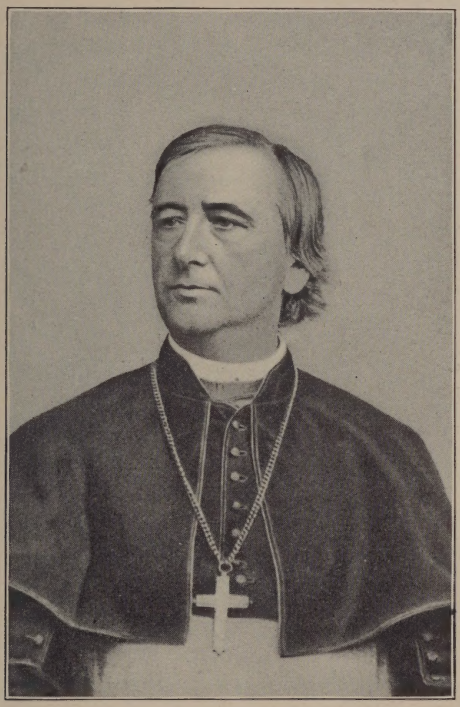
VOL. LVIII. OCTOBER, 1907 No. 4



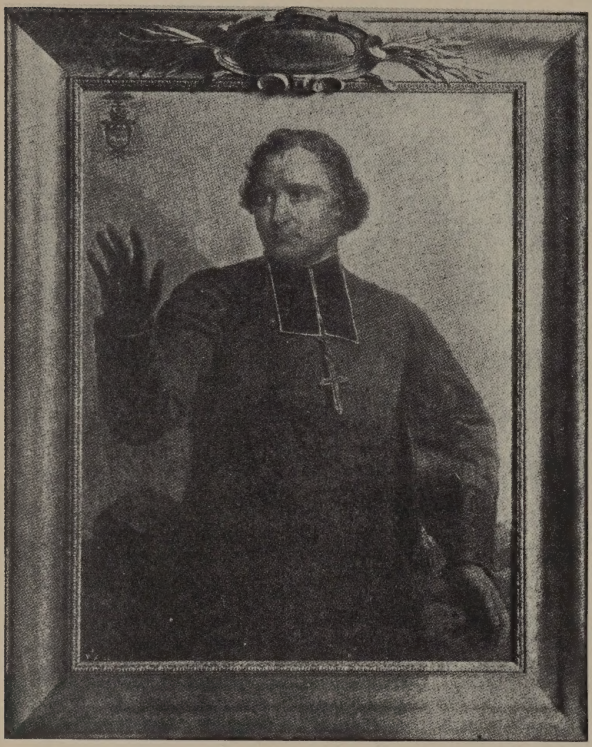
BISHOP WILLIAMS (1866).

THE LATE MOST REV. JOHN JOSEPH WILLIAMS, D.D.

"The long and faithful life of the beloved Archbishop, John Joseph Williams, is ended. He fell asleep in God, Friday evening, August the thirtieth, nineteen hundred and seven, sustained by the Sacraments of Holy Church and the blessing of the Sovereign Pontiff."

These words from the official announcement tell in brief of the death of the saintly prelate who passed away at the archiepiscopal residence, in the little room he had occupied for more than thirty years.

Only ten days before, His Grace had returned from his annual vacation, and his people, unconscious of their impending sorrow, rejoiced that their beloved superior was once more among them; but in the archiepiscopal residence keen anxiety was felt as the members of his household realized that the Archbishop had not profited as usual by his rest. After a day



ARCHBISHOP AFFRE, WHO ORDAINED FATHER WILLIAMS, IN 1845.

He was martyred by the Communists in 1848. The picture shows him warning back the insurgents. The shedding of his blood put an end to the revolution.

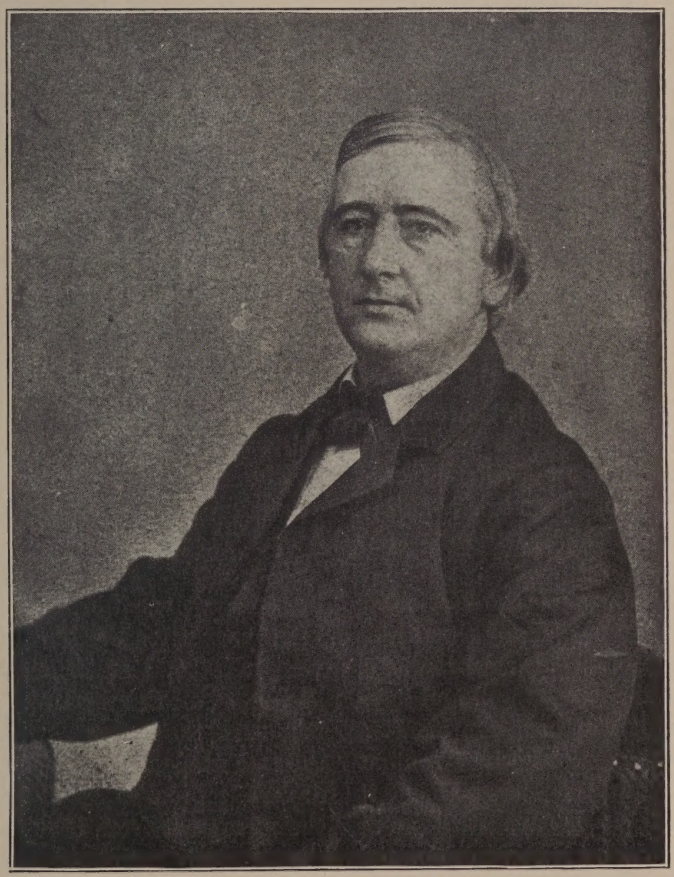
or two his physician, Dr. John G. Blake, was called in, and finding the prelate's condition critical he called a specialist in consultation. A thorough examination failed to reveal any organic trouble, and it was hoped that the illness could be checked. But on Tuesday this hope was abandoned, and the Archbishop's confessor, the Rev. Andrew Wynn, C. SS. R., prepared him for the final summons.

"I am willing to go when God wants me," His Grace said calmly when told that his illness was fatal, and then "Welcome be the will of God." There had been eighty-five years of preparation, and the few remaining days were but the culmination of a lifetime of holy living. They were spent in the routine of duty as usual, and only thirty-six hours before he died the Archbishop turned for the last time from the desk he had used for forty-one years. He worked until growing weakness compelled him to rest from his labors, and death was on the threshold. The Archbishop made his final preparations as tranquilly as he had lived, and with the beautiful simplicity and trust of a child he yielded his spirit to his Creator, while his priests knelt in prayer beside him.

The Profession of Faith, as prescribed by Pope Pius IV., was read aloud to him by his confessor, and at the end His Grace touched the Gospel; the Viaticum and Extreme Unction were administered by Archbishop O'Connell; and the Plenary Indulgence at the hour of death was given, after which the dying prelate communed fervently with his Lord, repeating "Oh, Mary, my Mother, be with me in my dying hour." "My God, I believe in Thee," "My God, I hope in Thee," "My God, I love Thee," "My God, I thank Thee for all Thy graces." Just before he sank into unconsciousness he spoke these solemn words of final renunciation: "Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit." For an hour his priests knelt around his bed reciting the Rosary, the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, and the Commendations for the Dying, at the end of which the beloved Archbishop peacefully and without a struggle passed away.

At the Archbishop's bedside when he died were Archbishop O'Connell,

Bishop Allen, of Mobile, Ala.; Bishop Walsh, of Portland, Me.; the Rt. Rev. Mgr. William Byrne, D.D., the Rev. Andrew Wynn, C.SS.R.; the Rev. John T. Mullen, D.C.L., rector of the Cathedral; Mgr. Denis O'Callaghan, D.D., P.R., of St. Augustine's, the Rev. Hugh P. Smyth; the Rev. Philip J. O'Donnell; the Rev. Theodore Metcalf, of Washington, and these priests of his household: the Revs. T. J. MacCormack, chancellor; F. X. Dolan, D.D.; T. R. McCoy, John J. Crane and M. J. Splaine, D.D.



FATHER JOHN J. WILLIAMS.

The sad announcement that His Grace was dying had been made to the public early in the day, and that night shortly after nine o'clock the tolling of the bells made known that the dearly loved Archbishop of Boston had gone to his reward. All over the city were heard the words "The Archbishop is dead," and in the homes of the faithful fervent prayers were offered up for the repose of his soul. It was a beautiful close to a beautiful life—no weary months of pain, no long period of uselessness to chafe the spirit—but

eighty-five years given to good works, and then—"the finger of God touched him and he slept."

The story of the Archbishop's life as told by himself in Symphony Hall, September 29th, 1903, on the occasion of the celebration of the centenary of the first Catholic church in Boston, shows how closely His Grace was identified with the history of the Church in Boston for almost a century. Those who had the privilege of being present can never forget the simple, earnest recital of facts, closing with a solemn charge to bear ever in grateful memory those who—though not of the Faith—had helped to rear its outworks in New England. The calm even tones, the perfect repose of manner, the noble presence, and—more than all—the fatherly kindliness, helped to make each word sink deep into the hearts of his people.

The Archbishop dealt with memories of a long life, recalling them briefly after a courteous word of appreciation of the work of the Society:

"To the gentlemen of the Historical Society I have first to give my thanks for the great satisfaction of this meeting. They have laid their plans well and have succeeded; and it will be a gratification for all those who cannot be here tonight to hear of it, and in the years to come it will be referred to always with great gratification—to know how we celebrated the anniversary of the dedication of the Cathedral of the Holy Cross.

"I would rather not say anything tonight because I cannot speak of the Cathedral of the Holy Cross without bringing in myself. Since my birth I have never left the home which we hold in the parish of the Holy Cross, for I consider the time that I was in college and the seminary still as a term when I was away only for a time, while the home was the same in the parish.

"My father came to Boston in what I think to be the first vessel that brought passengers from Ireland directly to Massachusetts. My parents were married in the Cathedral. The day after my birth I was baptized in the Cathedral. At five years of age I went to the new school of the Cathedral. I spent six years in that school, and as soon as I had finished my studies for the priesthood I came back to the Cathedral, and now for fifty-eight years I have been in the parish of the Cathedral.

"I count the years spent at St. James' as a part of my Cathedral period, for it was only a portion of it set off for greater facilities and to have a new church.

"I was born under Bishop Cheverus. I was ordained under Bishop Fenwick. I lived with him a year and was at his deathbed, and the date mentioned this evening recalled the fact that he died on August 11.

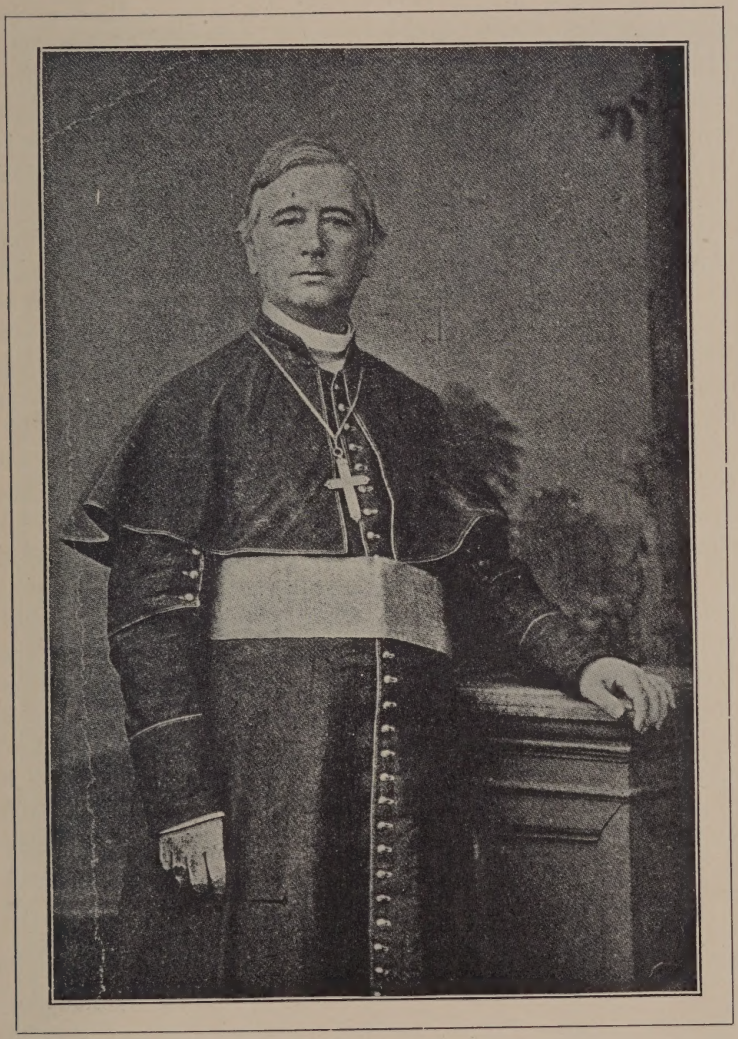
"Remember, it was on August 11 that the convent was burned, and on August 11, a year after the burning of the convent in 1835, I stood on Warren bridge and saw all Charlestown Square in a flame, and the tavern which stood between the two bridges destroyed that night by fire while I looked on, and we knew that the men went from that tavern to burn the convent, and that was a year afterward, precisely, on that night.

"Speaking of the death of Bishop Fenwick, I have a treasure of his, and that is the chair in which he died, in my room, and it has been there since I have been bishop.

"I have also the desk he sat at for years, and at which Bishop Fitzpatrick also sat for many years. It has been my desk now for thirty-seven years. So

you see how filled I am with the memories of the old Holy Cross Cathedral.

"The last thirty-seven years, of course, have been spent in the new Cathedral of myself, it would be impossible for me to speak of the Cathedral of the Holy Cross without alluding to my being present at this event. I knew all the old



BISHOP WILLIAMS.
(Shortly after his consecration in 1866).

of the Holy Cross, for Bishop Fitzpatrick died on the spot where the Cathedral is, and I assisted in the ceremonies at his deathbed, and from that time to this my residence has been at the new Cathedral.

"Therefore, little as I wish to speak priests, for I went to the school which Bishop Fenwick opened in the Cathedral and I went there six years and my teachers were those priests he was educating for the ministry.

"At the time of commencing the school

there was only one priest in Boston, Father Byrne, ordained by Bishop Cheverus. The teachers were young men preparing for the priesthood, and those teachers were Fitton, Wiley, Tynan, Dr. Flaherty, Michael Healey, Father Conway, the McDermotts, two Lynches, three Bradys—all those were teachers during those six years while I was in the new part of the old Cathedral, showing how intimate I was with all the young priests.

"And all these are gone and many others, for I have to wait nineteen years after my coming to the Cathedral before I can find one of the clergymen of today.

"This is what makes those memories so dear to me and why I enjoy this evening so thoroughly. To bring back all those memories and to speak of them would take more time than you or I can give and a longer period than the reading of any of the papers you have heard here to-night.

"But one paper mentioned the generous gentlemen who gave their contributions for the new church in Franklin Street. Before I speak of them, however, let me indicate another point which has not been made.

"We bought that land from the Boston theatre. Remember, the site of the old Cathedral was in the most beautiful part of the town—at the end of Franklin Square—and the theatre owned both sides of the lower part of the street. The theatre people agreed to sell us that lot at one-half what they could get for it.

"They preferred to have a church, even by Catholics, in that day, rather than have a tavern opposite their theatre, and they sold us the lot for half what they could get for it, when we bought it.

"And remember, in that street in those days were some of the principal families of the city. I remember the Bradleys, the Wigglesworths, the Amorys and others, who lived each side of the street, showing what a spot it was, and one of the select streets of the city.

"Now to come to those gentlemen who so generously came forward at the time of the need of the young church. Their names are known everywhere in the city, honored and respected as they were in that time, and we rejoice to find the same names around us and the same honor and respect for them that they had at that time, showing that the good blood was there, and it has lasted, and we hope it will continue to last for generations.

"We have plenty of things to forgive and to forget in the past ages for our race. But there is one thing we never forget—that is, a kindness done to us. Therefore, I rejoiced to have these names mentioned this evening, and I hope they will be treasured up and handed down to the generations to come, that they may know what the generous gentlemen of Boston did at the time when the few Catholics of Boston needed them to commence the Cathedral of the Holy Cross."

This sketch of his own life by His Grace affords a striking instance of his ability to compress much thought into few words, but to learn more of the succession of events that marked his career we must turn to other sources.

PARENTAGE AND EARLY DAYS.

John Joseph Williams was born in Boston, April 27th, 1822, while Boston was yet a town.

His father, Michael Williams, a native of County Tipperary, carried on the business of a blacksmith on Merchants' Row. He was an industrious, hard-working man, and had a worthy helpmate in his wife, Ann Eagan, who was born in Queen's County. They left Ire-

land in 1818, and settled in the North End of Boston.

Their second son, John Joseph, was born in a house that backed on the old canal on Blackstone Street.

The future Archbishop was baptized in the old Cathedral, Franklin Street, by the Rev. Father Byrne; and when only four years old began school life in an infant class, taught by Mrs. Newmarch.

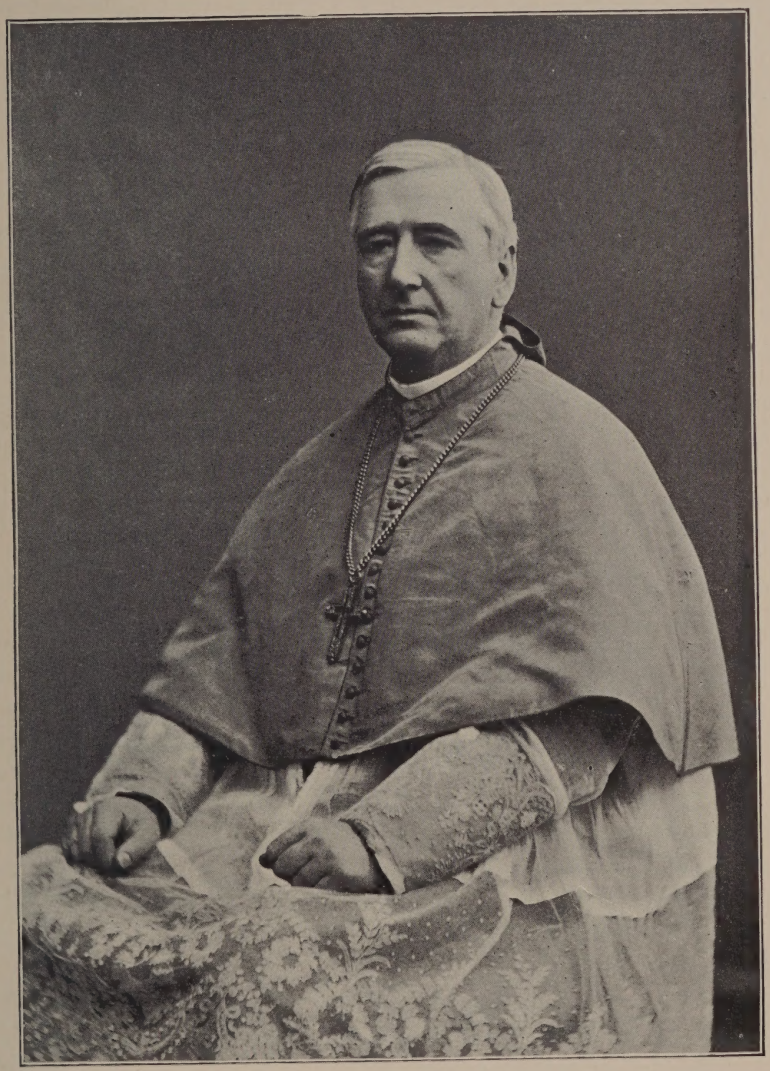


Photo by F. B. Conlin.

ARCHBISHOP WILLIAMS (1882).

The following year he entered the Cathedral School, taught by Mr. James Fitton. The boy who walked to and fro each day through the streets of the town he so

loved had no idea of the vast changes of which he should be a witness before the close of the century. No vestige remains of the house where he was born, nor of the church where he went with his parents—the whole aspect of the place has changed.

Young Williams remained in the old Franklin Street seminary until 1833, when he was sent by his parents to the seminary of St. Sulpice, at Montreal, to prepare for the priesthood.

He was then in his eleventh year. He remained in Montreal until 1841, when he went to Paris and entered the Seminary of St. Sulpice, where he pursued the higher ecclesiastical studies during the ensuing four years.

The following excellent account of the future Archbishop's life as a boy was printed in the *Sacred Heart Review*, for the edification of the children of to-day:

ARCHBISHOP WILLIAMS AS A BOY.

Two years ago, on the sixtieth anniversary of Archbishop Williams' ordination to the priesthood, the Rev. Doctor Tracy, then pastor of St. Anthony's Church, Allston, but now permanent rector of St. Columbkille's Church, Brighton, gave to the children of his parish a little account of the life of the illustrious metropolitan, and held him up as an example of what a Catholic boy should be. Describing the early years of the Archbishop, Doctor Tracy said:—

"As a boy he was very bright and studious, winning many premiums for knowing his lessons. But, better than brightness, his teachers admired and loved him because he was manly, truthful, gentle, modest and respectful, and very careful about his prayers and religious duties; he not only knew his catechism, but he practised what it taught. He enjoyed heartily outdoor sports, but a profane word was never heard from his lips. He did not make games an occasion for anger and quarreling, and he always played fair; he hated cheating. He delighted in music, playing in the boys' band at the school in Montreal. When at home he was obedient and considerate.

"Now he is eighty-three years old," continued Doctor Tracy, "and everybody who is privileged to know him loves and venerates him because all the traits and virtues of his boyhood have come to maturity in his beautiful Christian character. He has lived to serve Jesus Christ and his fellow men; and although he is an Archbishop, he is so simple that he is better pleased with your prayers, and with your efforts to be good boys and girls, than if the whole city of Boston were to have a grand meeting in his honor and praise him to the skies, though no man loves Boston more than he does, and none has been a more exemplary citizen."

ORDINATION TO THE PRIESTHOOD.

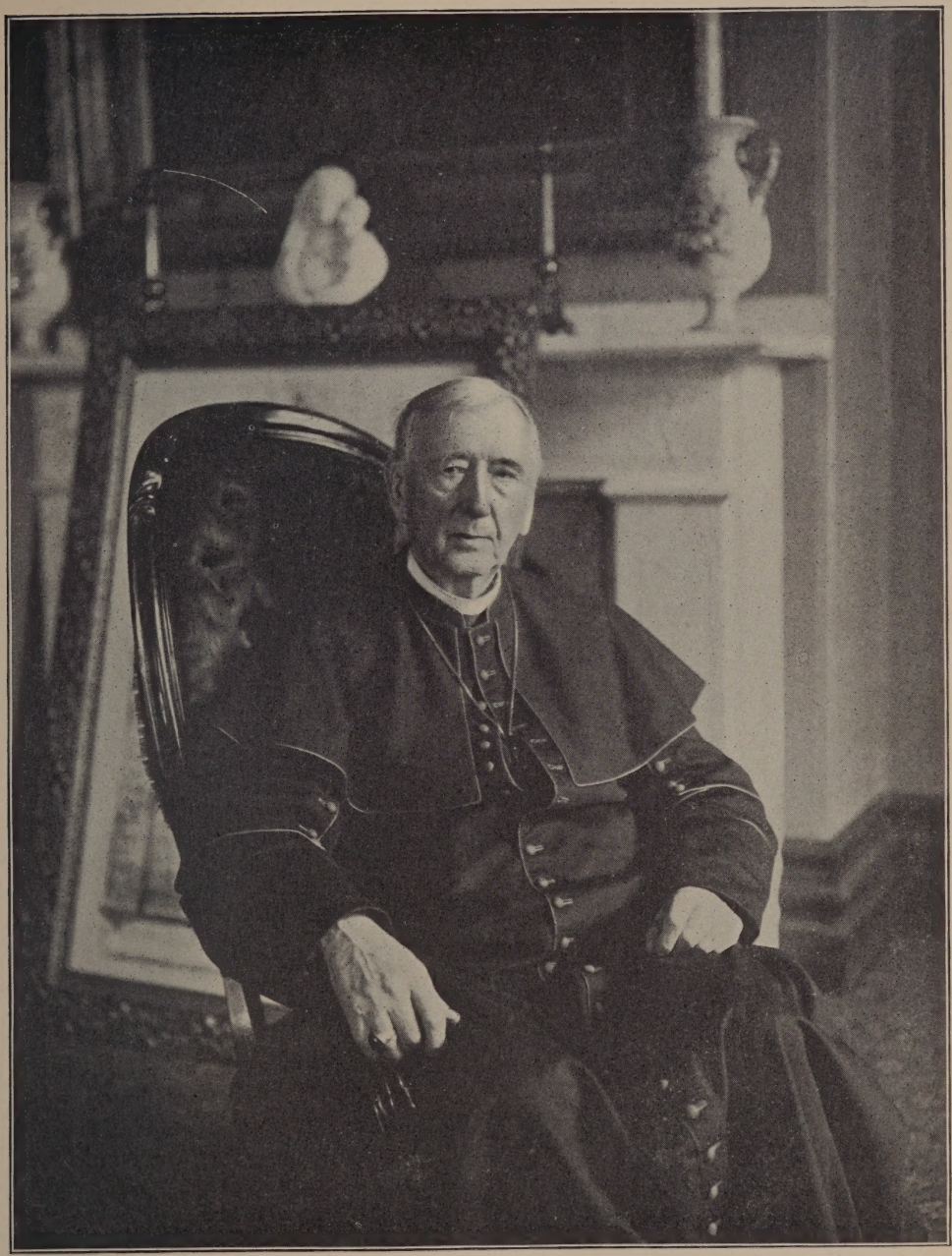
In the first half of the nineteenth century France was a boiling political caldron, and disaster was brooding about the throne of Louis Philippe, when, in 1845, John Joseph Williams was ordained in the Grand Seminary, Paris, by Archbishop Affre, who was martyred by the Communists in 1848.

Who can doubt that the spectacle of those days influenced the character of Archbishop Williams? The mind of the young priest must have received in France deep and settled convictions, that manifested themselves all through life in his strong restraint and great conservative power, as priest, as bishop, and as archbishop.

The slow, toilsome voyage of fifty years ago came to an end, and the youthful priest was once more at home, and ready for labor. As Boston was his birthplace, so, too, was it destined to be the scene of all his priestly and episcopal cares. Irish emigration was beginning to bring many Catholics hither; the priests to administer to their wants were few; and sturdy, earnest workers were needed in the Lord's vineyard.

Stationed at the Cathedral on Franklin Street, working in old St. James' Church on Albany Street, he spent twenty-one years of his priesthood, faithful to every duty, and ambitious for the glory of God.

The special duty assigned to Father Williams was the care of the children of the Sunday-school. He also did his share of other parish work, which in those days sometimes meant a sick call to some remote town in the western part of the State. Such an experience he occasion-



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ARCHBISHOP WILLIAMS (1902).

ally had. The work of the Sunday-school seems to have fallen in admirably with his tastes and inclinations. The same earnestness and fidelity that have been characteristic of his after-life in more conspicuous and broader relations were plainly apparent in his untiring labors among the children and teachers of the Cathedral Sunday-school. He soon won the hearts and confidence of all, and as a natural consequence his labor among the children was blessed with abundant success.

To his zeal in this Sunday-school work may be attributed the first beginnings of the present parish of St. James. For the first move in the direction of a separation of that district from the Cathedral was the establishment of a Sunday-school in a hall near the corner of Boylston and Washington streets. This soon suggested the propriety of accommodating the rapidly increasing population of the district with some convenient place for hearing Mass.

To Father Williams was entrusted the task of securing such a place, and the result was the opening of a chapel on Beach Street, under the title of the Chapel of the Holy Family, in 1850. From this beginning, four years later the parish of St. James was organized.

Father Williams continued at the Cathedral for seven years more—in all, twelve years, the last two as rector. In 1857 he received his appointment as pastor of St. James, in succession to Rev. David Walsh, the first pastor, to whom had been entrusted the erection of the church—the old St. James,—that formerly stood at the corner of Albany and Harvard Streets. About this time Bishop Fitzpatrick also appointed him Vicar-General of the diocese.

One who had been a member of Father Williams' Sunday-School in St. James, thus recalls the influence exerted by the pastor:

"As a small boy, I attended the Sunday School of old St. James' Church, of which the present venerable Archbishop Williams was pastor. Well do I remember him as he was in those days, and I remember, too, in addition to the love and reverence we little folk felt for him as our pastor, a certain awe created by his imposing presence when he passed up or down the aisle during the Sunday School session. Not the most tractable of young gamins were to be found in the South Cove; but they had no heart for mischievous propensities when Father Williams' eye ranged about the school. I do not recall a single instance when he had to correct any young misdemeanant, although I know of one who always felt guilty of a sort of irrepressible playfulness for which the Sunday School was scarcely the place, and who would not have been surprised if he had been taken to task, however fortunate he esteemed himself in escaping it. It was during the exciting days of the Civil War that I attended Sunday School at old St. James', and even the children felt the tension of the times, causing in them a nervous restlessness."

His administration of the parish was distinguished by prudent financial management, strict attention to the requirements of duty, a tender regard for the spiritual interest of the people, and a constant vigilance over all, both young and old, with special attention to the sick and the children. So successfully did he manage the affairs of his parish, —which soon grew to be the largest and most important in the diocese,—that when Bishop Fitzpatrick began to realize that his own failing health was becoming

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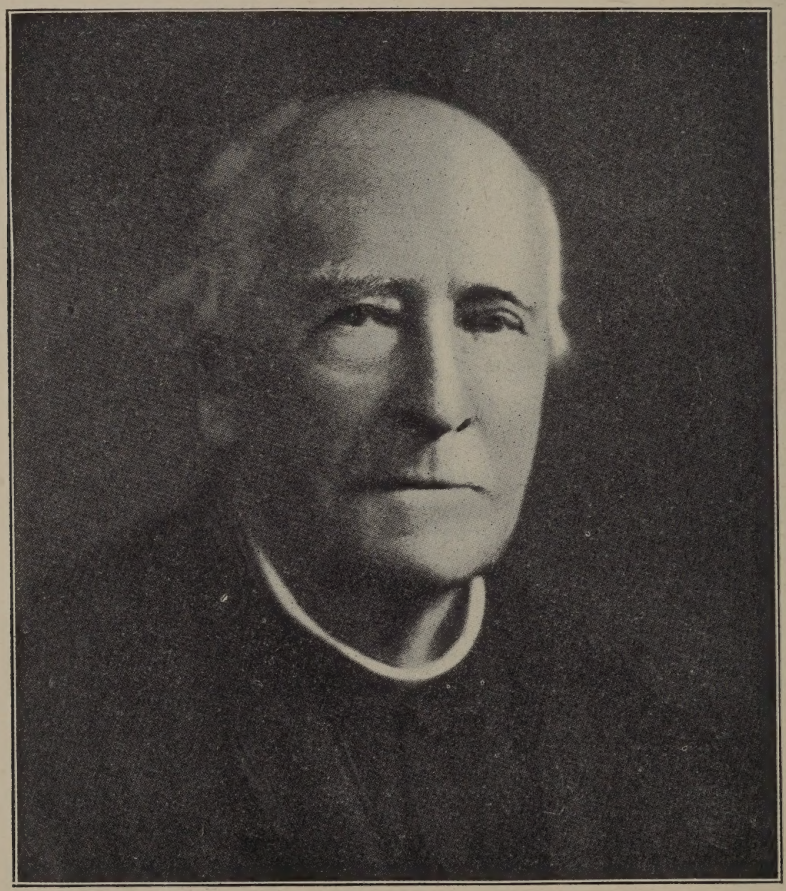
ARCHBISHOP WILLIAMS.

a matter for serious reflection, he decided at once to apply to Rome for the appointment of a Coadjutor, and his request being granted, he took the necessary steps to secure the appointment for his Vicar-General.



RT. REV. BERNARD J. MCQUAID, D.D., BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.
Archbishop Williams' Life-Long Friend.

From '45 to '66—what days were those for the priest! Abroad was the upheaval of dynasties, and famine in suffering Ireland; the United States was passing through a period of poignant anguish; war with Mexico added new territory to our dominions; struggles in Congress and outside of it, along the borders of the slave districts, kept the mind in continual ferment; thousands upon thousands of strangers were arriving from remote shores, yearning for sustenance and for freedom, ready and eager for work; then the ominous mutterings of rebellion, the appeal to arms, the struggle that destroyed slavery and knit the North and South into better understanding and holier forbearance;—all these things made men giants in those days. And as the young priest looked out upon the broad arena, and saw with the progress of the Union the development of the world-

wide and centuried Church, his own mind and heart must have grown in discipline and resolve, and his zeal multiplied itself in good works.

To provide for the material wants of himself and of the dear ones still at home, the Catholic emigrant in Boston entered at once into the army of workers. His heart turned towards his priest here, as in Ireland; and as the old landmarks disappeared, and old Fort Hill and its church on Purchase Street went down, he conveyed the stones of the sacred edifice to South Boston, to serve in building up a new structure dedicated to St. Vincent, for the glory of God. As the railroad absorbed the land occupied by old St. James' Church, the emigrant and his children built the new one; and when the old Cathedral had outgrown its metropolitan usefulness, they listened to the call of Bishop Fitzpatrick to found a new Cathedral of grand dimensions.

But all was not sunshine for Catholicity in New England in those days. The savagery that impelled fanatics to tear down the cross from the Catholic church and persecute priests was not unknown in Boston. In Knownothingism came a renewal of the vandalism that had culminated in 1834 in the burning of the Convent at Charlestown, when the glare of the burning buildings glowed red against the sky, and the execrations of the frenzied mob could be heard as the defenceless nuns were driven from the shelter of their home. Archbishop Williams lived to see that feeling change; he lived to read words of praise and gratitude from those who had learned in time of war to appreciate the heroism of the slandered Sisterhood.

When the Civil War had come to an end, and Bishop Fitzpatrick saw peace resting her placid wings upon the land once more, he felt that the days of his own fighting in the Church militant were expiring, and called to his aid Father Williams, as his Coadjutor. Father Williams was in the strength of his manhood, being nearly forty-four years of age. Twenty-one years of priestly life and functions had given him the experience necessary to guide aright the diocesanship when he should be placed at the helm. And he was placed there soon.

CONSECRATED BISHOP OF BOSTON.

Bishop Fitzpatrick died, February 13th, 1866, the purpose of his life expressing itself even in his last words, "I will follow the Cross to the end." Early in the previous month the nomination of his Coadjutor had been confirmed, and just one month after his death—March 11th, 1866—the Right Reverend John J. Williams, D. D., was consecrated Bishop of Boston, by Archbishop McCloskey of New York. Bishops Loughlin of Brooklyn, McFarland of Hartford, Bacon of Portland and De Goesbriand of Burlington also assisted at the ceremony. The consecration sermon was preached by Bishop McFarland of Hartford. The consecration took place in the old St. James Church, where he had served nine years as pastor, where many tender attachments had sprung up, binding priest and people together, and many fond memories had taken shape worthy to survive and be recalled in after years.

The year 1866 is memorable for the Church in the United States, because in that year were assembled in Baltimore all the prelates of this nation, for the Second Plenary Council. Bishop Williams was present, a sharer in the deliberations, and a framer of the laws and regulations that were to guide the destinies of the young Church whose strong advances

were already attracting the notice of the world. The war had done much to dispel unjust motives regarding the relation of Catholics to our Government, and men who had been at the front saw every evidence of the patriotism and devotion of the Catholic citizen for this land of political and religious freedom. Bishop Williams was fortunate in the time of his accession to the episcopacy. All he knew of the past, all he saw in the present, and all he could foresee in the future gave him courage to administer in honorable justice.

In 1870 we find Bishop Williams in Rome, a participator in the Vatican Council, his voice and vote swelling the grand "Amen" of Papal Infallibility. He saw the violence of men's passions in all their fierce unrest, as Victor Emmanuel claimed for his own the ancient and rightful patrimony of Peter. He saw the saintly Pius IX. deprived of his possessions, and, for defence of a principle, secluding himself within the walls of the Vatican. He heard the thunders of unrighteous applause that swelled the chorus for the triumph of Italian unification, and he returned to America, realizing what wisdom and justice were in the words that Pius IX. once said of himself: "In no country do I find myself more a Pope than in the United States." And he realized, too, that the great destinies of the Catholic Church were to be evolved upon the arena of this nation; that while the effete monarchies of the Old World were yielding to sure decadence, the young and prosperous Republic of the New World must fulfil its mission for the advancement of the human race, and by its example bring the idea of government by the people to the fore for the regeneration of Europe; that while the Catholic people of Italy and of France were heedless of God's great gifts to them, the glorious, free and untrammelled Church of the United States must take the places they were yielding up, of devotion to the Holy See and to Catholic traditions. Well has the history of the diocese over which he ruled borne witness to Archbishop Williams' sturdy and stanch fidelity to Peter and to Rome.

ERECTION OF HOLY CROSS CATHEDRAL.

The first work to which the new Bishop directed his attention was the erection of the Cathedral. The site had already been secured by Bishop Fitzpatrick, at the corner of Union Park and Washington streets, and clear evidence of the energy with which Bishop Williams entered upon the task of carrying out the plans of the new church is seen in the fact that before the end of April, immediately following his consecration, ground had been broken for the foundations of the building.

Its construction occupied eight years —a brief time, when the magnitude of the work is taken into account. It is indeed a great church. Its dimensions and stately grandeur at once attract the eye of the beholder. It is free from all meretricious ornament, everything is solid and substantial, plain, but of the best material, and adapted to the purpose intended. Few churches of its size are so satisfactory for services, whether we regard the functions of the sanctuary or the requirements of the congregation. It will ever stand as a monument to the first Archbishop of Boston. Indeed, while its construction was going on, and its huge proportions gradually were revealed, the thought occurred to many minds that such a cathedral would suit a Metropolitan better than a Suffragan See. Hardly was it ready for occupancy, when the word came that Bishop

Williams was to receive the pallium, and that New England was to be made a new ecclesiastical province.

BOSTON MADE AN ARCHBISHOPRIC.

In 1875, Pope Pius IX. raised the diocese of Boston to Metropolitan rank with Bishop Williams as its first Archbishop, and all the dioceses of New England, then Springfield, Mass.; Hartford, Conn.; Providence, R. I.; Burlington, Vt., and Portland, Me., as Suffragan Sees.

The conferring of the pallium—one of the grandest ceremonies ever seen in Boston up to this time—made a fitting opening for the new Cathedral. It took place on May 2d, 1875. Cardinal McCloskey, Archbishop of New York, of whose Province New England had heretofore been a part, officiated. Bishop McNeirny of Albany celebrated the Mass, Bishop de Goesbriand, of Burlington, Vt., preached, and the presence of the Roman officials,—Archbishop Roncetti, the Papal Ablegate, and Count Marofoschi of the Papal Guards,—lent further distinction to the scene, while the immense gathering of Church dignitaries, clergy and people, presented a sight rarely met with, at least in America. All the bishops of both Provinces were present, with a host of priests.

In the same year the priests of the archdiocese presented their Archbishop with the residence behind the Cathedral, which has been his home and that of the Cathedral priests ever since.

ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY, BRIGHTON.

The Cathedral was dedicated December 8th, 1875. After the completion of the Cathedral the Archbishop turned his attention to the establishment of a seminary for ecclesiastical students. Land was secured in Brighton and the work on the buildings was begun as soon as possible. The engagement of professors for such an institution was a matter of considerable difficulty and delay, but at last all was arranged satisfactorily and the Seminary was opened in 1884, with the Sulpitian Fathers in charge, under the Presidency of the Very Reverend John Hogan.

Probably of all the works undertaken by Archbishop Williams in his long experience, there was none so near to his heart as the Seminary. An engagement at the Seminary took precedence with him over all other appointments. He never failed to attend the special celebrations there, and whenever he had occasion to address the students the earnestness and emphasis with which he spoke showed clearly how interested he was in the welfare and success of the institution. No doubt if he had had the choice of any special title by which he might be remembered the one he would have selected would have been "Founder of St. John' s Ecclesiastical Seminary, Brighton."

The most remarkable events in his career since the opening of the Seminary have been the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his episcopate, in 1891; that of the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood, in 1895, and the successive appointments of an Auxiliary and a Coadjutor, the former in 1891, the latter in 1906.

SILVER JUBILEE.

When Archbishop Williams celebrated the Silver Jubilee of his Episcopate, he was almost on the eve of his sixty-ninth birthday; but age had not bent in the least degree his tall and stately figure, nor visibly impaired his strength. The growth of the diocese, however, had been so great that he felt obliged to appeal to

Rome for help, and the Rev. John Brady, Rector of St. Joseph's, Amesbury, was consecrated by Archbishop Williams in the Boston Cathedral on August 5th, 1891, and his residence with the rectorship, established at the Church of SS. Peter and Paul, South Boston.

The celebration of the Silver Jubilee, March 11th, 1891, brought out a remarkable expression of esteem, affection and loyalty from both priests and people. It was a general outburst of sympathetic love, reverent admiration, and joyful congratulations, as if the pent-up feelings of years had at last found vent and rejoiced that an occasion had finally come that permitted and called for their full manifestation and expression.

The clergy of the diocese gave a banquet in honor of their Archbishop, and presented him with a splendid bust of himself, made by Samuel Kitson. Through their representative, the Rev. William P. McQuaid, Rector of St. James, they expressed their sentiments of loyalty, gratitude, and love, dwelling particularly on what their superior had been to them under all circumstances.

Our special interest today is with you individually, and whatever may be the material increase and prosperity of the diocese, and whatever honor it may have acquired for itself, or conferred upon you, all this becomes of secondary importance when we turn to consider the hold which you have on the hearts of your priests, and the place you occupy in their esteem and affection.

These cannot be measured by figures or lines, but, as in the lapse of time each year has given us new proofs of your wisdom, your cautious forethought, your patient forbearance, and your uniform fairness in all your dealings with us, so each year has developed in our hearts renewed love and regard for you personally, an ever stronger loyalty to your official authority, and an ever increasing admiration for your noble character.

Your rule, always firm and gentle, has been pre-eminent for justice, impartiality, and kindness; and while an admirable prudence has always characterized your general administration of affairs, you have at all times so identified yourself with our individual interests, and so amply espoused our personal projects, that each and every one of us has been led to look upon you as his special friend and well-wisher; and the authority of the superior being held in abeyance, we remember only the kindly tenderness of the father, and what can best be likened to the affectionate good will of the companion and associate. Nor can we forget today your many charities, hidden indeed from the world, and done in silence, yet being so numerous and widespread they cannot remain entirely unknown. Their very silence and secrecy proclaim them to be the special promptings of the heart, and the best proof of a generous and unselfish nature.

The memories of twenty-five years are crowded with evidences of your admirable tact and discretion in the management of this large and important diocese. Especially has this been manifested in the recent display of sectarian bigotry of which our city has been an unfortunate witness. In this you have given proof of a temper so well under control, and a wisdom so far-seeing, that we have been forced to admire your patience under circumstances so apt to exasperate, and we feel bound to congratulate both you and ourselves on your firm adherence to a course difficult indeed to most men, but so much in harmony with Christian charity and the soundest policy, and already vindicated by results in the assured and inevitable triumph of the right.

We have long learned to look upon you as our pattern and model in the clerical life. The order and system that ever characterized the discharge of your official duties, the fidelity to trust, the promptness and accuracy of method which have ever accompanied your business relations, conspicuous as they are, are no more admirable than the sincere and unobtrusive piety by which you have constantly edified both priests and people under your charge. Your judgments have always commanded respect for their soundness, and your decisions have always gone without appeal, so that the Judges of Ecclesiastical Causes, both here and in Rome, might, with great propriety, be presented with white gloves, as nothing has been referred to them from Boston. This fact alone is the best evidence of your wisdom, integrity and fairness.

We have been glad, moreover, to find that these admirable attributes of mind and character have been as fully appreciated abroad as at home, and that both in the Councils of the National Church at Baltimore, and of the Universal Church at Rome, you have been looked up to, deservedly, as a prudent and wise counsellor, and your judgment in matters of discipline and administration has been respected and adopted as the wisest and best in practice.

On all these occasions, too, we have been gratified to learn that you have ever kept a watchful guard over the interests of your priests, and made their cause your own, so using your influence as to secure legislation advantageous to the humblest as well as to the most favored in the ranks of the clergy. This has ever been the characteristic of your administration, and in those cases where you have been obliged to pass censure, no one has found cause for complaint,

for in the exercise of authority you have always seasoned justice with mercy.

The Catholic Union gave a reception, and after the felicitations of the members had been extended by the president, Mr. Thomas B. Fitzpatrick, an address was made by the Hon. Thomas J. Gargan, who recalled events in Boston that had sorely tried the temper and patience of Catholics in all walks of life, through the bigotry and persecution practised towards them by the prime movers in the A. P. A. agitation. In replying, the Archbishop praised his people for their calmness and forbearance in the heat of the conflict. The passages from his address, reproduced here evince also the humility and generosity of the great leader, who insisted on sharing the honors with all who had shared in the struggle against oppression.

I have been placed in a position where I was observed by all, where I had to take the lead in many things. Had I not been there, another would have done the work, and why not as well, if not better, than I have. I feel like one who has charge of a vessel. There are numbers of men aboard who work, one for one purpose and another for another purpose. He who guides the vessel has the whole credit, and still he but represents the whole. And so it is with him at the head of the diocese. If I have done anything for which I should take credit to myself, it is, as I say, owing to my clergy, and also to the laity. I have simply to hold the rudder strongly, give the vessel the right of direction, and the winds and waves will carry it where I wish it to go. They simply require a hand to guide them and to restrain them. There is plenty of will and plenty of energy, and the duty of him who is at the helm is to see that they are directed in the right manner. I feel somewhat in this position, so that I am not vain enough to apply to myself all the flattering things that have been said during this day. But I can appreciate the affection, the respect and the pleasure that people show on this day of my anniversary, and I should be too glad to-night to be able to make you feel what joy it has given me to see the community filled with the pleasure of the day, not only on my account, but on the account of the position which I hold.

My affection is for Boston, of course—like all souls that are filled with the proper spirit, the birthplace comes before any other part of the earth—and were it less than it is I should be still proud of it. And when it comes to speaking of Boston, I have no reason to be ashamed of it for anything, and certainly I have no reason to be ashamed of it for the Catholic portion. From the beginning to the present, the Bishops who were here received consolation from their people. They had their people's confidence and their respect; they deserved it fully; and they received it. And since I have been here for twenty-five years it has never been wanting whenever there was an opportunity to show it. The gentleman who spoke alluded to the times that have passed over us; unpleasant times, not those of olden years before my time of episcopacy. I allude especially to those of the last years, when so much was done to irritate the Catholics of Boston, so much was done to insult them, so much was done to make them revolt against all their principles, and not turn the left cheek when the right was struck. Yet they remained firm, and to-night, here in this great assemblage, on this day of the anniversary, I am glad to say publicly that I am proud of the Catholics of Boston for the last two years. It is not the accusations that were made against us, not the revilings even, not even the insults, that I find fault with, but the attacks which were made on the virtue of our ladies in religious societies. The revilers attacked the clergy, but to that we were less sensitive, because we are men. But when they attacked women who had devoted their lives to virginity, spouses of Christ, and kept up the attack; when placards were placed on our walls and not torn down by the authorities of the city—then it was almost time to resent the injuries. And yet you remained quiet. For this I give you credit, and for this I am proud to-day. It was a time, indeed, for everyone to mutter and to gnash his teeth as he went through the streets.

For myself, I knew the trouble came not from the better part of the community. It was only a storm that was passing over. What irritated me —and I will give vent to it to-night—was not the insults, nor the accusations, nor the revilings, but I was ashamed of Boston that all these did not commence with those who expressed them openly; they came in cold blood for politics. And you, gentlemen, who look back will see—and they will see—that before a certain time not long ago we were quiet. From time to time some individual would write a book or publish a pamphlet, or put something in a paper about the Catholics, but it was only the transient. The persistent abuse came in consequence of this plot to make use of the attack on Catholics and their schools for a political election. This is the truth. And it was only afterwards, when these politicians cared no more for it, when they had gained their point and had dropped it and were willing to have it lost for them, that others took it up and made use of it. From the first spark came the great illumination from these gentlemen against the Church. I was ashamed, not of the last, but of the first. I think the politicians of that class who were willing to set the city and the country on fire for a small election in the state will look back and be ashamed of it, when they consider that were it not for the determination of Catholics not to be driven into anything against the law—on account of the firmness of

Catholics who are not willing to give way to that feeling of revenge or irritation—that were it not for them, no one can tell what would have been the consequences. And when we know that if one-tenth of what had been said and done against us in the last two years had been said and done by us against any sect in the city or country, it would not be twenty-four hours before there would be bloodshed. They have reason to be ashamed. It is only because we have something stronger than mere sentiment that we restrained ourselves. Whilst the revilings were passing away we felt that our faith was not hurt, no harm was really done, and we knew that the effect of it all would be to strengthen us, to bring us closer together, shoulder to shoulder, against those who would hurt us, and that the respectable part of the community would join with us after the storm had passed over.

* * * * * *

It is not a night for such speeches; but still, as it has been my first chance to speak in public on the subject, I thought it well that you should know plainly how I felt, how proud I was of your firmness, of the calmness of your disposition. We are thought to be irritable; we are thought to be quick to return injury for injury. But they have an example, showing that when it is necessary we can be calm because we are right, we can be patient because Almighty God is patient. He knows the right must prevail. So that was. The trouble has passed over. It may come again, but if it does we should still carry out our principles, continue on as we have done, doing what is right, caring nothing for these accusations, and let the harm of it fall on the calumniators' own heads and not upon ours. Therefore tonight, I shall drop the subject, and return you my thanks, with a full heart, for your presence here to take part in my anniversary and for the expressions of your respect and affection. My heart cannot speak all that I have felt during this day—in the church, with my clergy and people together—and to-night, with the gentlemen of the Union and their friends.

ADVICE TO CATHOLIC UNION.

The members of the Union have always had my sympathy from the beginning, and I trust that their work is only beginning. Now that this first storm has passed over, let me leave them one word of advice. They have already commenced what they call their Committee on Truth. Now is the time, not whilst people are angry, not whilst they are listening to revilings but when all is over to give them the truth. And you, gentlemen of the Union, can do it by your words, by your example. You are mixed up in the community everywhere, in all kinds of business. When there is the time and the opportunity to put in a word for truth, do it like Christian gentlemen—not quarrelling, not in controversy, but place the truth. When there is an opportunity in the press to express to the people what is the truth, do it. Do it through your committee everywhere. Let the truth be heard, but always the truth and not quarrelling. Thus you can carry out the object, one of the greatest objects of your Union—to express yourselves as Christian gentlemen, to give good example to others and to help them to know that truth which you have and which is preserving you and will preserve you for all time.

As the best return I can make for your display this evening, I offer you all the affection which I have had for you in many years, and which, of course, must increase by these anniversaries. To-night I have nothing more to do, but to thank you and to say that whatever I may have done in the past I only ask of God to give me strength to do more whilst I am allowed to hold my position, and to be always worthy of this high place in which I now stand.

The late Mary Elizabeth Blake was the poet of the Silver Jubilee. From the ode she wrote for the event the following extract has been taken, from her last collection of poems, entitled "In the Harbor of Hope," published by Little, Brown & Company.

Thou, whose ripe years in such accord have sped,
With seed of Faith in virtue harvested;
Whose loving labor still hath been to raise
The soul of man to joy of prayer and praise;
Whose hands upraised in benediction win
The gifts of Heaven to hide the shame of sin;
Whose lips but words of helpful cheer have spoken
To fall on spirit broken,
Like healing balm that bids the soul renew
The morning gladness, fresh with Mercy's dew!
Thou, on whose pathway to its native heaven
The golden star of jubilee hath risen,—
How, in thy nature's high benignant plan,
Time and the Hour have blessed the Life of Man!

Under thy fostering touch,
What new, fair armor hath been forged for Right,
To strive against Wrong's mastery, and such
Dark shapes as do with human progress fight;
The Midas' blight that turns to sordid gold
Men's hopes and aspirations heaven born;
The lesser lights that greater lights do scorn;
Doubt's haggard face, and cold,
That turns to seek the gloom, and shuns the face of morn;
And that ignoble aim
Which, drunk with little knowledge, would proclaim
The Soul divorced from its divinest mood,
And teach from books alone how to be great and good.

Of thy fair kingdoms in the fields of Peace!
No passing bauble hers, of earthly power,
But for her lofty dower,
Humanity's large virtues made more great;
The poor man taught in Honor's rich estate;

Wealth forced to hold her regal fee in trust
To lift the weak, or hold herself accurst;
Wisdom refined by Truth's eternal grace,
Making the earth a glad abiding place
For all her children; Science seeking cause
To show the Maker greater than His laws;
And Charity, the great ennobling gift
Which nearest to the throne of Heaven the child
of Man doth lift.

GOLDEN JUBILEE.

Splendid though it was, this first celebration was but an introduction and preparation for the greater one that followed four years later, the Golden Jubilee of his priesthood. The first was rather a private observance, and somewhat limited in scope. On the occasion of the Golden Jubilee, however, all took part,—people as well as clergy, those without as well as those within the fold.

Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Satolli, the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Ireland, Bishop Keane, Rector of the Catholic University, all the Bishops of New England and many from other parts of the country, with hosts of priests, were present at the Mass of Thanksgiving, celebrated by His Grace in the Cathedral on the morning of the 16th, the great church being crowded to the doors by the faithful. Bishop Bradley of Manchester, N. H., preached. Bishop de Goesbriand, of Burlington, presented a magnificent gold chalice, the gift of the Bishops of the Province of New England.

The singing of the Sanctuary Choir was notably fine, under the direction of Melle. Gabrielle de la Motte, who had prepared and arranged all the music sung by this choir at the Golden Jubilee. His Grace had a deep interest in the Sanctuary Choir which had been founded with his approval, by the Rev. Sherwood Healy—then Rector of the Pro-Cathedral, Castle Street, assisted by Melle. de la Motte. He had seen it grow from a small band of boy-singers to the splendidly trained musical body of the present day, comprising eighty voices, boys and men. Its first work was to sing the office of Tenebrae during the three evenings of Holy Week and after two years training at the Pro-Cathedral the choir was transferred to the Cathedral, and took part every Sunday at the High Mass—a service it continues to render.

The Sanctuary Choir being unaccompanied it was necessary to have a good bass chorus, so men's voices were added until the Choir attained its present form. It is the only unaccompanied choir in America. While the Archbishop rarely commented on their work in the presence of the members the boys knew when their singing pleased him, by his evident attention. "We did that pretty well," they would say, "His Grace was listening." When the answers to the *Preface* were being sung to his liking it was noticed that his voice blended with the boys, greatly to their delight and encouragement. Palestrina's *Panis Angelicus* was a favorite hymn of the Archbishop, and he loved to hear it rendered by the Sanctuary Choir.

In common with all who came under his priestly influence the boys had the deepest respect for their spiritual chief, and to feel that the Archbishop "didn't like that" was a greater incentive to do better than the most severe reprimand could have been. At the choir supper, which His Grace never failed to attend, he was pleasantly informal in manner and talked to the members about base-ball, rowing and other pursuits favored by them. A promise made by the Archbishop to marry members of the choir was religiously kept, whenever the honor was claimed. One of the happy events at which His Grace officiated within quite recent years was the marriage of a mem-

ber of the Sanctuary Choir with a member of the Cathedral Church Choir—probably the last couple united by Archbishop Williams.

The effect of the training and discipline afforded by their membership in the Sanctuary Choir became apparent in the career of the singers after they had ceased to be boys. They are to be found among the clergy, in the ranks of the professions, in business life and industrial pursuits—in brief, in all honorable callings. And from all parts they came in answer to the invitation of the Rev. M. F. Scanlan, the present director of the Sanctuary Choir, to take part in the funeral ceremonies of the illustrious prelate. The Sanctuary Choir of St. James' Church also attended at the request of Father Scanlan, to assist at the Requiem Mass of the Archbishop, who had been the second pastor of St. James'.

Music Hall was none too large for the banquet that was spread there. Stage and floor were filled with tables for the guests, and the galleries were crowded with ladies who had come to witness the memorable scene.

The Rev. Francis A. Cunningham wrote the following lines, which were part of the design on the menu card:

"THROUGH FIFTY YEARS CHRIST'S FAITHFUL SERVANT."

"Thou shalt sanctify the fiftieth year, because it is the year of Jubilee."—Lev. XXV. 10.

Some lives are garlands; every passing year
An interwoven flower of kind
And hue diverse, and frame to bind
About the brows we honor and revere.

And some are harps, that add each year a string
Of richest metal 'till the whole
Makes golden music in the soul,
When jubilees their days of joyance bring.

Cardinals Gibbons and Satolli sat at either side of the Archbishop, the honored jubilarian of the occasion.

Cardinal Satolli presented the Pope's gift, a gold medal,—which had been struck in 1893, for the Holy Father's fiftieth anniversary in the priesthood—and said in part:

"To me, therefore, it is an honor and a pleasure and one to be remembered all my life, to be here to-night and to offer, while offering my own sincerest and warmest congratulations, a loving and paternal salutation of Leo XIII., and his fervent good wishes that God may continue to bless and to preserve to the church of Boston the beloved Archbishop Williams."

Cardinal Gibbons then offered the congratulations of the American Episcopate, concluding with the words:

"And now allow me, most reverend brother in Christ, to offer you my most sincere congratulations on this auspicious occasion, in the name of the most reverend apostolic delegate, in the name of the most reverend and right reverend colleagues, and in my own. I well know how distasteful to you is any personal allusion to yourself; but there are times and occasions when private and personal feelings must be sacrificed to the imperative demands of public recognition. And this is one of those supreme moments of your life when you are placed in the hands of your friends.

"We have learned to admire and love you for your sterling honesty of purpose, for your candor and straightforwardness of character and for all those qualities of the mind and heart that make the man. There is no prelate of the American Church in whose judgment we have placed more implicit reliance than in yours. Even when you were younger in years we looked up to you as a judicious counsellor.

"But now we claim you as our Nestor in years, as well as in wisdom.

"May your years be prolonged like those of your namesake and patron, St. John the Evangelist. May you live to celebrate your diamond jubilee. May you long be spared to be the ornament of your clergy, the guide of your people and the pride and glory of the American episcopate."

Governor Greenhalge made a forceful and telling address from which we quote the following passage:

"Friends and fellow-citizens, I consider it eminently fitting that I should bring the congratulations of the Commonwealth to this day of golden jubilee of your beloved Archbishop. I came here to pay my tribute, official and personal, to him as a man of God, and as a man of humanity, as the boy of Boston, and as the citizen of Massachusetts. Coming here tonight, I can say with a full and earnest heart, the fifty years of godly, righteous and sober life which you have met to recognize is something which comes home even to the narrowest bigotry and to the

meanest mind. These things in a saintly life may be read of all men and understood by all men. I have found the great and good Archbishop a true citizen of the Commonwealth. In the official affairs of the Government he has given ready aid to the authorities in difficult matters, and his broad spirit and liberality have never been found wanting. So I want to say here that I have found him always loyal to the stainless purity of all blameless lives . . . To the Most Rev. Archbishop I give my warmest congratulations, my deepest and best wishes for the future, and as this day goes into the past, freighted with the glories and the blessings of all good and earnest men and women, may the fragrance that comes from it, and may the melodious echoes that come from it, sweeten and make musical and beautiful the future, from generation to generation."

The Rev. Edward Everett Hale, in addressing a gathering of children, paid the following tribute to the Archbishop of Boston, at the time of his Golden Jubilee:

"Do the orphan children scattered in more than one home in Massachusetts remember that there is another father beside their Father in heaven, who thinks of them every day, and prays for them every day, and who, though they seldom see him, is caring for them always? Dear children, you have kind friends who see that your breakfast and dinner and supper are prepared for you, that your clothes are nice clothes and that you study from good books.

"These friends have given their lives to making your lives pure and good and happy. These friends are encouraged and helped forward in all this life by Archbishop Williams, whose jubilee is being celebrated today, and who has made himself the helper and friend of thousands of people who never saw him and never knew him.

"Take care, dear children, when you say your prayers tonight to thank God that in His providence such a man has been willing and been able among a hundred other cares, to take care of you and those who are like you."

And Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, who was three years old when John Joseph Williams was born, eulogized the achievements of his life in this poem:

ARCHBISHOP WILLIAMS' JUBILEE.

Fifty years of faithful service,
  Saintly record and renown;
Better than the poet's laurels,
  He shall wear the patriarch's crown.

Let the generations gather,
  Young and old their tributes blend,
For the orphan calls him father,
  And the suffering call him friend.

In the name of God most holy
  Did this champion take the field;
For the love of Christ the lowly
  Has he ministered and healed.

Benedictions at the altar
  Hath he called on many a head;
It is now your turn to bless him
  Who has given you heavenly bread.

Let the generations gather!
  Thanks and prayers to Heaven ascend,
To the everlasting Father,
  For the Master, Teacher, Friend!

The Rt. Rev. Mgr. Magennis spoke for the priests of the Archdiocese, presenting their gift; Mr. Thomas B. Fitzpatrick for the Catholic laity, and Alderman Allen, on behalf of Mayor Curtis, for the city of Boston.

Archbishops Corrigan, Ryan and Ireland were there; Archbishop Elder,—also older in years than Archbishop Williams; —all made addresses of congratulation. Bishop Lawrence of the Episcopal Church came to contribute his meed of congratulations and good wishes. Some dozen bishops, and probably two hundred priests from various parts of the country, with many prominent and representative laymen from all parts of New England, made up an assemblage as distinguished and representative as one ever meets in the course of a lifetime, and which only the favored few have the privilege of meeting at any time. A purse of $50,000 had been made up to honor the fifty golden years that were the occasion of the celebration, and after the check had been presented to His Grace he rose to express his thanks for the generous gift he had received and his appreciation of all that had been done in his honor. The warmth of his reception by the vast assembly must have convinced him that his labors of fifty years had not been altogether in vain, and though he never looked for human applause or reward in anything he did, yet the assurance of such warm sympathy and appreciation on the part of those for whom he had labored must have

been to him in the highest degree pleasing and consoling.

In replying to the various speakers His Grace uttered these memorable words about the State and the City of his birth:

"We thank His Excellency, the Governor, and the good old Commonwealth, a Commonwealth which has made her mark in our country, a Commonwealth with her own peculiarities. Some find her cold and stern, but those who know her find her warm of heart.

"Whatever qualities she may have, she has held one from old times, and that is respect for religion. Men may deny the existence of God, or of His power over this world, they may belong to any denomination, but it is not yet fashionable in this State of Massachusetts to proclaim your infidelity. No man need be ashamed anywhere in Massachusetts to declare that he is a Christian.

"Again we are particularly happy to have the city of Boston represented here, the good old city of Boston. I was born in the town of Boston. and when I first remember it, it was a city of lanes and alleys and courts and crooked streets, but now we have the greater Boston turning out a beautiful city.

"I have always lived in it, and except the years I spent in college I have lived in Boston from the time I was born. I have therefore loved it, and do love it above all else on earth. I am accustomed to its ways. I know many of its people, though I am not acquainted in the last years with many of those who govern the city; yet I remember when I was a boy I knew all the Catholics in the city, for we all went to one church. When I was in the Cathedral afterward I knew everybody in the parish, and when I went to St. James' I knew them all there, but since I became bishop it was impossible for me to know the one-hundredth part of those I work for and care for and love.

"This has been for me a day of many emotions, when I have heard a great deal more than I think I deserve, a great deal of exaggeration, of what has been done by attributing to me work I have only been a part of; for I am only the standard bearer, and have been for twenty-nine years, and when you salute the standard bearer you salute all those who are found with him.

"He represents them, but he did not do all the work—they did it with him, but he represents the whole of them. And if he is a sensible man he will take his share of it and give to those who were not known at the time a part in the work which they did, and by which they made his work fruitful.

"And now, after keeping you so long, I only ask of Almighty God to save this whole country from future disturbance, to preserve it in union, to look with favor upon New England, to save the old Commonwealth of Massachusetts—and one word more—to give a special grace to dear old Boston."

At the reception given by the Catholic Union His Grace improved the opportunity to impress on the representative gathering the duty of the Catholic layman in regard to the public:

"We do not wish Catholics to go out on the highways or into other churches or halls and attack others, to whatever denomination they may belong. Above all, we do not want Catholics, and we would condemn Catholics, who would go out and gather up falsehoods and accusations, and bring them before the puhlic. No aggressive Catholics of that kind; but no cowards either.

"Where our religion is attacked, it is our duty to stand up for it. When there are calumnies, it is our duty to answer them when it is prudent; when it can be of any use. No controversies, but charity and truth. . . .

"If we wish to tell the truth, we should proclaim it simply; honestly lay it before those who do not know it. If they are sincere of heart they will see it; if they see no anger in our hearts against them, they will be tempted to listen to us, especially if we do not wound their pride. But the moment you touch their pride, instead of listening to the truth, they are trying to find out how they can strangle it.

"Therefore, I say we want no aggressive Catholics. But we want Catholics strong, steadfast, firm, not afraid of anyone, ready to defend their faith, ready to speak the truth; but they should know how to speak it and to live it."

A poetic tribute to the beloved jubilarian that fittingly set forth his high merit was the following ode, written by Miss Katherine Eleanor Conway, for the Golden Jubilee:

A JUBILEE OF JUSTICE.

(For the Golden Jubilee of the Priesthood of the Most Rev. John J. Williams, D.D., Archbishop of Boston. 1845–1895.)

This is a Jubilee of Justice. Seek,
If ye the shining virtue's praise would speak
Of him for whom we make a joy of it,
In the terse, golden phrase of Holy Writ.
"A just man,"—this the Holy Spirit saith
Of him who toiled for Christ at Nazareth.

Oh, Justice is of virtues kingliest,—
Strength of the weak, relief of the oppressed.
Naught dazzles, films, nor dims its steady eyes,
Piercing fine-woven webs of sophistries;
Seeing the limit of the longest fame,
Its heart unmoved by either praise or blame—
What to the Judge is mortal voice or pen,
When to his verdict angels say, Amen.

Oh, we may trust his mercy fearlessly
In whom of God-like justice most we see.
And justice is the safety and the pride
Of all beneath his righteous rule who bide
And for his life rejoice, and fervent pray
Make strong his heart, O Lord, and long his sway!

Oh, strength in silence! Few the words and plain
From fifty years of labor that remain
To justify the gleaner fain to tell
"Thus spake he when a certain chance befell.',
But passing words that please the shallow sense,
His noble works' abiding eloquence—
They stand and speak for him on every side,
Temples of God and Knowledge opened wide,
Houses of rest and healing, shrines of peace
Whence prayers like incense rising never cease.
How came they? Oh, as light comes, silently,
And as persuading. They as beacons be,
Steadfast and quenchless, wheresoever set
And heavenward pointing. Speak the people's debt
Unto their silent architect and praise
The God who gave him for his length of days.

Oh, Generous, and Just, and Silent, we
For golden years keep golden jubilee.
Bear with our praises, thou who lovest not praise,
As father with his children, when they raise
Their voices round his hospitable hearth
In token of their honor and his worth,
Love and self-love, as now, in every tone,
For all thou art, and that thou art our own.

EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

The next notable event that marked another milestone in the life of the prelate was the observance of his eightieth birthday, April 27th, 1902. At the dinner tendered by the clergy, the Archbishop made known that the Holy Father had honored two of his priests—by elevating them to the rank of monsignor. The recipients of this honor were the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Byrne, and the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Teeling. On this occasion His Grace spoke of expecting the summons to cease his labors, and of his gratification that the church property was in such satisfactory financial standing. Among other things, he said:

"My first duty is to express my great satisfaction at the apostolic and affectionate words of the bishop, who represents the brother bishops of New England. We have labored in the same province, and it was always a pleasure to meet them. There was union, strong and steadfast, one mind, one sentiment, affection for one another, hence respect and happiness.

"To you, the reverend clergy of the diocese, I can say in all the sincerity of my heart, 'you are mine.' As our Lord said to St. Peter once, twice, a third time: 'Peter, lovest thou me?' and Peter said: 'Lord, thou knowest that I love you,' so I can say today: 'The Lord knows that I love you.' Such is the supreme affection in which I live and in which I hope to die.

"Today I need not recall the events of the past thirty-six years, for they are known, but the assistance given promptly, generously and heartily by the clergy comes back to me in a vision of delight. When the great and lamented Bishop Fitzpatrick laid aside the duties of his office, and was called to his reward, the first work was the building of the cathedral on the site set apart by my predecessor. The clergy of the diocese came to my help, and in six years presented to me $300,000, with the co-operation of the people. Other works followed in order of necessity and importance, and whatever has been done was done by the clergy.

"At my episcopal silver jubilee there was a generous gift; at my golden sacerdotal jubilee one still greater. When the seminary was proposed, again the clergy came forward with $120,000, not including the burses.

"Thus the work went on from year to year with great success and satisfaction. We must remember, it is true, that we are going forward with the rising tide. From 1872 to 1902 our Catholic population has doubled, hence the steady, lasting work was necessary, and has been done. I wish to say openly and clearly that it was not mine alone, The one who guides the helm on a great steamship does not move the ship, the steam is the power, and all who labor on the boat to produce the steam deserve the credit. The work is ever increasing, for our numbers are growing ever larger.

"It is marvelous to watch how God in His goodness has provided for each hour and work, and how He has given the continuous co-operation, hearty good will and generous assistance of priests and people, for in all the works the people have faithfully and lovingly shared. One instance of their combined efforts tells the story, for in one fair $90,000 was raised. Looking back, therefore, we recognize how good God has been.

"As we are now approaching the end, and may expect at any hour the call from God, it is a source of great delight to know and to say that the cathedral, the bishop's house, the two charitable homes nearby, and the seminary are free from any outside claim or mortgage.

"Lastly, if God were to call me this very day I wish to say that all I hold as individual, priest and archbishop of Boston will belong to the future archbishop of this see.

"I cannot speak all the thoughts of my mind or the feelings of my heart on such an occasion, but you know and appreciate them. Thanks, therefore, to one and all who came to rejoice with me on this memorable birthday. You have shown your affection for me and your thanks to God for my health and energy. I return to you my heartfelt affection and gratitude, and say farewell."

CENTENARY OF HOLY CROSS.

Reference has been made here already to the last great public function in which the Archbishop appeared as the leading speaker—the centenary of the building of the first Catholic church in Boston. Every feature of the program is fresh in the memory of all who were present, four years ago, in Symphony Hall.

Commenting editorially on the celebration, the *Boston Globe* remarked in particular the conciseness of His Grace's reply:

The speeches at the Symphony Hall meeting Tuesday were notably up to the level of their theme. The simple, unstudied remarks of the venerable Archbishop of Boston had in them that true eloquence which, without art, without design, touches and stirs the emotions. Mark the modest yet graphic way in which Archbishop Williams compressed into a brief paragraph his autobiography:

"My father came to Boston in what I think to be the first vessel that brought passengers from Ireland directly to Massachusetts. My parents were married in the Cathedral. The day after my birth I was baptized in the Cathedral. At five years of age I went to the new school of the Cathedral. I spent six years in that school, and as soon as I had finished my studies for the priesthood I came back to the Cathedral, and now for fifty-eight years I have been in the parish of the Cathedral."

That summary of his long life is as severely plain as the life itself has been. The Archbishop's has been from the beginning a career of constant devotion. He has had a great practical work to do and has done it in the upbuilding of his important and populous diocese, in expanding it from a bishopric to a metropolitan see.

This work has required of him rare generalship in the department of organization, but he has been a general who has shunned parade and conflict. It has required of him the ability of a man of business in the development and care of the great estate of his church in this diocese. Yet on his eightieth birthday, last year, this prelate, who has controlled the investment and expenditure of many millions of dollars, quietly announced to his clergy that at his death all the property of which he should die possessed would pass to his successor in the archbishopric, with the single exception of a $2,000 life insurance policy, taken out nearly fifty years before and which he would reserve to his private estate. Nothing could better illustrate the high standard of a spiritual life.

APPOINTMENT OF A COADJUTOR.

Though mentally active as ever, age was beginning to tell on the Archbishop, and both failing sight and lessened strength rendered him unequal to the strain of public functions, even though the burden was shared with his Auxiliary. And so application was made at Rome for a Coadjutor, with right of succession, and the Rt. Rev. William H. O'Connell, D.D., was appointed by the Holy Father. Some months later, when addressing the clergy of the archdiocese, assembled in the Cathedral, the Coadjutor-Archbishop told of the influence his superior had had upon his life through words spoken twenty-five years before. After dealing with other issues, Archbishop O'Connell related the incident that had turned his thoughts to Rome:

"And now I am going to speak last of all of that which will be forever first in my mind and heart; my duty paramount, that which I owe to my chief in this see, the Archbishop of Boston.

"It is all summed up in one word—devotion. Words are frequently difficult. Now they are well nigh impossible. I am here to serve him as he wishes, no more than that if so he will—certainly not less. We stand to each other as father and son. But, as often happens, even when such relations are of blood and bone, the resemblance is scarcely visible. The strong and unique personality of the father of this diocese will never have a counterpart, as it has never had a peer. The first Archbishop of Boston will be for all of us here present its only great archbishop. No attempt to imitate his personality could have any other result than to travesty the great original. That at least I shall have the good sense not to attempt. I shall be content to enshrine in my memory the image of that royal figure, and then endeavor only to be, not what he is, but my best self. If imitation is the sincerest flattery, it is only flattery after all—and that he always despised—I know better than to offer it.

"No one could have greater reason, as I believe no one could have a greater desire to be all that one can in duty and devotion to my superior, His Grace, than I. But until today no

one but myself has known the greatest reason of all. I have kept my secret for a quarter of a century. Today I am proud to reveal it on the very spot where it happened.

"Here in this very Cathedral twenty-five years ago I assisted at the funeral of a Lowell boy, John Smith. The lifeless body of that brilliant and devoted priest lay just before where I stand. The archbishop arose above the remains of his child in God and tenderly told the story of that all too brief career. His words that day are still fresh in my memory—they meant too much to me ever to be forgotten. At the close of that eloquent eulogy he turned toward the dead priest and said with a grand simplicity of words which is his own: 'His great love for Rome, where he passed his student years, enkindled a like flame in all who knew him, and I who knew him best love Rome more for having known him.'

"Then and there for the first time I determined to study in Rome. That determination has affected the whole course of my life. No need to tell you how—the world knows it. Rome has been so much to me since that day, that I would be the basest ingrate if I could e'er forget her. That blessed influence which has been the greatest factor in my whole life I owe to the greatest power in all the world, the ardent words of a good man. These words came from the lips of Archbishop Williams. Everything that has come to me since then I can trace back to his influence; the years of student and rector in Rome, the knowledge of her great men, my ordination, my consecration, the dignity of papal envoy, my present promotion in this great see, one of the greatest in the world, the beneficent patronage of the immortal Leo, and today what I treasure dear as life itself—I dare to say it because he has written it—the special affection and protection of the greatest hearted pontiff the Church has ever known, our present Holy Father, Pius X.

"Here is a debt to Rome I can never hope to cancel, however long I may live, but the first instalment of that debt, I owe in my duty to him who gave me to Rome twenty-five years ago, an untrained, inexperienced youth. To-day Rome gives me back to him, with an experience certainly varied enough, a traveler in many lands who has sought to carry something of value from each, a journeyman in nearly all the varied occupations of the Church's great workshop, endeavoring to acquire skill in each, and at least having failed nowhere. Rome at least knows what she has given back, and upon her judgment I shall confidently rely, whatever my own opinion of my own poor value may be.

"The debt to him therefore is my first and most urgent one now. My whole life cannot repay the other. And in the liquidation of that first great debt I cannot act alone. I must have your co-operation; for though my debt is larger than that which anyone of you here owes, yours is still unpaid and can only now be fully canceled in one way.

"There is now only one thing required of us—of all of us equally and alike—to make the declining years of one who has earned peace and rest, years of tranquillity and happiness."

It was said of Archbishop Williams that few men identified themselves with their calling in life as thoroughly as he did to the end. His interest in his charge was alert to the last day of his existence, and he kept in touch with all the administrative affairs of his diocese. On several occasions after the Centenary celebration, he was seen at public ceremonies—the funeral of the Rt. Rev. John B. Delany, D.D., late Bishop of Manchester, and the consecration of the Bishop of Portland, the Rt. Rev. Louis Walsh, D.D., October 18th, 1906.

At the dinner, after the religious ceremonies, the venerable prelate recalled that he had been born before the state of Maine came into existence:

"When the toastmaster spoke of the separation of Maine and Massachusetts eighty years ago, I was reminded that I was born before this State was.

"I was living when there was not a priest in Maine, and none in all New England, except one in Boston. I speak of this to show you the great advancement our Church has made in New England within this period."

His Grace also attended the consecration of Bishop Guertin, March 19, 1907, and was present at the annual meeting of the Archbishops of the United States, in Washington, D. C., in May. In connection with the development of the archdiocese under his rule it may not be amiss to note here the erection of the various sees:

In 1844, the year before the young Bostonian completed his theological studies in Paris, the See of Hartford, Conn., was created. In 1853 the See of Burlington, Vt., and in 1855 the See of Portland, Me., were organized, while he was assistant rector at the cathedral in Boston. So that it is literally true that Archbishop Williams could look back with his mind's eye to the feeble beginning of the present powerful archdiocese. He had been Bishop of Boston four years, when Springfield was set apart as an independent See. The bishopric of Providence dates from 1872; Manchester's from 1884, and Fall River's from 1904.

VISITS TO HEMLOCK LAKE.

While there were few who could cut themselves away more completely from outside distractions, His Grace realized the need of an annual rest from the routine of work. He had ever been a lover of Nature, and few men found more enjoyment than he in the woods or along the banks of streams. His vacation visits to the Rt. Rev. Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester, have elicited many a quiet smile at the tranquil picture of the two aged prelates laying aside for a while the cares and ceremonies of state to enjoy the prime recreation of their boyhood. For more than twenty-five years Archbishop Williams went with Bishop McQuaid, every year, to Hemlock Lake. Their life there and the circumstances leading to this vacation pact between two men so widely dissimilar in many respects are charmingly described by the writer of the very comprehensive review of the life of Archbishop Williams, in the memorial issue of *The Pilot*, from which we quote this passage:

Bishop M'Quaid himself told the writer how this befell. The Archbishop had been looking for a very secluded spot for his annual summer outing. Passing through Rochester one evening, he found he had a couple of hours before the connecting train for Boston would be in. He walked to Bishop M'Quaid's residence, but a few blocks from the station, looking for the signal which the latter's priests and people always looked for, the light in the library window in the little projection on the first floor—proof that the master of the house was at home. It was burning. The Archbishop went in, and heard from his friend an enthusiastic description of the property at Hemlock Lake which had just come into his hands. Its quietude and difficulty of access appealed to Archbishop Williams. He decided to remain and accompany the Bishop thither the following day. As the Bishop displayed his acquisition, he waited eagerly for word or sign from his quiet guest. On the evening of the second day, as they sat after dinner on the broad veranda, watching the fireflies in the grass, and seeing the lights appear in the little summer settlement across the Lake, the Archbishop broke silence at last: "Well, this is solid comfort!" he murmured. Bishop M'Quaid was reassured. That was in the early 70's. The Archbishop never missed a few weeks at Hemlock during his summers that remained, and as years went by, he lengthened his visits. Bishop M'Quaid always invited some Boston priests and such of the Rochester priests as were most congenial to his distinguished guest.

Archbishop Williams became deeply interested in the affairs of the diocese of his summer home, and in the prosperity and prominence of its Catholic residents. "In Rochester at least," he said to the writer, after his return in 1906, "the foreign-born citizen and the native started with equal chance."

He took great pleasure in the indomitable purpose and the feats of physical endurance of the Bishop of Rochester; while the latter was wont to say of Archbishop Williams: "If in a given case, he were to take a course of action as far opposed as possible from my ideas, I would still be confident that it was the right course.

A detailed account of the Archbishop's last visit to Hemlock Lake, and of the beginning of his illness, was given to the press by the Rev. John B. Peterson, of St. John's Seminary, who for five years had accompanied His Grace on his yearly outing. The determination to pursue his wonted course, despite his weakened condition, was characteristic of the Archbishop.

The Archbishop entered upon his vacation apparently in better health than when leaving Boston during the few previous summers. He resumed his favorite recreations with old-time zest, read a great deal, walked about the piazzas frequently during the day and when the weather was favorable spent the late afternoon hours in fishing. The month of July thus passed pleasantly and while the Archbishop did not show increased vigor as in other years, he seemed as comfortable and happy as ever.

Early in August he began to suffer from a digestive disorder which gave him considerable trouble in Rome in 1897 and again during his vacation in 1905 when, because of consequent complications, he was obliged to leave his lakeside villa and spend a week in St. Mary's hospital, Rochester. Apprehensive of a recurrence of his same trouble he summoned Dr. Wicker, of Livonia, N. Y., the leading physician of Hemlock Lake vicinity, who had treated him in 1905, and in whom the Archbishop had great confidence. The doctor found no sign of further complications, and prescribed simple remedies which brought relief.

A week later the disorder returned and again, on August 12, the doctor was called, but found nothing to warrant alarm or even to prompt the suggestion he made in 1905 that the Archbishop should seek better care in the city. From before the time of his last visit, however, the Archbishop's appetite was growing fickle.

Bishop M'Quaid, his old-time friend and host, had kept the table well supplied with the fruit and vegetables which abound on his extensive farm at Hemlock Lake, with lamb, poultry, eggs and dairy products, of which up to the second week in August the Archbishop ate abundantly and with relish. The doctor suggested a slight modification in diet to suit his condition, but would add nothing except oranges, which were provided.

Yet, from about August 15 the appetite grew to be more and more fickle, craving no solid food, but relishing soups, slightly boiled eggs and fruit. The suggestion of his Boston companion that he return home was disregarded, as he had his tickets engaged for August 20, and he protested that he was quite comfortable except for the lack of desire for food. And, indeed, his daily life was in no wise altered except that from the first of August he no longer went fishing and spent more of his time in reading.

His hours for arising and retiring were unvaried. He said his Mass daily, except for one morning, up to August 19. Ever most careful of his health, he would not be persuaded that his present condition was anything more than something passing. The first alarming symptoms developed on Sunday afternoon, August 18.

Bishop M'Quaid, who had been with the Archbishop for a few days and had, no more than the physician and the others who had been with him, suspected that anything serious was developing, had just gone to Rochester when the Archbishop was seized with a catarrhal spitting from the stomach which, though soon yielding to potions of hot water, left him very weak.

Repugnance for any food but oranges, eggs and toast now set in, but as he had only one day more to stay at the lake he would not leave until Tuesday. Monday was spent quietly and, quite unusual for him, the Archbishop seemed depressed at the ill-turn of the previous evening and its consequent weakness. Tuesday morning found him much fatigued, but after breakfast his strength returned and he was in his usual good spirits in leaving for home.

The journey to Boston was very fatiguing. The train from the lake station to Rochester was an hour late; that from Rochester to Boston three hours late. A breakfast was gotten for him in Worcester station, but he could eat but two oranges. Yet he was stronger than when he left Rochester the evening before and was still persuaded that a little toning of the stomach would set all aright.

LAST DAYS.

The Archbishop returned to Boston on August 21st and only nine days later he passed away in the city of his love. "His death was calm and beautiful as was his life," said the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Denis O'Callaghan, D.D., P. R., who was present at the death of his Archbishop and friend:

"That life of holiness, replete with grand things accomplished, always for God and for his Church, was about to depart from the body of clay, his soul to ascend to God to receive the merited reward. A happy death it was that our Archbishop received. Never will those who were present about the bedside forget the scene enacted before their eyes in beholding what we may call the lion of the fold in this country here amongst us, giving up his soul to God, complete resignation depicted upon his beautiful countenance, content in his obedience to the will of God.

"Before losing consciousness he lay in bed, his face upturned, fully resigning himself and preparing to meet with sentiments of humility and resignation, his Maker, who was then about to recall him to his flock. The clergy of the house surrounded the bed of the dying prelate, and for some time prior to the last moment, he who is destined in the ways of God to carry on the work which he commenced and brought to a happy fruition, his Coadjutor, Archbishop William H. O'Connell, lead in the prayers for the dead which all recited for the departing soul.

"There was no sigh, no pain, not the slightest semblance of struggle, but quietly and peacefully, like a little child, he dropped off, as if to sleep, accompanied by the prayers that were being said and the exhortations of his confessor, and thus, like the true servant of God that he was, he went forth to meet Him who, on earth, he served so faithfully and well and who was to be his great reward. And thus he died —and his last conscious words were of piety."

And the Rev. George J. Patterson, pastor of St. Vincent's church, South Boston, who had been baptized by Archbishop Williams, said:

"The death of the reverend father was a sight never to be forgotten. He passed away without the least sign of a struggle. Through all the years that I have known him he has never been confined to his bed with illness for even a day. He was very regular in all his habits. The room in which he died has been occupied by him since he erected the residence, over thirty years ago. And the apartment was, indeed, simple in all its furnishings—just as simple as the bed-room of the poor man. Archbishop Williams never used gas or electricity to illuminate his room. Always the simple wax candle, and it was in the flickering rays of a candle that he passed peacefully out of the world. His death was as simple as was his life."

Only they can rightly fill high places to whom Heaven has imparted nobility of mind and character, founded on the ideals of principle and of eternal truth. The priesthood of Christ can claim as its fitting representatives only men whose

natural integrity affords a ready soil for the seed of supernatural virtue to increase a hundredfold. And the episcopacy, as it is the perfection of the priesthood, demands the greater soul in him whom grace will elevate to be a ruler in the Church of God. Archbishop Williams stood alone, the sole survivor of those who in 1845 administered the sacraments in the confines of Boston; and during all those years and all those changes, the escutcheon of his honor was stainless. He was ever straightforward, upright, generous, manly, gentle, and just. His life had been a blessing to New England, and in his death New England is bereft of her noblest son.

"Grant him, O Lord, perpetual light,
Eternal rest with Thee."

THE ARCHBISHOP'S WORKS IN BOSTON.

Of his works in Boston alone, no more ample account could be made in limited space, or no more eloquent eulogy written than that penned by Miss Susan L. Emery, for the *Sacred Heart Review*, for the Archbishop's last birthday. There is a special fitness in this noble tribute paid by one whose literary labors had been blessed by the great Archbishop.

"Twelve years ago, on the occasion of the golden jubilee of his priesthood, the panegyric was delivered from the pulpit of Boston's Cathedral by the lamented Bishop Bradley of Manchester, who spoke of the Archbishop as 'Boston's parish priest.' Fitting as the term is to a very high degree, it may nevertheless be questioned whether many of the auditors, or even the saintly speaker himself, comprehended to the full extent the meaning in that title; and perhaps few today comprehend it any better.

"This 'parish-priest of Boston,' what has he done beyond any other man in all Boston's history? Go through her thoroughfares and see! By the aid of his splendid priests, loyal to his will, and proud of his impartial justice, his blameless life, his wisdom, his holiness, he has dotted this city of his birth with churches, schools, asylums, hospitals, to an amazing degree unparalleled by any other man here. Not eighty years have sped since Massachusetts men unworthy of their name—men who were dastards, bigots, cowards, men who warred on women,—basely burned down the Ursuline convent in Charlestown and drove the defenseless nuns into the streets that were less stony and hostile than were those men's misguided hearts. Not eighty years have sped, and yet Sisters of sixteen different orders live secure in Boston, as well as six orders of priests, Franciscans, Sulpitians, Redemptorists, Marists, Jesuits, and the Mission Fathers of the famous St. Charles of Milan. Go from the great Cathedral up Washington Street, to the south and east. Take with you some non-Catholic friend, a Boston man, and let him learn a lesson of what things are wrought here in quiet ways, even as Solomon's temple grew noiselessly in Jerusalem long ago. To right, to left, indicate to him St. Elizabeth's Hospital, cared for by the Franciscan Sisters; the two Homes in charge of the Grey Nuns; the Camden Street Home for orphans and the Harrison Avenue Home for Destitute Catholic children, in care of the Sisters of Charity; St. Philip's Church, St. Patrick's, St. Francis', St. Joseph's, St. John's, St. Hugh's, the Academy of the Sacred Heart, the Home for the Aged Poor, watched over by the Sisters of the Poor whom not even Paris has yet dared to expel from her godless gates. Take him to the Boys' Home on Vernon Street, and let the Brothers of Charity show him their charges; take him to the Infant Asylum

in Dorchester and to the Carmelites' monastery in Roxbury, suburbs of Boston; show him the splendid "plant" of the Redemptorists, the Jesuits' college and church. Lead him back past the Catholic Union to the Poor Clares, to the Chinese mission, to the tiny Syrian church like Bethlehem, to the office of the Propagation of the Faith, lowly and simple but the seed of future great things. Then say to this Boston man that he has seen only a part of what has either been begun or fostered by Boston's chief pastor and parish priest whose name perhaps he hardly knows, whose face perhaps he has never seen.

"What other one man in Boston except Archbishop Williams has given to God in this city churches for the French, the Germans, the Italians, the Syrians, the Portuguese, the Poles, the Lithuanians, and has begun work through two of his good priests among our colored brethren and among the Chinese? Who else has had in Boston a chapel for night-workers, with services before daybreak on Sunday morning; or who has a Conference of St. Vincent de Paul for active workers among the poor, and also a band of men who are night-adorers of the Blessed Sacrament; those giving hours after their day's toil to serve Christ in His poor, and these giving one night a month to watching with Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament on the altar? What other one man in Boston, besides all the other charitable and sacred works already named, can point to a Carney Hospital, a Consumptives' Home and a Daly Industrial School, an Ozanam House, and special work for the deaf and for the city hospitals and the prisons, to a St. Elizabeth's Guild, and to churches by the score?

"Go up Washington Street again, and far, far out to Milton and Neponset. I myself have met with a certain man and I have often seen another, who were said to have been implicated in the blowing up with gunpowder of the first Catholic church in Milton, a suburb of Boston; yet, in my lifetime, in the district of which that short-lived building, recklessly destroyed, may be called the mother-church, there are now St. Gregory's, St. Peter's, St. Ann's, St. Paul's, St. Matthew's, St. Margaret's, St. Mark's and St. Leo's churches, four charitable institutions, and one splendid school and convent. In South Boston, from SS. Peter and Paul's old church have come St. Augustine's, St. Vincent's, the Holy Rosary, the Gate of Heaven, St. Eulalia's, St. Monica's, not to mention Our Lady of Czestochowa, and the Lithuanian church, while in East Boston there are five churches, and eight more in Roxbury and the Brighton district, and in Charlestown three. Then there are St. Mary's St. Stephen's, St. Cecilia's, and also St. Joseph's, Chamber street, once a Unitarian meeting-house, into which, after its change of name, was brought and laid before its altar, in her habit of a Franciscan Tertiary, the dead convert wife of its former minister, Sophia Dana Ripley, daughter of a house well known in New England's annals, and herself an honored former member of that Brook Farm Community whence ultimately the Paulist Hecker came into the Catholic fold. From St. James' Church on Harrison Avenue, the mother church of bishops, whence "Father Healy" went to be Bishop of Portland, and "Father Harkins" to be Bishop of Providence, went too "Father Williams" to be Bishop and then Archbishop of his native place, his lifelong home.

* * * * * *

"Of him, as of his Master Jesus Christ, it

might have indeed been safely prophesied, "He shall not strive nor cry, neither shall his voice be heard in the street." But, thinking of him, one thinks also of a marvelous saying of St. John of the Cross: "The Father uttered one Word: that Word is the Son: *and He utters Him forever in everlasting silence; and the soul, to hear it, must be silent.*"

"That our Archbishop has done all this work in Boston—and we must remember in it the parish schools, taught by the Sisters of St. Joseph, of Mercy, of St. Francis, of St. Dominic, of Notre Dame of Namur and Notre Dame of Munich and the Sisters of Charity from Halifax and from New Jersey,—Archbishop Williams would be the first to say that he has only stood at the head of a great band of loyal priests and people who have undertaken and carried to a noble issue these noble deeds * * * * these strongly laid foundations for the poor, the sick, the little ones, and for the sinner and the saint. The House of the Good Shepherd in Roxbury is in the care of saintly Sisters of the Good Shepherd; and the contemplative nuns of St. Clare and St. Teresa pray for all of us; and all are in the good Archbishop's care."

GROWTH OF THE ARCHDIOCESE.

So much for the city of Boston. To gain an idea of the magnitude of the work accomplished in the diocese as a whole contrast its present condition with that obtaining when the first Archbishop of Boston began his ecclesiastical studies.

It seems strange to think that when young Williams went to Montreal to enter the Seminary he had to travel from Boston to the St. Lawrence by frequent relays of coaches drawn by horses. In 1822 Bishop Cheverus was still in Boston. The Cathedral of the Holy Cross on Franklin street, was the only Catholic church east of New York, and to it, not long before, had come a party from Albany, with a child to be baptized. John Adams and Thomas Jefferson were still alive. The diocese of Boston then embraced all New England, with a Catholic population of less than 10,000, attended by not more than half a dozen priests. It was in 1822 that Boston obtained its charter as a city, and had a population of 45,000 of whom scarcely more than 3,000 were Catholics.

Today—New England has a Catholic population of fully one million and a half; Boston with a Catholic population of probably 350,000, within a five-mile radius of the State House on Beacon Hill; over 1,800 priests in what now forms the Province of New England, together with the churches, schools and charitable institutions everywhere to be found—all forms a picture of growth and progress during these eighty-five years that seems more like a dream of romance than an actual reality and leaves us in admiring wonder how such a development could take place within the span of a single life.

In 1903 the Archbishop authorized a statement of the growth of the Catholic Church during the three preceding decades in which he said:

> Today, after the lapse of thirty years, a marked growth is evident in the New England Church. A new see has been erected, that of Manchester, N. H., which was set off from the diocese of Portland, Me., in 1884. The seven New England dioceses have been formed into an ecclesiastical province with the metropolitan see at Boston. The Catholic population of New England has increased from 754,000 to 1,750,000. Her churches number almost 1,000, and 1,625 priests now labor where thirty years ago there were 426. Catholic educational institutions have multiplied threefold, 351 as against 100, and 142,000 pupils attend these schools, as against 20,000 in 1873.
>
> An estimate of the growth of the Catholic Church in our own flourishing archdiocese of Boston may be drawn from a comparison of the

numerical strength of the Church of Boston to-day with that of all New England thirty years ago. The number of Catholics in the archdiocese to-day does not fall far short of the total Catholic population of New England in 1873–700,000, as against, 750,000. More priests are laboring here to-day than were serving the whole New England Church thirty years ago—552, as against 426. The Catholic schools of our diocese almost equal in number those which were flourishing in the entire province (86, as against 100), while the number of children in the parochial schools, colleges and academies of the archdiocese far surpasses the total attendance of the Catholic schools of the New England of thirty years ago—46,000, as against 20,000.

We can imagine with what mingled feelings of honest pride and self-congratulation, joined with humble acknowledgment and devout thanksgiving to God, the good Archbishop looked back over the scenes of his long and busy life. How he must have rejoiced over the splendid work that had been accomplished! What gratification must have been his when he remembered that in all that had been done he had been privileged to play such a prominent part, and that where so much had been achieved for the glory of God and the building up of Holy Mother Church, all had taken place to a great extent under his guidance, and no inconsiderable portion of the credit ensuing might be attributed to his wisdom and inspiration.

ARCHBISHOP'S QUIET DEEDS.

With all the pressing responsibilities and duties of his high office he found time for deeds of brotherly love and Christian charity—the majority of them hidden from the knowledge of the world, or revealed only to the few. Fortunately for the sake of example one hears now and then of an act such as that recorded in the letter which a veteran of the Civil War addressed to the *Boston Globe*, after the death of the Archbishop:

"In 1898, finding that the records of the Catholic cemetery on Rindge Avenue, North Cambridge, were rather ambiguous as to the interments of veterans of the Civil War, and being aware that a great many were buried there, I thought something ought to be done to straighten the matter out. I therefore interviewed Archbishop Williams and told him of the existing conditions, at which he was surprised, and asked him if he would kindly assign to the Grand Army of the Republic a spot in the cemetery which could be marked and on Memorial day decorated to the memory of veterans buried there.

"He said he would consider the matter, and the next that I heard was that a monument had been ordered, and I was requested to select an inscription for it, which I gladly did. It was accepted and cut upon the stone. Under the auspices of the Grand Army, and with the assistance of the late Rev. Thomas Scully and others, the monument was dedicated.

"I mention the incident because it was so deeply impressed upon my mind at the time, that a man who was burdened with so many cares of his high office and whose time was so valuable, responded so willingly to a request made to him by a perfect stranger, that I have never forgotten it." EBEN W. PIKE,
Past Commander Post 30, G. A. R., Cambridge.

To be absolutely just was his great aim in his dealings with others. In the article published in *The Pilot*, and already referred to here, an instance is given that proves how keen was his sense of justice:

"A small but significant instance of his keen sense of justice may be noted at this time. There was question of fixing the salary of a member of the staff. 'This place is at present filled by a woman,' it was said. 'Can she do the work?' he asked. 'She is actually doing it.' 'Then give her the salary attached to the position,' he commanded. Not only that, but he estimated what she would have had if her salary had been raised at the time that the new editor's was, and sent her a check for the difference. The last week of his proprietorship of the paper he sent for the payroll and gave every one double salary by way of leave taking."

Old residents of Boston, who remember the Archbishop as Father Williams, the Rector of the Cathedral, say that he was considered to be the handsomest clergyman in Boston, strong, tall, and erect in figure, with clear-cut features, and abundant dark hair; his voice was rich and clear, his delivery graceful and fluent, and he had an excellent control of language. Time dealt kindly with him. Though an unwearying worker the Archbishop showed but little trace of the advance of age, until within the last year. His frame remained vigorous, his color fine, and his step firm and youthful. It

is easy to understand how those of his priests who were then seminarians recall the man of handsome countenance, and erect figure, who represented Boston at the Baltimore and Vatican Councils. A characteristic reply was one he made to an inquirer years ago: "How old is Bismarck?" "Bismarck," said the Archbishop, "he's quite a young man yet; not much over seventy!"

His Grace had always been a model of fidelity and punctuality in the discharge of his duties. He never neglected or forgot an appointment; never missed a train; was always prompt and ready when the appointed hour arrived, and always careful and exact in carrying out the minutest detail of the business in hand. He was to be found every morning at his office desk as punctually and faithfully as when he first took up his episcopal duties, forty-one years ago.

He rose at six o'clock each morning, or a little before, and at seven o'clock celebrated Mass in the Cathedral. Eight o'clock found him at breakfast with some of his priests.

Nine o'clock, and he was in his office, going through his mail. In another hour he was ready to receive callers, and until noon his time was pretty well occupied in such receptions. At one o'clock dinner was served, and again he was surrounded at the table by the priests of the household. After dinner he usually took a short nap, and followed that with a drive for an hour or two.

At six o'clock tea was served, and at the conclusion of this meal he retired to his office to work over his accounts or his correspondence until ten o'clock, when he retired, unless something of unusual importance compelled him to depart from his usual program.

His day's service, therefore, extended over sixteen hours, and during almost all of this period he was busy. His only periods of relaxation were during the hours for meals and during the time occupied by his siesta and his drive. The chances were that even during his drive his mind was busy with some of the many subjects presented to him for consideration during his morning reception hours.

For worldly honors he had no desire, and on two occasions he declined an honorary degree from Harvard College. Retiring to an intense degree he kept aloof from public functions and preferred to attend a Sunday School celebration rather than the most elaborate affair of state. Among the children he was happy indeed, receiving their little addresses of welcome and simple gifts, and smiling upon them with true fatherly delight.

And yet this friend of the children, who was like a little child himself in his simplicity, "was great in counsel." and was regarded by His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, as the Nestor of the American Hierarchy. Just before the Cardinal left Baltimore for Boston, to attend the Archbishop's funeral, he gave to a representative of the *Boston Globe,* the following splendid estimate of the Archbishop's sterling worth. Cardinal Gibbons said:

"Archbishop Williams was a most prominent figure in our proceedings, and always possessed a marked influence in the deliberations of his episcopal brethren. He was justly regarded as the Nestor of the American hierarchy. He was a man of solid judgment and of great prudence and discretion, and was inclined to taciturnity. He rarely took much part in the deliberations except that he was an attentive listener. Whatever remarks he made were usually expressed at the end of the proceedings, and always exerted a marked influence on his colleagues.

"He was a personal friend—indeed, the dearest I had among the episcopate, our acquaintance going back to forty-one years ago, at the time of the Second Plenary Council, held in Baltimore in 1866. He was the only bishop at the time of

his death who attended the last two councils at Baltimore, in 1866 and 1884.

"As years rolled on our acquaintance ripened into friendship, which continued unaltered to the hour of his death. We met again in 1869 and 1870, during the Vatican Council at Rome. We spent some six months at the American College there, attending the proceedings. Archbishop Williams made no speech at that Council, but was a most attentive listener to its deliberations. We were again thrown together in 1883 when we, with the other archbishops in the United States, were called to Rome to consider some questions before the assembling of the Plenary Council, which took place here in November, 1884, and for the last twenty years he had been visiting me twice a year, on the occasions of our meetings of archbishops at Washington at those periods.

"I venture to say that at the time of his death Archbishop Williams was the most influential man for good in New England. His influence was always exerted in the cause of law and order, in the cause of peace and tranquillity and in the cause of patriotism. Although he never meddled in politics, he was a genuine patriot. He had a deep and abiding love for his country and her institutions, and he loved Massachusetts more than any State in the Union; and he loved Boston, his native city, more than any other city of the country—a city of whose development and progress he was an admiring spectator for fourscore years. When he was born, in 1822, there was only one bishop, a handful of clergy and a few scattered Catholics throughout New England. To-day there is one archbishop, seven bishops, about 2,000 clergy and nearly 2,000,000 Catholics.

"In aiding the development of religion in New England the Archbishop took a leading part, assisted, of course, by his zealous suffragans and their clergy. He was always the leading spirit among them. He meditated, planned and prayed, like Moses upon the mountain, while his zealous captains and soldiers fought like Joshua and his men in the valley."

Archbishop Williams made four visits to Rome, remaining there for a period of eight months at the time of the Vatican Council. His last visit was paid in 1897.

HONORS TO THE DEAD.

Though the Archbishop's death had been expected—his critical condition having been made known to the public—the tolling of the bells came as a shock to thousands in the city and suburbs, as they counted the eighty-five strokes, signifying the years of His Grace.

The clergy at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross began their solemn vigil immediately after the Archbishop died, and throughout the night they recited at intervals the Rosary and prayers for the dead. On the following morning the official announcement of the Archbishop's death and of the date of his funeral was made by Archbishop O'Connell to the clergy of the diocese. The body of His Grace rested in the room where he had died until Saturday evening when it was brought down to the parlor, encased in a metal casket. The dead prelate was robed in the vestments of his high office, the gold and white mitre on his head, and the right hand holding the crosier. The expression on the face was one of great tranquillity and abiding peace.

Deputations from the different societies of the parish, and from the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and Knights of Columbus, formed the guard of honor on Saturday night, under the direction of two or more of the priests, who recited the prayers. Through the day the sad duty of watching by the bier was discharged by the Sisters of Charity, the Sisters of St. Francis, and the Grey Nuns. Only the clergy and personal friends were admitted to see the Archbishop until his remains were borne to the Cathedral to lie in state until the funeral.

On Sunday morning in all the Catholic churches throughout the archdiocese reference was made to the loss that the Church had sustained, and the example of the illustrious life was brought strikingly before the people. At the Cathedral, Archbishop O'Connell at the Solemn High Mass of Requiem, spoke with visible emotion that told of the sorrow filling his heart. "It is difficult for me," His Grace said, "to come to you with the request that you offer your prayers for the repose of the soul of your saintly

father in God, Archbishop Williams. I know how you loved him and how the news of his death saddens you. He thought of you and worked for you up to the very last.

"This is not the moment to speak of his life. Indeed, that is well known to you. But with all our hearts we must offer our supplications to God for his eternal repose. God has called him home after a long and faithful life of absolute service. God be his eternal reward. And when you pray for him who has passed to the reward of service, do not, I beg of you, forget him upon whose unworthy and weak shoulders a great burden has now fallen."

The sanctuary of the Cathedral was heavily draped and the episcopal throne, the windows and pillars were draped in purple and black. The Rector of the Cathedral, the Rev. John T. Mullen, officiated as celebrant of the Mass, the Rev. M. J. Scanlan as deacon, Rev.

ARCHIBISHOPRIC OF BOSTON.

CHANCERY OFFICE,
UNION PARK STREET, BOSTON

Rev. and Dear Sir.

The long and faithful life of the beloved Archbishop, JOHN JOSEPH WILLIAMS, is ended. He fell asleep in God Friday evening, August the thirtieth, nineteen hundred and seven, sustained by the Sacraments of Holy Church and the blessing of the Sovereign Pontiff

The Solemn Office of the Dead

will be chanted for the repose of his soul on Tuesday, September the third, at four o'clock.

The Solemn Funeral Pontifical Mass

will take place Wednesday, September the fourth, at half-past ten o'clock.

You are respectfully invited to attend

✠ WILLIAM H. O'CONNELL,
Archbishop.

August 31st, 1907

OFFICIAL NOTICE OF DEATH AND FUNERAL OF ARCHBISHOP WILLIAMS.

Thomas R. McCoy as subdeacon, Rev. Thomas J. MacCormack, Chancellor of the Archdiocese, master of ceremonies; and the announcements were made by Rev. J. J. McCarthy. Archbishop O'Connell was attended by the Rev. James A. Walsh, Director of the Society of the Propagation of the Faith, and the Rev. M. J. Splaine, Vice-Chancellor, as deacons of honor.

The tributes expressed from the pulpit and through the press were so numerous that it would be impossible to even mention them all here. A selection from a few will serve to indicate the general trend.

"I have known Archbishop Williams for fifty years," said Bishop Tierney of Hartford, Conn., "and well did I realize his admirable qualities of heart and mind. I first knew him during boyhood in Troy. He was one of the most active in establishing Troy Seminary and went to Europe for professors for the institution. His long life was spent in devoted service to the Church, and the high tributes paid him are certainly merited."

"He was one of the greatest men ever identified with the Catholic Church in New England," declared Bishop Michaud of Burlington, with a grateful reminiscence of personal kindness he had received from His Grace, who had consecrated him. Monsignor Magennis, of St. Thomas' Church, Jamaica Plain, spoke of Archbishop Williams as "one of Boston's truest citizens who had achieved the greatest distinction of any citizen living in Boston during his time. He was a man beloved by all his people and one honored abroad by the Holy Father on several occasions." Another personal friend of the Archbishop, Monsignor Teeling, of Lynn, regarded his superior in religion as a "shining light to all his clergy, over whom he presided for more than forty years. A gentleman himself in the true sense of the word, he always treated and dealt with his clergy as gentlemen.

"His whole career was one of justice and charity, and in blending the two he made an admirable superior. He lived to see the commonwealth of Massachusetts over which he presided as Bishop and afterward as Archbishop and which he divided into two distinct sees, become more than one-half Catholic in its population.

"For this wonderful growth, much, under Providence, was due to his piety, zeal and conservatism. He always had the respect and affection of his clergy and by his death has bequeathed to them a glorious example of a life well spent in the service of God."

Monsignor O'Callaghan, Rector of St. Augustine's Church, South Boston, spoke with deep feeling of the long period through which he had had the privilege of the Archbishop's friendship:

"For over forty years Archbishop Williams has been a close and dear friend to me. Always considerate of the feelings of the clergy under him, he was a man of rare sound judgment, ever obliging and of kindly advice.

"He was a tower of strength to the Catholic Church in America and his loss will not only be felt throughout this city and New England, but from ocean to ocean, from Canada to the Gulf."

At the Church of the Immaculate Conception, the Rector, the Rev. Thomas I. Gasson, S.J., delivered an eloquent sermon on the memory of the Archbishop:

"The passing away of a spiritual leader is always a matter for deep grief. His relations with men are of an order so far above the ordinary dealings of man with man, that when death takes him from us we feel that our inner life has

been strangely affected. For more than sixty years our late Archbishop lived in the metropolis of New England, as a defender of Christian faith, as a moulder of Christian character.

"The spiritual Cheverus was guiding the Catholics of Boston when the life of our lamented chief dawned. His early years were largely influenced by that sterling preacher of the faith, Father Fitton, to whom we owe so much. The lad's love of study, deep piety and quiet, retiring manners, won the admiration of the scholarly Bishop Fenwick, who sent him to Montreal for his classical studies and to the seminary of St. Sulpice, in Paris, for his theological course.

"Upon the completion of his higher studies he was raised to the dignity of the priesthood by the Archbishop of Paris, Mgr. Denis Auguste Affre, who was brutally shot down during the stormy times of 1848. It was this courageous prelate who anointed with sacred chrism the brave young American and bade him be a true shepherd to the flock of Christ.

"After his return to the land of his birth the zealous soldier of Christ passed successively from the position of director of the Sunday School in the old cathedral to be pastor of St. James' church and vicar general of the diocese, and from that to the lofty office of bishop and archbishop. In these points we have the large lines of the career of our departed prelate and we are now left to look back upon that life of more than sixty years as a teacher of Christian perfection, as a leader in Catholic sanctity, and to follow out the lessons and the patterns which he gave us.

"And what is that lesson? His life was preeminently an ordered life. He realized from the start of his priestly career that order and method are essential characteristics of the matured wisdom which befits the apostle. So remarkable, indeed, was his regularity that more than one observer remarked that watches and clocks would not be needed in that part of the city where this tireless worker resided.

"His was a life of duty. No one was more obedient to the whisperings of conscience, no one readier to follow out its behests, no matter what sacrifices they might impose upon him. Conscience was his prophet, conscience was his guide, conscience was the judge whose decisions he unfalteringly revered. It was this unfailing reverence for the dictates of conscience that lent a peculiar force to his words and invested with special dignity his promises.

"His was a life of prayer. No one realized more keenly than he, that the source of priestly strength, and the bulwark of priestly influence is prayer. It is the man of prayer, the man whose soul has grown strong in contemplating the mysteries of the world above matter, the man whose mental vision has peered into the true meaning and the broad application of the teachings of the gospel, the man whom faith enlightens and grace strengthens that is fitted to offer the Christian sacrifice and to stand in the Christian pulpit.

"His was a life of humility. In a simple, unpretentious way, leading almost the life of a recluse, he occupied one of the highest positions in the world wide church of humanity. What words can adequately describe the importance, from a spiritual standpoint, of the Archiepiscopal See of Boston in this home of mental culture. What language can fitly characterize the well-nigh monastic retiringness of our late chieftain?

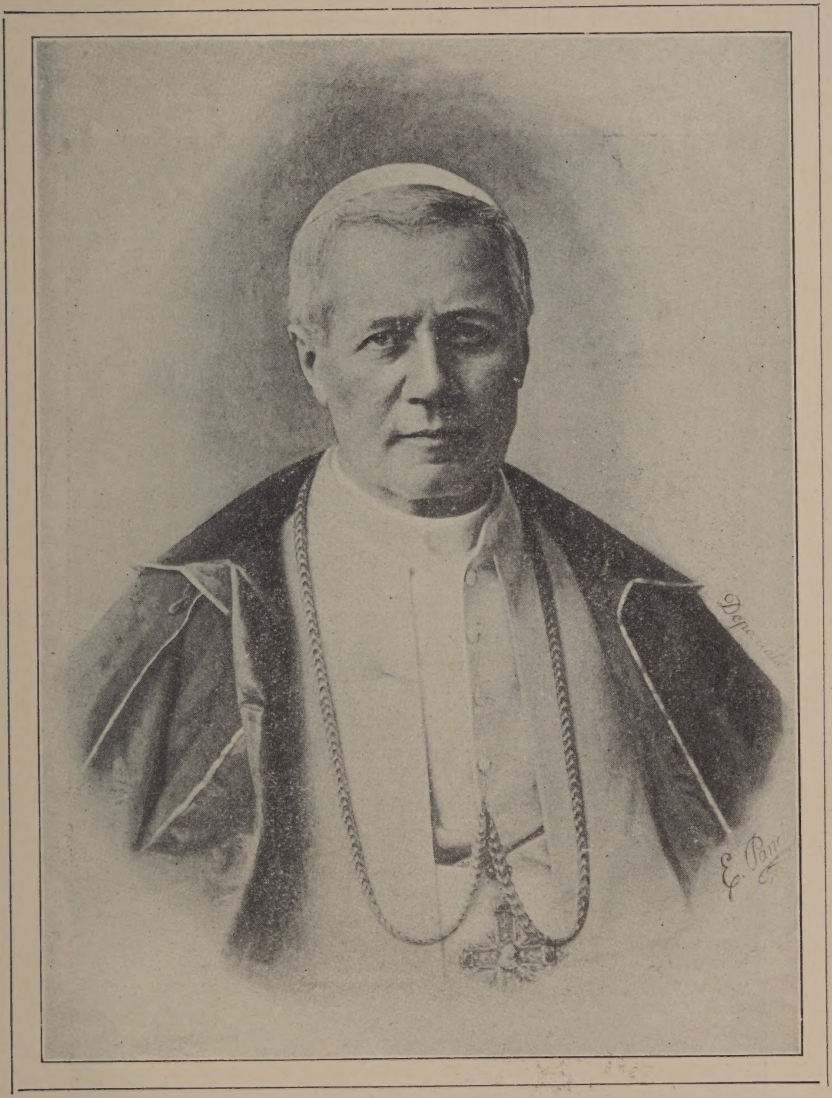
"God grant that we may do our work as conscientiously as he did his; God grant that the same solid piety, the same calm devotion, the same spirit of mortification and of humility, the same ecclesiastical character may stamp our lives and enable us to labor unselfishly for the spread of Christ's kingdom and for the spiritual uplifting of the world.

"In profound reverence, let us lift the voice of earnest prayer for the repose of the soul of our late leader, and for the choicest blessings of heaven upon the illustrious prelate into whose hands his sceptre has passed. Under him our spiritual life will hold its fullest vigor and spread its broadest influence."

At the Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, the Rev. James Hayes, C.SS.R., Rector, gave a most impressive discourse on the simplicity and nobility of character of the late Archbihop, and after reviewing his life dwelt on the beautiful Christian resignation and childlike faith with which he accepted the final summons. A touching act of respect and love shown by the children of this parish was the gathering at the Solemn High Mass of Requiem of three thousand or more boys and girls, to offer up their prayers while the funeral ceremonies were proceeding at the Cathedral.

At Trinity Church the Rev. Reuben Kidner (Episcopalian) spoke in appreciation of the long life, venerable character and loyal service to his church and to the community of Archbishop Williams, and expressed his conviction that the Episcopalians of Massachusetts were in accord with him in expressing sympathy with their fellow Christians, the Catholics of this archdiocese.

"Archbishop Williams was a single-hearted, hard-working, consecrated man," said Bishop Lawrence (Episcopalian). "He was a faithful priest, a devoted worker, and a true Archbishop. He loved Boston, and Boston and her citi-



POPE PIUS X.

ROME, Sept. 2—"I have heard with intense sorrow the sad news of the loss of the great Archbishop Williams who was a truly apostolic, holy man. I shall remember his soul in my Mass."

zens all respected him. In his death all Christian people in the city mourn. I had a high regard for the kindly old prelate, who was always most courteous to me."

The State and City governments through the chief executive of each department and their respective boards in special session gave public testimony to their appreciation of the late Archbishop.

HIS EMINENCE, CARDINAL MERRY DEL VAL.

ROME, Sept. 2—Cardinal Merry Del Val, Papal Secretary of State, sends special official message to Archbishop O'Connell as follows:

"To Archbishop O'Connell, 12 Union Park, Boston: Rome, Sept. 2, 1907.

"The Holy Father prays for the eternal repose of Archbishop Williams and plentiful graces to the new Archbishop.

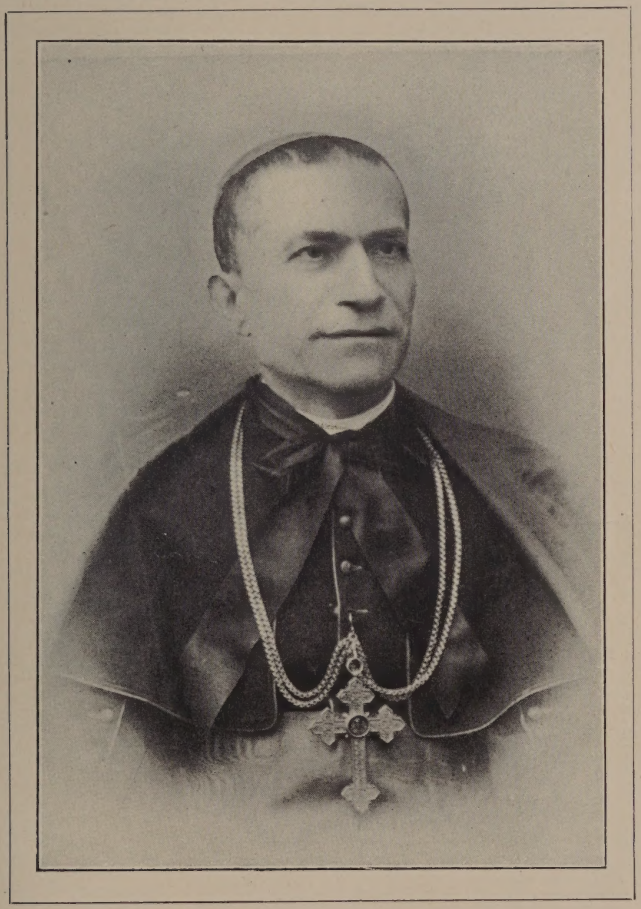
"Cardinal MERRY DEL VAL"

Governor Guild spoke as follows of his personal regard for the dead prelate:

"His blameless life and high ideals won for him long ago the veneration of men of all creeds.

commanded as a loyal citizen of the republic."

Mayor Fitzgerald after commenting on the traits of character which distinguished His Grace and endeared him to all



HIS EMINENCE, CARDINAL SATOLLI.

ROME, Sept. 2—Cardinal Satolli, when seen at the Saint John Lateran church, said:

"I consider the *Globe's* enterprise noble, touching beautifully the American thought. The archdiocese of Boston was formed by Archbishop Williams. His great characteristics were prudence, energy, uniformity and constancy of episcopal action. He was esteemed and venerated universally. Pope Leo held him in highest consideration and had it not been for his humility in refusing, Leo would assuredly have honored him with the purple of the cardinalate."

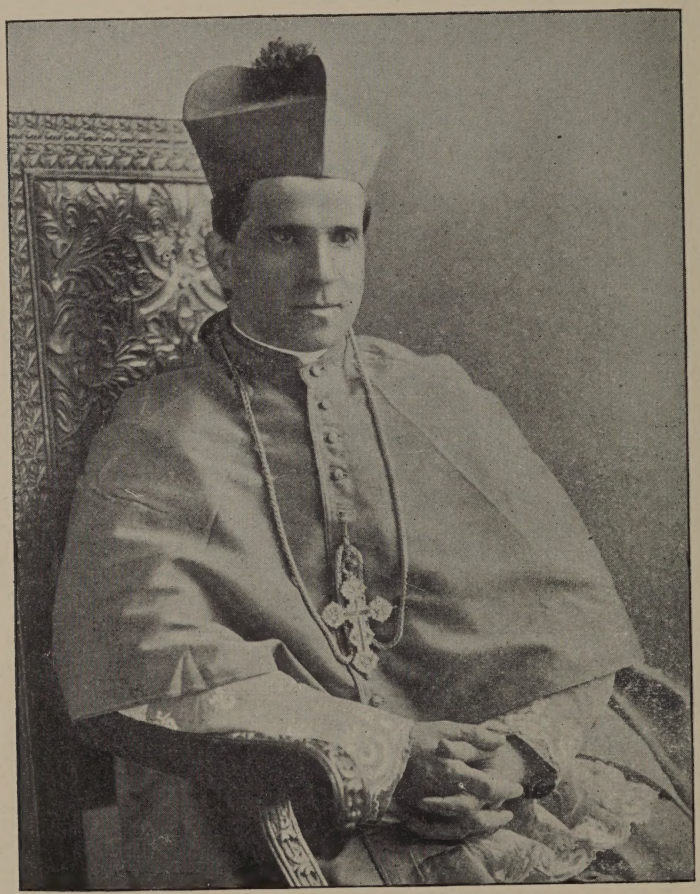
"Scholarly, alert, devout, serene in his intelligence, the unswerving friend of law and order and clean living, the reverence paid him as a prince of the Church was no less sincere than the respect he

classes, making him "Boston's first citizen," concluded his tribute with these words:

"He made no monuments of stone or of bronze. The numerous parishes, the

institutions of charity, the seats of learning—particularly St. John's Seminary in Brighton, his peculiar love, to which he often retired for communion with the young men who were to help and follow him in the work of the Church—the strife, are enduring testimonials to his worth and character.

"His people mourn the loss of a loving father, and the city of his birth and his love to which he gave the full measure of devotion during a long life, has lost a



HIS EMINENCE, CARDINAL MARTINELLI.

ROME, Sept. 2—Cardinal Martinelli, who was seen at the Borghese palace, said impressively: "Archbishop Williams was a good, honest bishop. He has done very much for the welfare of the Church in America."

warm regard in which he was held by all classes, irrespective of creed, the deep impress which he made upon the community when misunderstandings were rife and when his wise conservatism dissipated prejudice and allayed religious superb citizen, and will long miss the inspiring example of true, patriotic devotion and perfect manhood in a Catholic priest and bishop."

The Federation of Catholic Societies of Middlesex County, representing more

than 10,000 Catholics of the county; the Executive Board of the Suffolk County Branch of the American Federation of Catholic Societies, the Joint Executive Committee of the Boston Central Council and Boston Central Branch of the United Irish League; the Boston Central Labor Union, the State Branch of the Labor Union, and numerous other organizations, met to pass resolutions expressing their respect and to appoint delegates to attend the funeral services.

At the special session of the city boards, after the resolutions had been adopted, orders were passed that on the day of the funeral the flags on public buildings

MOST REV. DIOMEDE FALCONIO, D.D., APOSTOLIC-DELEGATE FOR THE UNITED STATES.

"I am extremely sorry to hear the sad news of Archbishop Williams' death and to me it is a surprise, for only three days ago I received a letter from him in his own handwriting from Boston. Though he was advanced in years, I wish that God had spared him, for the spiritual welfare of his people. He was one of the most pious, zealous and learned archbishops of the United States, and his loss cannot but be seriously felt by all."

SCENE IN HOLY CROSS CATHEDRAL AT THE SOLEMN HIGH MASS OF REQUIEM.

throughout the city be placed at half-mast, that bells be tolled during the hours of the funeral, and that the police commissioner be authorized to close such part of Washington Street and any streets adjacent to the Cathedral as he may deem necessary.

HIS EMINENCE, CARDINAL GIBBONS, CELEBRANT OF THE MASS.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, whose poem for the Golden Jubilee of Archbishop Williams, has been embodied elsewhere in this article, said when told of the Archbishop's death:

"Christians of all denominations can unite in rendering homage to the memory of Archbishop Williams, long a beloved and honored representative in our midst of the venerable Church of Rome.

"His life was surely devoted to the

highest interests of the community in which he lived and in which he will long be remembered with grateful affection."

All day Sunday, priests from all parts of the archdiocese visited the house, and accustomed though they were to the sight of death, there were few who could restrain their emotion. Throughout the night the priests of the Cathedral and delegations from the societies were again in attendance beside the dead, the last vigil kept for the Archbishop in the home that had been his for many years.

BORNE TO THE CATHEDRAL.

At nine o'clock on Monday morning the solemn procession from the archiepiscopal residence to the Cathedral took place. After the cross bearer and sanctuary choir came the priests, chanting the office of the dead, the Rev. M. J. Scanlan, and Rev. J. J. McCarthy intoning the solemn office. Two by two the priests formed in line, and at the end the active pallbearers bore the heavy metallic casket in which rested all that was mortal of Archbishop Williams.

The honorary clerical pall-bearers were the Revs. Christopher T. McGrath, P. R., of St. Joseph's Church, Somerville; Peter Ronan, P. R., of St. Peter's Church, Meeting House Hill; William P. McQuaid rector of St. James' Church; John C. Harrington, rector of St. Joseph's Church, Lynn; James N. Supple, rector of St. Francis de Sales' Charlestown; Richard J. Quinlan, of Holliston; Hugh P. Smyth, rector of St. John's, Roxbury; John O'Brien, rector of the Church of the Sacred Heart, East Cambridge; Jeremiah J. Healy, P. R., of St. Anne's, Gloucester; Michael Dolan, P. R., of the Church of Our Lady, Newton; P. J. Hally, rector of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Malden; Joseph H. Gallagher, rector of St Patrick's, Roxbury.

The honorary lay pall-bearers were Mr. Thomas B. Fitzpatrick, Hon. Joseph H. O'Neil, Hon. Joseph D. Fallon, Dr. Thomas Dwight, Joseph A. Sheehan, Daniel Clarke, James Prendergast, Samuel Tuckerman, Dr. J. G. Blake, the departed prelate's physician; Patrick Powers, William S. Pelletier and Hugh Carey.

The active pall-bearers were William J. O'Donnell, Timothy H. Sullivan, Joseph S. Arsenault, James E. Roache, Lawrence J. O'Neil, Hugh Curran, Bernard Donnelly, Walter E. Murphy, D. J. Morse, Thomas F. Taff, John Mooney and Patrick Byrne. Patrick Byrne was the Archbishop's trusted messenger and confidential man for more than twenty years, while John Mooney was his coachman, who each afternoon took the Archbishop on his daily drive.

As the cortege passed men stood with heads uncovered until the procession had passed into the Cathedral. The casket was deposited on the catafalque just outside the altar rail and at ten o'clock a Solemn Mass of Requiem began. It was attended by four thousand people, and many had been refused admittance for lack of room. After the Mass the people formed into lines and reverently passing by the bier took their last look at the face of their beloved prelate. All through the day the people came from all parts of the city and it was estimated that at least 35,000 paid their tribute of respect on the first day that the Archbishop was lying in state, and fully 100,000 before the casket was closed on Wednesday. At ten o'clock on Tuesday morning a Solemn High Mass of Requiem for the children of the entire city was celebrated at the Cathedral, and following the Mass the children were formed into line and permitted to pass by the coffin. There were fully forty-five hundred children present. On the afternoon of the same day at four o'clock four hundred clergymen assembled in the Cathedral to sing the office of the dead, and again a vast congregation filled the edifice to the doors.

The chanting was led by the Revs. Hugh J. Mulligan, of Hingham; Charles W Regan, All Saints, Boston; John

MOST REV. WILLIAM H. O'CONNELL, D.D., WHO DELIVERED THE EULOGY.

Farrell, Cambridge, and James Kelley, Newton.

FUNERAL CEREMONIES.

The first Mass for the repose of the soul of the Archbishop on Wednesday, the day of his burial, was celebrated at 3.30 at the Chapel for the Night Workers, one of the most recently established churches in the diocese. The celebrant was the Rev. P. J. Lyons, who has had charge of the Chapel since it was opened.

On Wednesday morning with all the impressive splendor and most solemn ceremonial of the Church the body of the Archbishop was laid to rest in the crypt of the Cathedral of the Holy Cross. His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, solemnized the Requiem Mass, and there were present in the sanctuary the leading members of the Hierarchy. The gathering was representative of the Church of the United States and practically all of the diocesan clergy were present, together with representatives of the various religious orders.

Promptly at ten o'clock the organist, Mr. James T. Whelan, began the funeral processional as the head of the column appeared—the acolytes and cross bearer. They were three of the altar boys of the Cathedral, George McLaughlin, cross bearer, Stanton Gorman and Terence Gordon, acolytes. They had acted in the same capacity for years in processions in which the Archbishop had participated. Next came the Sanctuary Choir, fully one hundred in number, and then six hundred or more priests—diocesan clergy, Augustinians, Benedictines, Dominicans, Franciscans, Jesuits, Marists, Paulists and Redemptorists. The Rev. Charles N. Field and Rev. Frederick N. Powell, of the Church of St. John the Evangelist (Anglican) walked at the end of the procession. To the strains of the organ they moved up the centre aisle, while to the right the procession of prelates and monsignori emerged from the vestry and proceeded down the side aisle coming back through the centre aisle to their places in the sanctuary. The prelates and monsignori were seated within the sanctuary rail, and the priests occupied the pews to right and left of the main aisle.

The Archbishops and Bishops present, with their chaplains, were as follows:—the Most Rev. John Farley, D. D., New York, the Rev. John W. McMahon, D. D., of Charlestown, and the Archbishop's secretary, chaplains; Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, the Rev. Charles P. Kavanagh, and the Rev. Jeremiah J. Millerick, of Boston, chaplains; Archbishop Moeller of Cincinnati, the Rev. Thomas R. McCoy, of the Cathedral, and the Rev. John S. Cullen, of Watertown, chaplains; Archbishop O'Connell, the Very Rev. Francis P. Havey, President of St. John's Seminary, and the Rev. Francis X. Dolan, D. D., of the Cathedral, chaplains; Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, the Rev. Joseph V. Tracy, D. D., P. R., of Brighton, and the Rev. James A. Walsh, of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, chaplains; Bishop Harkins, of Providence, the Rev. Richard Neagle, P. R., of Malden, chaplain; Bishop Michaud, of Burlington, Vt., the Rev. M. J. Doody, P. R., of Cambridgeport, chaplain; Bishop Beaven, of Springfield, the Rev. N. R. Walsh, of Beverly Farms, chaplain; Auxiliary Bishop Brady, the Rev. Henry A. Sullivan, of Danvers, chaplain; Bishop Tierney, of Hartford, the Rev. M. J. Masterson, of Peabody, chaplain; Bishop Walsh, of Portland, the Rev. John T. O'Brien, of South Boston, chaplain; Bishop Guertin, of Manchester, the Rev. C. O'Leary, Chancellor of Manchester diocese, chaplain; Bishop Allen, of Mobile; Bishop McDon-

MOST REV. JOHN M. FARLEY, D.D., ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK.

nell, of Brooklyn; Bishop Burke, of Albany; Bishop Chatard, of Indianapolis; the Rt. Rev. Dr. Hickey, Coadjutor of Rochester, N. Y., and Bishop-elect Feehan, of Fall River.

The Monsignori, besides those already named, included the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Yazbek, Chor-Bishop of the Syro-Maronites; the Rt. Revs. Mgr. Arthur Teeling, Lynn; Mgr. T. F. Doran, V. G., Providence; Mgr. P. J. Harkins, Springfield; Mgr. Hugh Smyth, New Bedford; Mgr. E. F. Hurley, V. G., Portland, Me.; Mgr. M. J. Lavelle, New York, and Mgr. Z. Racicot, Montreal.

It was an imposing scene—the great procession, the vast congregation, the solemn music, the tolling of the city bells, and the clusters of lights encircling the pillars, gleaming in the dusk of the interior for, despite the early hour, a lowering sky made even out-of-doors seem grey and misty; and inside the rail, on the great catafalque, the quiet figure reposing before the altar on which the saintly prelate had served for so many fruitful years.

Black-bordered cards, having on one side a portrait of His Grace and the chief dates in his life, and on the other this beautiful prayer were distributed among the people, before the service began:

LET US PRAY.

O, God, Who in the ranks of the Apostolic Priesthood has caused Thy servant John Joseph to stand before Thee in the high place of a Bishop, grant, we beseech Thee, that he may be joined unto the company of such in everlasting blessedness. Through our Lord Jesus Christ Thy Son, Who liveth and reigneth with Thee in the unity of the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. Amen.

O Lord, grant him eternal rest.
And let the everlasting light shine upon him.
May he rest in peace. Amen.

His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, was the celebrant of the Mass. The Rt. Rev. Mgr. William Byrne, D.D., Vicar-General under Archbishop Williams, was assistant priest; the Rt. Rev. Mgr. O'Callaghan, D.D., P.R., of South Boston, and the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Magennis, P.R., of Jamaica Plain, were deacons of honor; the Rev. Timothy Brosnahan, P.R., of Waltham, and the Rev. William H. Fitzpatrick, of Milton, were respectively deacon and subdeacon of the Mass. The Rev. Thomas J. MacCormack, Chancellor, was master of ceremonies, assisted by the Rev. M. J. Splaine, D.D.,Vice-Chancellor, and the Rev. Theodore Metcalf.

The music was all Gregorian, the Sanctuary Choir singing the Proper of the Mass. Fifteen of the students from St. John's Seminary sang at the offertory. The rest of the music was by the regular choir, augmented to two hundred mixed voices, with the quartet, Miss E. A. McLaughlin soprano, Mrs. Christina Galbraith, contralto, Mr. Samuel Tuckerman, tenor, and Dr. F. X. Mahoney, bass.

The seating arrangements were under the direction of Henry M. Blackwell and the Sexton of the Cathedral, Nicholas M. Williams. The ushers included:—

Daniel J. Ryan, J. J. Landrigan, Michael Brown, James A. Taaffe, D. F. Crowley, John H. Donovan, Lawrence J. Furlong, John S. Quinn and William Hazelbloom from the Cathedral and Church of the Immaculate Conception, and those from the Catholic Union were Charles P. Gavin, Joseph C. Pelletier, John F. Morrissy, W. M. Connell, Dr. Max C. von Groll, William Murphy, M. J. McLaughlin, W. P. Hardy, Thomas A. Crawford, P. M. Phelan, James L. White, Thomas P. Cummins, John B. Dore. Edward P. O'Hara, P. J. O'Brien, John T. Mahoney, Joseph A. Lynch, James L. Corr, Thomas F. Hussey, M. F. Lyons, James A. Treanor, George Flynn, Garrett Scollard, James D. Dillworth, John J. Marshall and Neil Divver.

At the close of the Mass Archbishop O'Connell ascended the pulpit and began the eulogy—a noble tribute to the life and works of the illustrious prelate.

EULOGY BY ARCHBISHOP O'CONNELL.

The walls of this majestic temple echo today with the requiem for him who raised them into a noble pile for God's glory. But his lips are silent forever. The majestic figure of Boston's great high priest today still is with us. Not, alas! seated upon his throne of power, but motionless and lifeless it lies before the altar clothed in the majesty of death. Boston's first Archbishop is no more. For days the anxiety of those that loved him grew as the fear grew that the end of a singularly long and useful life was nearing its close. Quietly, peacefully, as his life had been, the end at last came. The hand which had toiled at his task with unrelenting patience, even up to a few hours before death, relaxed. Only a few brief hours of perfect repose in the consciousness of duty completely done so long as there was strength to do anything, and then with the perfect simplicity of his absolute confidence in God's mercy he calmly faced his final hour.

MOST REV. PATRICK JOHN RYAN, D.D., ARCHBISHOP OF PHILADELPHIA.

And today we gather near him whose face we shall soon see no more, and before this altar reared by his zeal, and at

which he so often stood, we offer up the holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the repose of his great and noble soul, and we try to recall something of the greatness and holiness of his consecrated life.

Would that someone else than I might speak to you the solemn lesson of his life and deeds. Those who knew him longest and loved him dearly, when requested, begged to be released from a task which they would willingly and lovingly fulfil did not their hearts fail them in approaching it. And if I attempt today so difficult a strain it is only because the priests of the diocese have begged me to voice in some way my own and their last tribute to our beloved and lamented Archbishop. The tension of the last few weeks has constantly mounted to this final climax, and if I am to attempt this sorrowful office it must be done briefly.

I offer this trying ordeal at the same time as a poor and halting act of filial devotion to my father in God who has entered the sleep of the just, and to his priests who now are also mine.

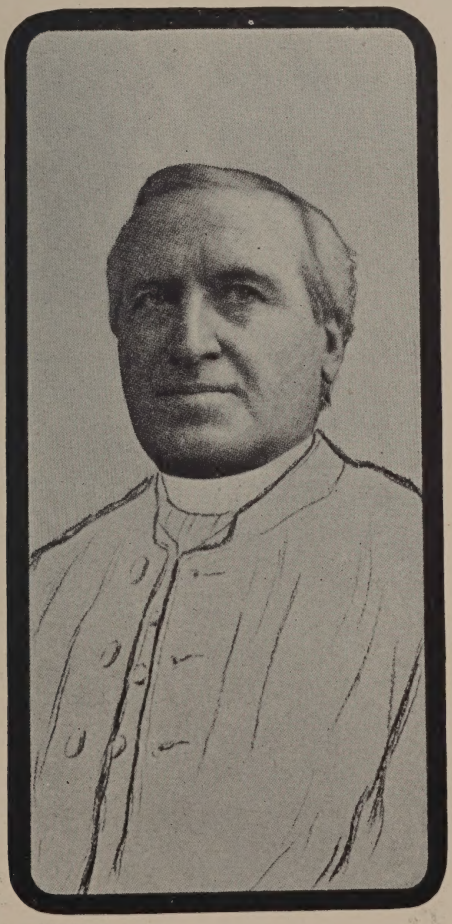
Most Eminent Prince, bear with me if my words come so far short of him whom you so well knew and loved. And you, his fellow Bishops, have patience with the poverty. Not one of you here but can supply its deficiencies. Your presence here and your prayers united in the requiem offered you well know is to him the tribute of affection which he holds highest.

Many of you, Most Reverend Fathers, knew him longer than I have known him, and until lately you had the privilege of the knowledge which only intimacy can give. But during the year that has passed the book of his heart and mind was completely opened to me, and during his brief illness his inner soul, I make bold to say, was revealed to me with such absolute frankness and unreserve that I can unhesitatingly say that if there were those who knew him longer, no one knew him better than myself. As hour by hour he watched the shadows gather and knew that soon he would be silent forever, his natural and habitual reserve and reticence were replaced with a tenderness of manner and a freedom and familiarity of speech of which hitherto no one would have dreamed him capable. And it was during those last hours with his mind perfectly lucid, facing as he knew his last end, in that closeness of companionship, while death was waiting at the door, that he dropped as like a mantle which had covered him his usual manner and revealed himself to me in very truth in all the affectionate nobility of his soul. In that brief week I saw more than years could reveal, and in the open revelation of his character I witnessed at shortest range the most secret springs that energised and motived his whole life.

It was then that much which has hitherto appeared complex in results stood forth in the most perfect simplicity of origin and cause. It was not his custom to give reasons for his action. That he did to God. And so the motives which prompted him often remained unseen. The varied and multiplied results of his field of action, the innumerable fruits and manifestations of his long life, the countless enterprises which he brought to a successful issue, the many-sided interests which he controlled, his high spiritual intuition and his shrewd knowledge of men, his singular dignity of manner and his modesty almost amounting to shyness, his method of long-studied deliberation, and his occasional impetuosity of action, his well known reticence, which at times could break into an unexpected openness and frankness of speech, made it difficult

at times to resolve into unity such a variety of traits. And yet, like the work of God Himself, his character in the final analysis was reducible to the very simplest.

The force which dominated his life was one idea, which with him was ever-present, constantly abiding, and never dormant—he lived in the presence of God. Upon that single thought his whole life was reared. And out of the unity of that force was developed the trinity of virtues which animated every single action which he performed, namely, justice, charity, sincerity. And this triple force was visible in everything about him, and out of this tremendous power-house radiated all the complex energies which, reaching to the very ends of the last of his responsibilities, vitalized them with active and faithful result as lasting as it was thorough. It was no spasmodic force impatient for quick success; it was calm, even and resolute, willing to wait with the patience of God Himself. For results, if not the best as he wished them, were,



MOST REV. JOHN IRELAND, D.D., ARCHBISHOP OF ST. PAUL.

nevertheless, he was confident, those at at least which God permitted. That was sufficient for him, and once he had done his best nothing could disturb him. He knew that God ruled His Church and that sublime faith sustained him perseveringly. To Him he attributed whatever of good came through his instrumentality, and to himself he humbly attributed the imperfection of results. And when matters proved too much for his strength or beyond his control, he sincerely and confidently relied more on the wisdom and power of God than on any potency of his own. It was this attitude at once sensible and supernatural that gained for

MOST REV. HENRY MOELLER, D.D., ARCHBISHOP OF CINCINNATI.

him that imperturbable calmness when another would have chafed with futility. God knows all; God sees all. That for him was strength and consolation.

of his whole makeup. And so strong was this sentiment of his that his very body breathed it out. He stood straight and walked erect. Rectitude was enthroned

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RT. REV. JOHN BRADY, D.D., AUXILIARY BISHOP OF BOSTON.

The dominant virtue of this triple ground-work of his character was his strong and immutable sense of justice. To each his due—that was the keynote

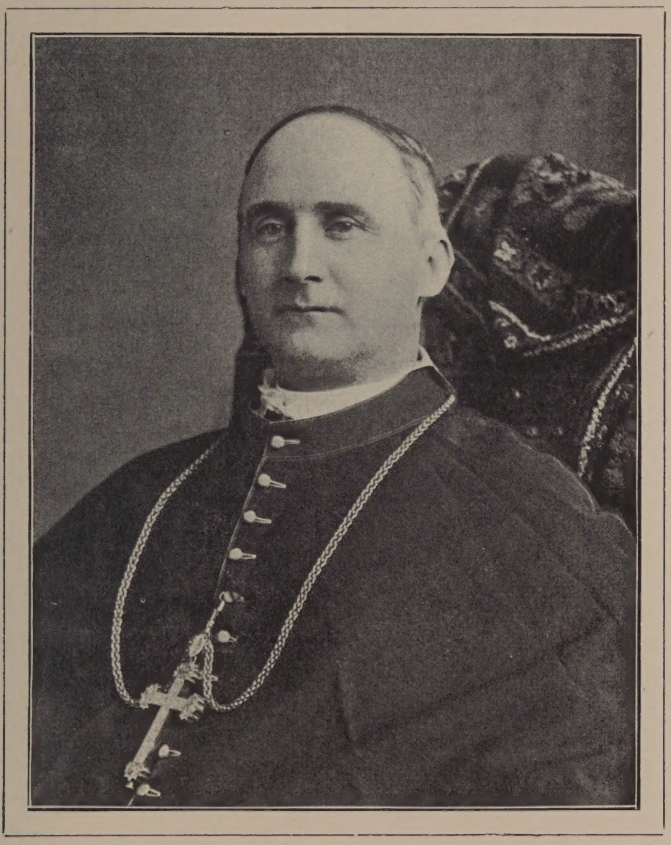
upon his brow. Neither fear nor favor could ever sway him from the perfectly straight line of most scrupulous equity, as he understood the relations of things.

The rights of the humblest and lowliest were absolutely safe in his hands, and he would forfeit a friend, dear as friendship was to his loyal heart, rather than by a hair's breadth waver in his absolute respect of the sacred rights even of those who in justice had little right to consideration. Indeed, so delicate was this sentiment with him, that, lest impartiality should suffer, they were surest of favor who deserved the least. To him law was life. In solemn respect for what the law decreed he was Roman to the core. What is enjoined? What forbidden? What allowed? These questions were asked and answered before he permitted himself a single act which concerned another's interest. And when his action thus judicially was once placed, he neither fretted nor worried about the consequences. And I say without hesitation that no one who ever had dealings with him ever doubted the perfect honesty of his judgment and the absolute disinterestedness of his pur-

RT. REV. MICHAEL TIERNEY, D.D., BISHOP OF HARTFORD.

pose, even though they differed from him in opinion.

It was this which gave majesty to his régime. His dictum—not my wish nor your wish, but what is right—that was the sacred motto, which as years went on made his seat of judgment a tower of strength. In his official life he owned neither friend nor enemy, but he made of his very enemies by his perfect uprightness stanch adherents.

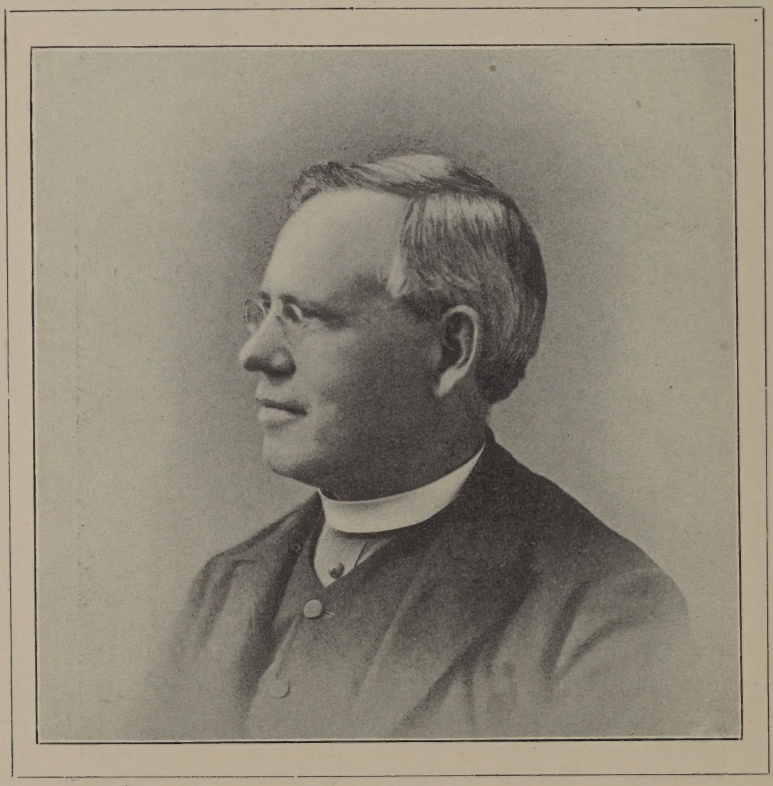


RT. REV. MATTHEW HARKINS, D.D., BISHOP OF PROVIDENCE.

To each his due—that was his law. The law of the Church and the law of the State were each in its own sphere but a manifestation of the law of God. And they were sacred to him not merely in the bulk, but he reverenced their very smallest detail. He manfully enjoyed freedom when the law set no prohibition to his action. He loved freedom as he loved law. In his ecclesiastical station when his opinion was asked he gave it without the smallest regard for what a petty man would consider either policy or shrewdness; and if his opinion or decision were reversed by those above him, without argument or contention he accepted instantly and irrevocably; not in mere outward submission only, but in mind and heart. The law had spoken; to him that was final. And this innate veneration and unhesitating compliance with the ordi-

nance of a superior authority was so natural to him that he could never understand a different attitude in those under him. He himself was a model of respect for authority, and the lack of it in another was like a heinous crime. And this reverence extended not merely to the impersonal law, but was extended to him who represented the law, whoever he might be. I well remember when ten years ago this aged man toward his spiritual chief. He was a nobleman in every fibre of his being with that true aristocracy which is always evidenced by profound reverence for superiors and scrupulously delicate consideration for equals and inferiors.

The laws which governed his civil life also were to him, I have already said, another manifestation of God's overruling Providence, and his conscience was so



RT. REV. JOHN S. MICHAUD, D.D., BISHOP OF BURLINGTON.

I enjoyed with him the privilege of an audience with the great Leo, and the impression which the childlike humility and veneration of the Archbishop, already past his seventy-fifth year, manifested in the most touching manner toward the Supreme Pastor of the Church, will remain with me forever. The youngest and humblest cleric in his own diocese could never exceed the childlike reverence of delicate about their observance by himself and all under him that even in what might appear trivial details he enforced a rigid observance. And the people of this Commonwealth will never know what a rock of strength the sacredness of its authority had in his counsel and his command. He loved his birthplace with an affection that was sacred. The prosperity and peace of this State was the con-

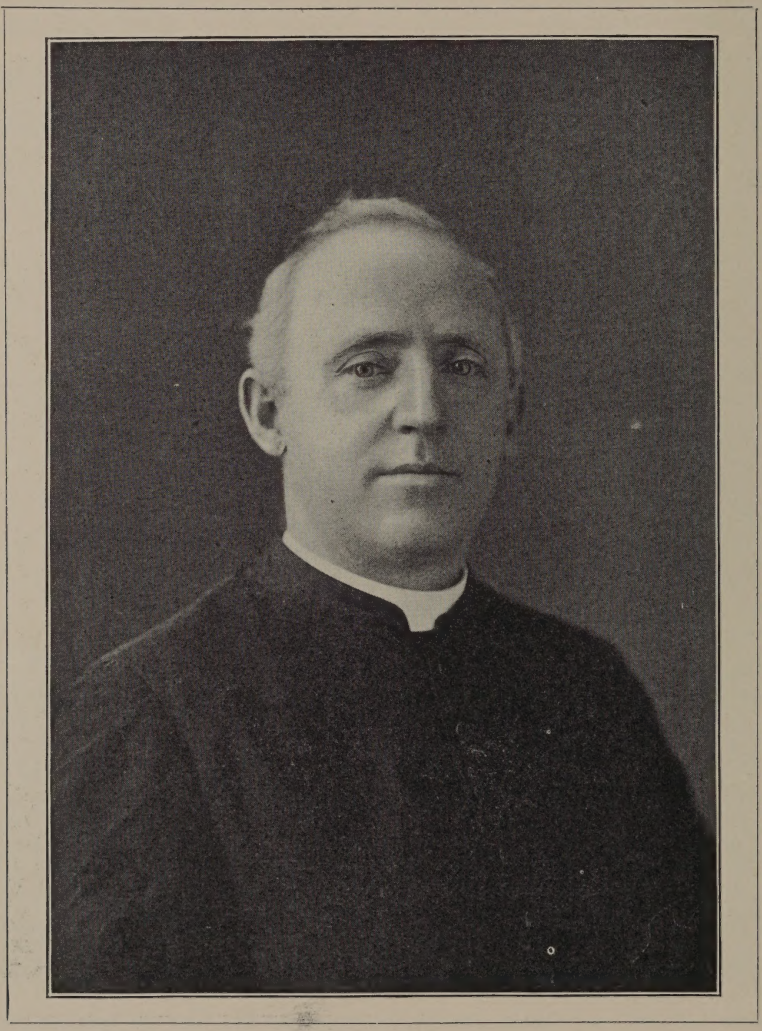
stant object of his prayers; and to the harmonizing of clashing interests he would willingly have given his very life. And he well realized that the only strength of a community must come from the observance of just laws hon-

RT. REV. THOMAS D. BEAVEN, D.D., BISHOP OF SPRINGFIELD.

estly made and faithfully obeyed. And he had no patience with any child of the Faith who failed in this solemn duty. No wonder that with the extreme sense of justice, this delicate reverence for the majesty of law and the dignity of its representatives, he enforced from those whom he ruled something of the sentiment which he spontaneously and ungrudgingly offered to those who in turn ruled him. And, if it be true that no man can be trusted to govern who has not learned to obey, his perfect obedience entitled him to the lofty seat which he held among the rulers of God's people.

The second notable trait of his character was charity. If less manifest to the general eye than his justice, it was in reality even more active in his inner life. It was a strange phenomenon that his

justice was so conspicuous while his charity he constantly endeavored to conceal. It was this peculiar combination which made him oftentimes so little understood except by those privileged few who saw the intimate working of his kind heart. charity he hid almost bashfully, for he sought no glory for himself. Nay, he seemed to resent almost gratitude. The world knew him as stately almost to coldness, but those who knew him only thus never really knew him at all. And

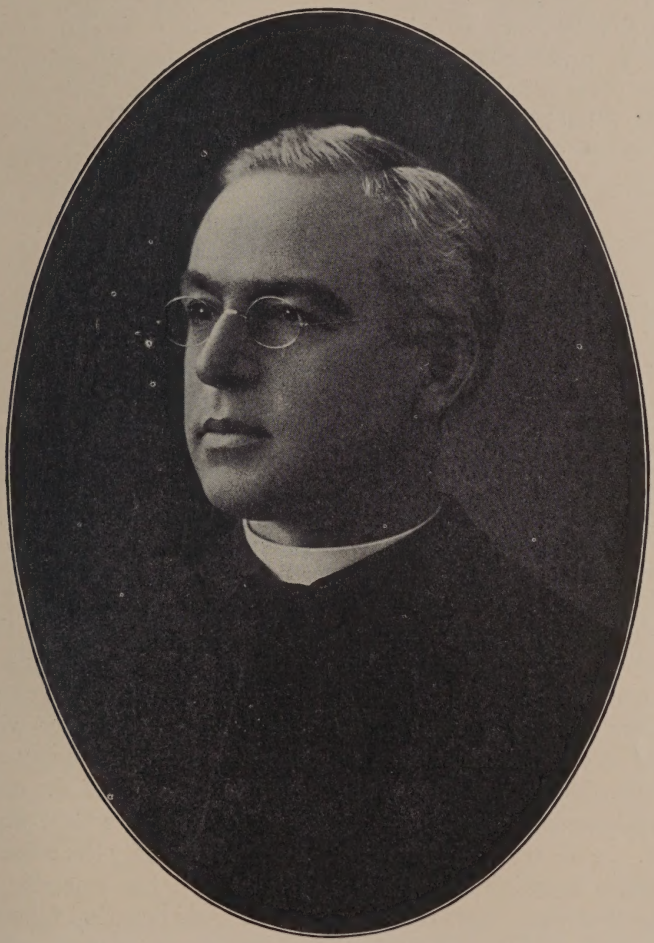


RT. REV. LOUIS S. WALSH, D.D., BISHOP OF PORTLAND.

And that, too, was why those who really knew him were bound to him with an affection stronger than death. His official acts deciding between interest and interest he wanted the world to know. In that the glory of his office was concerned. His he almost feared, it would seem, as if the traits which most kindled affection and attachment might ever be discovered. Few who knew him casually or officially would ever even suspect the tenderness of his Celtic heart. But, though this

revelation was reserved to the very few, everyone knew how he was stung often to open rebuke by one uncharitable word uttered in his presence against another.

He had in his charity a merciful tolerance that was like almost to God's. To those who could walk alone he proffered no help lest it might hurt their own sense of self-respect, but to the tottering and the fallen, like Christ Himself, he gave affectionate assistance with scarcely even a gentle reproof. In this he was generous almost to a fault, but he once said himself that he would rather fail in that direction than err in the opposite one. And in this he must have remembered the words of the Prophet foreshowing the charity of Christ when he said, "The bruised reed He shall not break and the smoking flax He shall not quench."



RT. REV. G. A. GUERTIN, D.D., BISHOP OF MANCHESTER.

In his long reign he suffered much that no one will ever know from the inconsiderateness of others. Little as he appeared to feel it, he shrank from it with the sensitiveness of a woman, but no one ever heard even a murmur of complaint. Much

of his reticence was due to the fear that any slightest word of his might work an injury to another. And even where the fault was clearly obvious, whatever he thought, he either never spoke, or else spoke only to palliate the offence. And I honestly believe that in this trait he was equal to many of the greatest saints of God. And as charity is above all other virtues, his heroic practice of this virtue will give him a place near to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, Who loved and exalted charity even above faith itself, and in whose eternal kingdom this virtue reigns supreme.

Finally the third mainspring of his life was sincerity. His justice, by that I mean his interpretation of the law, might be disputed, for he was after all human and therefore fallible, but his sincerity, that is, the absolute singleness and simplicity of his motives, could never be questioned. He never laid claim to indisputable wisdom—indeed, it never even surprised him that another should think differently from himself. But I am convinced that he would have died rather than be guilty of the smallest duplicity. His opinion he never forced upon anyone who had the right to think otherwise but what he said he meant without cavil or without quibbling. He was so direct both in mental vision and speech that he was almost obtuse to reading between lines or hinting between words. In his makeup there was the most complete negation of anything and everything that even most remotely savored of shame or labored for effect. What was, was, and no artificiality could cover up for him the reality of things. And if anything in the world could arouse him to a momentary feeling of resentment it was certainly deception. No weakness of humanity seemed ever to surprise him, except the cloaking of it. For that he had only abhorrence. Saintly in his own life he had the compassion of the saints for human weakness, if only it was frankly avowed. And this quality, while it kept aloof from him impostors, drew into an affectionate intimacy of sympathy the weakest and frailest of God's creatures.

He always honestly believed the literal words spoken to him. Indeed it is almost incredible that one so experienced should be so credulous. But woe to him who had once deceived him. That was to him a crime which in his singularly straightforward judgment was inexcusable. He believed the best of every man and expected frequent blunders even from the best. As he was absolutely sincere with men, so was he sincerity itself in religion. His devotion was neither affected nor exaggerated. As he lived always in the presence of God, he put on no new mien nor attitude in his acts of worship. There was an added solemnity and concentration of attention—that was all. For the rest he remained his simple self which a life of austerity and retirement had moulded into a very model of priest and pontiff.

Whether he stood at the altar in the raiment of his exalted office, or knelt in the solitude of his own chapel, he seemed like Moses face to face with God. That absorbed his whole being and for the moment all the rest of the universe was forgotten. The awe then which his dignity inspired was only the reflection of the simplicity and the sincerity of his perfect faith. And now that faith has given place we reverently trust to perfect vision and the light of his countenance even now hallows the sacred altar where once he adored his God hidden in the veil of the Blessed Sacrament. And his sincere soul knows at last all truth as it is.

These were the great cardinal virtues of a great life. Why speak even of the great

works which were but the bloom which blossomed on the same tree? God gave him great bodily strength and long years and with both he accomplished results equal to his strength and years. Of late his wonderful energy began to show diminution, but at eighty-five he still was working and still planning. One only day, when exhaustion made it impossible to work, nay, even to rise, he rested. At first even then the habit of years, the strong will, appeared almost to triumph. But death was closing fast; it had entered the door. He saw its awful face and accepted the inevitable. With the same calm and resignation which had characterized his whole life he bowed his salutation to the grim visitor. With touching piety amid the silent tears of all his household he received from my unworthy hands the final Sacraments of Holy Church, in whose service his whole life was consecrated. When all that religion could offer him had been done for him, with a tone of affectionate gratitude which I shall ever hear, he gave me his blessing and with me he blessed his diocese and all those who are laboring in it and his faithful people, whom like Christ he loved unto the end. After that, still perfectly conscious, he was silent, but we knew that his soul was communing with God, whose glorious face he was soon to see. He lay there peacefully until, like the going out of a candle, without agony or a single tremor, death claimed him. No, not death, but life eternal. We are all confident of that, and yet Holy Mother Church begs you to pray for him. In her name let us now over what remains of this saintly and consecrated pontiff join our fervent appeal to God that his soul may rest in peace and that he may enjoy forever the brightness of perpetual light. And I dare add at this solemn moment one ardent request—in your charity when you think of the great and good Archbishop now at rest in God, do not forget him upon whom his great burden has fallen and who still must struggle, even if weakly, to reach through storm and tempest, mayhap, at last, an entrance to the haven of rest into which his predecessor now has passed.

At the conclusion of the eulogy came the solemn ceremony of absolution, five absolutions being given, in the following order: The first was given by Bishop Brady, Auxiliary of Boston; the second by Bishop Michaud, of Burlington, Vt.; the third, by Bishop Harkins, of Providence, R. I.; the fourth by Archbishop O'Connell; the fifth by Cardinal Gibbons.

The gathering of laity was thoroughly representative including many of Boston's most prominent citizens and leaders in affairs of state. The Commonwealth was represented by Governor Curtis Guild and staff, Councillors Barry, Cox, Bartlett and Howe.

The Boston City Government was represented by Mayor John F. Fitzgerald, Alderman William Berwin, Charles M. Draper, James M. Curley, John E. Baldwin, Daniel A. Whelton, Tilton S. Bell, George H. Battis, Francis R. Bangs, Michael J. Leary, William H. Woods, Daniel L. Flanagan and Frederick A. Finnegan.

The committee of the Common Council consisted of Pres. William J. Barrett, Councilmen Bagley, Hanrahan, Fitzgerald, Hayes, Sullivan, Rachkowsky, Kennedy, Lill, Driscoll, Leonard, Sachs, Wharton, Roberts, Daly, McCullough, Fitzgerald, Mealey, McGivern, Daly, O'Brien, Murphy, Clark, Hackett, Morgan, Ward, Davidson, Clark and Cise.

With the City Government were also Private Secretary Arthur Dolan, City Clerk Edward J. Donovan, and City Messenger Edward J. Leary.

The delegation from the Catholic Union consisted of the following: T. M. Watson, F. B. Conlin, J. P. Leahy, Edmund Reardon, P. O'Loughlin, Hon. J. H. Burke, T. B. Fitzpatrick, Thomas J. Gargan, William S. Pelletier, William T. Connolly, Samuel Tuckerman, P. F. Hennigan, M. A. Toland, Dr. Thomas Dwight, P. M. Keating, Thos. F. McEvoy, Thomas O'Callaghan, Hon. Joseph H. O'Neil, P. M. Denon, D. J. Gorman, Charles F. Dalion, D. Driscoll, James J. Grace, James E. Cotter, John R. Manning, M. Driscoll, J. B. Fitzpatrick, Thomas J. Flynn, P. Kelly, Hon. P. H. Kendricken, John J. Kennedy,

James R. Murphy, James S. Murphy, James M. Prendergast, M. J. Sughrue, John J. McAndrew, D. P. Toomey, Dr. D. J. McSweeney, Hon. M. J. Murray, P. C. Barr, James H. Carney, Hon. J. H. Casey, G. T. J. Culhane, J. A. McGinty, Thomas G. Joyce, John G. Joyce, John H. Brine, Peter Daily.

Representing the United Irish League of America were Thomas B. Fitzpatrick, national treasurer; John O'Callaghan, national secretary; Dr. T. J. Dillon, president Boston central council; Dr. P. J. Timmins, president Boston central branch; Michael J. Jordan, Denis O'Reilly and M. H. Crehan and Michael Maynes of the national committees, M. A. Toland, treasurer central branch; Christopher I. Fitzgerald, M. J. Donovan, A. O'Keefe, M. P. Curran, P. J. Slane, Michael Morrison, John B. O'Higgins and M. J. Crehan.

Division 1, A. O. H., of Charlestown, was represented by Denis A. Scannell president, Col. Roger F. Scannell and Andrew Trahey.

Delegations from other divisions of the A. O. H. and the Catholic Order of Foresters and other bodies also attended.

Among those who also paid the last tribute of respect to the Reverend Archbishop were U. S. Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Hon. A. Shuman, Postmaster Geo. A. Hibbard, Hon. John A. Sullivan, Hon. Joseph F. O'Connell, Hon. M. J. Sughrue, Dr. I. L. Corr, Hon. David B. Shaw, Hon. Peter F. Tague, Col. Evans and Major Sammons of the Salvation Army, Hon. P. J. Kennedy. Dr. D. T. O'Keefe, Hon. James Donovan, Hon. William S. McNary, T. B. F. Boland of Worcester, Rev. Dr. E. S. Hatton, pastor of Shiloh Baptist church (colored), West Medford; John P. Manning, clerk superior court; John R. Campbell, Joseph A. Dennison, J. Mitchell Galvin, Dr. Nicholas T. Drummey, Peter Maher, Hon. Peter F. Tague, Dr. William G. McDonald, J. J. Grace, John T. Wogan, J. G. McVey, Charles A. Logue, Ex-Ald. Hennessey, G. Fred Bowers, William F. Donovan, Edmund Reardon, P. O'Loughlin, Thomas Sproules, Dr. E. F. Timmins, Thomas Mitchell, John B. Dore, Dr. H. J. Keenan, Hon. Herbert S. Carruth, Pres. Keenan of the Charitable Irish Society, Dr. Francis H. Keaney, Edward F. McSweeney, Hon. J. M. Minton, Hon. William Taylor, Ex-Senator Daniel M. Lane, Denis A. McCarthy, William F. Kenney, James D. Casey, Daniel F. Buckley, Election Commissioner Melancthon W. Burlen, John P. Leahy, Asst. Dist. Atty. Michael J. Dwyer, Prof. John A. O'Shea, Joseph V. Donohue, Patrick M. Donohue, Hon. James J. Storrow, James A. Dorsey, Chief John A. Mullen of the fire department, ex-Ald. Patrick J. Bowen, Thomas F. Taff, Jeremiah G. Fennessey, Sheriff William M. Seavey.

The City Point Catholic Association was represented by Pres. James M. Porter, Past Pres. Charles H. Slattery, Vice Pres. John M. Quinn, Treas. Thomas F. Sullivan, Judge Edward L. Logan, Mr. C. F. Callahan, Dr. William J. Gallivan and Mr. James M. Walsh.

Among the clergy present were:—

Rev. John J. Frawley, C.SS.R., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Rev. A. P. Doyle, C.S.P.,; Rev. George Searle, C.S.P.; Rev. R. Cartwright, C.S.P., New York; Very Rev. John M. Portal, S.M., Boston, Provincial of the Marist Order; Very Rev. Fr. Kearney, O.P., Washington, D. C., Provincial Domincan Order; Very Rev. James T. O'Reilly, O.S.A., Lawrence; Rev. Fr. William P. McQuaid, St. James' church, Boston; Rev. Dr. Joseph V. Tracy, St. Columbkille's church, Brighton; Rev. Thos. Moylan, St. Joseph's church, Roxbury; Rev. Philip J. O'Donnell, St. Philip's church, Boston; Rev. Lawrence P. McCarthy, Church of the Most Holy Redeemer, East Boston; Rev. Thomas I. Gasson, S.J., Church of the Immaculate Conception, Boston.

Rev. George A. Keelan, S.J., Boston College; Rev. William O'Brien, St. Patrick's church, Lowell; Rev. Edmund Sturm, S.J., German Church of the Holy Trinity, Boston; Rev. Michael J. Doody, Church of the Annunciation, Cambridge; Rev. William H. Ryan, Newburyport; Rev. Dr. John W. McMahon, St. Mary's church, Charlestown; Rev. Timothy Brosnahan, St. Mary's church, Waltham; Rev. Christopher T. McGrath, St. Joseph's, Somerville; Rev. Peter Ronan, St. Peter's church, Dorchester; Rev. Dr. John T. Mullen, rector Cathedral of the Holy Cross; Rev. J. Havens Richards, S.J., Boston College; Rev. John J. McCoy, Worcester; Rev. Richard Neagle, Church of the Immaculate Conception, Malden; Rev. Lawrence O'Toole, St. Bernard's church, Newton; Rev. William P. McNamara, St. Anthony's church, Allston.

Rev. James T. Landregan, South Lawrence; Rev. John C. Harrington, Lynn; Rev. Charles Reagan, All Saints' church, Roxbury; Rev. James B. Troy, Norwood; Rev. Dr. F. X. Dolan, Cathedral of the Holy Cross; Rev. John J. Nilan, Amesbury; Rev. Patrick H. Callanan, Newton Lower Falls; Rev. Nicholas R. Walsh, Beverly Farms; Rev. Thomas R. McCoy, Cathedral of the Holy Cross; Rev. Dr. P. Supple, St. Peter's church, Cambridge; Rev Denis J. O'Farrell, St. Francis' church, Roxbury; Rev. James J. Hayes, C.SS.R., Rev. H. Gareis, C.SS.R., Rev. C. McCormick, C.SS.R., Mission church, Boston; Rev. Henry Grady, St. Rose's church, Chelsea; Rev. J. J. Healy, St. Anne's church, Gloucester; Rev. Michael Dolan, Church of Our Lady, Newton; Rev. Joseph H. Gallagher, St. Patrick's church, Roxbury; Rev. Mortimer Twomey, St. Bernard's church, Concord; Rev. Hugh Roe O'Donnell, St. Anthony's church, Allston; Rev. John H. Griffin, Winthrop; Rev. David D. Ryan, East Boston; Rev. Philip J. Gormley, St. Marys' church, Charlestown; Rev. Benjamin F. Teeling, St. Philip's church, Boston; Rev. Patrick J. Lyons, Carney Hospital, South Boston; Rev. John H. Crowe, Church of the Blessed Sacrament; Rev. Hugh P. Smyth, Roxbury; Rev. James O'Doherty, Haverhill.

Rev. James J. Chittick, Hyde Park; Rev. Michael T. McManus, Church of the Assumption,

Brookline; Rev. John J. Gilday, St. Patrick's, Lawrence; Rev. John B. McKone, St. Anne's, church, Neponset; Rev. Henry E. Murray, Immaculate Conception church, Malden; Rev. Leo Knapp, St. Stephen's church, Boston; Rev. Joseph V. Fitzgerald, Church of the Assumption, East Boston; Rev. John D. Tierney, Charlestown; Rev. Hugh J. Mulligan, St. Paul's, Hingham; Rev. Patrick H. Billings, St. Bridget's church, Abington; Rev. Edward J. Moriarty, St. Peter's, Cambridge; Rev. John E. Crowley, St. John's, Hopkinton; Rev. George J. Patterson, St. Vincent's church, South Boston; Rev. Timothy J. Holland, Maplewood; Rev. Denis J. Wholey, Church of the Sacred Heart, Newton; Rev. Henry H. Sullivan, Church of the Annunciation, Danvers; Rev. Michael Ronan, St. Michael's church, Lowell.

Rev. Thos. B. Lowney, Church of the Immaculate Conception, Malden; Rev. Bartholomew J. Killilea, Maynard; Rev. Francis J. Glynn, St. Mary's church, Melrose; Rev. Daniel J. Keleher, St. Mary's church, Winchester; Rev. John D. Colbert, St. Joseph's church, Wakefield; Rev. John B. Galvin, St. Anne's church, Somerville; Rev. Patrick J. Hally, Church of the Sacred Heart, Malden; Rev. Fr. Sullivan, Church of the Holy Family, Rockland; Rev. John J. Butler, St. Leo's church, Dorchester; Rev. Fr. Coleman, Swampscott; Rev. John J. Coan, Quincy; Rev. Francis J. Curran, Star of the Sea Church, Beverly; Rev. Francis P. Hannewin, St. Thomas' church, Nahant; Rev. James N. Supple, Charlestown; Rev. Jeremiah Millerick, St. Joseph's church, West End, Boston; Rev. James J. Baxter, St. James' church, Boston; Rev. Joseph A. Gorman, S.J., St. Mary's church, Boston; Rev. John A. Degan, St. Gregory's church, Milton; Cornelius J. Herlihy, Roxbury; Rev. Lawrence W. Slattery, Georgetown; Rev. John F. Walsh, St. Peter's, Cambridge; Rev. William B. Toohig, Malden; Rev. Edward F. Crowley, St. John's Seminary, Brighton.

Rev. Arthur T. Connolly, Church of the Blessed Sacrament, Roxbury; Rev. Thomas F. Cusack, St. Michael's church, Hudson; Rev. James P. Kelley, St. John's church, North Cambridge; Rev. James W. Hickey, Lady of Lourdes church, Beachmont; Rev. Edmund F. Schofield, St. John's church, Chelmsford; Rev. John A. Donnelly, Dorchester; Rev. John F. Cummins, Church of the Sacred Heart, Roslindale; Rev. John F. Keliher, St. Margaret's church, Montello.

Rev. Joseph Coppinger, St. Joseph's church, West End; Rev. Joshua P. Bodfish, St. John's church, Canton; Rev. Michael Owens, St. Bridget's church, Lexington; Rev. James M. Kiely, Stoughton; Rev. Joseph F. Mohan, St, Joseph's church, Everett; Rev. John J. Shaw. St. Michael's church, Lowell; Rev. Matthew F. McDonald, St. Francis' church, Braintree; Rev. Nicholas Murphy, Belmont; Rev. Dennis F. Lee, St. Agnes' church, Reading; Rev. John F. Holland, Weymouth; Rev. John Harrington, Roxbury; Rev. Edward F. Saunders, St. Anne's, Somerville; Rev. James Lee, Revere; Rev. John H. Fleming, Dedham; Rev. Timothy J. Murphy, Salem; Rev. Henri de la Chapelle, French church, Boston; Rev. John P. Cuffe, Atlantic; Rev. Dennis J. Maguire, Beverly Farms; Rev. Fr. Powers, Manchester; Rev. John J. Lyons, Dorchester; Rev. John J. Graham, Boston; Rev. Edward Curry, Haverhill; Rev. William A. Ryan, St. Margaret's, Dorchester; Rev. Hugh Blunt, St. Peter's, Dorchester; Rev. William Grant, South Boston; Rev. F. Brogan, South Boston; Rev. Florence Halloran, Dorchester; Rev. Charles A. O'Connor, Rockland.

Revs. William Shinnick, Church of Our Lady, Marblehead; Thomas L. Flanagan, St. Joseph's, Medford; M. J. Masterson, St. John's, Peabody; James H. O'Neil, Church of Sacred Heart, East Boston; John F. Heffernan, St. Stephen's, South Framingham; John B. Holland, Sacred Heart, Weymouth; Patrick B. Murphy, St. George's, Saxonville; Wm. J. Millerick, St. Patrick's, Stoneham; James F. Keegan, St. Charles', Woburn; James F. Hamilton, Church of the Holy Ghost, Whitman; John F. Kelley, Church of the Nativity, Merrimac; John S. Cullen, St. Patrick's, Watertown; James F. Gilfether, Church of the Sacred Heart, Lynn; Patrick H. Callanan, St. John's, Newton Lower Falls; John J. Buckley, St. Peter's, Plymouth; James Lee, Church of the Immaculate Conception, Revere; Daniel H. Riley, St. Francis', Walpole; Michael J. McCall, St. James', Salem; Joseph Lefebre, St. Joseph's, Lowell; Timothy J. Danahy, St. St. Mary's, Newton Upper Falls; Timothy J. Murphy, Church of the Immaculate Conception, Salem; John J. Coan, St. John's ,Quincy; J. H. Cote, Shirley; Thomas J. Coghlan, St. Joseph's, Pepperell; Daniel C. Riordan, Church of the Sacred Heart, Middleboro; William H. McDonough, East Boston; James T. Landregan, St. Patrick's, South Lawrence; John P. M. Schleuter, S.J., German church, Boston; Joseph H. Rockwell, S.J., Boston College.

Revs. Daniel W. Cronin, St. Catherine's, Charlestown; Edward Kenney, St. Peter's, Dorchester; George A. Reardon, St. Columbkille's, Brighton; John F. Deignan, St. John's, Roxbury; John F. Kelleher, St. Anthony's, Allston; Daniel S. Sheerin, Church of the Most Holy Redeemer, East Boston; Thomas A. Walsh and Maurice Flynn, St. Patrick's, Roxbury; Michael J. Supple and Thomas F. McCarthy, St. Francis de Sales, Charlestown; Michael F. Creedon, Sacred Heart, East Boston; Timothy J. Fahey and Charles J. Ring, St. Joseph's, Roxbury; Michael J. Cuddihy, St. Margaret's, Dorchester; John J. Harkins and Francis W. Maley, St. Augustine's, South Boston; John A. Sheridan and Mark E. Madden, St. Thomas', Jamaica Plain; John F. Duran, All Saints, Roxbury; Walter J. Brown, SS. Peter and Paul's, South Boston; Peter C. Quinn and Joseph P. Mahar, Church of the Blessed Sacrament, Roxbury; Daniel M. Murphy, House of the Angel Guardian, Boston; John H. Lyons, St. Vincent's, South Boston; John J. Condon, Church of the Assumption, East Boston; Francis S. Kenzel, C.SS.R., Mission

Church; John T. O'Brien and Thomas F. Brannan, Gate of Heaven Church, South Boston; John B. Redican, St. John's Industrial School, Newton.

Revs. Dr. Havey, St. John's Seminary; Timothy A. Curtin and John J. O'Hearn, St. Mary's, Lynn; John J. Ryan and John J. Farrell, St. Paul's, Cambridge; Francis Russell, St. Augustine's, South Boston; Aloysius Malone, Newton; Denis P. Crimmins, Church of Holy Rosary, South Boston; John A. O'Rourke, Campello; John J. Ingraham, Haverhill; James J. Gilday, St. Patrick's, Lowell; John J. McGrath, Newton; Nathaniel J. Merritt, St. Raphael's, West Medford; John Moore, S.J., Fr. Ubaldus, O.S.F., Fr. James J. Fitzgerald of St. James.

Rev. Anthony Pimental, Portuguese church, Boston; Rev. Fr. Valerianus, O.F.M., Italian church of St. Leonard, Boston; Rev. Dennis W. Brown, St. Mary's church, Cambridgeport; Rev. Edward F. Carey and Rev. M. F. Maguire, Brockton; Rev. James J. O'Brien, Somerville; Rev. Charles Hoff, C.SS.R., Mission Church, Roxbury; Rev. John J. Peterson, Brighton; Rev. Charles E. Lane, S.J., Rev. Richard H. Splaine, Mt. Auburn; Rev. W. J. McCarthy, West Lynn; Rev. William J. Casey, Malden; Rev. F. A. Cunningham, Belmont.

Rev. M. J. Derby, Dorchester; Rev. M. F. Madden, Lynn; Rev. Andrew Wynn, C.SS.R., Mission Church, Roxbury; Rev. Austin E. Doherty, St. Philip's, Boston; Rev. James J. McCarthy, Cathedral; Rev. Richard Donahoe, C.SS.R., Mission Church; Rev. Peter C. Quinn, Roxbury; Rev. Joseph A. Curtin, Canton; Rev. Patrick L. Crayton, Watertown; Rev. Michael Callahan, Cohasset; Rev. M. C. Gilbride, South Boston; Rev. Francis G. Russell, South Boston; Rev. Philip Sexton, South Boston; Rev. Edmund D. Daly, Jamaica Plain; Rev. T. A. Curtin, Lynn; Rev. Timothy J. Woods, Canton.

Rev. Pasquale Di Milla, Italian church of Our Lady, Harrison Avenue; Rev. Carino Elonis, Sacred Heart church, North Square; Rev. Thomas A. Walsh, Roxbury; Rev. J. Barrett, Rockland; Rev. J. J. McCafferty, Austin Farms; Revs. J. J. O'Keefe and L. J. O'Neil, St. Cecilia's, Back Bay; Rev. J. J. Keyes and Rev. Henry J. Walsh, Woburn; Rev. Edward J. Fraher, Jamaica Plain; Rev. A. Millet, S.M.; Rev. Benjamin Allain, Rev. John T. Creagh, Wakefield.

Rev. E. L. Lanfein, Baltimore; Rev. P. P. Chapon, Brighton; Rev. D. J. Sullivan, Roxbury; Rev. W. F. Likely, C.M., Springfield; Rev. A. F. Hickey, Whitman.

Old parishioners were present, in large numbers, representing races that held the faith as their inheritance, and—in sharp contrast—a little band of Chinese converts lately admitted to the Church occupied seats near the altar. Their floral tribute, a great wreath on a pedestal, was given a position of honor in front of the main altar. It was touching to see present also men and women who were not Catholics but who had come in the spirit of Christian concord to show their respect and sympathy,

The most reverent attention was manifested by all through every moment of the long impressive service, and at the end the vast assembly silently left the Cathedral.—"To the dear Archbishop," an aged mourner said, as he rose from his knees and looked once more towards the catafalque—a last memory of the saintly prelate.

When the doors were closed to the public the coffin was borne to the crypt in the basement under the great altar of the Cathedral. The final prayers were offered by Archbishop O'Connell, and the remains of the first Archbishop of Boston were laid to rest.

TRIBUTES OF THE BOSTON PRESS.

The work of the daily papers in providing the public with dignified, ample, and, in the main, accurate accounts of the life, illness, death, and funeral ceremonies of Archbishop Williams cannot be commended too highly. Splendid service was rendered by the *Globe, Herald,* and *Post,* no effort being spared to show respect for the dead and sympathy with the Catholics of Boston in their bereavement. The spirit shown in the editorial comment given here actuated alike editors and reporters, and as a consequence nothing more thorough in press reports of an event of moment to Catholics was produced since the death of Leo XIII.

The Boston Globe:

Most Rev. John J. Williams, Boston's first archbishop, was a churchman whose fame was not confined to the United States alone, but was known and esteemed in European lands as well.

"Dignified, reserved, conservative in his ecclesiastical policy he yet impressed his personality sufficiently on men to make himself regarded as a leader, one whose strong will and inflexible

purpose enabled him to accomplish results which to other men of perhaps more dazzling parts would have been impossible.

A stern churchman, unyielding in his adherence to the tenets of the Catholic faith, he was yet tolerant of those who differed from him in religion, and won by his kindly influence and gentle sway a measure of regard, if not indeed affection, even from those who were not of his own communion. As a great, broad-minded and patriotic citizen he had always been regarded as in truth the ideal American, loyal to God and no less loyal to the great republic of whose ecclesiastical life he was such an ornament.

In the more than four score years of his life he had seen this great continent grow from a small and struggling country, mostly a wilderness, into one of the greatest and most prosperous nations of the world. And with every step of its advance the great metropolitan of Boston kept abreast if indeed he was not at times even ahead of the progress of the particular generation in which he lived.

No man who was ever born in Boston was more proud of the city, its history and traditions, than was Archbishop John J. Williams. The honor of his native city, its aspirations and achievements were to him as the apple of his eye, and he was ever ready to defend the fair fame and historic associations of the city of Boston.

More than any other man in the community Archbishop Williams typified, by his life and beautiful character, and by his beneficent influence, that silent and impalpable but very pervasive thing which we call spirituality, and which is as necessary as the air we breathe.

The Boston Herald:

The record of the life career of Archbishop Williams, head of the large and populous archdiocese of Boston, which includes all New England, is one of devout faith, patient carrying of burdens, serenity in the face of misunderstanding and attack, amity in dealings with men of other creeds, loyalty to higher ecclesiastical powers, combined with recognition of the fact that if the church he was called upon to lead and govern were to succeed in New England, the command must be "Come" and not "Go," and the way left open for much liberty to priests and laity.

He has seen a marvellous change in the numerical strength, financial resources and institutional development of the ancient Church in a section of the country once dominated and almost monopolized by the most Protestant of Protestants. He has so defended his own convictions and so shepherded his flock that both he and those whom he has served as chief pastor are now respected by their earlier critics and opponents, and are now looked upon as a conservative, much needed force at a time of flux and of peril in Church and in State, and so far reaching and impressive has been his pacific example, his irenic spirit, his combination of sweetness and light with loyalty to the faith and the Church which he served, that the bishops of New England who have been consecrated by him and who have served under him have learned from him that best way of establishing for the Church throughout New England its present secure place in an ordered society, with all its various race stocks, with its clashings of races and classes, which were far less numerous when the good prelate's long and beneficent career began.

Too often in these latter days multiplication of executive duties, tasks of administration, ambitions of office, and the inevitable friction of responsibility and power that are used, rob the ecclesiastic, whether of high or low rank, of the religious ideal, of the atmosphere of saintliness, of the aroma of goodness, and convert him into a mechanician, admired for his executive skill, promoted because of his efficiency in securing results, and the cause of delight to the statistician for the percentage of gain shown in his parish or diocese. Archbishop Williams was the saint he seemed to be. His face was a faithful index of the inner man. He ruled by love, and was loved.

The Boston Transcript:

The death of Archbishop Williams was in harmony with his life. It was a passing, beautiful in its peace, its serenity and its faith. It ended a life that was not merely remarkable for its devotion to high ideals, but was the incarnation of them . . . He early recognized his mission. His childhood and youth were an earnest preparation for it, and from early manhood to benignant old age he gave uninterrupted service to the benefit and betterment of his fellowmen.

Like most exceptional men of his type, he was a man of great humility, employing that term in its highest and most Christian sense. Pride and vain glory were defects of character of which he never gave the slightest manifestation. In him gentleness and strength were admirably blended, and they went to the hearts and the conduct of men with a power that such a combination never fails to exert. That his Church and his people loved him is not strange, but such a life can not be monopolized by even its most intimate associations. He was a wise and strong pillar of his faith in this city and this country, but his influence upon good citizenship was greater than can be measured. His standards of right were clear and strong and he was loyal to them to the uttermost. Though his particular field was broad and exacting enough to engross the energies of even a vigorous life and almost tireless service, his sympathies were stirred and his help was enlisted in any movement that he believed to be for the benefit of the city and people of Boston.

Probably no one felt a stronger affection for this city than he. On the occasion of his golden jubilee he said: 'I love the old city of Boston, I was born here when it was only the town of Boston. When I first remember it, it was a city of lanes, alleys, courts and crooked streets. Now we have the greater Boston turned into a

beautiful city . . From the time I was born I have never left it for long, and I love it above all cities.' This declaration of affection had the merit of being genuine in both letter and spirit, and the people of Boston of all creeds and races reciprocated this high appreciation.

While, like a true soldier of the cross, he never failed in obedience to the authority under which he had enlisted, he yet put no bounds to the exercise of charity, not simply in a material way, but in his estimates of others. He did not presume to dispense judgments, but sought the most favorable explanations of the conduct and motives of others, notwithstanding the inflexibility of his own standards. He was warm, but not effusive in his friendships, and many there were outside his own fold who knew their value; but his friendliness extended to all mankind. To the last he exerted a benignant influence, though he realized that at any time his work here must cease and for that inevitable event he had made careful preparation. Boston mourns sincerely the loss of one of her most distinguished and loyal sons.

The Boston Post:

By the death of Archbishop John Joseph Williams his co-religionists have lost a great churchman, Boston a venerable and universally respected citizen and the divine and civic law a vigorous and uncompromising supporter. His long life of eighty-five years, crowded full of achievements, was the life of this his native city, for he was born on the day the town of Boston received its city charter. He was indeed a product of the best that is in our civilization. He stood for progress tempered with mercy and charity. He saw the ancient church over which he presided grow and keep pace with the wonderful growth of the city. As he repeatedly said, 'I love the old city of Boston. I was born here when it was still the town of Boston." His work and accomplishments are an indelible part of the city's history.

Though his modesty kept him as much in the background as his prerogatives would permit, Archbishop Williams' personality was so charming and ingratiating that few churchmen have been more deeply rooted in the affections of the laity than he.

Years ago reports of the sagacity and virtues of the Boston prelate were carried to the Vatican, and the Pope would have gladly made him a cardinal, it is said, following the death of Cardinal McCloskey of New York, but the native modesty of Archbishop Williams asserted itself and he set aside what to most churchmen is the acme of their ambition.

"It was through his motion that the honor went to Baltimore.

As Archbishop Ryan has said: "His self seemed to be wholly sunk in his office—that of a priest of God; yet in general intelligence, and upon any theme broached, whether religious or secular, he would be found au fait, full of varied and appropriate information, but without undue display of knowledge or learning."

TRIBUTES BY PROTESTANT PAPERS.

The Christian Register:

Death removes from active life in Boston a citizen of renown and an ecclesiastic whose pure spirit and blameless life were examples to all men. It is almost 100 years since Cheverus became the first Catholic Bishop of Boston. The tribute paid to him after he became a Cardinal and a peer of France, by Dr. Channing, set a noble standard of Christian fraternity before the Catholics and Unitarians of Boston, which has helped them to maintain mutual respect and confidence. Standing over against each other in almost total opposition, so far as doctrine and practice are concerned, they have been all the more free to sympathize and act together in matters which pertain to our common humanity. We congratulate the Catholics of that portion of the church over which Archbishop Williams ruled on the virtues exhibited by their leaders from Cheverus to our own time, and can ask for them no better fortune than to have an unbroken succession of rulers who will maintain the standard of godly living.

The Congregationalist:

His exceptionally long career as priest and prelate, his genius as an administrator and his blameless and beautiful life, made Archbishop John J. Williams, of Boston, who died last week, a commanding figure in the Roman Catholic Church in America . . . His ministry was devoted entirely to Boston and New England, though he became widely and favorably known in Roman Catholic circles on both sides of the Atlantic, making a number of visits to Rome where he was a recipient of high honors. He discharged admirably his duties as curate, rector, vicar-general, Bishop, and since 1875 as Archbishop, and contributed more than any other man of his time to the development of the Roman Catholic Church in this part of the country. His ambitions have been aided by the flood of Irish immigrants, but it required uncommon wisdom to provide for the shepherding of these new comers as well as to build up the church as an institution. An industrious, modest, friendly man, he endeared himself to his clergy and to the common people, while the love which he bore all his life long to the city of his birth provoked the return of cordial feeling toward him on the part of citizens generally. The scenes connected with his funeral recall the universal mourning when Phillips Brooks died.

LAST WILL OF ARCHBISHOP WILLIAMS.

The Archbishop's absolute indifference to wealth as a personal possession, though he had controlled the investment of millions of dollars, was commented on frequently during his life, and the publication of his last will sets forth in few

words all that he had to give of his own —two thousand dollars.

The last will and testament of Archbishop Williams was drawn up by Judge Joseph D. Fallon, of South Boston, and witnessed by the Revs. Thomas J. MacCormack and Francis X. Dolan, D.D., of the Boston Cathedral, on April 1st, 1907, and is as follows:

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

I, John Joseph Williams of Boston, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, Archbishop of Boston, do make and declare this instrument to be my last will and testament.

First—I nominate and appoint the Most Reverend William H. O'Connell of Boston the executor of this my will, and the trustee of any trust or trusts under this will, and I request that he be exempt from surety, or sureties, on any official bond or bonds which may be required of him as such executor or trustee.

Second—I give and bequeath to the children and grandchildren—the children of any deceased child of my brother, Michael Keyes—the sum of $2,000, to be divided equally among them, the grandchildren taking by representation, the amount their parent if living would be entitled to; but I make no other gift, bequest or devise to any next of kin who may survive me.

Third—I give, devise and bequeath all the rest, residue and remainder of my estate, whether real, personal or mixed, to the said William H. O'Connell, Archbishop and Coadjutor with the right of succession to the said John Joseph Williams, Archbishop of Boston, to have and to hold the same to the said William H. O'Connell and his successors, the incumbents of the office of Archbishop of Boston, for the uses and purposes, religious or charitable, mentioned in chap. 506 of the acts of 1897, of the laws of this Commonwealth, whereby the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Boston and his successors have been made and constituted a corporation sole.

In testimony whereof I hereunto set my hand and seal, and in the presence of three witnesses declare this to be my last will, this 1st day of April of the year 1907.

JOHN J. WILLIAMS.

On this 1st day of April, A. D. 1907, the said John Joseph Williams has signed the foregoing instrument in our presence, declaring it to be his last will, and as witnesses thereof we three do now at his request, in his presence and in the presence of each other, hereunto subscribe our names.

JOSEPH D. FALLON,
THOMAS J. MacCORMACK,
FRANCIS X. DOLAN.

The will was filed in the Probate Office, Boston, on Thursday, September 5th.

THANKSGIVING.

BY AMADEUS, O.S.F.

For all the gifts that Thou hast sent
  Throughout the year; for health and strength,
For peace and joy, and glad content;
  For work to do, for added length
Of days wherein to live for Thee;
  For friends to cheer, and hope to bless,—
For all that Thou hast given to me,
  From out Thy loving tenderness,
    I thank Thee, Lord!

For ev'ry hour of grief and pain;
  And loss of those whom held I dear;
For crosses meant to be my gain;
  For ev'ry silent, bitter tear;
For days that seemed no fruit to yield;
  For nights in lonely anguish spent;
For all the pangs that lay concealed
  Within a heart by conflicts rent,
    I thank Thee, Lord!

For calm and storm; for day and night;
  For smile and tear; for hope and fear;
For joy and pain; for gloom and light,
  That came to me to mark the year,
  Because Thy Goodness willed it so,
  That I might learn Thy Way is best,
For *lasting* peace no man can know,
  Since Thou, alone, art Perfect Rest,
    I thank Thee, Lord!

THE GODDESS OF REASON.

THE STRUGGLE FOR RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN FRANCE.

BY THE REV. FRANCIS A. CUNNINGHAM.

Chapter II.—Con.

On September 21st, 1792, a new government, entitled the Convention, began its sittings. It has been justly characterized as an organization the most bloody and atrocious in history. It was during its administration that that dark period occurred to which has been given the significant name of the "Reign of Terror." Composed as it was of the vilest and most unscrupulous element of the nation its inauguration gave little promise of peace or security to the country. Its sessions were dominated by the Jacobins, the Girondists, and the Mountaineers, parties sworn to oppose each other in all political matters, though uniting in all measures of oppression to religion and the Church.

Their methods of tyranny were conceived with system and precision worthy of a better cause, and were executed by a machinery whose organized efforts reached into every village and hamlet in the land. Its Committee of Public Safety, the supreme secret council of the Convention, included men like Danton, Marat, and Robespierre. There was a Committee of General Security for the detection of political crimes, and the punishment of all suspected or proscribed persons. The Revolutionary Tribunal condemned the victims indicated by the General Security, and condemned them to death without a hearing.

THE WORSHIP OF THE "SUPREME BEING."

There were Revolutionary committees in every department and municipality throughout the country, whose office it was to imprison suspects, and to employ the guillotine regardless of trial. The Revolutionary Army—composed of only such as had proven themselves devoted to the anarchistic doctrines of the times—was employed in guarding the prisons, arresting suspects, demolishing castles, pulling down belfries, ransacking churches for gold and silver vessels, and other like purposes. It had its regiments in every city of France. It was by means of such powerfully organized associations that the the Convention was able to perpetrate the atrocities of the Reign of Terror.

The first act of the new Assembly was to declare the abolition of royalty, and to proclaim France a Republic. At the same time it began the attempt to inaugurate a new era, the first day of the first year of which was to be September 22nd, 1792.

In the new Revolutionary calendar the Christian order of months and weeks was set aside for an arbitrary arrangement whose awkward and frivolous character was evident, even independently of its sacrilegious intent. Instead of weeks of seven days, periods of ten days, or decades, were substituted. As there was to be no Sunday, the tenth or last day of the decade, called "Decadi," was to be observed as the day of rest and have all the importance of the Lord's Day, the place of which it had taken. The months were twelve and consisted each of thirty days; to make up the necessary 365 days of the year, five intercalary days, called *sans culottes*, were added.

The months were adorned with festive names taken from Nature; thus Vendémaire, the vintage month; Brumaire,

the foggy; Frimaire, the frosty; Nivose, the snowy; Pluviose, the rainy; Ventose, the windy; Germinal, the month of sprouting; Floreal, the month of flowers; Prairial, the haymaking; Messidor, the time of harvest; Thermidor, the month of heat; and Fructidor, the month of fruit. To obliterate, as far as possible, every Christian idea associated with the days of the year, the new calendar abolished the Christian festivals and substituted strange and uncouth denominations for each successive day. It was a bold stroke, and though the Convention succeeded a few months later in causing its execution throughout the country, nevertheless it was never heartily accepted even by the most radical, and only a favorable opportunity was wanting for its final abolition with the Revolution itself.

On the twenty-seventh of September, the Convention reduced ecclesiastical pensions to 1000 livres, and on October 23rd, it decreed that all who had flown the country were to be considered as banished in perpetuity, and should they return they were to be punished with death. On November 27th, a decree was passed, declaring that if a priest should marry, and be therefore inquieted by the residents of the commune in which he resided, he might retire to any place he liked, and his salary should be paid by the commune which had persecuted him.

THE DUKE OF ORLEANS BEING LED TO EXECUTION.

It was an effort to render the marriage of priests popular, an attempt, however, which always met with failure.

It was during the month of December, 1792, and that of January, 1793, that the trial of Louis XVI. took place. The Convention voted the death sentence, and the crime of regicide against one of the

ary 14th, a reward of one hundred livres was offered to whoever should cause the arrest of an émigré, or of a priest under sentence of deportation. On March 18th, it substituted for the penalty of ten years for such priests the sentence of death. April 23rd, it put forth the article: "The national Convention decrees that all ec-

THE ARREST AND ATTEMPTED SUICIDE OF ROBESPIERRE.

mildest sovereigns of the century was perpetrated January 17th, of that year.

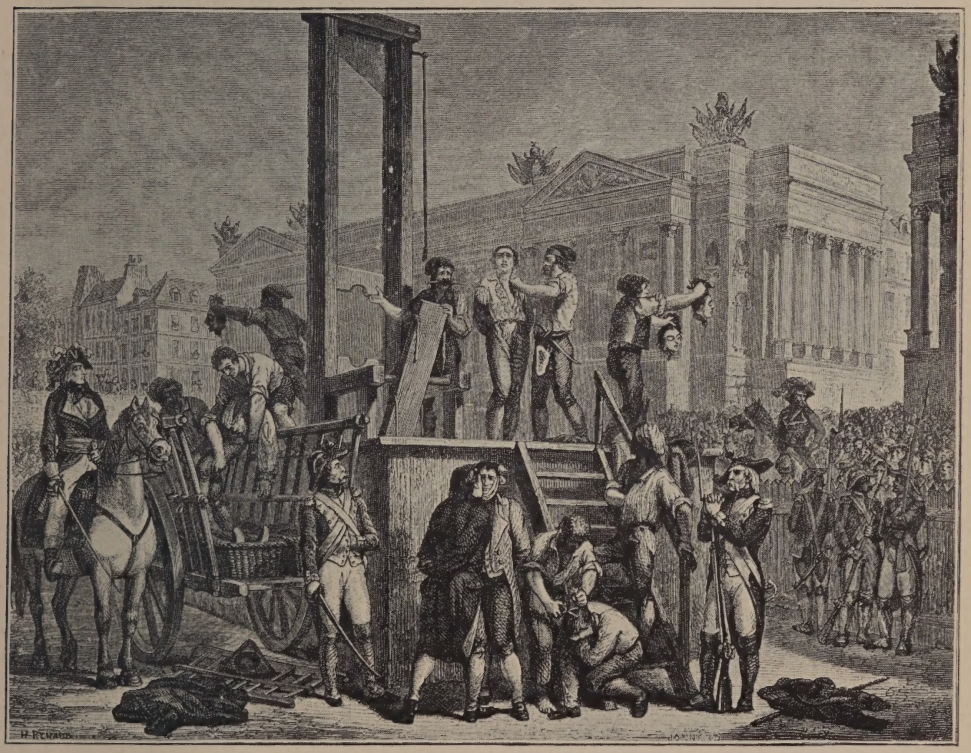
The proscriptive laws against the clergy and the Church went on apace. On January 22nd the constitutional clergy were ordered to disregard all canonical rules in regard to marriage, and to bless the marriages of divorced people as well as those of constitutional priests. On Febru-

clesiastics, regular and secular, brothers or laymen, who have not taken the oath to maintain liberty and equality conformable to the law of August 15th, 1792, shall be deported without delay to French Guiana."

Immediately on the appearance of this law the seaports of France began to witness thousands of captive priests who

were placed on board the waiting vessels, ostensibly for transportation to America. As, however, such voyage was at the time impracticable because of danger from the English fleets then patrolling the seas, the victims of proscription were left in the miserable hulks, in some cases for as long as two years. Their sufferings in this regard were extreme. Huddled together in the holds like so many packages of dead merchandise, the bare floor for a bed, covered with rags and devoured by vermin, their torment was truly horrible. Many of them perished; others lost their reason; the survivors bore away with them many souvenirs of physical and moral torture which they carried to the grave. The story of the deportation of priests during the Reign of Terror is one of the ugliest records of the times.

The Convention next turned its attention to the constitutional clergy, whom it compelled by every means of proscription and exaction to dishonor the little remnant of sacred character that still remained within them. Hence the laws of 1793, decreeing deportation for any bishop who should directly or indirectly oppose an obstacle to the marriage of priests, or who should refuse to recognize divorce. It reduced the salaries of the bishops and limited the number of their curates. It, moreover, dismissed from the exercise of their functions all pastors who failed to display a pronounced en-



THE EXECUTION OF ROBESPIERRE.

THE TREATY OF TOLENTINO.

thusiasm for revolutionary principles, and put in their stead men whose ignorance was well known, and whose wives were willing to occupy a prominent position in the Church.

Chapter III.

The Reign of Terror.

During the latter part of 1793 the country had virtually delivered itself up to the will of its tyrants. The war against religion had assumed an open and defiant character, under the influence of the guillotine; churches had already lost their sacred significance, and the names of the saints or holy mysteries which they had hitherto borne gave place to profane and often impious titles; the Republican calendar had been formally adopted and enforced upon the nation; everywhere priests were called upon to burn their letters of ordination and to bring to the Convention their crosses, chalices, ciboriums and other objects destined for the Holy Sacrifice. The Archbishop of Paris, the infamous Gobel, entered the hall of the Convention at the head of other constitutional clergy, and there despoiled himself of all insignia of episcopal or priestly office, declaring at the same time that he renounced forever all his rights and duties as a minister of Catholic worship.

It was at this time, November 10th, 1793, that the Convention proclaimed the worship of reason, and deified that abstract idea by a sacrilegious ceremony in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, at Paris. An actress was placed upon a throne within the sanctuary of that ancient temple, and received amidst the hymns and maudlin praises of the multitude the adoration of a fallen nation. The example of Paris was imitated in all parts of the country, until the strange spectacle

was observed of a whole nation gone mad.

The new worship brought with it renewed hostility to Christianity. Almost every day the Convention was called upon to review processions whose object was to ridicule and cast odium upon the things of God. Bands of *Sans-Culottes* defiled through the streets, or passed through the Assembly halls, attired in copes, chasubles and dalmatics which they had pillaged from the churches. No limit was put to these exhibitions of horrible sacrilege. In many cases the processions were headed by an ass bearing a mitre upon his head, a chalice upon his back, with a cross hanging from his tail. It seemed as if the Revolution could go no further in its impiety, though men still held their breath waiting anxiously for the next move in the horrible nightmare.

In the midst of the general madness the Revolution turned against its own creatures and denied its own religion. The people had already begun to mock at the absurdity of the worship of reason, and tired of one false god, looked to their leaders to supply them with another. It was at this juncture that Robespierre, the man of blood and crime, suddenly became the apostle of a new cult, which was baptized in the blood of the adorers of reason. The guillotine reaped rich harvests, numbering that year among its victims the apostates, Gobel, Lamourette, Clootz, together with Hébert, Danton, Desmoulins and others.

MASS DURING THE REIGN OF TERROR.

In the beginning of the year 1794, Robespierre caused the Convention to pass a decree proclaiming the existence of a Supreme Being, and constituting feast days "to recall mankind to the consideration of the divinity and to the dignity of his being." On June 8th, he presided personally as high priest, at the

first solemn feast of the new worship. The latter, however, proved even less popular as a religion than its predecessor, and served only to demonstrate how the human heart craves for the worship of God, and will not be satisfied with the human imitations of a religion whose origin is divine.

In its proscriptive decrees the Convention hitherto had not included the aged and infirm priests; by a decree of Floréal 22, these also were subjected to all exactions imposed upon others. Another decree demanded the accusation of all enemies of the people, and pronounced the penalty of death, without trial or witnesses, upon simple verbal denunciations. The Terror was now in its blindest spasm of madness, and in Paris alone, during three months, more than two thousand victims laid their heads upon the block, including many constitutional priests, who had the good fortune, through the pious offices of the Abbé Emery, to retract their errors and become reconciled to God.

A pall of moral darkness hung over the nation from end to end, a deep silence, full of anxiety and terror, was broken only by the shrieks of the dying and the insane laughter of the murderers. The silence and holiness of the Lord's Day was desecrated by labor and unseemly orgies; the *decadi* was observed instead of Sunday, and peasants or others daring to work on that day, or daring to rest on Sunday, were treated as suspects and punished with all the violence of irreligious hatred. Throughout the land every symbol and remembrance of religion had

THE POPE ON THE WAY TO EXILE.

vanished; the church steeples had been torn down, the bells no longer called the faithful to divine service, the cross was treated as an object of public shame. Everywhere men and women suspected of fanaticism or denounced as enemies of the Revolution were condemned to death and executed. In the city of Lyons the guillotine severed thirty heads a day; but its work proving too slow for the blood-thirst of the assassins, the victims were ranged in rows, and mowed down by storms of bullets. In this way fully one thousand seven hundred fell in a short period of a few months.

In the departments of the Ain and the Saone-et-Loire, liberty was decreed to priests who should agree to marry within a month; the aged were exempted from this law upon the condition of adopting a child of Revolutionary parents, to care for as their own. In Savoy, one thousand two hundred livres was offered as a reward for the arrest of a non-juring priest; all who refused to apostatize, whether faithful or constitutional, were arrested and condemned. At Marseilles and at Avignon, the infamous Maignet emulated his predecessor, Jourdan Coupetete, with the guillotine and fusilade of bullets. In the South, a young girl was arrested and put to death for having crossed over into Spain to confess to a legitimate priest. An aged official was sentenced to imprisonment and a heavy fine for having assisted at the "Feast of Reason" with an air of sadness and arrogance. Six women were guillotined for having assisted at the Mass of a non-juring priest.

In the Vendee one thousand eight hundred persons were murdered within a period of three months. And so the list went on through all the first half of 1794, which has left a record of millions murdered, deported, exiled, imprisoned, or tortured in a thousand and one ways. They were red letter days in the Revolutionary calendar, but the red color was made from the blood of Frenchmen. A mitigation of the horrors of those days came at last when the head of the arch-assassin, Robespierre, rolled away from the block on July 27th, 1794.

Among the oppressive laws enacted by the Convention, before its final dissolution in 1795, were those concerning education and the separation of Church and State. The decree of October 21st, 1793, decided that primary schools should form the first degree of instruction; therein should be taught all that was rigorously necessary for a citizen to know. Persons charged with instruction in such schools should be known as institutors. The decree determined the number of schools to be founded in each commune, according to the number of its inhabitants, and fixed the programme of instruction.

> The children shall receive in these schools the first physical, moral, and intellectual education, the better to develop in them republican ways, the love of country, and a taste for work. They shall learn to speak, read and write the French language. They shall be taught those virtues which do most to honor free men, and particularly the ideas of the French Revolution, which shall serve to elevate their souls and render them worthy of liberty and equality. They shall acquire some notions of French geography. The knowledge of the rights and duties of man and citizen shall be taught them by example and experience. They shall be taught the first notions of the natural objects that surround them, and the natural action of the elements. They shall be exercised in the use of numbers, the compass, weights, measures. etc.

Another decree, of October 28th, 1793, declared that "no ci-devant noble, no ecclesiastic or minister of any worship whatsoever, can be a member of the commission of instruction, or be elected a national institutor. No women of the ci-devant nobility, no ci-devant religious women, canonesses, nuns, who have been

placed in the old schools by ecclesiastics or ci-devant nobles, can be nominated as institutors in the national schools."

A decree of February 21st, 1795, read as follows:

Art. 1. Conformable to Art. 7 of the Declaration of the Rights of Man, and to Art. 22 of the Constitution, the exercise of no worship shall be troubled. Art. 2. The Republic shall pay salary to no minister of worship. Art. 3. It shall furnish no locality either for the exercise of worship or for the residence of its ministers. Art. 4. The ceremonies of every kind of worship are interdicted outside the enclosures chosen for such exercise. Art. 5. The law does not recognize any minister of worship; no such minister may appear in public with the habit, ornaments, or costume affected in religious ceremonies. Art. 6. All assemblages of citizens for the exercise of any worship whatsoever shall be subject to the surveillance of the constituted authorities. This surveillance shall be fortified by measures of police guard and public security. Art. 7. No particular symbol of any worship may be erected in any public place, neither exteriorly, nor in any manner whatsoever. No inscription can be put up to designate such place of worship. No public proclamation or convocation can be made to draw the citizens thither. Art. 8. The communes or sections of communes may not hire or purchase, in their collective name, any locality for the exercise of worship. Art. 9. No donation, perpetual or temporary, may be formed, and no tax imposed to pay the expenses of such worship. Art. 10. Whosoever shall, by violence, disturb the ceremonies of any worship whatsoever, or who offers outrage to its objects, shall be punished according to the law of July 19–22, 1791, in regard to correctional police. Art. 11. The law (of 2 des sansculottides, an II.) with regard to ecclesiastical pensions, is not hereby abrogated, and its dispositions shall be executed according to their form and tenor. Art. 12. Every decree whose dispositions are contrary to the present law formulated by the representatives of the people in the departments is annulled.

A decree of May 30th, 1795, decided that "no one shall fulfill the ministry of any worship in the said edifices, unless he shall have given legal declaration before the municipality of the place in which he desires to exercise such functions, of his submission to the laws of the Republic. The ministers of worship who shall contravene the present article, and the citizens who shall invite or admit them, shall each be punished by a fine of 1,000 livres."

A law of September 30th, 1795, decreed:

It is forbidden to all judges, administrators, and public officials whomsoever, to have any regard for the attestations which ministers of worship, or individuals calling themselves such, shall give relative to the civil condition of citizens. All officials charged with registering the civil state of citizens, who shall make mention in their records of any religious ceremonies, or who shall exact proof that they have been observed, shall also be condemned to the penalties contained in Article 18.

The Convention concluded its sanguinary existence on October 26th, 1795, after the conclusion of the Constitution of the year III.

* * *

The Convention was immediately followed by the government of the Directory, which lasted until the end of the Revolutionary period, in 1799. It was composed of a Council of Five Hundred, whose duty it was to propose laws, a Council of two hundred and fifty Ancients to approve or reject the laws thus proposed, and a supreme body consisting of five members—all regicides—which was called the Directory.

The new government was less bold in its persecutions than its predecessor, though the spirit that had actuated the Convention still lived in both houses of the Directory. The pursuit of priests was still continued, and the laws against them and their protectors enforced with the greatest rigor. In the year 1796 eighteen priests were executed under the orders of the government. Nevertheless a sentiment of hostility to the oppressive measures of the law was beginning to manifest itself in a number of the departments; churches were again being opened and the practice of religion renewed.

The rigors of the Terror, however, were

not yet extinct; the worship of the Revolution was enforced, the sound of the church bells was forbidden, and the Revolutionary calendar still held its place in the ordering of the life of the people. An effort was made in 1796 to bring back into full force all the proscriptive laws of the Convention, but through the efforts of Portalis the Council of Five Hundred refused to vote the bill.

In the meantime the exiled and deported priests began to return in great numbers. In Paris more than three hundred were exercising their ministry openly; the diocesan administration was reorganized; and a general interest in the unhappy lot of imprisoned priests began to manifest itself among the people. In 1797, June 17th, a motion was placed before the Council of Five Hundred, demanding liberty of worship, the suppression of the oath, and the abrogation of the laws of deportation, These reforms were voted,—after a few weeks of discussion,—and in place of the obnoxious oath the Directory substituted the words: "I swear to be submissive to the government of the French Republic." Everything thus seemed to hold out promise of peace and security to the Church, and might have thus continued but for the *coup-d'Etat* of the 10 Fructidor, which brought with it the renewal, for two years, of the horrors of the Terror.

The new government instituted under the three Directors, Rewbel, la Reveillére and Barras, brought back the Revolutionary forces into the Councils, and the old laws of proscription were renewed. Priests who had obtained their liberty were again arrested and imprisoned or deported; the oath of the Constitution was re-established; the persecution became more rabid than ever in its last struggle for supremacy. To gather greater numbers to the Revolutionary ceremonies, it was decreed that marriages could take place only on the "decadi" or tenth day, whereon no manual labor might be performed, or merchandise bought or sold. It became a crime to print or hold in one's possession copies of the Christian calendar, and on the Fridays and Saturdays of the old order the very sale of fish was forbidden, that the citizens might be compelled to eat meat. The deported priests suffered intolerable torments through the cruel treatment dealt out to them. Out of three hundred transported to Conamana, only thirty-nine were alive after a month's detention. In other places many died through famine, sickness and misery.

In the midst of these discouraging afflictions of the Church, the constitutional bishops, in a council held on August 15th, 1797, had the hardihood to plan a reconciliation between the schismatic church of France and the orthodox church, and went so far as to send their decrees to the Pope for ratification; Pius VI., however, refused to honor the communication with an answer.

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In the incessant struggle of French anti-Christianism against the Church, its leaders had not neglected early in the period to turn their attacks against the head and centre of Christianity, in the person of the holy Pontiff, Pius VI. Rome, "the mother of nations," was the sanctuary towards which many French students turned their steps to acquire a knowledge of art and literature; these young men, imbued with the false spirit of their unhappy country, made use of the hospitality of the Eternal City to betray her. In the Academy of France, in

the midst of obscene orgies and ribald speeches, the statues and busts of kings, cardinals and popes were overthrown, and sentiments of revolution and irreligion openly pronounced. Basseville and Laflotte, bearing an insulting message to Pope Pius VI., utilized their time in Rome in an attempt to arouse the populace to accept Republican ideas; but the Roman people, infuriated at the insulting bravado of these couriers of the French Government, attacked them in the Corso, giving a death blow to Basseville, and causing his companion to fly for his life. This was in 1793. The Constituent Assembly at Paris took up the death of its messenger as a pretext for hostilities against the government of the Holy See.

It was at this time also, that there began to appear in Paris certain *Letters* to the Pope, which displayed openly the intention of the new liberty with regard to the Papacy. The *Moniteur* of October 1st, 1792, put forth the following grandiloquent address:

> Holy Father, gather your people together, and rising in the midst of them, declare fearlessly: Descendants of the grandest people of the world, imposture has too long been desolating your country. The hour of truth has come; come and enjoy the rights that nature gave you; be free, be sovereign; be your own lawmakers; bring back once more the Roman Republic. But guard well against the abuses and vices which were the ruin of the ancient republic; drive out from you all patricians, cavaliers, prelates, cardinals, bishops, priests, monks, and nuns; be citizens all. See, I give you my tiara, and I hope that my example will be followed by my clergy.

It was only a month after these words had been printed that General Kellerman declared from the tribune: "Citizen legislators, to liberate ancient Rome from the yoke of the priests, command our soldiers to pass the Alps, and we shall pass them."

It was, however, during the administration of the Directory that the first actual assaults upon the Holy See were made by the forces of France. Under an appearance of good will, which only served to conceal its weakness, the Directory stultified itself in the face of Europe; the army alone by its victories sustained the honor of the nation.

After conquering the Rhine countries the Republic turned its eyes upon Italy. In the beginning of 1796, General Bonaparte, with an army of 30,000 men, crossed the Alps. Despite the snows of the winter and the continual blizzards they encountered, the French soldiers continued to descend into Piedmont, while the Italians still believed them to be on the borders of the Rhine.

Mantua fell, the Austrians were driven beyond the Adige, and Bonaparte hastened to besiege and take Bologna. It was the desire of the Directory that the conqueror should proceed on his way to Rome and annihilate forever the power of the Papacy. Bonaparte himself proved less greedy than his masters; he would be satisfied with one or two provinces from the revenues of which he might draw funds to defray the expenses of his campaign. His victories, nevertheless, were rapid and decisive, and in a few days made him master of all Northern Italy. The king of Sardinia and the dukes of Parma and Modena made their act of submission, while the Court of Naples manifested a desire to frame a treaty of peace.

Admonished by the fate of the neighboring nations, Pius VI. began to frame terms of negotiation with the conqueror. Towards the end of 1796, the Chevalier d'Azara, Ambassador of Spain to the Holy See, was charged with the duty of arranging a convention with the French Government. The Directory had looked to Rome as the repository of immense

riches, the plunder of which might help to bolster up the enfeebled finances of France. The first condition imposed upon the Pope, in order to gain an armistice, was to turn over to Saliceti and Garrau, the representatives of France, the sum of 50,000,000 livres. d'Azara rejected the exorbitant terms, and seeing that he could effect nothing with the Directory, he opened up negotiations with Bonaparte directly.

His demands in this part met at first with the usual hauteur of the General, who required that His Holiness should first drive from Rome all French émigrés, and that he should expedite a Bull approving of the revolutionary government. To these first terms the ambassador answered: "If you imagine that you can compel the Pope to do the least thing contrary to dogma, and whatever is intimately connected with dogma, you are much mistaken, for he will never do so! You can take revenge by sacking, burning and destroying Rome and St. Peter's, but religion shall remain in spite of you. If, on the other hand, you desire the Pope to exhort all in a general way to good behavior and obedience to legitimate authority, he will do that willingly."

The words of d'Azara produced a favorable impression upon the General, though at first they had but little real effect. On June 19th, d'Azara was summoned to meet the representatives of the Directory at Bologna, where a demand for 40,000,000 livres was made together with the cession of Ancona, the occupation of Bologna and Ferrara, provisions for the soldiery, one hundred pictures or statues from the Papal museums, five hundred manuscripts, and the treasures of Loretto, or failing the latter, a fine of 1,000,000 francs. After many discussions the sum of payment in money was fixed at 21,000,000 livres. To arrange all matters in a more satisfactory manner the Holy Father sent Mgr. Pierracchi as plenipotentiary to Paris. Here the messenger of the Pope was received in so barbarous and insulting a manner that he was obliged to leave the French territory with all haste.

So discouraging did affairs now appear to the Holy Father that for a time he thought seriously of abandoning Rome for the present and taking refuge in the Island of Malta. However, he determined to effect if possible a new accommodation; this attempt proved as unsuccessful as those which preceded it, and the Holy Father in his desolation declared before a commission of the cardinals: "Let the Directory consider well the motives which constrain the conscience of His Holiness to such refusal, a refusal which he will be obliged to sustain at the peril of his life."

The representatives of the Directory to whom this protest of His Holiness was brought, at Florence, could not but admire the courage with which it was inspired. The matter was now taken up personally by Bonaparte himself, whose influence led finally to the signing of a treaty at Tolentino, February 19th, 1797. By the terms of this convention the Pope revoked all treaties of alliance against France, he recognized the Republic, he ceded his rights over Venaissin, he abandoned to the Cis-Alpine Republic the Legations of Bologna, and Ferrara, and all of Romagna; Ancona was to remain in the possession of the French; the Duchies of Urbino and Macerata were to be restored to the Pope on the payment of 15,000,000 livres. A like sum was to be paid conformable to the armistice of Bologna, not yet executed. These 30,000,000 livres were payable, two-thirds

in money and the rest in diamonds and precious stones. 300,000 francs were to be paid to the heirs of Basseville.

We shall not linger in relating the great difficulties the Holy Father experienced in raising the immense funds required by this treaty. The generosity of the Roman people, the cardinals, and the prelates of Italy, was displayed in a manner to reflect lasting honor upon their names. The whole transaction dealt a severe blow to the peace and security of the aged Pontiff from the effects of which he never fully recovered.

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The Directory, ever on the watch for a pretext that might seem to justify new attempts against the government of the Pope, found one during the month of December, 1797. General Duphot, at the head of a band of rebellious Romans, had attacked the garrison at Ponte Sixto. The Papal soldiers, angered by the assault and the offensive insults of the mob, endeavored to repulse it by a harmless show of force. One soldier, more quick-tempered than his comrades, forgot himself in the moment of excitement, and fired into the crowd. The bullet struck General Duphot, who fell mortally wounded. The affair, accidental though it was, and perfectly natural, considering the circumstances, was taken by the French Government as an act demanding summary punishment. Accordingly, General Berthier, in command of the French forces at Ancona, received from General Bonaparte the following instructions:

Paris 22 Nivose An V. (January 11, 1798).

Quickness will be of supreme importance in your march upon Rome; it alone can assure the success of the operation. The moment that you have sufficient troops at Ancona you will take up the march.

You will strive secretly for a union of all the surrounding districts with that city, such as the Duchy of Urbino and the province of Macerata.

You will not make known your intentions against the Pope until your troops are at Macerata. You will say very briefly that the reason for your marching on Rome is to punish the assassins of General Duphot and all those who have dared to be wanting in the respect which is due to the ambassador of France.

The King of Naples will send his ministers to you, and you will say that the executive Directory is not influenced in this affair by any designs of ambition; that, on the contrary, if the French Republic was so generous as to restrain itself at Tolentino when it had still graver reasons for complaint against Rome, it will not be impossible, if the Pope gives satisfaction agreeable to our Government, to arrange this affair.

In the meantime, while making such proposals, you will continue on your way by forced marches. The art of the whole matter will consist in gaining ground, so that when the King of Naples becomes convinced that you are actually headed for Rome, he will not have the time to prevent it.

When you are two days' journey from Rome, you will menace the Pope and all the members of his government, who have rendered themselves culpable of the greatest of crimes, in order to inspire them with fear and cause them to take flight.

The plans of Bonaparte were carried out successfully. On February 10th, 1798, the French troops entered Rome by the Porta Angelica, and the Pontifical garrison was obliged to evacuate Castle San Angelo. On February 15th, a Calvinist named Haller brought to the Pope the final orders of the Directory, announcing his overthrow. French soldiers immediately replaced the Pontifical guards of the Papal palace, while one of Berthier's generals, Cervoni, had the effrontery to present to the Pope the tri-color cockade, which the Holy Father refused, saying, "I know no other uniform than that with which the Church has honored me." It was the beginning of the end.

The commissioner Haller was now delegated to announce to the Pope that he must leave Rome. The Holy Father protested: "I am hardly convalescent, and I cannot abandon my people or my duty; I wish to die here."—"You can die anywhere," answered the brutal messen-

ger. "If the ways of gentleness cannot persuade you to go, we shall employ rigorous means to compel you."

Pius VI. left alone with his servants, appeared for the first time overcome with sadness. He entered his oratory, and after imploring the aid of the Almighty, reappeared in a few moments. "It is God's will," he said calmly, "let us prepare to accept all His Providence has in store for us."

On February 20th, the commissioner, on entering the apartment, found the Pope prostrated at the foot of the crucifix. "Make haste!" he cried, and pushing his august prisoner before him he compelled him to descend the stairs with undue hurry, nor did he leave him until he had entered the carriage waiting at the gate. A detachment of dragoons, which accompanied the carriage, served to hold in check the crowds that had gathered in the hope of following in the footsteps of their sovereign.

It was the intention of the Directory to deport the Holy Pontiff to the island of Sardinia; but it abandoned this design in the fear that the English might attempt his deliverance. At Sienna, the Pope was lodged in the Augustinian monastery, where he remained three months, when an extraordinary event compelled his departure thence. On May 25th, an earthquake destroyed the building, and the Holy Father had only time to quit his room when the floor collapsed. In June he arrived at Florence, where he remained for ten months, a prisoner, indeed, but yet enjoying many comforts from the company of congenial souls who were permitted to offer their words of sympathy. Among such were the Grand Duke of Tuscany and the King and Queen of Sardinia, the latter being the sister of Louis XVI., Maria Clotilda, besides numbers of the poor who craved a blessing from his hands.

In the meantime the Directory found it a very difficult matter to dispose of its august prisoner. In its fear and cruelty it strove to induce the Grand Duke to drive the Pope out of his dominions, to which demand the noble sovereign answered that as he had not brought the Pope to Tuscany it was not for him to drive the Holy Father away. This generous resistance was immediately punished by the invasion of Etruria.

In the beginning of the year 1799 the Russian and Austrian armies were already menacing Italy; the Directory thereupon found it expedient to transfer their illustrious captive to France. Hence, on April 1st, despite the paralysis of one of his limbs, he was hurried away to Parma, where he could rest only a few days. On the thirteenth the journey was again taken up, although the physicians protested the great danger of proceeding while the Pope remained in so feeble a condition. The commissioner, upon learning the opinions of the physicians, entered the apartment of the Pontiff, and there dragging the coverings from the bed, inspected the limbs, examined the ulcers that had collected, and proclaimed brutally: "The Pope must go on, dead or alive."

The journey now lead through Northern Italy, and across the Alps. On the evening of July 14th, the anniversary of the storming of the Bastile, the cortege arrived finally at Valence, in France. The Pope was lodged in the citadel, in the governor's apartments, near the convent of the Cordeliers, which served as the prison of thirty-two priests. These unfortunates were rigorously forbidden to communicate with their common Father, as the latter also was ordered never to

leave the enclosure of his garden, "for fear," it was said, "that he might occasion a disturbance by the gathering of crowds."

Pius VI., hitherto indifferent to the things of this world, to the outrages of men, now thought only of preparing himself for the last sacrifice. All his moments were consecrated to prayer. But even this slight consolation was rudely interrupted; the enemies of the Papacy were not yet sated with cruelty.

The progress of Souarow had alarmed the Directory, which, in fear of the Russians, ordered the Pope's immediate transfer to Dijon. But the Holy Father's malady had so far progressed as to make the slightest movement fatal. The end was indeed fast approaching, even in the eyes of his implacable persecutors; on August 21st, he received the holy Viaticum, and on the twenty-ninth of that month he calmly expired. The Revolution that had drunk the blood of king and queen, of priest and nun, of bishop and prelate, of noble and peasant, —all children of the faith that makes martyrs,—had now fulfilled the last and crowning act of its existence, it had stained its hands with the blood of the anointed of God, the Vicar of Christ upon earth.

It was also the signal for the end of a government that had carried on with cunning and hypocrisy the cruelties of its predecessors. The Directory fell finally in the *coup d'Etat* of the XVIII. Brumaire, whereby the victorious Bonaparte had at once extinguished the ferocity of the Revolution and set up a government of his own.

(To be continued.)

AN UNRULY MEMBER.

BY REV. P. J. CORMICAN, S. J.

The tongue is called a sword in Holy Writ,
And tens on tens of thousands hath it slain;
The tongue hath sundered friend from friend amain,
And countless plans have been undone by it.
The tongue is eke a throne where demons sit,
And dart their fangs, and hiss a hiss of bane;
Yea, showers of poison, thick as falling rain,
Send hopeful souls to fill the hopeless pit.

O thou, whose fatal look and poisoned breath
Recall the fabled basilisk of old!
O thou, whose words are tipped with certain death,
Bring forth and melt thy silver and thy gold;
And make a balance just, a bridle strong,
To weigh thy words, to curb thy vicious tongue.

A PARABLE.

BY MONSIGNOR CANON VAUGHAN.

A block of snow-white marble lay,
Amid Carrara's quarry bright;
Reflecting from its surface rough,
A wealth of golden morning light.

It seemed a thing of little worth,
A shapeless, formless, snowy mass:
Till once a sculptor pass'd that way,
Or, rather, was about to pass;

When, Lo! He paused, and fixed his eyes
Upon this block of flawless white,
Unwilling from the spot to move,
And wholly captured by the sight.

"I am a worthless, graceless thing,"
The marble sadly said and sighed:
"But I can give thee worth and grace,"
The sculptor's cheery voice replied.

"I must, 'tis true, inflict some pain;
Without it, never good was done,
Nor man nor maid was saintly made,
Of all the millions, 'neath the sun.

"But if thou 'lt bear the heavy blows,
And 'war' accept, instead of 'peace'
And let me shape thee, as I will,
I'll make of thee a Masterpiece."

Agreed! The sculptor seized his tools,
And struck the stone with all his might;
All day he strove, and still he worked,
Till twilight faded into night.

Fast flew the chips; the hammer clanged,
The marble trembled 'neath the rain
Of blows, that strong relentless hand
Bestowed, unheeding plaint or pain.

By dint of many a skilful stroke
And many a cut from tempered steel,
The shapeless mass, quite shapely grew,
Till Beauty did itself reveal.

At last there stood a perfect form,
A monument exceeding rare,
A figure most divinely wrought,
The very fairest of the fair!

Its splendour drew all wand'ring eyes,
And tuned all lips to words of praise.
It seemed a gift fit for a king,
On which a monarch well might gaze.

And now, within a palace fair,
It occupies a special place;
And every guest that tarries there,
Delights to contemplate its face.

Its parted lips now seem to say,
To all who wonder at its charm:—
"My share is naught. I'm worthless stone,
All hewn and cut by man's strong arm.

"My place was but to stay and bear:
To do, in all, my maker's will.
The artist he: the work is his.
Mine, but to glorify his skill."

APPLICATION.

The marble is the human soul;
The Sculptor, God surpassing good:
The blows are trials and ills He sends,
Temptations, oft misunderstood,

And sickness, loss of goods and friends,
And wounds, that rack the heart with pain;
We scarce know what their use can be,
We *do* know, every cross means gain.

If we have courage to endure,
And bend with love beneath His blows,
We soon shall learn the glorious truth,
And know "*'tis best,*" as Heaven knows.

If we will place within His hands,
Our soul, to deal with as He likes,
And shrink not from the hammer's fall,
Nor murmur when the scalpel strikes,

He, too, 'll transform us by His might,
Smoothe out our roughness, and refine
Our uncouth nature; change our looks,
As changed He water into wine.

THE DRIFT TO THE PROSAIC.

BY CHARLES S. O'NEILL.

There is no mistaking the fact that, in these dollar-deified days, the soil is being rendered fallow so far as the production of poetry is concerned. The mind to-day is too much engrossed with the material side of existence to afford time for the cultivation or exposition of that which is purely intellectual, entertaining, and informative. One has only to compare the poetry, or what passes under that name, with the creations of a generation or more ago to realize how wofully the spirit of decadence is manifesting itself. Poets there are to-day who occasionally remind us of the Parnassian flights of an earlier time, but their offerings are few, as though they realized that they were out of touch with the age and did not wish to waste their music on an unappreciative people and period.

It is possible that if the venerated Oliver Wendell Holmes were living he would feel like revising the quatrain so often quoted,

> There are those who touch the string
> And noisy fame is proud to win them;
> Alas! for those who never sing,
> But die with all their music in them.

A familiarity with the current offerings would lead to the belief that Fame can find little to be riotously noisy about, and that those who can sing prefer to preserve a discreet and decorous silence and are not to be commiserated upon their quietude. In the Babel of present-day existence, with its clamorous trumpeting for money, there is about as much encouragement for a poet as there would be for a singer to attempt to obtain a hearing during the working hours in a boiler factory.

While there is a sort of lingering disposition on the part of magazine editors to give some space to verse—a hint of the old-time intellectual inheritance—it is little more than a suggestion, and simply serves to emphasize the poverty of present-day production in that field of literature.

Poets must live as well as other folk. Their time and labor must count in their own behalf, if they are to stand a chance of properly meeting the demands of existence, and the scale of remuneration for poetry at the present time is not such as to arouse enthusiasm or furnish inspiration. Thus the pen is being sensibly and necessarily employed in work that contributes more to the writer's comfort, even if there is less of the intellectual satisfaction and upliftment that might be his under happier conditions. Perhaps it is as well, so far as the individual poet is concerned, whatever may be the effect upon literature or upon the great mass of the people. The universality of education has made it less necessary to appeal purely to the emotions of the people than was the case earlier; and those emotions have also become less responsive.

True, in the days when poetry was more assertive—aye even in the early dawn of minstrelsy—it had its spectacle of shadow, its discouragement of hope deferred, when

> Seven cities claimed great Homer dead
> Through which the living Homer begged his bread.

There is also the sad story of Chatterton driven to suicide in a London garret through the pangs of hunger, while other devotees of the muses felt the pinch of

poverty and distress; but there was high incentive to work, nevertheless, and literature was enriched even though the poets themselves derived but a small proportion of the benefit, aside from the fame secured and the satisfaction associated therewith.

Poetry and money-getting from time immemorial have had little in common; and the fact that the English poet, Samuel Rogers, and the American, Charles Sprague, were successful bankers, while in our own day we find another banker-poet in the person of Edmund Clarence Stedman, in no way detracts from the general proposition. These are but exceptions proving the rule.

Again, even in the past, many of the poets who were not the possessors of inherited wealth or the pensioners of considerate patrons had to depend chiefly upon other avenues of emolument than their poetic gifts. In Great Britain some had to be the recipients of government bounty, either in the way of a pecuniary allowance or a diplomatic or other position, through which the material side of their welfare was conserved. Others labored in clerical positions, or even more menial occupation—like in the case of Robert Burns, who had to descend to the acceptance of the post of an exciseman during his all too-brief career, for he died at the age of thirty-five years. Charles Lamb held down a desk in the British East India office. During his latter days the life of Oliver Goldsmith was one of constant effort to keep out of the clutches of bailiffs, while Thomas Hood depended upon his connection with the humorous paper "Punch" to keep the wolf from the door.

In our own country, FitzGreene Halleck spent the greater part of his mature life as a clerk in the office of John Jacob Astor, New York; Bayard Taylor found his chief source of reliance in the returns from his descriptive work—the result of his travels as a newspaper correspondent; Richard Henry Stoddard labored as city librarian of New York; William Cullen Bryant as a newspaper editor, and Bret Harte found his most secure anchorage in a consular appointment. As a matter of fact, a professorship first in Bowdoin College, his alma mater, and later at Harvard, furnished Henry W. Longfellow his chief source of monetary dependence in the early crucial years before his fame had budded into blossom; while Oliver Wendell Holmes labored as a physician and surgeon until called to the professorship in the Harvard Medical School, made vacant by the fall of Professor John Webster, who was hanged for the murder of Dr. Francis Parkman, in Boston, nearly sixty years ago.

Whatever the handicaps, in a pecuniary sense, under which poets earlier labored, there was still the encouragement of popular approbation. This encouragement appears to be dying out, for the people are catching the purely mercenary spirit of the hour and their minds are taking on a coldly material bent. Perhaps it is because magazine editors recognize the change that they give so little attention to poetry. There is more of the business idea and less of the educational, so far as literature is concerned, in present-day publishing enterprises than was once the case; and the intellectual is relegated to a back seat while the commercial monopolizes the front row.

The poet to-day who feels the inspiration to sing does so for the individual satisfaction or the duty of giving expression to the mintage of his heart and mind, not for the pecuniary return, for the lat-

ter is "game not worth the powder;" but even the inspiration appears to be dying out, judging by the current product. Were there the old-time inclination to sentiment, asserting itself in popular appreciation, there would be the encouragement to a higher note; but sentiment is being lulled into a kind of somnolence, becoming deeper and more trance-like as the present money-mad atmosphere becomes more dense and soul-cramping.

One would suppose that with the advancement of education, poetry, the efflorescence of all literature, would take on an added strength and beauty and secure a firmer hold upon the people, but the fact is that education is being too much narrowed down to commercial lines, too much diverted into cash-register channels, to the exclusion of that which is broadly instructive, elevating, and beneficent; and those former leaders of thought, the newspapers and magazines, "follow the crowd" instead of guiding it. Pegasus, unbroken to the bridle of Mammon, has, therefore, betaken himself to the tall timber until such time as the forage in the open becomes more inviting and nutritious.

ETHNA CARBERY.

In Reverent Memory.

It seems to us, her work was scarce begun,
Her life scarce lived, her woman's web unspun;
That songs more sweet than ev'n her heart had sung
As yet, and truer, with her death-knell swung
Unheard to lasting silence. In our grief,
Her share of earth has seemed too harshly brief—
Yet, who can tell?
God gave the season and will judge the fruit,
God sows the seed, in faith shall spread its root,—
He orders well.

To die with happiness in hand—ah, yes!
But some have died, to whom true happiness
Came never in this life. And some forget
Joy, sorrow, love, eternity, while yet
Their suffering grips them fast. Some never see
Their life-work bladed, in green ear, but she
Leaves much well done.
In countless Irish hearts a tender thought—
A sacred peace, by love and sorrow wrought
For God in one.

THE BIRTH-RIGHT.

BY HELEN PALMER.

We turned into the shore road, the horses broke into a trot as the fresh breeze off the water reached them, and rattling over the bit of beach and under the willows we came in sight of a long, red farm-house. It lay in the hollow of the arm that, stretching out into the lake, sheltered our camp among the gnarled cedars of its tapering point, and was a familiar feature of the pleasant scene. But to-day an unusual activity marred its repose.

"What's going on there?" I asked the driver, with the frank curiosity about my neighbors which was one of the luxuries of my summer home. Scarcely were the words out when Uncle Jesse, sideways on the front seat, with one eye on the colt, had begun to enlighten me.

"Wealthy Allen's goin' West."

"But Seth?" I broke in, knowing that once the flood was started there would be no chance for questions, "Her brother never can get along by himself."

"Wealthy Allen's goin' West," he resumed reproachfully, "an' though she don't allow it, tew the best of my comprehension, she's goin' with the purpose an' obligation of bringing Seth back home." He paused to enjoy my look of surprise, and then hanging one foot over the dash-board, to permit a still easier pose, he settled himself to his tale:

"Seth started off along back in the fall—after you left. He'd been gettin' restless all summer. She'd had to run the farm, but then she did that so much of the time they didn't no one notice. But all of a suddent it came out that he was goin' West—to the Klondike—some folks said. Seth didn't say much himself you could get hold of; he was all took up with the idee of the journey an' the fortune he was goin' to make. But he did let on that Wealthy had bought out his share of the farm. So we knew that's where the money come from. She's never one to talk, you know, close as a chestnut burr; but along towards spring she began to look more set than ever, an' it come out through the postmaster that she was a sendin' him money regular. Jake Adams asked her one day to the store how Seth was gettin' on, an' she shut him up so sharp we didn't any of us care to inquire for particulars. But we all knew how 'twas bound to be with Seth, without Wealthy was there to look after him. So we wa'n't surprised when she said she was goin' to follow on. She's got a man to look after the stock; he'll live in the back of the house, an' she's havin' the front windows boarded up. Looks kind of lonesome, don't it?"

The windows, shining red in the sunset glow, were disappearing behind the rough board shutters; a small woman wearing a man's felt hat pulled down over her eyes was moving rapidly here and there, directing the work. As we drove by she turned and answered my greeting with a brief nod and a momentary softening of her stern, dark face.

After supper when the cabin was ready for living, and the young people were uproariously gathering brush and logs for the first bonfire, I took the path to Miss Allen's. I was sorry to have her go, and Uncle Jesse's tale held a hint of disaster. Narrow as life was in the red farm-house, I was sure it had been the only life she cared for. She had been born there, and when she and Seth, her younger brother,

were left alone, she had shouldered the care of the farm, and found contentment in the work.

But Seth was restless; he was a different sort, and perhaps she had helped to spoil him. One day he disappeared without a word, and when he came back he brought a wife—a silly, pretty thing. If Wealthy resented this, she did not show it; so the neighbors said. She made no comments on careless ways and foolish spending; she simply went away, and worked for ten years in a factory town in the East. Then, her brother's wife dying, she came back and took the reins again in her hands. The house was repaired, the cows grew sleek, the weeds were hunted from the old garden, red geraniums blossomed in the front yard and Seth—well-fed and no longer buttonless, —had time once more to read and fish and dream dreams.

"Why couldn't he have been content to stay here and leave her in peace?" I thought, crossing the dim orchard where the old apple trees staggered up the hill, straining their twisted arms towards the north-east, as if clutching at some support against the everlasting winds.

I tapped at the side porch, and getting no response made my way to the kitchen door. It was open, and peering through I made out Miss Allen sitting there alone in the dark.

"Is that you, Bije?" she called out, "I'm all ready; you can get my trunk in the morning." Then, perceiving me, she rose hastily.

"Don't light the lamp, Miss Allen," I interposed, "and let's sit down on the steps here, if you've got any time to waste on me."

"I'm all ready," she repeated. But she did not sit down again; she stood leaning against the door and looking out across the peaceful fields to the rippling water silvering now under the moon and stretching away to the foot of the purple mountains on the far shore.

"It's a beautiful view, isn't it?" I said, following the direction of her eyes.

"Yes," she agreed, "I don't know as there's a sightlier anywheres. I don't want to see it, if there is," she ended, bitterly.

"Perhaps the change, going out there, will do you good, Miss Allen," I ventured.

"Change!" she snorted, contemptuously, "I ain't one of that kind." And picking up the basket, she went to get the eggs I had used as a pretext for my call.

No news came from Miss Allen as the summer went on, and the neighbors had ceased to wonder about her, when one day a rumor reached us that the farm had been sold. This was still being discussed, when a couple of men drove in from the county town, and plans were set on foot to build a creamery and butter factory on the old place. Sorrowing for Miss Allen, I watched the workmen invading the fragrant garden and uprooting the flowers and vines she had nursed with patient and happy care.

On a wild, blustering morning in October, I was buffeting my way through a lane, a short cut from the lake shore to the main road, and thinking that it was time to leave this land of sudden frosts, when I was startled by the sound of steady hammering. There was no house near, I knew, nothing but a half-ruined shanty, built by an artist years ago, for a studio, and long deserted except when a band of gipsies sheltered there. As I came in sight of the queer little box of a place, the noise was explained: a woman clinging to the roof in spite of the wind that lashed her and threatened to tear

the shawl from her head and shoulders was slowly and painfully mending the broken boards. As I approached she straightened herself for an instant, and I saw that it was Wealthy Allen.

"Why, Miss Allen!" I cried in my surprise, "Is that you? What are you doing?"

She looked at me a moment as if revolving the futility of my questions; and then calling back, "I'm shingling this roof," she began to drive her nails.

I couldn't leave her like that; drawing close beneath her, I waited for a pause. "What are you going to do with it when you've got it shingled?" I shouted, peering up when the hammer ceased.

"I'm going to live here," she said quite calmly.

"Oh, Miss Allen!" I broke out, in such unfeigned dismay that she seemed to think it her duty to comfort me. Creeping to the edge of the roof, she looked down on me kindly.

"You know I sold the farm," she said, reproachfully.

"Yes, but we thought you were going to stay out there of course with Seth, with your brother."

"You might a known better," she said, deliberately. Then her eyes flashed, "What'd you suppose I wanted to do off there away from the lake an' the mountings—an' everythin'?" she demanded fiercely. "Seth 'll stay," she went on, relapsing into her usual calm. "He didn't want to come back. He wanted a place there, an' I got him one an' settled him comfortable. He didn't care about my stayin'; he makes friends easy," she added, dropping her voice.

"But you can't live here in this shanty," I urged.

"I guess you can do most anythin' you have to," she declared. "I've got it free; an' there's a piece of land big enough for potatoes—for one. An' in the summer there's berries an' fish—I kep' the boat. What's to hender me livin'?" she ended, triumphantly.

As I was moving away, admiring, if not convinced, I glanced back; she had risen to her feet, her red shawl, caught by the wind, streamed out like a pennant against the pure and shining blue of the sky. She spread her arms in a wide gesture. "I've got them!" she shouted, joyously, "I've got the lake an' the mountings, the waters an' the earth, an' the fulness thereof! Praise the Lord, there can't nobody buy them—never!"

I stood still, staring up at this outburst, and while I gazed, she fell to her knees again, and the sharp blows of the hammer rang out on the clear air as she drove the nails home.

THE TEST.

THE WELL.

A MODERN MONASTERY.

BY THE REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

Where I sat, the pump could be seen, somewhat rusty, but inviting to the thirsty on a hot summer day. Tall trees waved over me; the rocks of a shrine, Our Lady of Lourdes, rose vine-covered, moist and cool, directly before me, and to the right were the walls of the sacristy, above on the brow of the slope. Turning about I could see the blue waters of a little lake. It was aggravating.

Water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink !

I recalled far-off days when I lay on my face beside a mountain spring and drank my fill of the most beautiful and satisfying of all the liquids known to thirsty man. That time had passed many years. A dyspeptic twist in an otherwise capable stomach had made all liquids,—in particular the cool,—impossible, disquieting, sometimes dangerous. I knew the pump covered a spring, for this region is full of springs. The little lake behind me, and the other just out of sight beyond the road, have no inlets, because the water gushes clear and plentiful from the marl bottom. I longed to drink, to repeat the rich pleasure of boyhood; and finally I did, accepting the consequent discomfort, for the joy of drinking deep of water from the natural well.

What delicious coolness, sweetness, re-

freshment! The barbarous flavor of iron pipe, the Arctic chill of Penobscot ice, quite absent! Fill up the tin cup again, and again, and again! Here's to the mountain spring, to boyhood, to the sprite of this well! And in spite of quantity, and dread, Adam's ale cut no capers with the astonished alimentary canal, but soothed the dark and timorous shores, uplifted the spirit, and brought repose where most other intruders brought horror. From that moment the pump and I became devoted friends. Were I a poet its peaceful glory should often be my theme of song.

I sang its praise to an invalid friend from the Nova Scotia shore, and urged the tin cup upon him. He had to be very careful about introducing strangers to the fearsome creatures which maintained and yet threatened his inner life, he said; but overcome by the memory of his youth he, too, drank, at first cautiously, then freely, and thereafter copiously with benefit. For both, the effect of this natural water direct from the spring was a revelation, and we spent some minutes in discussing and denouncing the piped water of modern cities, which might do for cleaning purposes, but fomented rebellion, discontent, reform and Puritanism in the stomachs of the multitude. The hermits of the Thebaid on bread, dates, and spring water, lived a hundred years without serious effort to live. Perhaps this Indiana well is the least significant thing on the beautiful grounds of the University of Notre Dame. To me it became symbolic of the institution itself, which seemed like a fountain of the Middle Ages, set in the plains of modern Indiana, to water the arid modern field with the mystic stream of the Christian ages. A few yards away from the shrine stands the church, a great temple, a cathedral in size and beauty, in which I sat on Sunday morning to see the Holy Cross community and the Uni-

THE SEMINARY AND MONASTERY FROM OVER THE LAKE.

FATHER EDWARD SORIN, C.S.C.
Founder of Notre Dame.

versity colony at their public devotions. Before eight o'clock the worshippers trooped in with the brisk, decided tread of a regiment on the march, while a bell of deep, sweet tone resounded gigantic on the summer air. The Brothers of the community, old and young, filled the space in the apse, their peaceful faces turned towards the main altar; then came the collegians and novices of the community, in cassock and surplice, lean and vigorous youths, to fill the stalls on either side of the sanctuary, along the wall; the lay members of the faculty in their black gowns with colored ribbons took the front pews; and behind them a thousand youths and boys, students and others, marched to their places.

The procession entered from the sacristy as the clock struck the hour, boys, servers, and clergy, the latter wearing the black cape of the community over the surplice; the great organ pealed and the choir sang *Introit* and *Kyrie* in the Gregorian chant. It was a spectacle which I had never seen before, and I doubt if any other church in the land could reproduce it. There was something thunderous about it, as of an army hearing Mass on the eve of battle; so that as I sat there the vision of that great world outside came to me, the world in which the tremendous struggle between good and evil roars like Niagara to the listening ear, without diminuendo or cessation. Here, indeed, were the warriors of to-morrow's battle, drinking in strength under the eye of the Leader himself.

This display of strength, of unity in purpose and method, has an inspiriting effect on the modern Catholic. We are so scattered, almost diluted, in the malicious, materialistic, skeptical, flippant society of the time, that we rarely feel our solidarity of aim as well as of doctrine. I said, as I drank in the wonderful scene for over an hour: "We should have one hundred such centers as this in the Republic, with a million youths preparing for the fray; and parents, leaders,

isolated captains of frontier posts, should come when they could to feast eyes and hearts on the army of the future, making ready joyously to take their places in the field." The army marched out again and left me alone in the majestic temple. Sixty years ago, the spot where I sat was part of the Indiana prairie, occasionally trod by the Indians and the missionary, Stephen Badin, who taught them the ways of grace. His grave is only a few hundred yards away, under a replica of the log church in which he said Mass for the red men.

What a marvel of human labor! Without subsidy from state or millionaire, beginning their work with a handful of men, the Holy Cross community has covered the prairie with the buildings of a town, structures great and small, capable of entertaining and educating a community and a student body of two thousand members; and has shaped an educational instrument of wonderful resource, great power and originality. How was the marvel accomplished? Through the men whose quiet graves I can see in the distance, priests and brothers; and through the men whose sturdy hands are guiding and shaping the work at the present moment. I met a score of them and studied them with infinite curiosity, from the simple brother who waited on me at breakfast to the most finished product of community life. The dominant quality struck me as alertness. The sacristan in spite of age flew about like a bird, amid sacristies and sanctuaries of exquiste neatness and order. I looked long at a group of young lay novices mending the roads, with much chat and

THE FIRST COLLEGE BUILDING, 1842.

SORIN HALL.
Around which the College traditions mostly cluster.

laughing, but working at top speed and energy. I sat in the first college, a little building on the smaller lake, still in good repair, now used by a section of the lay novices, and chatted with young men, who promptly provided me with literature and information as to their own particular circle. All the signs about me indicated that each department had something extra to do and could lose no time in doing it.

The great problem in our Catholic colleges is concerned with discipline. The ancient French method has been dis-

A PROCESSION AROUND THE QUADRANGLE.

AT A BIG FOOTBALL GAME.

carded, as it had to be, in a community which tolerates, if it does not admire, the latitude of Harvard and Yale; but neither the Catholic parent nor the Catholic teacher will ever accept the modern indifference in protecting the youthful student against both himself and his seducers. Notre Dame has been seeking the golden mean. It would be indiscreet to ask if it has been found. I sat on the verandah of Sorin Hall, the main building, in the evening. Lights twinkled in a hundred windows. From a dormitory opposite came the twang of a banjo, the wail of a violin, the chatter of conversation, the music of an accidental quartette; young men came and went across the broad square, mounted or descended the high steps, did the usual things peculiar to a village street; and yet nowhere did the sounds indicate riot, disorder, or horse-play. It seemed more like the decorum of a populous hotel. When the study-bell sounded a pleasant silence followed.

After night prayers in the main building I was at pains to watch the young fellows going to bed. In my day we marched in silence from the study-hall to the dormitory, two long lines of lank young men against the walls of the corridor, so that the master could see our behaviour from the head of the line. In silence we went to bed. They do it amusingly at Notre Dame and in a homelike way. After the prayers the boys dawdled a few minutes in and around the study-hall, closing the accounts of the day quietly; some left hat, coat, vest, collar and tie on their desks in most admired disorder; then they went off in twos and threes at their convenience to bed. The grand dormitory for this section presented a remarkable appearance.

THE QUADRANGLE IN WINTER.

THE QUADRANGLE IN SUMMER.

Each bed being surrounded by spotless linen curtains one saw only a great spread of linen, a floor with carpeted aisles, and the high windows. The boys disappear within the curtains, where they find a bed and a chair. No disorder, no noise, no capers! The single chair explained why some left part of their costume on

THE NEWSPAPER MAN.

the desks of the study-hall, there being no room for them in the dormitory. Wardrobes and lavatories are elsewhere. However, these trifling matters are but the straws showing how the wind blows.

As Notre Dame shelters nearly nine hundred boys and young men for ten months of the year, one could naturally look for considerable uproar at times. I heard none. They drifted into dinner from all directions, with the ease and indifference of well-bred society people, prayer was said, the meal finished in twenty minutes amid the usual chatter, and after grace they drifted out again in the same fashion. The absence of rigidity was no less conspicuous than the absence of disorder. I did not ask how the result was produced. Anyone who has experienced the difficulties of ruling the perverse, mischievous, wilful multitude, will ask no questions of that kind. If there were not in us forces working for the general good, a strong current of life in favor of higher things, human perversity, or perhaps petulancy, would make any discipline impossible.

Aggregations like Notre Dame are better viewed from above than from the level plain, and I surveyed it from a

height one morning, after its variety had made an impression. The main building, in which the chief business of the day is transacted, reminds one of the stately capitols of other days, with its shining dome, fine corridors and tremendous dignity. Away beyond the larger of the two lakes stands the novitiate, the nest of the community, which fashions the earnest youth to the particular work of his life. On the banks of the smaller lake is the little seminary, which gives the future novice his college training. Between the two lakes stands the community house, as large as the ordinary college, which from its use might be called the home of the brethren when particular duties call them to no other residence. Then come the buildings of the Brothers, who form an integral and important part of the community of the Holy Cross, providing teachers and workers in various departments. They also have their training-school and novitiate, their aims, methods and traditions, nobly based on the spiritual life which surrenders all to God for the good of the race.

An entire town lies before the eye, full of beautiful buildings, gymnasium and indoor track, theatre, science halls, junior colleges, dormitories, observatory, post-office, with printing-office and bakery, and all the other out-buildings needful. The old, beautiful monastery life, with

THE BADIN CHAPEL.
A replica of the chapel built by Father Badin.

THE RE-INTERMENT OF THE PROTO-PRIEST, REV. STEPHEN THEODORE BADIN.

Father Badin was the first priest ordained in the United States, and the first resident priest at Notre Dame. He died at Cincinnati and was buried there, but his remains were re-interred in the log chapel, May 30th, 1906. The original log chapel was built by Father Badin and the Indians in 1831, and was burned in 1856.

its sweet activities, its mingling of the simple and the complex, of the lowly life and the highest intellectual quality, thus flourishes on the soil of Indiana as powerfully as in the vale of Clairvaux. Who would not thank God for it?

Bede or Bernard would find himself at home in this place, so like what they made beautiful and comprehensible to their times, and begin again to make beautiful and comprehensible to ours. Here are walks by the lake, through the woods, across the meadows, along the high roads; little retreats where no sound but Nature's reaches the sensitive ear; companionship and solitude; not only the virtues of the higher life, such as faith and chastity, but of the lower life, too, such as industry and patience carried on through long years for a certain aim.

An Italian artist painted the walls of the church and of Sorin Hall, devoting a third of his life to the work, seemingly full of the ancient spirit, in love with his art. Gregori later returned to his native Italy and died there. The walls of Notre Dame are covered with portraits and mementoes of the Catholic workers of the past. The available spaces are crowded with innumerable objects bearing upon the history of the Church in the Republic. For a quarter of a century Professor Edwards has labored to accumulate these useful treasures, soon to be priceless; and for another quarter of a century he will keep up the work. There are no endowments at Notre Dame, no large salaries, and no glittering inducements for workers. Whatever is achieved, beyond merely earning a living, must be its own

reward. One may say with justice, after taking in the entire beauty of the work, that connection with it is sufficient fame for the average monk; and these priests and brothers whose graves lie in the shadow of the great dome have the envy of the stranger for their share in the achievement.

To produce it in its full glory many must have labored in peculiar ways, with many sacrifices. I sought them out where possible. Father Stephen Badin owned the ground, which he presented to the Bishop of Vincennes, who gave it over to Father Sorin and his community on condition that they build the college within two years. Father Badin died in Cincinnati, and his remains now rest in a log chapel on the grounds, a reproduction of the chapel in which he officiated. I had no idea a log church could be so spacious, dignified, and holy in its appearance; and no more beautiful monument could stand over the bones of a faithful priest. The statue of Father Sorin, whose dreams were fulfilled to the letter in the growth of his institution, stands at the entrance of the grounds. It bears a resemblance to Father Hecker, although the expression belongs more to the practical man of affairs than to the mystic.

The living managers assembled one night in the auditorium of the commencement orations, rather quiet men in a public place, I thought; but of course this was the hour of the orators and their parents. The chief official, the Rector of the University, presided, a genial young man, with the flexible manner and ready smile of the successful administrator. I

A TYPICAL INTERIOR.

heard him tell the invited orator, just before he stepped on the platform, that the audience of visitors, graduates, and students, had assembled principally to listen to him, and therefore, in spite of the late hour and the heat, he must take his own time and deliver his full thought. With such encouragement the orator earned all our thanks by a discourse much briefer than any of his predecessors, and by a graceful allusion to the influence of the *Ave Maria*, which he rightly and aptly termed the voice of Notre Dame.

Happy the community and society which owns such a voice, so sincere, so penetrating, so sweet! I liken the influence of that publication to the silver stream flowing from the depths of the everlasting hills, through the shades of the virgin forest, into the arid world; preserving its crystal beauty from all stain; communicating to those who use its sparkling waters something of its own clearness, sweetness and repose. In the forty odd years of its life the magazine world has seen many revolutions in principles, tastes, methods; its leaders have been mired often enough by will-o'-the-wisps; but the *Ave Maria* has never swerved from its course, never changed its wholesome waters.

The personality behind it for many years, Rev. Daniel Hudson, seems to avoid the highway, content to sit watching the source and flow of this perennial stream, like an ancient hermit, for whom it is the only connection with the outside world. The practical topics discussed in the magazine, its literary and other judgments, and its general matter, prove the editor anything but a hermit in knowledge of his times. Its studied moderation, discreet avoidance of controversy, delicate stories and poems, and persistent encouragement of the right and fit, undoubtedly represent his convictions, experience and temperament. Since 1865 the *Ave Maria* has scattered its sweetness in the world, and many of us, old lovers of the printed word, jarred and confused by the magazine babel of the time, turn to it at the close of the day for that refreshment elsewhere denied. Father Hudson reminded me somewhat of Father Hecker in his last days by his silver hair and beard and the intense expression of his eyes; but these unimportant details fail before the expression of the priest in the pages of the *Ave Maria*.

I must say that the chief burden of my thought concerning this modern monastery was, how did so few accomplish this work? I found no clear answer to the question. It amused and astonished me to discover another Jarrow on the banks of the St. Joseph, with all the savor of Bede's renowned convent; but the means seemed so inadequate compared with such results in the short space of half a century, that I gave up the problem. The factors are simple enough; a high aim, a noble plan, intense effort, the surplus of the community turned into development, the blessing of God; but while these things inevitably earn success, they do not always produce the unique. Therefore I came away delighted and wondering, and for satisfaction I must take the same road back again another June day.

During the month of May our Mother undertook another trip. This time she went to Switzerland and Italy, taking with her Mother Stephana. Our dear Mothers visited many houses; they went wherever they heard there was a place for sale or to lease, but each time the price was too high or the place too small. It was during this voyage that Mother Stephana, who, for some twenty years past has never looked into a mirror, was much amazed, while in the station at Geneva,—I think that was the place,—to suddenly meet another nun face to face. It was our habit!—certainly it was a Mother of the Priory—yes, surely, it was even Mother Scholastica, whom, however, she knew was at the moment in the peaceful shelter of our dear old walls. The shock was so great that Mother Stephana almost fainted. Some one hastened to support her; she wished to speak but to her lips came only inarticulate sounds. As our Mother came upon the scene at this moment she saw Mother Stephana's excited gestures as she pointed to her *vis-a-vis*, and hearing the perplexed Mother whisper in a faltering tone "Mother Scholastica! Mother Scholastica!" she immediately grasped the situation. Happily this little tragi-comic affair brought no sad result, and the dear travellers came back to us in perfect health. Alas! they had found nothing. England was our only chance now. This we had put off till the very last because many of the old Mothers were afraid to make the trip across.

In the meantime our French Government had closed all houses not duly authorized to teach. Our friends assured us that there was nothing to fear, and so we went on as usual with our work to the end of the scholastic year. The children leaving us for their vacation said with confidence, "Good-bye, dear Mothers, good-bye! We shall be back to you again in October!"

After these little birds of ours had flown away, with heartfelt joy we entered upon retreat, on the sixth of August. This, we feared, would be our last retreat at Notre Dame du Prieuré. If this prevision must be verified then of all precious remembrances these blessed days of retreat will be for us among the best. How admirable was the preaching of Rev. Father A——! His sermons were profound in their simplicity, and his thought was so practical and earnest that each word penetrated our very souls with its precious balm of light and conviction.

After the retreat, at the end of August, we gave to our dear Reverend Mother a gay—yes, a very gay, entertainment. People in the world put us down as a melancholy set, always dull and morose. Ah! if they could only see us behind our walls spending a day of recreation! I wonder what they would say. Perhaps they would be scandalized. I wish to preserve the memory of this feast,—which perhaps will be our last,—and give a full account of it in my diary.

During the year we have two full days of recreation. That of St. Martha is the feast day for our lay Sisters. How gracefully do they then bear their honors and take the first rank everywhere. Not a hand's turn of work do they do on this day, as the professed Sisters become housekeepers, cooks, lamp trimmers, etc.,

this business of loafing annoys them exceedingly. As a rule the feast is marked by a great deal of laughter and no work, and if on the vigil the lay Sisters do not prepare large dishes of cold food, we must all fast on the festival day.

Here is a sample menu for the feast of St. Martha: Sister M. Antoinette's macaroons; Sister of the Assumption's burnt almonds; meringues of the Sister Mary Elizabeth make; and, let us not forget, the soft caramels I make so well.

The other feast is that of Mother Superior. This we celebrate with much more solemnity. No matter what the Superior's name is we always keep her feast during vacation days. During the scholastic year, however, the scholars have a full day of absence in her honor.

Naturally we consecrate the morning to God, and until nine o'clock grand silence is rigorously observed. Surely those young Sisters who prepare the community room and festoon the doors and windows with flowers and ivy, now and then let break from their hearts smiles of joy, when their lips are closed in silence. But it is Reverend Mother's feast, and our good Lord loves to witness their innocent gaiety which recalls His first childish gambols in Nazareth. At the sound of the bell at nine o'clock all the Mothers and Sisters assemble in the freshly-decorated hall. At the farther end, stationed on a high pedestal, the statue of the Sacred Heart overlooks all. Below this, just beside Mother Superior's armchair, branches and flowers have been interwoven to form a luxuriant thicket. When all are assembled, Mother gives the signal to kneel and recite the *Veni Creator* and the *Sub tuum*.

Talking begins, and each takes part to her heart's content. Some treat us to monologues; others depict instructive episodes or amusing anecdotes borrowed from the lives of saints. All this is given off-hand, for we have not the time to prepare assiduously. But, mind you, while one is personifying St. Francis of Assisi, Brother Juniper, or St. Theresa, she remains a Sister of Notre Dame du Prieuré; with her ordinary costume. Of course we look over our parts the day before, that on the morrow each may read with readiness. We seek in this programme of ours to bring a cheering smile to the lips of our good Mothers and our dear lay Sisters who seem to love these little entertainments.

At breakfast we have roasted chicken and watercress. Yes, real fresh chickens. (This is the only time in the whole year we have this dish.) Strawberries we have for dessert, and with powdered sugar, too! —another rare article like the chicken. But this is not all. Mother procurator passes along the tables and offers to each (if Combes knew this!) either a cup of coffee or a small glass of anisette! One must choose one, not take both.

In the afternoon we have the lottery. This is the climax of our day's dissipation. For first prizes we have pretty statuettes of the Sacred Heart, and of Our Lady, and of the Guardian Angel. Besides we have large pieces of baize or of linoleum, objects greatly desired. I must add, also, the beautiful holy pictures, a size to be put in our breviaries or on our work tables. For small prizes, which some times are doubled, we have letter paper, a knitted shawl, a few chocolate wafers, a package of gum drops, a pen knife, a wax taper, etc., etc.

At dinner in the evening we have whisked eggs and a large, beautiful cake, prepared by Sister Veronica. Sister had so well learned the art while in her native village that she excels the accomplished

pastry cooks of—and even of Paris.

We conclude this cheerful day by singing to our dear Mother some allegorical strophes. This year, I found my inspiration in a word which Father A—— repeated several times during each day of retreat: "*Mecum*, (with me.") Our Lord who suffered before us, for us, and with greater anguish than we suffer, draws us to Himself by this word: *Mecum*.

So ended our day of grand festivity. Each one felt in this our concluding hymn a strain of sadness, and about each eye there gleamed a few tears as the lips were forcing themselves to sing. None dared to say "next year." But for all that our hearts were full of confidence that the good God to Whom we had offered our fervent prayers and courageous mortifications would not permit our dispersion.

There now, you wicked scoffers! you have our two days of recreation. Is it for this that you would drive us off? Perhaps it is because we spend the other three hundred and sixty-three days of the year in labor and prayer. Is it because we love and educate the poor little children of our people; because we pray while you blaspheme? Tell me why we are in the way in our native France. Our work is the education of poor children. Indeed we take orphans, too, and if we receive the children of the rich, where is the evil? We ourselves must live, and those who are destitute we must feed and clothe. Are not our efforts for one class the occasion of help to another? To all we teach the love of God, the love of France, the love of family and the love of duty. And this is why you wish to rob us of our house—our house, our own property! bought, enlarged, and embellished out of our dowries and our humble daily labor? But when we are robbed you wish to exile us from France?

No! No! This is impossible! The people of France will not connive in such baseness,—such pillage.

Our return in the month of October was superb. The parents said to us cheerfully: "Have no fears. Nothing will be done against you while you are authorized. I entrust my daughter to your care until the very end of her education for two, three, five years more."

So the school year began as peaceably as ever. When November came, the pupils entered upon their retreat, in the best of spirits and with generosity. "We wish to refuse nothing to our good God," they said, "because we ask Him to keep our Mothers with us for a long, long time."

On the eighth of December, the feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, and the patronal feast of the Children of Mary, we kept the usual programme of past years. I would be too long in telling of this happy day—the joys so pious and pure of our children, their academic exercises, their tableaux, the fire-works—I will speak of this again. Now we are very busy. We have classes to prepare, note-books to correct, the long office to recite, and the happy hour of adoration to keep.

Christmas! Here is Christmas, the feast so dear to our children, so dear to ourselves, because Jesus comes down to us. Jesus comes in poverty, and that He might the better pledge His love to us He comes in suffering.

In the academy the following day is spent in honor of Mother Superior. General recreation with its songs, tableaux, poetry, and comedies, is the day's work.

On the twenty-eighth the turn comes for our dear little ones of the free classes, —the poor and the orphans. Let me say a word about these tots, for to speak of them is to speak of our best liked work.

These children are invited on this day to visit the boarders in their large recreation hall. Here they are received with a welcome of songs and flowers. There is a large Christmas tree,—a massive fir, rising to the ceiling,—freighted with its toys and useful presents, given by the pupils—frocks, chemises, woolen stuffs, dolls, books, balls. Every child gets at least two presents, and when all are cared for the poor visitors express their gratitude to their companions by the poems they recite and the much applauded *sainette* which they act. Before departure all go together to the inner chapel, and there before the snowy grotto in which lies the Child Jesus, all brilliant by the lights and the shining star, our children, without distinction between rich and poor, lovingly kneel side by side while the little ones, the little ones only—for it is the feast of the Holy Innocents—chant a Christmas carol composed each year expressly for the occasion.

Here we are at the end of 1903.

While the death warrant of all authorized teaching congregations was being prepared in the Chamber our hearts were full of fear. On the thirty-first of December, when we assembled in the chapter hall, at five o'clock, to bid each other a happy new year we almost wept. Mother, however, was full of hope. She had been given *The Sacred Heart* as the patron of the new year. "The Sacred Heart," she repeated, "will certainly save us. It is in Him we must put our hopes." "Yes, it is true," we replied. He can save us if He wills, but will not He who said, "Take up your cross and follow me," bless us with suffering and exile? The motto of the retreat, "*Mecum*," reminded us that we were to expect from Him not the hope of good fortune but support in the hour of trial.

CHAPTER III.

January, 1904—Visit of Father Superior—We Must Disperse. Each Must Plan for Herself—An Amusing event; A Dog Arrives. Mardi Gras, Lent—An Alarm—Sister Saint Peter and Sister Saint John Will Go to Bethany, where I, Too, Expect to Be Received—Vote on the First Article of the Law—The Law is Passed in the Chamber—The Holy Days.

Tuesday, January 5, 1904.

The New Year has come. It was the day before yesterday that our Mother gave me permission to write my diary. Thanks to the days of vacation, I have been able to give an account of our life and our first fears. Now I shall write from day to day the history of the Prieuré with its see-saw of joys and sorrows.

To-morrow the Epiphany, and after that the return of our scholars.

Monday, January 18.

This morning we had a visit from our Father Superior, a saintly priest with pessimistic views, who appears very resigned in face of the impending persecution. He looks at the matter with a calmness which we by no means enjoy. He is a saint, as I said, and as a saint he looks upon the bustle in the world. He came, as he is wont to do at the beginning of each year, and bade us be resigned to the will of God. "For you," he added, "the will of God means separation, expulsion. You are poor, and as such you must act. Go to the homes of your parents and friends. Some will be received into strange convents, and others—well! if they must work for their support they will work. But the continuation of community life elsewhere is impossible, without more funds. Let each one look out

for herself; prepare a plan of life and submit it to your Mother Superior."

Tears flowed copiously as the Reverend Superior left the chapter hall.

Is it possible to imagine our predicament, the inexpressible anguish which fell upon us, poor cloistered religious, at such a prospect? To depart? To separate? To live and die far from our community? Far from our religious family? What a desolate prospect, especially for the older ones among us! Many have passed their eightieth year, and some others are almost paralyzed. We who are still young and active entertain the hope of reunion, and of guarding our devotion until reunion is possible; but our poor, old religious! They are the ones, however, who before all others, console themselves; they assure us that all will be well, that the good God will not permit such a thing as separation. And we strongly repeat we do not wish dispersion. We prefer black bread, hunger, and cold. We wish to live together, to keep intact our religious family! "My God, my God, would that this chalice pass from us —but not as we will but as you will be it done unto us,"

Sunday, January 24.

Agony now begins. Yes, it is agony indeed. Our Saviour in the Garden of Gethsemane, suffering the pangs of weariness, fear and terror, shedding tears of blood, sought the support and consolation of His friends, but they slept. He was alone. We, too, feel that we are alone. Did not Father Superior say, "Let each one look out for herself; prepare a plan of life and submit it to Mother Superior?" Dispersion? Without even the fortifying hope within her heart that one day she will be again with her Sisters, each will go off by herself. No, we can not accept that. Even our Mother does not accept it.

Friday, January 29.

Since Father Superior has said "Let each one make a plan of life" we have tried to do so, but each one said to Mother, "Reverend Mother, I will go where obedience sends me; but if you ask me what I desire, here is my plan: To keep up my religious life and the education of children, and that at the cost of all sacrifices, poverty, misery, exile." Mother asks, "If we must leave Notre Dame du Prieuré, where will you, my children, go?"

"To another convent where we may consecrate ourselves to God and His poor."

"But Reverend Father Superior desires that several enter a secular life in which they may solicit the aid of patrons."

Trembling, some replied to this: "If it is necessary, Reverend Mother, for the good of souls, I will do it."

So spoke our dear Sister Elizabeth.

Others hesitated, or showed such a fear or repulsion for the secular life, that our Mother could no longer insist. Many of the religious will be obliged to go to their families, to their aged parents. Will not my dear Sister Mary Bernard's place be with her father now living alone at the age of ninety?

And I? Oh God, I wish to remain in your house! It is the place I choose before all others; it is my portion, and the best portion I know of, but one from which I must not be driven. You know well, my God, why I became a religious; to belong to you and to nothing but you. It was not because of the dictates of reason, nor because of fear, it was because you drew me to you so strongly and by such firm bonds that I came to you with closed eyes and mindless of the prospect, to recline on your Sacred Heart. And now you wish to put me away? No, no, my God, for you I have left my father, my mother, my brothers and sisters! You

know what a painful sacrifice this was, for you saw the struggle and you were my ally. Your love, stronger than anything else, has preserved my courage, and now it would be you who would break the contract? I will not break with you, my God, and will you do so with me? If you wish that, for a trial, our house pass temporarily from our hands, then I beseech that you permit me to be one of those privileged Sisters who will be received within the sacred halls of the convent at Bethany. My God, do not cut off my religious life!

Whence comes a vocation? Where does that incomprehensible attraction arise which tears us from all that we love and leads us to cast ourselves bewildered with love into the arms of God? "*Veni, electa mea.*" "Come my chosen one and I will place my throne within you." *Veni!* This word, when it falls from the heart of God into the heart of a poor little creature, transports it, purifies it, sanctifies it. *Veni!* And the soul, intoxicated with divine joys, replies, "Here I am, my God, I come."

To this *Veni* which always makes itself heard in the utmost depths of the soul,—this *Veni*, so pure, so sweet, so intense, so powerful!—the soul has but to reply: "I love Jesus Christ, and I shall be His spouse. All the kingdoms of the earth, all the pomp and splendor of the ages I tread upon, by the love I bear for Christ. Oh that I knew and loved, as I wish, Him to Whom I abandon myself, to Whom I belong!"

Veni! Why have you chosen me, my God? Why had you called me even before I was born?

Each day the soul hears: *Veni, sponsa mea*, and the soul rises above created nature, supported by its well beloved. *Veni!* O God, my well beloved! you are adorable in all your designs. These I love, though I do not comprehend them. Whether you console me or repel me I am all yours! Make of me and in me all that you wish!

Such is the religious vocation. All I know is that it is irresistible and intoxicating!

Friday, February 5.

What anxieties in these days of trials; and, above all, what fervor in the community! Entering the chancel at any minute of the day one sees several Sisters at prayer; some remain kneeling without support during the hour of adoration; others offer up their supplication prostrated on the floor. Without interruption the Way of the Cross is being travelled by some ardent soul. Oh, my good Lord! you will be touched by our tears; you will not permit our dispersion.

A few days ago our Mother and Mother Stephana visited a small estate some miles from this place. This house has been offered to us by a charitable lady, as a place of refuge for our Mothers and our old and infirm Sisters. Our Mother came back well satisfied, but with a little uneasiness because a servant would be necessary for the care of the kitchen garden. "Ah well!" said we, "could not Stephen, our old domestic, see to this? He could easily go there two or three days each week. Yes, of course it is possible, but he must be consulted." . . . . The consultation took place the same day. Stephen replied with his usual scratching of the head, "Mother Superior let me see, let me consider the matter."

Next day he had considered and accepted. We saw that it was also necessary to procure a watch-dog, the important purchase of which we put in Stephen's hands.

Monday, February 8.

At one o'clock yesterday afternoon

we saw—to our great surprise and to the terror of some of our old Mothers—a fine big dog trotting from room to room in our house. "A dog in our monastery! cried Mother Scholastica, "no one consulted me about this." For her, the entrance of a dog was a real event. Some of the young Sisters were very curious that day. They wished to see Fidèle and give him their caresses. In a burst of friendship I was surprised by Mother Scholastica—I had kissed the dog. "Oh," cried the dear old Mother much dazed by the scene, "is he then of your family since you kiss him?" "Yes, dear Mother," I naively replied, but hesitated to explain to the astonished and scandalized Mother. "Mother, I am greatly attached to animals. If it is a fault I shall strive to correct myself; but if I succeed it will be due to your prayers." My explanation failed to dispel the disquietude of the dear Mother. Alas! this good Mother, again become a child, sought to provoke an assemblage of the chapter to condemn the dog to perpetual banishment. To better attract attention she planned to publish her request to the whole community at the next recreation. This she confided to Sister Mary Bernard. Sister very naturally informed Mother Superior, in order to prevent this little outburst or rather this childish trifle.

That evening at recreation our Reverend Mother made this simple declaration: "My Sisters, we are in possession of a dog because of the need we have of it. I desire that there be no more said about it." That was all. Not a word did the good Mother Scholastica say. What a beautiful virtue is obedience! There is that poor old Mother who does not understand the most explicit rules, who chatters about a chapter *a propos* of a dog, who says the most childish things, who, in a word, is irresponsible, and who, nevertheless, at the word of Mother Superior, *I desire,* is silent, obeys with the simplicity of a novice!

Saturday, February 13.

Mother was away these days past visiting an estate on the Swiss frontier. The advertisement says: "For Sale, a large house, somewhat out of repair, a park, beautiful trees, a garden—15,000 francs." When Mother came back last evening all she said was: "It is an old mansion of which there survives nothing but four walls standing on uncultivated ground! And the beautiful trees of the advertisement? They are seen on the journey."

Let us not weary of praying; let us, by redoubling our generosity and confidence, touch the heart of Jesus.

Shrove Tuesday, February 16.

Out of sympathy for us our children have asked that the ordinary celebrations be omitted this year. But we must give them their amusements. What a task it is to always appear the same to our pupils!

During Shrovetide there is usually a happy suspension of our ordinary routine, but no permission is given to leave the academy. In the morning everything goes on the same as on any other day.

Recreation begins in the refectory at one o'clock and continues until half past eight, uninterrupted except at five o'clock when the Benediction of Reparation is given. Interesting and amusing entertainments, a game of hide-and-seek throughout the house, recitations, songs and comedies, are the big features.

(To be continued.)

HIS EMINENCE, CARDINAL VINCENT VANNUTELLI.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

Cardinal Vincent Vannutelli will represent the Holy Father at the first International Congress of the Priests' Eucharistic League, which will assemble in St. Paul's Cathedral, Pittsburg, Pa., on the 15th, 16th, and 17th of October.

Cardinal Vannutelli is a personal friend of Cardinal Gibbons, and will visit Baltimore to pay a visit to the leading American churchman. After the death of Pope Leo XIII., his name was prominently mentioned in connection with the Papacy. During the conclave which resulted in the election of Pope Pius X., Cardinal Vannutelli and Cardinal Gibbons were much together.

Cardinal Vannutelli and his brother, Cardinal Serafina Vannutelli, are prominent figures at the Vatican. Cardinal Vannutelli is prefect of the Congregation of the Council and Titular Bishop of Palestrina, a suburb of Rome. He is seventy years old, and was created Cardinal in 1889.

The Eucharistic Congress, to which Cardinal Vannutelli has been appointed as the Holy Father's representative, is the fourth that has been held in Catholic America. It is estimated that more than 1,000 priests, and many of the Bishops and Archbishops will attend its sessions.

At the time of the consecration of the Cathedral of Armagh, Cardinal Vannutelli assisted in the ceremonies, and his evident regard for Cardinal Logue and the Irish people in general won for him the title of the "The Irish Cardinal."

A recent event of much importance to the Catholics of French Canada was the celebration of the Silver Jubilee of His Grace, Archbishop Langevin, of St. Boniface. The Archbishop has labored assiduously for the advancement of the Church in Canada, and that his efforts are fully appreciated was shown by the demonstration at the celebration of his twenty-fifth anniversary in the priesthood. His Grace was the celebrant at the Solemn Pontifical Mass, assisted by Rev. Father Cherrier, with Very Rev. P. Magnan, Prov. O.M.I., and Rev. J. Dugas, S.J., Rector of St. Boniface College, as deacon and archdeacon of honor. Rev. Father Vorst served as deacon, and Rev. N. Bellavance as subdeacon; Rev. J. Poitras was master of ceremonies.

There were many priests present. In the sanctuary His Lordship, Bishop Pascal, O.M.I., and His Lordship, Bishop Racicot, occupied special kneeling desks. Monsignor Marcel Dugas, of Cohoes, diocese of Albany, and Monsignor F. A. Dugas, V.G. of St. Boniface, were also present.

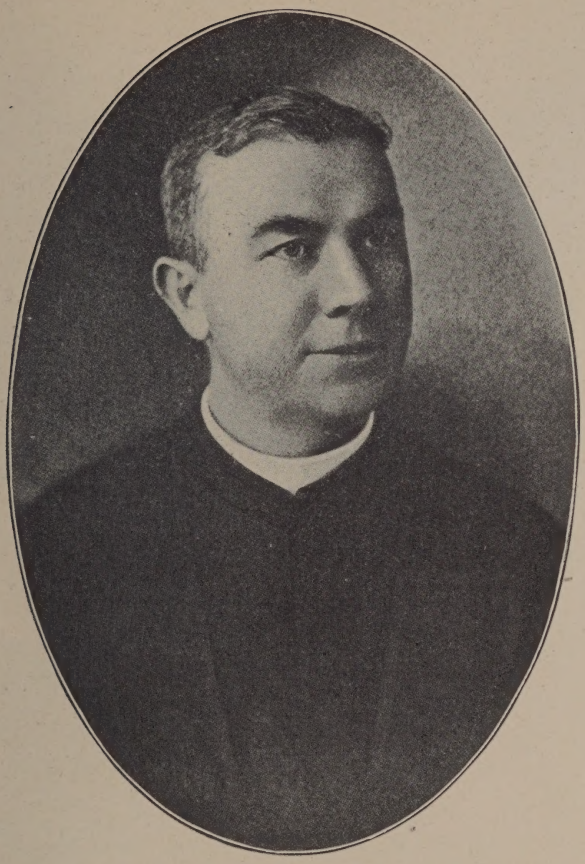
Mgr. Racicot, Auxiliary Bishop of Montreal, preached an impressive sermon on the dignity of the priesthood.' The Cathedral was filled with attentive and devout worshippers. The singing was conducted by the Society of St. Cecilia, except the Credo, which was sung in plain chant by the whole body of the clergy.

After Mass all the clergy proceeded to the archiepiscopal residence, and exactly at twelve o'clock—to the number of one hundred and twenty—they assembled in the large dining hall of the Archbishop's house. At the end of the repast Rev. Father Giroux, of St. Anne's, read, in the name of the clergy, regular and secular, a fine address to His Grace. He began by reminding the guests that the present Archbishop of St. Boniface was ordained priest on July 30, 1882, by the late Archbishop Fabre. Twelve years ago Father Langevin received the fulness of the priesthood. Since that time His Grace has won high praise from all right-thinking people by his vigorous defence of Catholic schools.

Archbishop Langevin is an eloquent speaker and devoted to the interests of his charge.

MOST REV. LOUIS P. A. LANGEVIN, D.D.

The Rev. John J. Collins, S.J., former Rector of Fordham University, New York, has been ap-



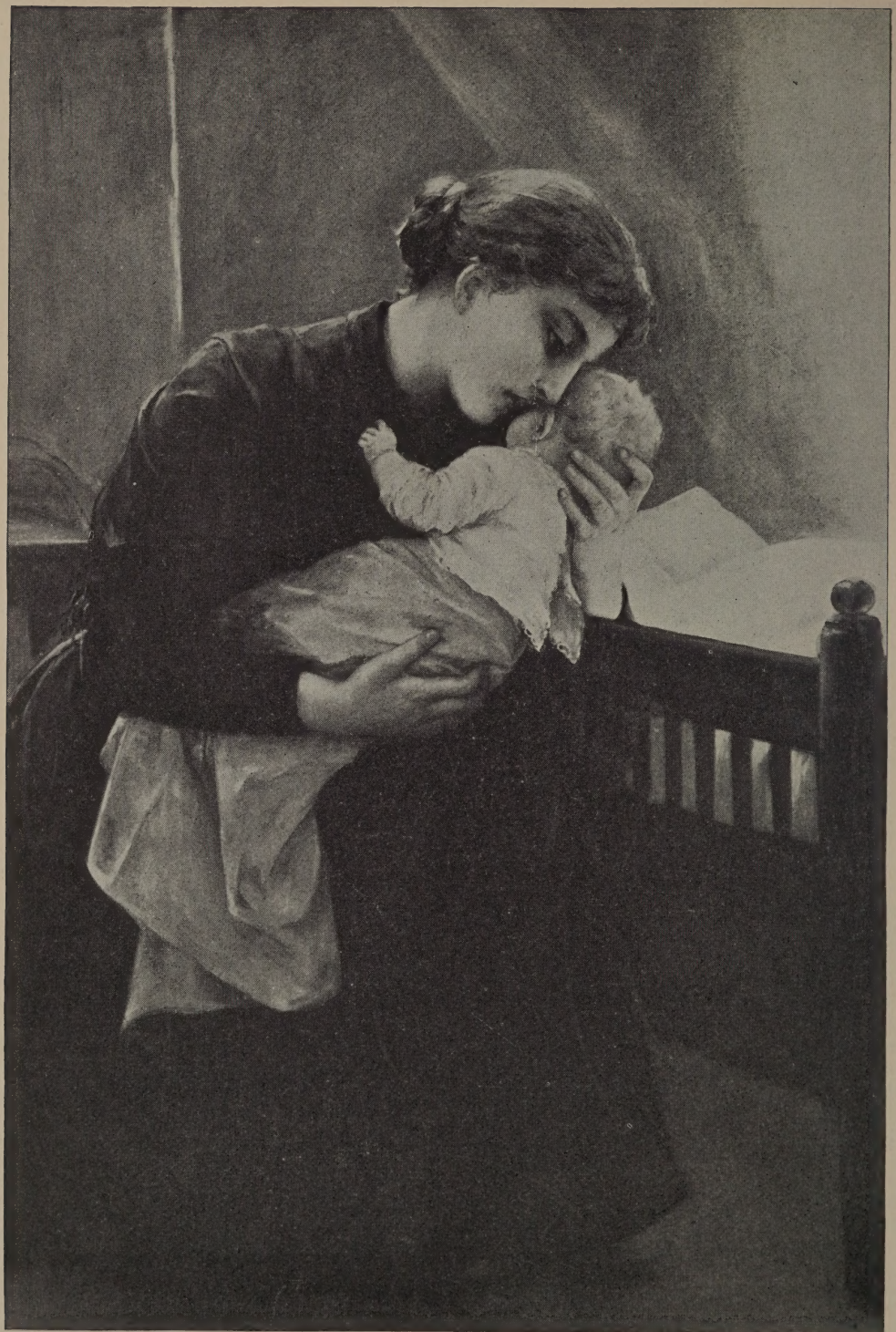
RT. REV. JOHN J. COLLINS, D.D.

pointed by the Holy Father Titular Bishop of Antipolis and Vicar Apostolic of Jamaica, W. I. He will come to the United States for consecration, which will take place in St. Fancis Xavier's Church, New York, October 28th.

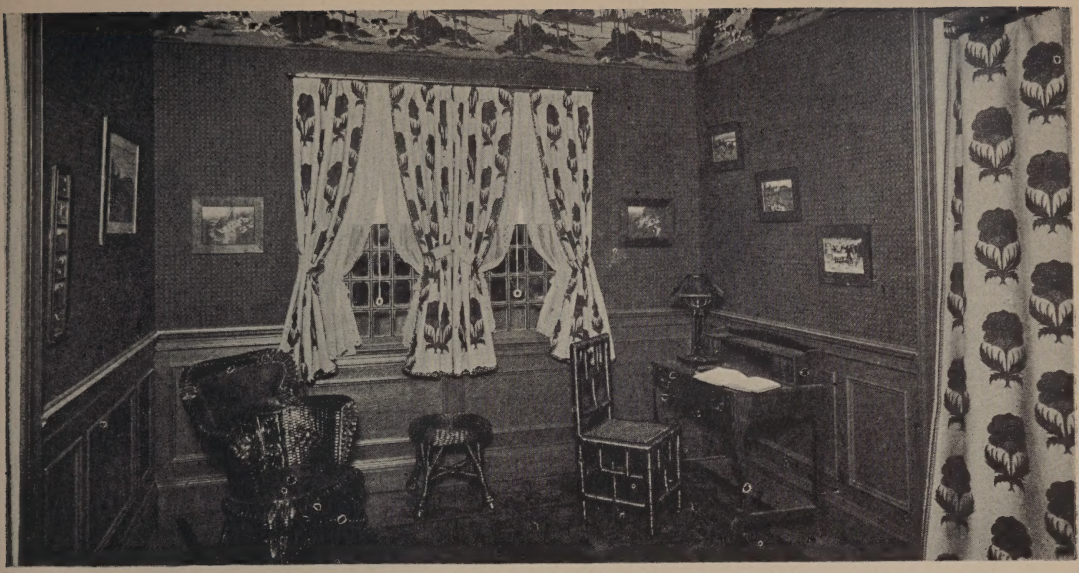
Father Collins was born in Maysville, Ky., in 1857, of Irish parentage. Having gone through the public schools of his native town, he made his college studies at St. Mary's, Cincinnati, Ohio, and at Mt. St. Mary's, Emmitsburg, Md. He entered the Jesuit Society as a novice in 1876, at Frederick, Md., and made his philosophy and theology at Woodstock, Md. He then taught for five years at St. John's, Fordham. Next he was Prefect of Discipline at Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass. After his ordination he did parish work in this city and Kingston, Jamaica, for ten years. In 1902 he became a member of the Jesuit Mission Band, and on April 4th, 1904, became President of St. John's, Fordham. He was succeeded last year by the present President, Rev. Daniel J. Quinn, S.J.

During Father Collins' administration of affairs at Fordham many improvements were projected, notably the erection of the new College Hall, which was solemnly dedicated on May 30th, 1905, and which had added so materially to the Society's fine group of buildings on their property there.

Rev. Patrick Mulry, S.J., who is now collecting for the Catholic institutions of Jamaica, ruined by the earthquake, will return to the Island after the consecration.



MOTHER AND CHILD.



A CORNER OF THE LIVING ROOM.

THE HOME BEAUTIFUL.

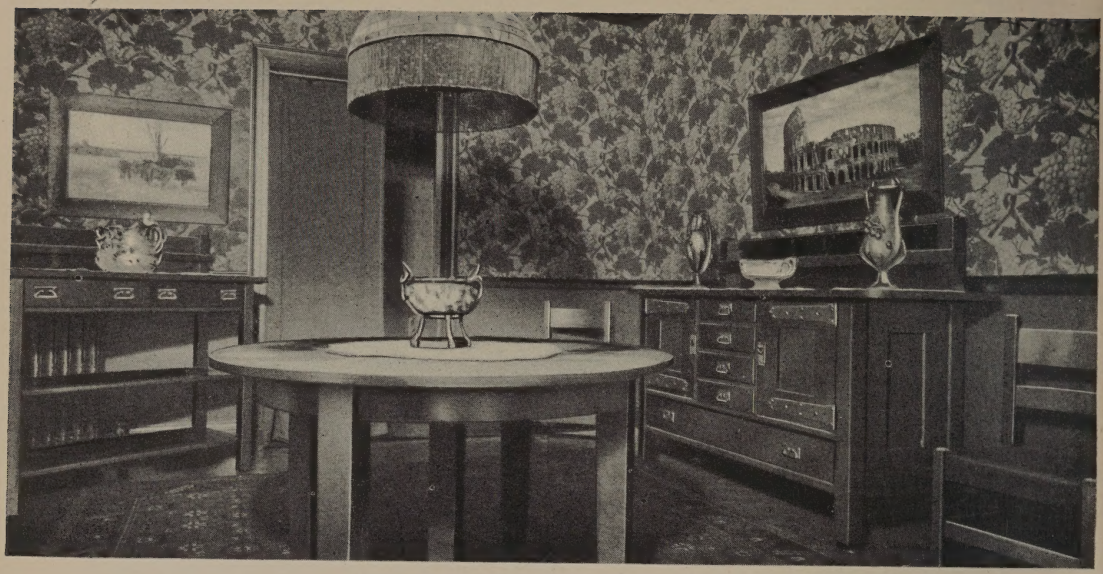
BY MARION WHITMAN.

There is nothing more potent for the good of mankind than an attractive home environment. The home not only mirrors the character of its occupants, but raises or depresses them, as the case may be, and, therefore, the making of the home as cheerful and inviting as possible in the matter of comfortable and artistic furnishings and embellishments is something more than a mere æsthetic question, since the making or marring of life is involved.

True, the sunshine of affection and cheeriness constitutes the prime essential in making the real home all it should be, but this sunshine is ever at its brightest where the conditions and surroundings are such as to afford the fullest inspiration, and where everything tends to harmony, materially and mentally.

There was never a period in the history of the world when the conditions were more favorable for the upliftment of the home than is the case at the present time. The wage-earner to-day can surround himself with a more cheerful and more tasteful environment than was possible to the comparatively well-to-do a generation ago. Artistic ability, mechanical skill, and the assistance of perfected machinery, have combined to simplify and make less costly the problem of home furnishing and adornment, and not to take advantage of the opportunity to derive the full benefit of twentieth century existence is to stand confessedly out of touch with the inspirations of the time.

The more attractive the home, the less inducement to seek the pleasures on the outside and the stronger the social safeguards making for the best that there is in life. Most especially important is the influence of an attractive home upon the children favored with such a haven of contentment. In childhood the mind is in



THE DINING ROOM.

that plastic state in which it can be moulded at will, and the character of the after life shaped for happiness, usefulness and honor. However, the one great value of the attractive home is the contentment abiding under its sheltering roof tree, that ease of mind prompting what is most healthful and beneficial in thought and action.

While there are few intelligent people who do not recognize the value and comfort of attractive home surroundings, yet there are many who, while in every way appreciative of the fact, are handicapped by a lack of knowledge in the matter of combining comfort and artistic arrangement. There are many homes upon the fitting and furnishing of which money has been spent to an unsatisfactory purpose, the result proving a disappointment. House furnishing and house decorating are twin arts, so to speak, and the best combined effects can only be obtained through the instrumentality of those who have made this work their life-study and whose knowledge and experience tell them how the most satisfaction can be secured at the least expenditure. Fortunate are the home-makers who can attend to this work of selection for themselves, but they are comparatively few, and it is in the interest of the many that the present article is presented in the hope that its suggestions may prove helpful and beneficial.

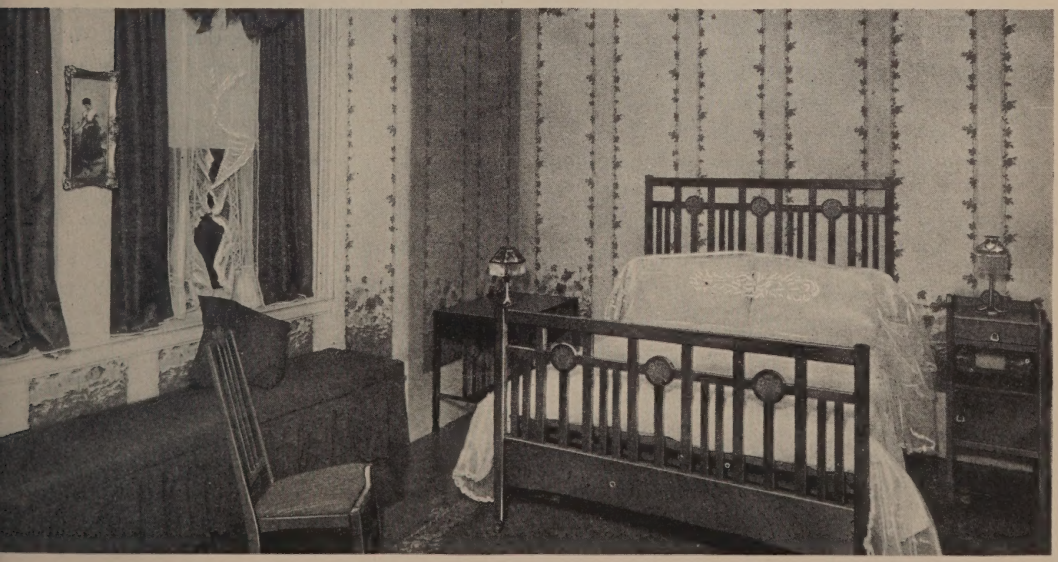
There are many things to be considered in the furnishing of a room, outside of the question of the expense involved, and one of the most important is that of light. A room that is well lighted must be treated entirely different in the way of decoration and furnishing from one that is less favored with windows, for a too glaring light must be tempered and softened, while the comparative darkness of the less favored room must be brightened, and it is here that the skill and knowledge of the expert decorator comes into play, the result of his work being a harmonizing of effects that produces the sense of rest-

fulness that should ever dominate the home atmosphere.

A few examples of artistically furnished rooms are herewith presented and a study of the illustrations in connection with the descriptive text will, it is hoped, contribute to enlightenment on the subject of home adornment. It should be borne in mind that an attractively furnished and decorated room does not necessarily mean an expenditure beyond the means of the people. In these days a wide latitude is permitted in the matter of the cost of home furnishings and embellishments and one may be moderate, if need be, in the matter of outlay and still have a room that in every way conforms to the requirements of comfort and good taste.

The corner of a living room, as illustrated, indicates what can be accomplished in an unpretentious yet effective style. There is the evidence of coolness and comfort in the Western Prairie Grass furniture, while the fleur-de-lis and roses constituting the color scheme of the wall decoration, the lace curtains and draperies complete a most attractive interior. Nothing is overdone, and one realizes at a glance the perfection of taste.

It would be difficult to find a more attractive dining room interior than the one illustrated, but pictorial art has its limitations so far as reproducing the full effect. The dining room is essentially one of the features determining the character of the home, for it is the scene of its hospitality and its bounty. The parlor, drawing room or living room, each possess their distinctive claims, each having its own particular atmosphere, but in the dining room hospitality and good cheer are the dominant notes. The solid dining table is suggestive of the stability of the home, and the other furnishings are essentially home-like. The grape vine decorative effect is most appropriate and striking, while the entire impression of the room is in the fullest sense self-satisfying.



A BEDROOM.

THE DEN.

In chamber furnishing and decoration the great desideratum is an atmosphere of restfulness. Bold and startling effects may be introduced in other parts of the house, but not in the sleeping apartments. There quiet and subdued effects are only tolerated, but how charming are the color schemes admissible, and what attractive rooms these can be made, when expert taste is applied to the problem of beautifying them! In the single example illustrated, a chamber is presented that is in its very embellishments a place of rest. That would be the impression even if the bed were not in the picture. A rose-arbor effect is presented in the panelling, the coloring being red and green, softened by gray stiles. The floor is covered with a choice design of inlaid linoleum, presenting the effect of a hardwood floor, while the furniture is of modern English design.

The den should form a part of all homes. It is a room for moments of seclusion or study, or mayhap of informal pleasure. It has its own unique place with a purpose peculiar to itself, and the home that has not an apartment of this kind is lacking in a most helpful and satisfying feature. The den illustrated is as dainty as a boudoir and suggests rest and comfort—a place to which one can retire—break away as it were, for a little while from the ordinary round of home affairs and take counsel with one's inner self.

These are but suggestions, as indicating possibilities along comparatively inexpensive lines. In counting the cost of home beautifying, people should remember the immensity of the gain in the added zest given to life, the deeper satisfaction in the abiding-place, and the uplifting influence exerted upon those who come within its tasteful, genial and harmonious precincts.

THE FIRST SOLID FOOD.

Most of Our Ailments are Cured by the Right Kind of Food, not by Medicine—Interesting Experience of a Lewistown Woman.

How quickly we fly to the Doctor or the drug store the minute we have an ache or a pain. Even in attacks of indigestion we are apt to resort to pepsin and other so-called "digestants" when we know very well, if we stop to think. that a food that is artificially "digested" with drugs is not digested at all. And, what is more important, we ought to know that the use of these so-called "digestants" soon puts the stomach "out of business." In other words, the stomach soon refuses to work at all.

A woman down in Lewistown, Pa., who was afflicted with gastritis, went about it in a more sensible way. Here is her letter:

"In May I went down with a severe attack of gastritis, and for some weeks could not take anything but milk prepared as "koumyss," but finally as the first solid food the stomach retained one-half Shredded Wheat Biscuit, and for six weeks have eaten one each morning, though as yet can not assimilate bread of either whole wheat or fine flour. I believe in acknowledging a good turn, and will be glad if this is of any service to you or any of the suffering brotherhood of the world." Very truly yours,

(Signed) (Miss) Laura H. Bell.

Lewistown, Pa., August 23rd, 1907.

The only rational way to cure dyspepsia or other ailments that come from indigestion is to gradually coax the stomach back to health and strength with a natural food that is easily and quickly assimilated—a food that will make the stomach do the work Nature intended it should do.

You cannot make your arm strong by carrying it in a sling. Neither can you recover the digestive power by depriving the stomach of its work. Many persons whose stomachs have rejected all ordinary foods have been able to digest and assimilate Shredded Wheat Biscuit and grow strong upon it. The reason is very simple. It is the whole wheat, steam cooked, shredded and baked. The delicate porous shreds are quickly permeated by the saliva and the other digestive fluids and are easily converted into rich blood and healthy tissue. It is food to get well on, to grow on, to work on, to live on. Try it for breakfast with milk or cream, or fruit. Your grocer sells it.

The Gospel Plea for Christian Unity. By Rev. Martin O'Donoghue. Gibson Brothers. Washington, D. C. 1907.

"The following few notes are offered in the hope that they may serve, be it ever so little, towards the great end of Christ's prayer—'that they may be one"—says the author, in the Prologue. "There are devout seekers of the truth in all sects and all these form the true church of Christ in spirit." Contrasting Protestantism with Catholicism Father O'Donoghue then proceeds to review Christ's life, examining it point by point to see whether practically Catholicism or Protestantism offers the true interpretation and spirit of the Gospel narratives. The book is divided into eight parts, treating of the events of the birth and childhood of Our Lord; announcement and introduction of the public ministry from the first to the second Passover; the second Passover to the third; from the third Passover until His final departure from Galilee at the Festival of Tabernacles; from the Festival of Tabernacles to the fourth Passover; the fourth Passover; the Crucifixion and subsequent events. Summing up, in the Epilogue, the testimony deduced from the review of Our Lord's life Father O'Donoghue declares that to solve the problem of Christian unity we must answer the question "Was Christ a Protestant?" If He was not, then we can not be. What Christ was in religion we must be and nothing else. To accept Christ other than according to His own appreciation of Himself is to deny His divinity, as many Protestants are doing now—their act being but the logical outcome of Protestantism.

"The Gospel Plea" will surely aid in accomplishing the author's purpose "that all may be as one." Neither Catholic nor Protestant can read the eighty or more pages of this little volume without being impressed by the sound, logical method of reasoning which the reverend author employs.

Thomas William Allies. By Mary H. Allies. Benziger Bros. New York, 1907.

"No book is more enthralling than the book of man as he reveals himself in his inner trinity of memory, will, and understanding," declares Miss Allies, in the first chapter of her father's biography, which is largely autobiography, being made up in greater part of extracts from Mr. Allies' diary, and letters written to friends.

At fourteen Thomas William Allies had an ardent love of learning, and his course at Eton developed in him a classic mind. At seventeen he went to Wadham College, where he made a brilliant course in classics, taking his degree in 1832. During his four years at Wadham he was contemporary with Gladstone, whom he had known also at Eton, with Manning, Lord Elgin,—then Mr. Bruce—and Lord Selbourne. In 1839 Mr. Allies took Anglican Orders, and presently his diary teems with references to a Miss Eliza Hall Newman, whom he subsequently married. "As Rector of Launton," says Miss Allies, "my father supposed himself to be a priest, and to be in the Catholic Church." He soon became convinced, however, that he was a country parson of a State establishment. Another disconcerting discovery was that he could not reach the farmers' souls, and that his religion was too meagre to satisfy the dying. One day, when striving to depict the joy of Heaven, to a dying parishioner, the old man interrupted: "It may be all very well, sir, but old England for me."

Reflection and reading led gradually to a mental disquietude which he tried to allay by imitating Catholic practices. He visited Newman at Littlemore, choosing him as his confessor, but before long this comfort was withdrawn as Newman's own doubts and questionings ended in his acceptance of Catholic belief.

A tour abroad brought Mr. Allies in touch with the French clergy, notably with Monsieur Pierre Labbé, superior of the Petit Seminaire d'Yvetot. With all the sympathy of a Frenchman Monsieur Labbé entered into the Englishman's spiritual struggle, and became his life-long friend. It was at this time that Archbishop Affre fell a victim to the Communists, and the words "Our Archbishop the good shepherd" were in every one's mouth.

The "Gorham Decision" helped to bring the Anglican minister to the true faith. "It made it clear to me as the day that the point was not whether a Primacy had become a Supremacy, but whether the Crown or the Church was to rule in things spiritual." In the meantime his wife had reached the same conclusion by a swifter road. "She could not understand my father's long haltings over every step of the way, and the spring of 1850 found her ready to enter the home of all true souls. 'If Tom does not make haste I shall go first,' she had said to a friend, and she kept her word." The account of her reception into the Church is simple and touching testimony to the steadfast character of the vivacious young English woman, and proves that the great gift of faith was grafted on a rich and powerful nature.

Four months later Mr. Allies took the step across the threshold on which he had lingered in painful indecision; and deprived of living, friends, and home, he left Launton, exchanging the comfortable rectory for a dingy lodging in Golden Square.

"He had come out of Anglican pastures into the back street of things Catholic, for back street it was in 1850, and one in which kindred spirits are not often born." The struggle for bread though exceedingly hard was lightened by Father Newman's friendship, and through a series of experiences the convert reached at last a comparatively independent position.

"Life in its course," he wrote in his diary, "is far other than we should have chosen for ourselves; but thus we are led up through this thwarting outward world to God. At seven and twenty worldly honor and official rank seemed to open on me as an Anglican bishop's chaplain;

at seven and thirty all seemed sacrificed to becoming a Catholic; and now at forty I have started afresh as a species of clerk in a city office. What is this, O Lord, to Thy shed at Nazareth; or how proud am I to shrink from a scratch of the nails which pierced Thy hands and feet!"

In a similar strain the story continues, relating the vicissitudes, sorrows and occasional gleams of pleasure that the former Anglican met with as a Catholic.

It is an interesting recital, and one that will amply repay the reader for the time devoted to its perusal. This is one of the books that make one feel that the time has been profitably spent in the best of company.

The Thirteenth Greatest of Centuries.—By James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph. D., LL.D. 450 pages, 15 illustrations. Price, $2.50 (net). Postage, 20 cents extra. Catholic Summer School Press, New York, 1907.

Everyone interested in education knows that the universities were founded in the Thirteenth Century. Most people have heard that there were very large numbers of students in attendance during this century. Specialists in the history of education have declared that these early universities had more students to the population of the various countries of Europe, than there have been at any time since down even to our own day. The preparatory schools were as numerous and as well attended as the universities. Very few, however, appreciate the influence of the universities on the life of the period. We are rather proud of the fact that in recent years the undergraduates through a committee have come to take a part in the discipline of the university. No one seems to realize that in the original universities, even with their very large numbers, the discipline was practically entirely in the hands of the students through the organizations called "The Nations," and that the precious training in self-government thus obtained was the seed of democracy in Europe.

Perhaps the vaguest notions of educators have been as to what was taught in the medieval universities. We have been led to think that the studies were mainly trivial or idly speculative. Few appreciate that even in what we call physical science, the subjects discussed in the universities of the Thirteenth Century were practically the same as those which have interested men ever since. They included the indestructibility of matter, the conservation of energy, the constitution of matter, the transmutation of metals which Sir Wm. Ramsey seems to have solved, and of course the great problems in philosophy that have occupied men ever since. Besides, these generations gave the masses such technical training that they were able to secure in a population not exceeding 3,000,000 in England, the artist-artisans to make and decorate nearly twenty great cathedrals. The Arts and Crafts have never been cultivated as they were in the Thirteenth Century. These generations founded circulating libraries, in which many of our ideas were anticipated. No wonder that they made besides an enduring literature in every country of Europe. Their graduate schools of Law and Medicine, to say nothing of Theology, did work in the organization of teaching and in the publications of their professors, that puts our modern universities completely in the shade. The influence of their methods of teaching and of their books is still the most important factor in our education. This is the story told in Dr. Walsh's book. Everyone interested in modern education should read this account of its great origin.

Home for Good. By Mother Mary Loyola of the Bar Convent, York, England. Edited by Father Herbert Thurston, S.J. Price, net, $1.25 (post-paid, $1.38). P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York.

This is the newest of the many admirable books that of late years have issued from the old historical convent of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin at York. Like its predecessors, "Home For Good" has the advantage of being edited by Father Herbert Thurston, S.J., who introduces it in one of his interesting and valuable prefaces; and here as in previous instances, he "points the moral" of the book very effectively, emphasizing the importance of that period in the lives of boys and girls when their school days are over and they are home for good.

Mother Loyola's twenty-nine chapters describe a large number of questions about the duties and dangers of that particular time of life. The topics are so practical and treated in so lively and sensible a manner that "Home For Good" is likely to be the most popular of the whole Bar Library. Anybody who has ever spent five minutes with one of Mother Loyola's books knows what Father Thurston means when he speaks of the author's "happy touch," which imparts an overmastering charm to every line she writes. Although addressing herself mainly to girls who have just graduated, what she has to say deserves the attention and thoughtful consideration of a much wider class. Her pearls of counsel are cunningly attractive. She weaves apt anecdote in with the woof of moral reflection most cleverly. She lays much stress on the change which has been wrought in the status of women, and the consequent great increase in their influence on our moral destinies. Works like this of Mother Mary Loyola's will be immensely helpful in pointing the way and cheering the flagging spirit of the weary. It should find a place in every Catholic home and be enshrined there as a monument of wisdom, insight and discretion.

The Blind Sisters of St. Paul. By Maurice de la Sizeranne. Translated by L. M. Leggatt. Benziger Bros. New York. 1907.

Maurice de la Sizeranne became blind at nine years of age. He founded the Valentin Hauy Association for the welfare of the blind, and directs two papers—the "Valentin Hauy" and the "Louis Braille." His principal work "Les Aveugles par un Aveugle" was crowned by the French Academy, and the present work is of

peculiar interest, as, should any further development of ecclesiastical affairs in France dissolve the Community of which he writes, the next scene of their labors would certainly be England. The present Superior is an Irish lady. The community of the Blind Nuns of St. Paul deserves wider fame. In this community all the Sisters are not blind or threatened with blindness, but the name "Blind Sisters of St. Paul" was given to the Congregation to emphasize the fact that it was founded for the blind. The volume at hand considers the peculiar conditions to which the blind are subject, their physical activity, tastes, affections, etc., and then proceeds to describe the origin of the community of the Blind Sisters of St. Paul, the aim and spirit of the foundation; the rule; material occupations; the printing of the "white books;" religious vocations among the blind; living with the blind; and concludes with a forecast of the future of the Congregation. The history is replete with interest for the thoughtful reader, and this translation should help to spread broadcast a knowledge of the admirable work being done by the devoted nuns.

Melor of the Silver Hand. By Rev. David Bearne, S.J. Benziger Bros. New York. 1907. 85 cents.

Father Bearne's readers—and they form a legion—will welcome the appearance of this collection of short stories, published under the title given above. The initial story opens in a Cornish monastery where the boy Melor, whose father had been a Cornish prince, had been sent by a wicked uncle who usurped his rights, and finally brought about his death. We find here also the story of good King Wenceslaus, St. Bernard and the Knights, St. Wulstan and the chorister, and a number of equally entertaining tales.

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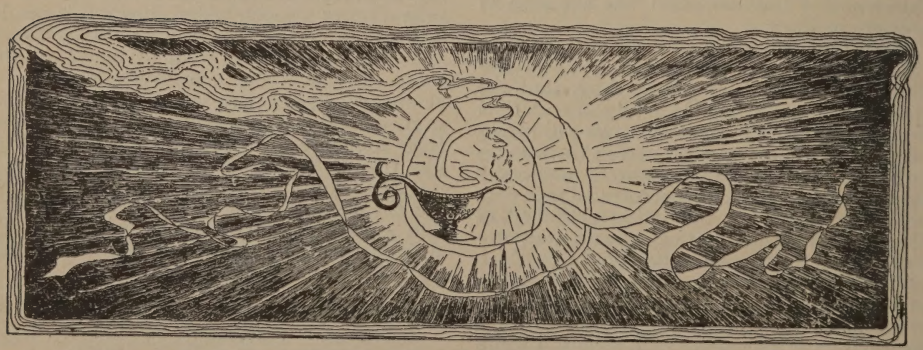

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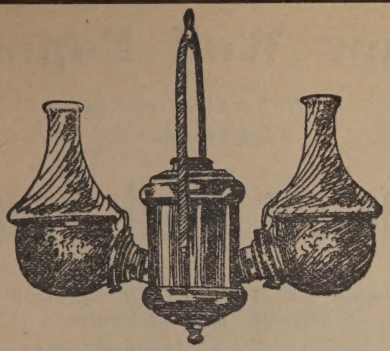

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SPEECH OF THE DEPUTÉ WHEN THE CRUCIFIX WAS REMOVED FROM THE MATERNITY SCHOOL.

HOME.

Donahoe's Magazine

VOL. LVIII. NOVEMBER, 1907 No. 5

THE MAYOR AND GUARD OF HONOR

Surrounding the Crucifix as it Lay in State at Foot of Ancient Calvary After Being Removed from the Creche.

THE AWAKENING IN FRANCE.

BY ANNA SEATON SCHMIDT.

The present religious situation in France is astonishing many who predicted only the direst results from the Separation of Church and State. "Strip the bishops and priests of their official pomp, of all temporal power," boasted our enemies, "and you will see how long the masses will remain faithful to a church that must ask their aid." To the amazement even of the clergy the French people have responded most generously to the first call for financial help. Human nature is much the same the world over; it likes fair play, and the most indifferent Catholics have been aroused by the injustice of the present administration, which has confiscated not only the churches and parsonages, but the properties and revenues given the bishops and priests by private individuals.

The sublime sight of thousands of priests quietly resigning all their earthly posses-

sions, many of them striving to earn their daily bread and still perform their priestly duties, has impressed even their enemies.

Then, too, the appeal of the clergy for material aid has brought them before their parishioners in a new light. Until now many people have looked upon them as Government officials, as a privileged class that had but little in common with poor working people. Since they have been despoiled of all their property and depend on charity for their daily bread, the entire point of view has changed. A poor country priest, whose church had for years been almost deserted, hesitated to make any appeal to his indifferent flock.

CARRYING CRUCIFIX FROM THE CHURCH TO THE MAIRIE.

"How can I expect them to give me money when they never come to Mass? I shall only receive abuse." "Never mind," exclaimed a courageous woman, "I will go with you to every house in the village. You can not live on air, and we

PILGRIMS FORMING FOR THE PROCESSION.

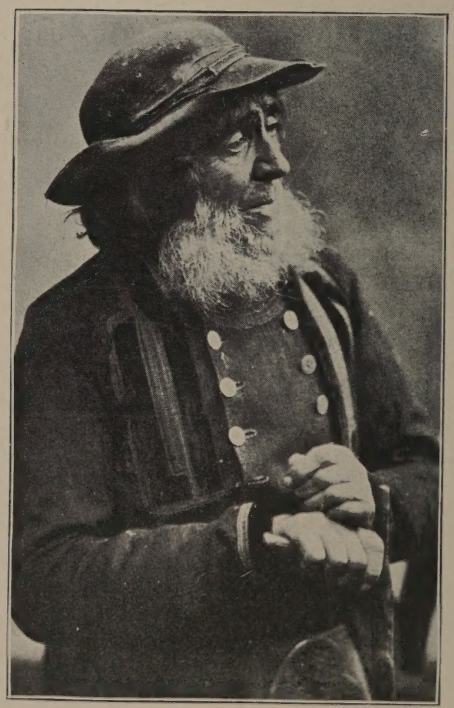
can not live without a priest—so you see there is nothing else to be done." With a sinking heart he started off to beg from door to door. "Ah, I did not know my own people," he told me later. "Not one refused to contribute. Surely they can not hate our holy religion, as I have been led to suppose, when they are willing to support one of its ministers. I never before appreciated their goodness. To many I had never spoken. As they stayed away from church, I took it for granted that they did not wish to see a priest. But now I feel that they are my friends. I have hope for them as well as for myself—I shall work among them and try to bring them back to the fold of Christ." * * * "If the Government will only permit us the free use of our churches, all will yet be well," said the pastor of one of the largest parishes in Paris. "Everywhere priests and people are becoming more united. Hitherto we have lived too much apart. The interest which Catholics are showing—their response to our appeals, is most consoling. I am convinced that we can support our seminaries, our priests, if only the churches

TREASURES OF OLD CHURCHES
Now Confiscated by the Government.

ANNA MARIE,
Whose mother, a widow, lost five children and now takes this last one each year to Lourdes praying that she may be spared to her.

are left us. At present it is impossible to predict what course the Government will pursue. Catholics have absolutely no legal right to the churches—priests and faithful are merely birds of passage, awaiting new developments. Yet the Separation has not been wholly devoid of benefit. For the first time since I have been pastor here, I can do what I wish with the money given me by my congregation. Under the old regime, no priest had a right to expend one cent outside of his salary. Regular fees were established by law, for marriages, funerals and baptisms. This went into the hands of the **fabrique*, as well as all money paid for seats in church—everything was administered, regulated, by this society. To be sure the pastors had the right to name some of the members, but as every country mayor was head of the *fabrique* in his town, you can imagine the conflicts of opinion—especially as nearly every mayor in France seems to be a Freemason! In Paris we have been much freer—personally I never had the least trouble in persuading my *fabrique* to do as I desired—still, there were a hundred formalities to be gone through, and I could not plan my expenses, as is now possible."

From time immemorial the churches and clergy of France have been supported by the Government: first by wealthy nobles, then by the kings, and finally by



ONE OF THE PILGRIMS
On his return from Lourdes.

**Fabrique*—A committee which was appointed by the government to administer the financial affairs of each parish.

the Republic. True, since the time of Napoleon, who drew up the Concordat, the Government has simply given the interest on church property confiscated by the Revolution, has but paid her just debts—but the ignorant masses have not realized this; they have known absolutely nothing of the financial affairs of their churches, and have regarded the clergy simply as Government functionaries. Unfortunately, there has not existed the intimate relationship between priests and people that is characteristic of Catholic society in America. There has been too great a gulf between the saints and the sinners. The sweeping away of all official intervention is bringing them into a much closer relationship.

The Bishop of Beauvois, who has been making his annual diocesan visits, says: "Everywhere I found my priests more intimate with their people—they knew each other as never before. Until now many seemed to think that religion belonged to the curés—since they take some part in the religious services, by paying for them, they show personal interest in all that transpires. Everywhere I found the people most generous and I have little fear for the financial future of my diocese. In spite of the great discomfort to which our seminarians are subjected, by the confiscation of their seminary, they show a zeal, a piety, a love for their vocations which is most consoling. The young women of our parishes are banding together to carry on the works of charity abandoned by the good Sisters. You can say for me that I am full of hope, that I am convinced that the Separation, far from being the death of my diocese, will prove its renaissance."

This is the testimony of many French

PROCESSION AROUND THE CHURCH ON RETURN OF PILGRIMS.

bishops who have been asked to write upon the present situation for *La Croix*, the most Catholic of French publications. All are encouraged by the zeal of their young scholastics and by the generous response of Catholics to their demand for help. It is difficult for Americans to share their enthusiasm in this latter respect, as so little has been asked of the people. After careful study of their financial losses, the bishops decided that *twenty cents a year* from each Catholic, would pay all necessary expenses. And in some dioceses the **denier du culte* has been reduced to ten cents a year! We must not forget, however, that in many parts of France twenty cents, one franc, equals a dollar in our country. Also that the peasants and working people are, as a class, much poorer than with us, having very little ready money. For each member of a family to be obliged to contribute twenty, or even ten cents a year, seems a heavy tax, especially as they have never been accustomed to giving anything toward the support of their priests or churches. Take for instance, the poorer Breton peasants. Each man owns his little plot of ground and manages to raise enough wheat and potatoes

AFTER THE RETURN FROM LOURDES.

Denier du culte—Collection taken up for church expenses.

for his family. While the women and children till the soil, the father or brother carries the produce to market, where it is often paid for in the primitive method of exchange, so that during a whole year the family has the handling of little money. In small Breton villages you often see men and women carrying their chairs to church, in order to avoid the payment of one cent, the price established by the *fabrique* for a seat during the Sunday Mass! Then, too, one must not forget that the *denier du culte* is for the exclusive support of religion. Many other appeals are being made for the establishment of Catholic schools and charities, formerly carried on by the banished religious. In the mountain parishes in scantily populated districts, some of the churches must be closed, unless the wealthy congregations of Paris will come to their assistance. This they are endeavoring to do, a certain per cent. of all collections being sent to the Cardinal-Archbishop for distribution. "Even for the purpose of mutual aid the Government forbids us priests to form any associations. They say that we are free. It is not true, for we are under the strictest surveillance and are not permitted to unite in order to help one another. If the Separation had but brought us the true liberty that you have in America, we would indeed be blest." Fortunately, the serious troubles in the Midi and Morocco have diverted the attention of the anti-clericals from the burning question of Church and State, so that for the moment peace reigns, at least in Paris, where thousands still crowd the Sunday services and where the priests are no longer arrested each time that they say Mass, as was the case last winter. Probably, too, the Government realized that these endless legal proceedings were costing no end of money and only serving to arouse the indignation of Catholics. The law of January 2nd, 1907, decided that the churches, with their furnishings, should be left in the undisturbed possession of the people and of their ministers, for religious service. It did not, however, *specify the religion*. And in some of the smaller towns, the anti-clericals have installed schismatic priests, whose services have been attended by those openly professing to hate all religion and who have profaned these churches in a manner too horrible to record, drinking, revelling and preventing the Catholics from holding service. On the feast of the Assumption, a man named Lavel was permitted to take charge of the church in Cussey sur l' Orgon. When the bishop arrived to to say Mass, he found the doors closed and guarded by the police. An altar was hastily erected in his home, the windows thrown open, and five hundred Catholics kneeling in the surrounding square assisted at his Mass. No sooner did the Mayor learn of this than he came in person to issue a proclamation prohibiting all outdoor gatherings, and commanded all crowds of *more than three persons* to disperse! By this time the people had come from all the surrounding country and a second Mass was celebrated in the bishop's house—the people again kneeling in the street and paying not the slightest attention to his lordship's proclamation! At five in the afternoon Lavel left the town. Since then the people have regained possession of their church.

It is in these country villages, where the anti-religious mayors delight in showing their authority, that the priests and faithful have been made to really suffer for their religion.

It seems incredible that men of any intelligence should descend to the petty

persecutions carried on by these anti-clericals, who have chosen for their motto "Neither God nor Master." They interfere with the priests in every possible way—forbid them to ring the church bells at certain hours, or insist on their ringing them for civil funerals. A priest officiating at a funeral, said, "we will follow this route to the cemetery." No sooner had he started than the men in charge, who happened to be anti-clericals, started in another direction.

I was in a village where the old cemetery was so overcrowded that every year bodies had to be disinhumed and thrown into a common vault. Yet the people owned a large new cemetery. The mayor has steadily refused to permit the priest to bless it. Being in Brittany, where the peasants are devout Catholics, they will not consent to be buried in unconsecrated ground. So the new cemetery stands idle, while the old is in a disgracefully unsanitary condition. "Why do you elect such a man for mayor?" I asked. "When we first chose him, we thought he would be good, because he once studied to be a priest. Now that he is in office we dare not refuse him our votes." "He could make us lose our places," said some. "He could ruin our business," said others!

For centuries the French have been under the domination of royalty—they are accustomed to obey those in power. When a politician tells them that if they do not vote for him, they will be turned out of office or discharged from mill or factory, they believe him, and fear makes them re-elect the man they secretly detest. In a country where every avenue of labor is overcrowded, where a man of forty is considered too old to seek a new employment, the threatened loss is far more serious than in America. They simply dare not take the risk. Nor can they realize that they are free—that their votes cannot be scrutinized. "The politicians have ways of finding out, Mademoiselle, they would surely punish us, if we refused to vote as they wished."

There is another reason why the people continue to elect the anti-clericals. These politicians have promised them a working man's pension. Now the desire of all Frenchmen is to have a little home for their old age. Wages in France are so low, that even when the wife and mother is a wage-earner there is but small margin for a bank account. "Vote for us," say the unscrupulous députés. "We will confiscate the millions of the the religious orders. With this money the Government will start a pension fund for all working people." This has proved a great temptation to the poor, who are often but indifferent Catholics. So long as they have a church in which to be baptized and married, and a priest to come to them when they are dying, they care very little what happens to the clergy.

It is a sad statement to make of Catholic France, but not one-third of the population is "pratiquant." As a priest said to me of his large Paris diocese: "Yes, —they are all Catholic in name—they are registered upon my books, but half of them come to church only four times in their lives—to be baptized, make their first Communion, to be married and buried!" Unfortunately their religion has become a mere routine, they have forgotten their early instructions and are absolutely ignorant of the great truths taught by our Church. Everywhere there seems to be an awakening. Priests and laiques are striving to instruct the ignorant; and the indifferent Catholics, aroused by the political persecution, are taking the trouble to learn something of

that religion in which they were born and in which they still hope to die.

A few of the bishops apprehend a great decrease in the number of priests. The families of young men are seeking to discourage them from entering the seminaries, where they can no longer be assured of a livelihood, but the example of many priests who are now raising bees, cultivating the soil, or earning their bread by teaching, will surely be followed by all who have a true vocation. In a few dioceses the number of applicants has even increased. Bishop Delamaire says that he has three hundred and fifty students in his seminary. "It is true that the church of France has been shaken by a terrible tempest, but thanks to God's grace, she is more than ever united. Bishops, priests, and people are all hard at work. In my diocese I am happy to see the people returning to their religious duties; more men come to church on Sunday. Thank God we have come out of the long sleep in which we had too long remained." Another bishop said: "I base my hopes on the awakening activities of French Catholics. I believe that all are convinced that the time has passed for indifference. Every one has begun to take an interest, to work. Soon you will see *the new church* arise in France.—*The Church of the Separation.*"

But it is not the Separation of Church and State, the withdrawal of salaries, the confiscation of revenues (in Paris alone the *annual* loss is more than half a million dollars) nor the much-feared closing of the churches that hold the gravest menace for France. It is the terrible fact that all religious instruction has been suppressed in the schools, where the mention of the name of God is forbidden, the word being stricken from the books, and where atheistic teachers are striving to destroy all faith in the hearts of their pupils.

A rabbit was brought into a class-room filled with little children. "I am going to kill this animal," said the teacher, "and I want you all to watch carefully and tell me if you see his soul escape." When the pupils declared that they had seen nothing, he replied, "That proves the rabbit had no soul. You, too, are animals—when you die, that is the end."

Were all mothers capable of instructing their children, the influence of the schools might be overcome, but the large majority of French women are wage-earners, whose long hours of toil leave them neither time nor strength to undertake the moral education of their little ones. This has always been supplied by the good Sisters. Their banishment has been the most cruel blow inflicted on France by the men who are endeavoring to crush out not only Catholicism, but all belief in God. "When the masses," declared Herbert Spencer, "are deprived of all religion, there will be a moral interregnum."

Unfortunately the laws governing all French schools are framed in the Chamber of Deputies at Paris, where the majority are avowedly anti-clerical, so that even in Catholic Brittainy the crucifixes are now being taken from the class-rooms. When the public school opened last week in the small town of Combourtillé, sixty children were in their seats. Suddenly they perceived that the crucifix had been removed! The next day there were but three scholars. The children had taken the law into their own hands and determined to strike! They declared that they would not return until the cross was brought back. Finding expostulation useless, the parents espoused their cause. On Sunday afternoon the

entire population marched to the home of the mayor, carrying the French flag draped in black. They begged this official to accede to the demands of the children. Being a good man, his heart was touched by their prayers; he summoned his council and gave orders that the cross should be restored, leading the procession to the school, he assisted at the joyful ceremony of placing the figure of Christ on the class-room wall. The following day, with great rejoicing, the little ones returned.

I am staying in the village of Plougastel-Daoulas where the peasants are devout Catholics. The mothers being obliged to work in the fields, a *creche* has been established where children under six are looked after by a motherly woman who is paid by the commune. A short time ago the superintendent of schools received an order from Paris that the crucifix should be removed from this maternity school. The woman declared that she would lose her position rather than banish Christ from the room where she gathered in His little lambs. "What harm can it do them? They are the children of Catholics. We all love our dear Saviour and will keep His image." The poor superintendent was in despair. Finally he went to the mayor. "We are ordered under pain of expulsion to remove the figure of Christ from all public places. I know that you as a Catholic, will regret to see the cross taken from the Maternity School, but you are the representative of the law—will you not give the command." The mayor consulted with Monsieur le Curé. The people were notified, meetings were held, and it was decided to organize a *manifestation*, and carry the crucifix in procession from the babies' *creche*, to the church, where it lay in state and was visited by the entire population. The following Sunday the peasants gathered from far and near. Speeches were made in the public square—the Deputé openly denouncing the arbitrary action of the Government. "It shall be hung in my office at the Mairie," declared the mayor. "I am still master in my own domain." The women wept, the men knelt in the street, as the life-sized figure of Christ was borne past. "It was a sad day for us when we saw our dear Lord driven from the home of our children," said one of the peasants. "It seemed as though some terrible calamity were about to happen. They tell us we are free—yet we are forbidden to send our children to Catholic schools. Last week the home of the Christian Brothers was taken from them. Do you call that freedom?"

Religious freedom, as practised in America, is unknown in Catholic France. Surely the light of God must pierce through the darkness of error, and some means be found by which faith may be preserved in the hearts of His little ones.

As I wrote these words, the joyous pealing of bells announced the return of our pilgrims from Lourdes. "There are two things which will yet save France," said Leo XIII—"Lourdes and the Church of the Sacred Heart." Last year nearly a million pilgrims visited the shrine of Our Lady. Forty thousand Masses were celebrated, and in 1906 407,000 Communions were distributed. This year the Archbishop of Lourdes told me that he had never seen such crowds; that the faith of the people was marvellous, and their charity sublime toward the poor sufferers who are carried there by friends and relatives. Last week hundreds of pilgrims went from Brittainy, and have returned with joy in

their hearts, for many of their sick were restored to health. In the high bell tower of our old church, a man was stationed to give the signal of their approach. When the bells began to ring, we all hastened to greet the pilgrims.

It was a gorgeous, never to be forgotten scene, the brilliant blue costumes of the men, the snowy coifs and fluttering ribbons of the women, glistening in the bright sunshine, as the long line of little carts rattled over the winding country road—each one striving to be first to bring home the good news. We waited for them at the foot of the ancient *calvaire* where they formed in procession and marched into church to return thanks to God. They had travelled two nights, sitting upright in crowded cars, but no one thought of resting until the *Te Deum* had been chanted and they had received the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. As I knelt in the beautiful old church and watched the faces of these peasant men and women, glowing with faith and love, I felt that Catholic France would yet be saved; that through the intercession of the Immaculate Mother of Christ, the people would be led back to the throne of God.

THE GEORGIA TURRET HEROES.

BY KATHARINE A. O'KEEFFE O'MAHONEY.

[The morning of the 16th of July, four American warships, Georgia, Virginia, Rhode Island and New York, were engaged in target practice in Cape Cod Bay. In the aft turret of the Georgia, were twenty-two men, under command of Lieut. Goodrich. A charge of powder, in two bags, of fifty pounds each, had just come up in the powder-carriage, from the magazine. Seaman Thomas was about to pass one to the loader, when, suddenly, the bag was found to be on fire. Immediately, the turret was filled with scorching flames and stifling poisonous gases, which caused the death of ten men; and left most of the others maimed for life. The courage and heroic self-sacrifice of the men in the Georgia's turret have sanctified the memory of the terrible accident. Among other thrilling incidents of the occurrence, Seaman Burke, a young fellow of twenty, closed the hatchway leading to the magazine, knowing that the act would cost him his life, but would save the ship from being blown to pieces, with fearful loss of life. The courage and sublime unselfishness of the whole affair found expression in the dying words of young Burke to the priest who attended him.—"Father, don't mind me, now, I'm done for; save my comrades."]

How thrill all hearts at noble deeds!—List, now, to one at home:—
Four warships grand our banner float above the ocean's foam;
The sparkling sun of a summer morn shines down on Cape Cod Bay,
And, queen o' them all's the Georgia, in battle's brave array,
Her helm more sure, her sails more fleet, her aim more true and far,
Her men a-fire with youth's desire, to learn the art of war,
Each one alert, and at his post, to wait commanding word;—
Then, the quiet of the morning is by guns' loud booming stirred!

Engaged in target practice, now, are those brave boys in blue,
In a steel-walled turret of the ship work just one score and two;
They're firing at a target, floating three long miles away,—
Those four great warships, steaming there,—sea-giants like—at play.—
His hand out for the powder charge stands the loader at his gun;
With a fifty-pound bag, doth a seaman, from the powder carriage, run,

While fifty more, on the carriage lie, both just from the magazine,
And, to do his part for the gun's deep breech, the rammer stands between.

A hissing, scorching flash—O God!—A choking flame of death!—
'Tis worse than hell! The poisoned air is worse than demon's breath!
A score and more of men a-flame, in that steel-walled prison dire!
Their clothing gone—their gasping throats, their quivering flesh on fire!
One moment seems eternity! Eternity of pain!—
Another moment—thrill their souls with hope and love amain!
They triumph over fire and death, over despair and hell!—
O Georgia! that's the glorious tale thy sailors brave can tell.

With hope and brotherly love inspired, those noble heroes there,
Not one for self, but each for all, now bravely do and dare.
No time to think—not mind, but heart, directs such glorious deeds
As those that narrow turret sees. With sobbing breath, one reads:
"It was an inferno of terror and death"—Ah! scribe, you write not well;
Say, rather, a heaven of courage and love; and let your pæans swell,
'Till those blue-jacket heroes' fame shall spread from shore to shore,
While eyes shall fill, and hearts shall thrill, and bless them o'er and o'er.

With all so brave who merits most the hero's crown to wear?—
We hardly know—or living or dead—in truth, we hardly care;
For every one, in that crucial hour, disclosed a martyr's soul,
And every one, either soon or late, will reach the martyr's goal—
Be it Tagland, making his body a shield, to save brave Goodrich's life;
Be it Goldthwait, or Walsh, or Thomas, or Schlapp,—they're all with glory rife
And Burke, too, of that old fighting race that's always in the fray,
Where'er there's justice to defend, or tyranny to slay.

To him the the American Navy owes its grandest, queenliest ship,
And seven hundred men their lives,—that little more than a slip
Of a boy, who threw his strong young life 'tween them and th' magazine,—
Oh, what a horrible story 'twould otherwise have been!—
Not Curtius, Winkelried, Revere, e'er did a nobler deed;
When America crowns her heroes, young Burke shall have his meed.
Far distant lands and various creeds those different names recall,
But love for that one Starry Flag makes them true brothers all.

Ten martyrs brave, their sufferings o'er, already crowned above,
Each dead at post of duty, holocausts of brotherly love;
Twelve suffering yet, but with no regret, for the generous, peerless price
They offered for their comrades' lives—man's greatest sacrifice.
To duty and to country and to each other true,
American type of seaman, was the Georgia's turret crew;
The Nation will remember them, will greet their names with tears
And prayers that speak a truer love than ever spoke in cheers.

MAIRE MAHONY'S DREAMING

A Story of Irish Life.

BY BRIAN O'HIGGINS.

'Twas nearing the close of a long summer day. The sun was sinking into a golden bed beyond the far-away Western hills, sending the shadows of the trees far out into the fields and making the furze blossoms on the hills above the bog appear like a flame of gold. The purple heather, swaying gently in the breeze, stretched for nearly a mile to the black wood beyond, dotted here and there with bunches of snowy bog-cotton and clumps of tall green fern and patches of rustling rushes.

Now and then a bevy of crows, looking weary and jaded, went by with an occasional croak as they made for their home beyond Croc-na-Riogh, and a corncrake in the meadows above Glen-na-Mona sent a "crake," "crake" after them in the tones of which there seemed to be embodied a wholesome contempt for the poor, black travellers.

The shadow of the old apple tree in the garden was lengthening in front of Maire Mahony's door, and a grey mist was creeping across the bog, but still she remained at the "cross-wall," knitting and gazing dreamily away towards Croc-na-Riogh as if the ending of the day and the fact that the goat had yet to be milked had slipped out of her mind altogether.

A fine specimen of Irish womanhood was Maire, even though the silver of more than sixty years was in her hair and the signs of a great sorrow on her white face, in the depths of her sad grey eyes and in the mournful droop of her still shapely shoulders. The snow-white cap upon her head, with its carefully folded "border'," and the knitted shawl thrown lightly over her shoulders were the work of her own hands, while the three or four pairs of stockings hanging on a peg above the window, together with the one which her nimble fingers were now bringing to completion, indicated that her industry was a source of livelihood to her.

Her eyes were drawn at last from the hill, which was being enveloped in a blue mist, to a black figure which had come around a bend in the bog road, where it trailed away to the town beyond Glen-na-Mona. It was a man, walking slowly and stiffly, with a stick grasped in his right hand while his left held a bag that was thrown across his shoulder. As he came nearer she could make out that he was a tramp and that he must have travelled far, for his broken boots were white with dust and he stumbled with fatigue.

"It's a poor man that's in it," she said, as she watched him, with pitying eyes, "an' it's late he's goin' the road."

In the homes of Ireland the tramp or beggar is never designated as such. Such a person is referred to as "a poor man" or "a poor woman," and there is always something to spare for the homeless wanderers. Maire Mahony, with nothing to rely upon for support but her two hands and the little patch of bogland, was never known to turn away a poor man or a poor woman from the door, and often she would ask them to rest awhile and talk while she knitted in her chair by the "cross-wall," or beside the fire when the cold of winter was in the wind. She was lonely, sometimes, living all alone there by herself, and those little chats helped to relieve the monotony of her days.

She was knitting away still when the

man's shadow darkened the doorway and his voice, deep but not coarse, saluted her.

"God bless the work, ma'am," he said, halting at the threshold.

"An' you, likewise," she answered kindly, as she smoothed out upon her knee the stocking she had been knitting and took the ball of yarn in her hand. She was looking at him the while. He was tall, with a face that had once been handsome but which hardships and probably hunger had seamed and scarred. A short, tangled beard, in which the gray hairs had already obtained a mastery over the brown ones, covered the lower portion of his face, while an old slouch hat, originally black, but now green with age and wear completely hid his forehead so that the only thing to catch one's attention in determining the character of the man was the light of the large, grey-blue eyes with the searching almost hungry look in their shining depths. They were kindly eyes and honest ones, too, but they fell before the calm gaze of Maire and became fixed upon the stocking which she had laid on the stool beside her. She noticed that his clothes were ragged and travel-stained; that the bag on his back was empty, and that the hand which held the blackthorn stick was trembling.

"Come in," she said, as she rose, "come in and sit down. If I don't misdoubt me, you'd like something to eat, walkin' the road of a day like this is hungry an' thirsty work.

"I'm thankful to you, ma'am' an' I will be sittin' for awhile. An' I'll take a bit o' bread an' a drop o' milk if you can spare them, for I'm wake with the hunger."

"Och musha! what good is bread an' cowld milk for rousin' the heart in one! Sit down here at the fire for a minute 'till I milk a dhrop from the goat an' I'll make a cup o' tay that'll put the life in you," said Maire, cheerfully, as she took down a little pail that was hanging on the end of the dresser. "I was just goin'. to have a cup meself. Bad cess to it for tay; we're always dhrinkin' it about here an' sure maybe we'd be better off 'idhout it. I'll be back directly."

She went down to where the little brown-and-white goat was held on the tiny patch of pasture at the edge of the heath by a chain attached to a stout stake driven into the ground. The milking over, she dipped the tip of her thumb in the white foam of the milk and made the sign of the Cross on the little animal's side, saying, "Glory be to God for all His goodness." Then she drew the stake from the ground, carried it over to the other side of the little pasture patch, where the goat might have better grass and, with a sigh as the voices of children at play were borne to her ears on the breeze from the hill direction, she bestowed a parting glance on the brown-and-white goat, that was by this time grazing contentedly, and returned to the house.

"Did you come far to-day?" she asked, as she lifted the kettle which was singing over the bright turf-fire and laid the small, brown tea-pot on the cleanly-swept hearth, preparatory to "wetting" the tea.

The poor man was looking into the fire. "From Kilbride," he answered, "an' it's a long road."

"From Kilbride is it? Sure that's a good fifteen mile out o' this. An' did you walk the whole way?"

"That I did," he said, "an' only for gettin' a drink o' buttermilk—an' sometimes new milk—here an' there along the

road I'd never be able to come so far. A kind woman offered me a good dinner o' cabbage an' praties,—they were eatin' their dinner when I went to the door—but I couldn't look at it, the day was so hot an' I was kind o' sick with the walkin' an' the dust. All I could manage was the milk."

"Me poor fellow! it's no wondher you're tired an' wake," murmured Maire, compassionately, as she placed a small table near the fire and put the tea things on it.

"Sit over now an' take this cup; it'll do you all the good in the world. Maybe I ought to light a candle? There's hardly enough o' light from the fire.'

"Don't light it for me, ma'am, don't," he pleaded, as he drew his stool nearer to the table, "it's how I'd rather you'd leave the house as it is because my eyes do be sometimes sore after a long day an' the darkness doesn't bother me at all, for I'm used to sleepin' in barns an' hay-lofts an' the like."

"O, very well, I won't light it. Here now take the bread an' don't be shy of atin' your fill. I wondher what's keepin' Rosie", she continued, speaking to herself, as she went to the door and peeped out into the calm night, "she ought to be here before now."

Then she came back and took her seat opposite the poor man and they commenced the humble meal; she urging him to eat more and more, he eating and drinking hungrily, though trying to conceal the almost ravenous nature of his appetite.

"It's a lonesome place this is for livin' in," the poor man said, when the meal was finished and Maire was sitting opposite him at the fire, with the stocking again in her hands.

"Aye," she said, "it's lonesome indeed, —especially when the mind goes back to oul' times. But I'm used to it now, or ought to be afther upwards o' sixteen years."

"You're livin' by yourself so long, then?"

"Indeed I am, I may say it, though for the last three or four years little Rosie made the evenin's bright for me. She's a neighbor's child from over Croc-na-Riogh way an' a far-out relation of me own. She comes over in the evenin' an' stops the night with me. She does be readin' Irish out of a book since they started the Irish class in the school over there an' I do be tellin' her the meanin' o' the words, for I had Irish always, though it's many a year since I had anyone to spake it to, since Hugh wint away."

She paused, looking into the fire, and her fingers ceased working as if some memory had carried her back into the past.

"Was he your son?" the poor man asked, as he too let his gaze fall on the blazing turf-sods.

"He was," she answered, without raising her eyes, "an' the light o' me life as well. 'Twas a black day that I saw him goin' up that road outside, on his way to the ship that carried him over the wather to America. Aye! 'twas a black day—but there'll come a bright one for it," she added, as her eyes suddenly lit up and a soft, almost youthful look came into the worn face, that a moment before had been hard and strained. "Was he your only child, ma'am?" the poor man asked in a low voice.

"He was the only one I had in the world then. He had one sisther who died with the decline a year before God took their father an' he's dead these twenty years."

"An' why did you son go away, if it's no harm to ask?"

"It's no harm at all. He wint because the heart out of his breast was gone before him, like many another boy. It's many's the poor person like you goin' the the road I tould the story to before an' it's no harm to tell it to you now. It takes a little o' the load o' grief off me heart whenever I tell it."

"He was a carpenther—a good thradesman, too—an' as handsome a boy as there was in the county. A patthern or a weddin' or a hurley match wouldn't be complete without him, an' many's the comely cailin'd give the world for a lovin' word from him. But his heart was given to Mairin Ronan that lived with her uncle an' aunt in the little white house at the foot o' Croc-na-Riogh with the big poplar three at the back of it that you might see as you were comin' along the road."

"I saw it," said the poor man, his eyes still fixed on the fire.

"Well, she was as fond of him as he was of her, an' they were only waitin' 'till he'd have money enough saved to make the house here a bit bigger an' then they'd get married. Everythin' was lookin' bright an' pleasant enough 'till one day a sthranger—an Englishman—came prowlin' about the place; an artist he called himself, but a son o' the divil was his right name. He was goin' about dhrawin' picthers o' this place an' that an' palaverin' everyone with the sweet tongue he had in gossipin' an' enquirin' about everybody's business. He set his evil eye on Mairin Ronan at last—"

"The whelp of hell," muttered the poor man, between his clenched teeth.

"Did you spake?" asked Maire, lifting her eyes from the fire.

"O no, ma'am, I didn't," he answered, confusedly, as he pulled the old slouch hat, which he had kept on his head all the time, further down over his eye-brows.

"Well," she continued, "he made sure o' meetin' her an' spakin' to her more than once, 'till bye-an'-bye, as often was done before, he turned her foolish young head with his talk about her purty face an' how she was lost by stayin' in a bog an' of the grand life people had in the great cities he was used to. She was an orphan an' was used to havin' her own will in everythin' with the uncle an' the aunt, so the way was clear for Misther Claude Faris, as he called himself—sure God knows what was his name! Hugh was away in the County Longford, workin' at a big buildin' an' when the gossip about Mairin an' the Englishman reached his ears he came home an', though he didn't doubt her for a minnit, he warned her about gettin her name passed about thro' the whole counthry, linked with the sthranger's. She laughed at him, called him a big child an' sint him back to his work, tellin him to hurry up for the weddin' day. An he went, thrustin' in her all the time."

"*Mo bhron!* 'twas the black an' bitther day when the word went round that Mairin Ronan was gone away with the Englishman an' that no one knew where they went. I'll never forget till me dyin' day the look that was in me poor boy's face when he came home two days afther an' found that she was gone. I was nearly afraid of him. He didn't say much, but the quiverin' of his lips an' the blaze of his eyes tould their own story. 'Twas early in the mornin' he stood there on that floor an' he houldin' me in his arms like as if he'd crush me to death.

"Mother, *a stor*," says he, thryin' to keep his voice steady, "I'm goin'—I

must go—to find Mairin an' HIM. She was thrue always, but that hound o' hell blinded her. If ever I meet him—an' I will—I'll kill him—kill him—as dead as he killed the happiness o' me life."

"O Hugh!" I cried, "for God's sake an' the Blessed Virgin's sake, don't say that! don't do that! anythin', anythin', only that, Hugh!"

"Hush, hush, mother," says he, "his blood'll never be on me hands only in a fair fight. I promise you that. It's hard to be leavin' you all alone by yourself, but I must go. I'm only bringin' as much money as I'll barely need—I can get work at any time—the rest I'm leavin' for you. Maybe I'll come back to see you sometime—that depends. God be with you now, mother."

"I clung to him an' cried, as a mother'll do, but at last he wint an' the last sight o' him I saw was whin he stood at the turn o' the road an' waved his hand back to me. The word came to Mairin's uncle an' aunt two years afther, from a priest in London, that the poor thing was dead; she died of a broken heart an' hunger an' want, but of the scoundrel that lured her away an' then deserted her in a year afther the marriage, (for they were married), sight or light was never seen since."

"An' what about your son—did you ever hear from him?"

"Never a word, except that Father Pat tells me he believes he's doin' well in America an' I'm sure he is, I'm sure he is."

"An' how did you manage to live ever since? Sure the money he left didn't last long."

An odd smile flitted across the old woman's face.

"It's all in the bank still—seventy pound," she said. "Father Pat put it in for me an' there it'll stay 'till Hugh comes back an' that he's sure to do. He won't want it, I know, for he'll come in a grand carriage, as I see him often in me dhrames with rings on his fingers an' a goold chain across his breast; but the money'll be there all the same, to show that me two hands were able to earn enough an' to spare for me. That's what'll make him glad when he comes. An' I'll ask him to give the money in the bank to Rosie for a fortune, an' I know he'll do it, too, for he had always the big heart."

"Maybe it's what the world went against him an' that he'll come back to you a poor sickly man," the poor man ventured to say, without raising his head.

"O no, not at all," Maire said, decisively, and with a smile. "Hugh wasn't one to let the world get the upper hand of him. He'll come, as I told you, sooner or later, an' I'm thinkin' the time can't be far off now."

The latch was lifted and a young girl bounded in.

"I'm late to-night, Maire," she said, as she threw her shawl across a peg on the "cross-wall." Then, as she came into the centre of the floor she saw the stranger, and paused. She was a comely, bright-faced girl of fourteen or fifteen summers. "A poor man that was tired an' hungry afther a long walk, *a stor*," said Maire, in answer to her enquiring gaze. "I asked him to have a cup with me an' then we began to talk."

The poor man lifted his head.

"God save you," he said in Irish.

"God save you kindly," the girl answered frankly in the same language, glad to hear it spoken by a stranger.

"I must be movin' on now," said the poor man as he rose. "I'm afther makin' too free with your house already, ma'am, an' I'm more than thank-

ful for your kindness. May God be good to you an' yours."

"Amen," answered Maire. "But where will you go now?" she asked.

"O, I'll move on 'till I meet some farmer's house where they'll let me sleep in the barn or somewhere 'till the mornin'," he said cheerily.

The young girl looked at him and then at Maire.

"Couldn't we give him shelter for the night?" she said eagerly. She noticed how stiff and tired-looking he was and that salutation in Irish had made him more than a mere beggar in her eyes.

"To be sure we could," said Maire, in answer to her appealing glance, "sure he won't be the first to sleep undher the same ould roof. An' as long as he's not a sodger afther fightin' for England like plinty that goes the road, sure he's one of our own. Don't stir," she said, turning to the poor man, "we'll make some kind of a bed for you here in the corner that'll be better nor lyin' on a wisp o' sthraw in a barn. It's a long two mile to Sheridan's an' that's the only house you'd be likely to get shelter in."

He made pretence of declining the offer, but after some forcing on the part of the little girl and Maire, he murmured his thanks and sat down again. He and Rosie conversed in Irish while Maire set about improvising a bed for him on the opposite side of the hearth.

After a while the Rosary was said and then Maire and Rosie retired to the little room, the former admonishing the poor man to "rake the fire"—that is, to cover the lighted turf-sods with ashes in order to keep them alive until the morning.

Worn out with fatigue though he was, he did not take immediate advantage of the comfortable bed that had been provided for him. He sat by the fire, looking into the glowing heart of it, and became lost in thought. After a while the sound of breathing coming from the little room told him that sleep had claimed Maire and her young companion. He raised his head at last and, with a deep sigh, looked around the tiny kitchen.

"The same as ever," he murmured half-aloud, "everything and every place and everyone the same, only me. I was half-inclined at first to tell her all, but it's better I didn't. Poor Mother! Why should I destroy her dream? . . . . She thinks a man with no ambitions, no hopes, no feeling in his breast only one of loss, can fight the world as easily as one whose heart is filled with joy at the thought of days to come! . . . . why should she see her son a tramp? Better allow her to go down into the grave with that dream unbroken, even that it will never come true . . .

"And why should I step in to take the little girl's fortune from her? What good would money be to me? Besides I could never live here now. Live! My God! do I live at all? The only aim of my life went out when I was told that Faris was a corpse—killed, as was fitting, in a brawl with scoundrels like himself . . . . "O Mairin! Mairin! love of my heart!" he cried, covering his face with his hands, while he trembled with the grief which possessed him, "I once dreamt of a happy life with you here—I was foolish enough to dream of it; and now, *now* how could I live where every breath of wind coming over the bog would carry your voice with it, where people would talk of you when I'd pass and look at me with eyes of pity 'till they'd drive me mad! No! no! it must not be—it must not be—I must leave the dream unbroken and wander as I've wandered. It won't be for long now."

He sat there for a long time, 'till a veil of grey creeping over the coals reminded him of his promise to "rake the fire," and this he proceeded to do as noiselessly as possible. Then he stretched himself on the bed in the corner and closed his aching eyes. He slept for a little while and woke with a start, from a bright and pleasant dream, to find the dawnlight streaming in through the shutterless windows. He rose up, tied the faded scarf around his neck, pulled the old slouch hat down over his brow, and going over removed the rude wooden bolt from the outer door.

On tip-toe he re-crossed the earthen floor and softly opening the door of the little room, peeped in. They were both sound asleep. He hesitated a moment, then slipped his boots off and stealing over to the bed, he stooped down and touched the old woman's brow with his lips. Tears were running down his cheek as he turned toward the door. He had reached it when a low cry made him stand still.

"Hugh! Hugh! child o' me heart!" Had she wakened? Had she seen him? He looked towards the bed. No! she was sleeping peacefully and there was a smile upon her face. Mayhap she knew that her son, so long absent, was beside her. Who knows?

The sun was just peeping over Croc-na-Riogh and the wide expanse of purple heather was studded with silvery dew-drops as the poor man closed the door of the cottage softly behind him and went down the path close to where the brown-and-white goat was standing, looking at him with wondering eyes. He plucked a spray of heather and thrust it into his pocket as he went out upon the highway. At the bend of the road he stood for a minute, looking back—first at the little house he had just left, then at the white cottage nestling in the shadow of the hill with the tall poplar at the back of it. Then he turned away and went as he had come, leaving Glen-na-Mona behind him forever.

And so Maire Mahony's dream remained unbroken.

MOORE AND THE STAGE.

BY THE REV. HUGH F. BLUNT.

The celebrated Dean Milman said one day, when told that Moore was the author of a certain heavy article in the *Edinburgh Review*, "No, no, I know Moore to be very multifarious, but I don't think he has yet got to German theology." But it was Moore, "Anacreon" Moore who could polish off a Greek love song and immediately after give his whole soul to the involved processes of German thought. Multifarious he was, even more so than the Dean suspected; and we are not surprised therefore at his connection with dramatics; rather are we surprised that, social lion as he was and devoted to the theatre all his life, he was not prevailed upon to do more for it than he did. Little, however, as he accomplished in the way of writing for the boards, still his association with the profession furnishes us with interesting side-lights on his character, and cannot be neglected if one would wish to have a true estimate of the famous bard. From a very early age Moore was a show child. His mother discovering that he had a talent for reciting encouraged him in this species of villainy which must have tortured the poor neighbors, for at the age of four we find him reciting verses against his future great friend, Grattan.

This talent was nourished still more when he left home and went to school, and young Moore enjoyed the privilege of reciting on exhibition days, before jealous and critical mammas who wondered why their darlings were not chosen instead of that "old little crab." Samuel Whyte, the schoolmaster, was a great admirer of the stage, and was an intimate friend of the Sheridan family, as well as of all the great men and women on the London and Dublin stage. Amateur theatricals were fashionable then in society, and Whyte, being a successful professor of elocution, had much to do with managing the productions of his day.

Moore tells us about meeting with one of Whyte's pupils, a Miss Campion, who later attained great popularity in London and Dublin. One day he was summoned by Whyte to the drawing-room to recite "Alexander's Feast" for the delectation of the beautiful young lady. "How great was my pride, delight and awe," he said, "for I looked upon actors as a race of superior beings." It was at one of these productions, in 1790, that "Master Moore" had the supreme satisfaction of seeing his name in print as an actor, being engaged to recite the epilogue to the popular drama "Jane Shore." How well the eleven-year-old actor acquitted himself of this wonderful task we are not told, but very likely his success was too great to please his mother who was afraid that he would be diverted to the Boards from the Bar for which she had destined him.

This great passion for the stage led to one of Moore's first attempts at verse. He was a schoolboy, on vacation, when he assumed the task of writing an epilogue for "The Poor Soldier," a drama of O'Keefe, in which he acted the part of Patrick. This was all very grand, but it was not the choice of the youth to reach eminence in the legitimate drama. His ambition was to-

wards low comedy, and he tells us that to have the complete dress of a harlequin would have made him the happiest of mortals. In order to be proficient when he could have such a costume he used to do what young America would now call "stunts" over the rail of his little tent bed, and was soon perfect in the head-foremost leap, which all harlequins delighted in doing. He was far on the road to fame on account of his recitations and had reached the zenith almost—of having his picture in a new monthly magazine—when his mother thought it time to assert herself and throw cold water on the flaming genius

This infantile career is interesting, as it shows in its inception that magnetism which later on aided the poet in winning his way among a people naturally hostile to him.

There was another passion which awakened in him at the same time—the love of music. Had Moore devoted himself entirely to music there is no doubt but that he would have gained fame by it, for he himself says that it was the only art for which he was born with a real natural love. Yet in spite of his natural aptitude he could not be brought down to the drudgery of scales and chords, and so after he could play two or three tunes with one hand, on the old harpsichord,—taken by his father in part payment of a debt,—it was deemed advisable not to pay longer for lesson hours, which were spent in leaping over chairs and tables. Later on, however, at his own desire, he resumed his lessons on the piano.

Even in those early days he had a taste for singing, and many a party was enlivened by his spirited performances, encouraged as he was by the visitors to his home, among whom was John Kelly, an actor, who was endowed with a beautiful voice and a handsome face and person.

Moore's love for dramatics followed him into college. In the second year of his course he wrote a short masque with songs, which was produced in his own drawing-room, one of the songs being adapted by him to an air of Haydn's. No doubt he then dreamed dreams of being a dramatist, and he kept his eye fixed upon the stage, displaying a great anxiety to know the stage celebrities of the time. In 1799, the year before the publication of his translation of "Anacreon," a remarkable work for such a youth, he writes from London to his mother about "Miss Biggs, the present heroine of Drury Lane," and he rejoices in adding the information that "Johnson of Covent Garden sings some of my songs in company."

The success of the new poet was phenomenal. From the very first he was welcomed into a brilliant society and soon enjoyed a reputation surpassed only by that of Scott or Byron. Yet it was in the beginning a social success rather than a literary one, due to that magnetism he possessed even as a child. All his life he was blessed with an irresistible charm. Small of stature and plain of feature, he was nevertheless pleasing in appearance, and more pleasing still in his conversation, which sparkled with gems of wit on the slightest provocation. But it was in his singing that his special charm lay. Moore's voice was not a great one; it was, indeed, a very ordinary one as voice is understood, yet there was a quality in it which greater voices lacked. He had a style peculiar to himself, playing his own accompaniment and singing his poems in the manner of declamation. The music he made second-

ary to the poetry, and it was to this gift of reciting his poems, which is after all the gift of the true actor, that he very likely owed the suddenness of his fame.

"Moore," said, Byron, "has a peculiarity of talent, or rather talents—poetry, music, voice, all his own." No one was better aware of this than Moore himself. The vogue of his "melodies" was due largely to his singing of them, or as he himself said, "they would all remain a dead letter if he did not sing them." The translation of "Anacreon" was published in 1800, and in that year he had turned his attention to work for the theatre, for we find him writing to his mother as follows: "I have already begun this piece and only wait the expression of your wishes to go on with it. It may succeed and it may not. I have been obliged to adopt a particular plot prescribed to me so that I must be considered as connected with the writing as well as the music. This is one reason that I do not wish it to be known that I am engaged in such a thing; but if a hundred or two hundred pounds be the result of it, why we should have no reason to regret it." The hundred or two hundred pounds, however, were not forthcoming. A few months afterwards he writes again to his mother: "I kept back my piece too long. I am afraid they will not have time to bring it out this season, and it is too expensive for Colman's Theatre. He has read it, however; is quite delighted with it, and wishes me to undertake something on a more moderate scale for the little theatre, which perhaps I shall do."

What this ambitious dramatic effort was we are at a loss to know. It may have been the first draft of the "Blue Stocking," produced in 1811. At any rate he was not pleased with his effort, and confessed that he would prefer to write the words only and leave the composition of the music to Stevenson. These attempts, however, succeeded in getting friends for him among the stage people, and it was reward enough to be invited to a *fete champetre* at the cottage of the famous Siddons. Continued attendance at the play and association with the stars of the profession played no little part in making an actor of the poet. At that time there was in Ireland a craze for private theatricals which had begun as far back as 1760. At Kilkenny especially was there a great passion for this amusement, and here, on October 10th, 1808, actor Moore made his debut. He was a welcome guest to the boards, although he played only three days out of twelve, and the *Leinster Journal* remarked that "the theatrical company have been favored with the presence of Anacreon Moore." On October 22nd of that year he appeared as David in "The Rivals," and "kept the audience in a roar by his Yorkshire dialect and rustic simplicity." The success he made as David was repeated in such characters as Mungo and as Spado in the "Padlock" and "The Castle of Andalusia,"—both productions of O'Keefe whose dramas and operettas dominated the stage for many years.

The following year his dramatic career lasted longer, and the imprression made by him was so favorable that one of his critics wrote: "The delight and darling of the Kilkenny audience appears to be Anacreon Moore who wrote the prologue for the occasion and speaks it in his own bewitching manner." Again he remarks: "The vivacity and naivete of his manner, the ease and archness of his humor and the natural sweetness of his voice have quite enamored us." It is interesting to note that when he played

in "Peeping Tom of Coventry," the Lady Godiva of the production was a miss of fourteen, Miss E. Dyke, who later on became his devoted wife "Bessy."

In 1810, Moore appeared on the stage for the last time. On two evenings, between the plays he sat at the piano and spoke his melologue on national music which he had written for a benefit night at the Dublin Theatre. It was published afterwards in pamphlet form. On retiring from the stage he was besieged with offers to produce something. "You would be amused," he wrote to his mother, "if you knew all the letters and visits I am receiving from booksellers, music-sellers, managers, etc., with offers for books, songs, plays, etc. I rather think I may give something to Covent Garden." Even the year before Rogers had written to him: "I am delighted with your intention to make your debut on the stage—as an author, I mean—of your fame as an actor, I have had many reverberations." In 1811 he married Miss Dyke, and on September 4th of the same year his opera "M.P., or the Blue Stocking," had its initial production at the English

TOM MOORE.

Opera House. In the letters he wrote at this time to his mother and anxious friends, it is evident that he was nervous and fretful as to the outcome of his debut as a producer. The manager after hearing it read had commented very favorably upon it and assured Moore that the only fault it had was that it was too good for the audience, an assurance which gave the author new hope, though he had but little confidence in his dramatic powers.

LALLA ROOKH.

It was the fear of failure no doubt that evoked the following criticism upon the English playgoer: "I think," wrote he, to his friend, Lady Donegal, a few weeks before the first night, "there is not in the world so stupid or boorish a congregation as the audience of an English playhouse. I have latterly attended a good deal and I really think that when an author makes them laugh, he ought to feel like Phocion when the Athenians applauded him and ask what wretched *betise* had produced the tribute." It was only the trenchant pen of Moore that could write that.

The opera was a failure. The press was very friendly and pointed out the beauties of the poetry, but one can readily believe that it did so in order to let down lightly the Anacreon Moore who had done greater things. We find elaborate criticisms in the *Times* and the *Examiner*, which must have been pleasant reading for Moore, save for the accu-

sations of political servility in allusions to the Prince Regent. The Licenser had expunged some passages as politically objectionable, but Moore prevailed upon him to restore them. All in all it was a piece of work not calculated to increase the poet's fame. The songs fell far short of the "Melodies" which had first come out in 1808. They were not a good example of his work, while the music he had ventured to compose for them owed whatever dramatic effect it had to the skilful suggestions and arrangements of Mr. Horn.

The dialogue, however, though stilted at times is generally bright and snappy, full of puns and literary jokes. There is nothing original in the characters, while one of them, Lady Bab Blue, is a patent imitation of the famous Mrs. Malaprop.

By Sir Thomas Lawrence. MRS. SIDDONS.

"The opera, altogether," said the poet, "has had a much better fate than I expected." There was a great demand for it and he gave it to Power, the publisher of the "Melodies" to bring out, though he himself was to get the lion's share of the profits.

THE PERI.

Many times after that did the stage tempt him as a means of earning money, but he never accomplished anything even as ambitious as the M. P. "I am determined," he said, in 1814, "to give all my soul and body to the stage and music. I shall not be deterred even by a failure, for I mean to throw so much of the best writing I can muster up into what I do, that even should the galleries down it, I may have the critics on my side." And again: "I think the oftener I rub my skirts to the dramatic muse the better." Sometime before that he had intended to give a series of lectures upon poetry and music with specimens given at the pianoforte by himself "very select, you know, by subscription among the highest persons of fashion; it would do wonders." But we have no record of his ever having carried out this novel species of entertainment.

From the foregoing it is evident that

Moore loved the stage devotedly. Whenever he had the opportunity he was found at the play, a love that was fostered no doubt by the interest of his wife who kept up her love for the stage and read with eagerness every new contribution to its literature. He was a friend of all the stars of the day, and was a sincere, intelligent critic of their work. He admired Miss O'Neil especially, and gratefully tells about his surprise on calling upon her at seeing her sit down to the harp to sing one of his songs "very sweetly and unaffectedly." "What a play it is and what a woman she is!" he exclaims after having seen her in "Belvidera," while in "Evadne," the play dedicated to him, he finds her acting "most exquisitely touching;" yet there was none who appealed to him as did the great Mrs. Siddons

Moore was welcome in all the drawing-rooms. During the celebrated season of 1829, when Malibran and Sontag appeared together and were spurred on by rivalry to outdo themselves, we find him singing his melodies and extending the popularity which even a duet between the two famous songbirds could not take from him.

FANNY KEMBLE.

Pasta, Fanny Kemble, Grisi, Lablache, Tamburini, Rubini, Mrs. Kean,—all considered it a pleasure to know the little Irish poet who could make people laugh and cry at his will. Sometimes he went with Irving to the theatre, and again we find him with Scott or Byron,—the latter poet, strangely enough, often expressed contempt for Shakespeare. But he never again got beyond the footlights, either as an actor or dramatist. Spontini, had brought out an opera founded on the Feast of the Roses in "Lalla Rookh," while another opera founded on the same poem was brought out at the Queen's Theatre, in 1847, with much eclat. In 1843 Schuman had composed music for the "Paradise and the Peri," which has been sung many times since in all the musical centers of the world, but with such productions Moore cannot be said to have any real connection.

His stage life is but another evidence of his genius and the versatility of that genius. What he might have accomplished as an actor or dramatist had he given his attention to such careers, we do not know. He was well fitted for either, yet we are glad that he did not give his heart to them. For if he did he might have gained fame therein, but at the loss of his greatest glory as Erin's Minstrel Boy

THE VESPER HYMN

SCENE FROM "THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM."
(Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress") in which Henrietta Crosman is appearing.

"THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM."

Henrietta Crosman has been seen in many magnificent productions of sterling plays, but her appearance as Christian in "The Christian Pilgrim" is without a doubt the crowning achievement of her notable career. Two years ago when it was first decided to place a dramatic version of the "Pilgrim's Progress" upon the American stage, the infinite labor of study and investigation, prior to the actual details of production, began. James McArthur was engaged to prepare the dramatic version of the story, while Maurice Campbell sailed for Europe and spent months in Germany, Austria, and other countries searching for the detail and historic data necessary for this momentous undertaking. Meanwhile William Furst set to work to compose the music for "The Christian Pilgrim" in a "Music Play," and its music is fully as important as its dramatic and spectacular features. So for two years the labor of preparation went on, and it was not until last summer that the work of building the scenery was started in one of the largest Broadway studios. The costumes were being made in Vienna from designs made by Professor Leffler, of the Royal Academy, and were especially imported for the production.

Then came the selection of the company which was to support Miss Crosman, and the weeks of arduous rehearsals prior to the opening performance.

"The Christian Pilgrim" represents the cumulative result of two years of preparation on the part of its producers. And the result is worthy of the labors. A wonderful subject, handled with the utmost dignity and solemnity, staged with massiveness and care, and splendidly acted by a company of America's foremost players.

Its text follows closely Bunyan's story, and the action carries Christian from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City. There are five acts and eleven scenes, each complete in itself, and the company, including chorus singers, numbers one hundred and fifty people. An orchestra of forty is required for the musical version. The soloists include such well-known people as Bertha Harmon and W. T. Carleton. The acting support of Miss Crosman includes Tyrone Power, Addison Pitt, James Mackey, Coarh Adams, and other famous players. The production, which has been likened by dramatic reviewers to "Parsifal" in many respects, is by far the most important of the present theatrical season, and marks an epoch in the history of the American stage.

TYRONE POWER AND HENRIETTA CROSMAN.
"The Christian Pilgrim." (Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.)

A TYRANT.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

There is a tyrant of these days
  More cruel than the Roman
Who fiddled 'mid a city's blaze,
  And slaughtered friend and foeman;
The serfs are ruled with iron hand,
  Nor dream they of rebelling
And yet in every clime and land
  Their ranks are daily swelling.

This tyrant wills that some must gain,
  With pain and trouble, beauty;
For riches some must strive and strain
  As if such toil were duty
Some must pursue a phantom dim
  Called Fame, through dangerous courses,
This tyrant risk of life and limb
  For honors vain enforces.

For selfish aim and selfish end
  Some night and day must labor;
And some must all their efforts bend
  To outshine friend or neighbor.
The tyrant Pride rules youth and age,
  The toilers and the heroes,
The lady gay, the prince and sage
  With stronger sway than Nero's.

THE AMERICAN ORATOR.

BY JAMES STERLING.

This is the hour of the American orator. He is everywhere—at the banquet, on the lecture platform, at political rallies. He presses into service all sorts of mediums for reaching the public, from the rented hall to a cart tail from which the itinerant orator harangues the mob, his face ruddy in the glow of the torchlights, his voice hoarse and broken from continued effort to be heard above the uproar of his following.

The American political speaker is an unique personality. Quite frequently he shows no regard for the niceties of grammar, but offsets this with a flow of vituperation that wins from his audience loud plaudits and the reassuring "Good boy" that proves the humor of the crowd. He is ready to tackle any issue or any individual, in his party's cause, and the unsophisticated listener gets the impression that he holds a life-long grudge against his political foe. On the contrary, however, the orator and the opponent he flays may be excellent friends and may be found amicably lunching together the day after the rally. Each claims his American privilege of free speech.

The outcome of cart-tail oratory may not be sneered at, and history has on record cases when men of parts employed this means of reaching the masses. It was from a cart-tail that Cardinal Manning addressed the dock laborers and averted the evil of a continued strike. This being America one may say without fear of dire consequences that the head of the nation by his car-tail speeches shows his belief in such oratory as a means of reaching the people, in his tours through the country. Thus, whether from the highest political figure in the land or the humblest ward heeler, the open-air address is received with favor, and the views exploited are not infrequently adopted by the audience—as the polls show on election day.

This, however, is only one phase of American oratory. The immortal Dooley gives us a splendid illustration of the amateur orator who essays an after-dinner speech. Here is how the situation affects him!

"Did ye iver make a speech?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"I did wanst," said Mr. Dooley. "Ivry thrue born American regards himsilf as a gr-reat orator, an' I've always had a pitcher iv mesilf in me mind standin' befure a large an' admirin' bunch iv me fellow pathrites an' thrillin' thim with me indignation or convulsin' thim with me wit.

"Manny times have I lay in me bed awake, seein' mesilf at th' head iv a table pourin' out wurruds iv goolden eloquence fr'm th' depths iv me lungs. I made a pretty pitcher, I must say, ca'm, dignified, a perfect master iv mesilf an' me audjience. Th' concoorse shrieked with laughter wan minyit, an' rose to their feet in frenzied applause th' next.

"In all me dhreams I wore a white necktie an' a long tailed coat, because I have a theory that all thrue eloquence comes fr'm th' tails iv th' coat an' if ye made an orator change into a short coat, he wud become deef an' dumb. As I sat down afther me burst iv gleamin' wurruds, th' audjience rose an' cheered f'r five minyits, an Sinitor Bivridge, th' silver spout iv th' Wabash, who was to follow me, slinked out iv th' room.

The test came when the "Archey Road Improvement Comity" asked Mr. Dooley to substitute for Chauncey Depew. This is how he did it:

"I didn't write out th' speech. No great orator who has niver made a speech needs to. I merely jotted down a few interruptions be th' audjience; like this, Hinnissy: (Great Applause.) (Loud an' continyous laughter) (Cries iv 'Good,'

'Hear, hear,') (Cries iv 'No no,' 'Go on.') (Wild cheerin,' th' audjience risin' to their feet an' singin': 'F'r he's a jolly good fellow, which nobody can deny.')

"An' havin' arranged all these nicissry details, I wint to th' banket. I knew ivry man there an' thruly despised thim. There wasn't wan iv thim that I considhered me intellechool equal.

"At one time or another, ivry man iv thim had come to me f'r advice. But somehow, Hinnissy, th' minyit I looked down on what Hogan calls th' sea iv upturned faces dhrinkin', I began to feel onaisy. I wasn't afraid iv anny wan iv thim, mind ye. Man f'r man they were me frinds.

"But altogether they were me inimy. I cudden't set still. I had come with an appytite, but I cudden't eat. I had a lump in me throat as big as an apple. I felt quare in th' pit iv me stomach. I noticed that me hands were moist. I thried to talk to th' man next to me, but I cudden't hear what he said.

"Wan orator afther another was peltin' th' audjience with remarks out of th' fourth reader an' I cudden't listen to thim. All th' time I was thinkin': 'In a few minyits they'll detect ye, Martin Dooley, th' countherfeit Demostheens.' Th' room swam befure me eyes; there was a buzzin' in me ears. I thried to collect me thoughts, but they were off th' reservation. I wud've gone out if I cud walk, an' I was goin' to thry whin I heerd th' chairman mintion me name. It sounded as if it come out iv a cheap phonograft.

"I f'rgot to tell ye, Hinnissy, that in thinkin' iv me gr-reat effort I had rehearsed a few motions to inthrajooce th' noble sintimints that was to bubble up f'rm me.

"At th' mintion iv me name, an' durin' th' cheerin' that followed, I was goin' to lean forward with me head bowed an' me hand on th' edge iv th' table, an' a demoor smile on me face that cud be translated: 'Th' gr-reat man is amused, but wudden't have ye know it f'r wurrulds.' Whin th' cheerin' throng had exhausted its strength I intinded to rise slowly, place me chair in front iv me an' leanin' lightly on th' back iv it, bow first to wan side an' thin th' other, an' remark: 'Misther Chairman, a-a-and gint-elmen: Whin I see so manny smilin' faces befure me on this auspicious occasion, I am reminded iv a little incident—' An' so on.

"Well, sir, 'tis a sthrange thing this here oratory. Ye see a man that ye wudden't ask to direct ye to th' postoffice get on his feet an' make a speech that wud melt th' money in ye'er pocket.

"Well, glory be, Hinnissy, I can hardly go on with th' story. It was twinty-five years ago but I can't think iv it without a feelin' at th' end iv me fingers as though I had scraped a plasther wall.

"At th' mintion iv me name, I lept to me feet, knockin' over all th' dishes an' glasses in me neighborhood. I carefully stepped on me neighbor's toes an' bumped into th' chairman who was still tellin' what he wanted me to think he thought iv me. I rolled me napkin up into a ball an' thrust it into me pants pocket. I become blind, deef an' dumb, I raymimber makin' a few grunts, fightin' an imaginary inimy with me fists an' dhroppin' in me chair, a broken four-flush Pathrick Hinnery.

"I've niver got me repytation back. Most iv th' people thought I was dhrunk. Th' more charitable said I was on'y crazy. Th' impressyon still remains in th' ward that I'm a victim iv apoplexy.

This account of the politician's successful flight of oratory is equally amusing. He raps hard the flamboyant speaker when he tells how Carney argued for a new bridge across the creek.

"Another man comes along that ye think a reg'lar little know-all, an' whin he thries to make a speech to a Sunday school class he gives an imitation iv a man with croup, delusions iv pursuit an' St. Vitus' dance. If he don't do that he bombards his fellow man with th' kind iv a composition that they keep boys afther school f'r.

"Carney made wan iv that kind at this banket. Carney has a head as hard as a cocynut. He wanted a new bridge built acrost th' crick an' he was goin' to talk about that at th' banket. On th' way over he tol' me about it. He argyed so well that he convinced me an' I'm wan iv the most indignant taxpayers f'r a poor man that ye iver knew.

"I thought when he got up he wid say something like this: 'Boys, we need a new bridge. Th' prisint wan is a disgrace to th' ward. Curtin's horse fell through it last week. By jimuneddy if Billy O'Brien don't get us a new bridge, we'll bate him at th' prim'ries."

"That wud have gone fine, f'r Curtin was a loud an' pop'lar fish pedler. But what did Carney do? He niver was within' four thousand miles iv a swing bridge acrost th' Chicago river.

"Says he: 'Gintlemen—We ar-re th' most gloryous people that iver infested th' noblest counthry that th' sun iver shone upon,' he says, 'We meet here tonight,' he says, 'undher that starry imblim that flaps above freemen's homes in ivry little hamlet fr'm where rolls th' Oregon in majestic volume to th' sun-kist wathers iv th' Passyfic to where th' Pimsicoddy shimmers adown th' pine clad hills iv Maine,' he says.

" 'Th' hand iv time,' he says, 'marches with stately steps acrost th' face iv histhry, an' as I listen to its hoof beats I hear a still small voice that seems to say that Athens (a shout), Greece (a shrill cry), Rawhm (a shriek) and Egypt (a deep roar), an' iver on an upward an' as long as th' stars in their courses creep through eternity an' twinkle as they creep, recallin' th' wurruds iv our gr-reat pote, 'Twinkling stars ar-re laughin' love, laughin' at you an' me', an' a counthry, gintlemen, that stands today as sure as tomorrah's sun rises an' kisses th' flag that floats f'r all.'

" 'Now, gintlemen, it is growin' late an' I will not detain ye longer, but I have a few wur-

ruds to say. I appeal fr'm Philip dhrunk to Philip sober.' That ended th' speech an' th' banket. Th' chairman's name was Philip. Th' second Philip that Carney mintioned was not there.

The use of the flag as a telling force in public speaking is deprecated by the Archey Road philosopher. He would make it a penal offence to work up public feeling through the Stars and Stripes:

"I guess a man niver becomes an orator if he has anything to say, Hinnissy. If a lawyer thinks his client is innocint, he talks to th' jury about th' crime.

"But if he knows where the pris'ner hid th' lead pipe, he unfurls th' flag, throws out a few remarks about th' flowers an' th' burruds, an' asks th' twelve good men en' thrue not to break up a happy Christmas, but to sind this man home to his wife an' childher an' Gawd will bless thim if they ar-re iver caught in th' same perdicymint.

"Whiniver I go to a pollytical meetin' an' th' la-ad with th' open wurruk face mintions Rome or Athens, I grab f'r me hat. I know he's not goin' to say anything that ought to keep me out iv bed. I also bar all language about burruds an' flowers, I don't give two cints about th' Oregon, whether it rolls or staggers to th' sea; an' I'll rap in th' eye anny man that attimpts to wrap up his sicond-hand oratory in th' American flag.

"There ought to be a law against usin' th' American flag f'r such purposes. I hope to read in th' pa-aper some day that Joe Cannon was arrested f'r usin' th' American flag to dicorate a speech on th' tariff an' sintinced to two years solitary confinement with Sinitor Bivridge. An' be hivins, I don't want anny man to tell me that I'm a mimber iv wan iv th' grandest races th' sun has iver shone on. I know it already. If I wasn't I'd move out.

"No, sir, whin a man has something to say an don't know how to say it, he says it pretty well. Whin he has something to say an' knows how to say it, he makes a gr-reat speech.

"But whin he has nawthin' to say an' has a lot iv wurruds that come with a black coat, he's an orator. There's two things I don't want at me fun'ral. Wan is an oration an' th' other is wax flowers. I class thim alike."

"Ye're on'y mad because ye failed," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "what bether reason d'ye want? Besides I didn't fail as bad as I might. I might have made th' speech."

For all this the amateur bobs up again. One sickening experience is not enough to deter him. He tries again and yet again, for an after-dinner audience is usually good-natured, and finally the tyro keeps his feet, acquires fluency, and earns the reputation of being a valuable adjunct to the evening's entertainment. No entertainment is complete without the speech, the "few words" that have a habit of running into a volume, even when cast-iron rules have been made as to a three or five-minute limit.

We all know the pompous individual who holds the audience at his mercy while he pours forth upon them the history of his life as a preliminary to the subject assigned him, and who waxes passionate, tearful, tender, or scathing as the mood stirs him. "And it must be nice, too," said Babbie, in *The Little Minister* "to be able to speak for a whole hour to people who can neither answer nor go away."

It is not always safe for the speaker, be he amateur or expert, to open his address with a question. "What shall I say?" said an orator at a school commencement after many speakers had aired their views. A little boy in the front row coming directly under the speaker's eye, and thinking the query was addressed to him, rose respectfully and replied quietly and distinctly, "Thay 'amen' and thith down." No use trying to be impressive after such an opening as that.

Love of oratory is bred in the bone, and though we have had comparatively few great orators we have a host of speakers, men, and women, too, who are ready to speak on almost any or every subject. Not long ago a pink-cheeked girl asked a librarian for some works on Socialism. "What do you want of such works?" enquired the conscientious official. "I have to take part in a debate,"

the school-girl replied: "Resolved—That Socialism will not cure the evils of the public schools." "I wish I had been given the affirmative side" she pouted, "but I was told off for the negative." "But what do you know about it?" queried the librarian. "I know a great deal," replied the school-girl, proudly. "I have talked about it with friends, yes," she repeated, 'I have talked a great deal about it."

"Do some good hard work to take your mind off such subjects," advised the wise and kind librarian. "You are only seventeen years old. I am a woman and I have never felt the need of knowing anything about such topics. And what is the matter with the public schools anyway?" she queried.

"Well, for one thing, they are overcrowded. There are fifty-six pupils to a teacher. When Socialism reigns there will be only four to a teacher."

"Who is going to pay all those teachers?"

"Oh, then there will be no graft; and there won't be any arsenals to keep up, so that the money can be used for education. I do wish I had been given the affirmative", she repeated as she hurried off, fearful perhaps of getting more sound advice.

The boy orator is even more cock-sure of his knowledge. He has his class-day dinner and other functions, club meetings, etc., at which to throw off fervid periods to his admiring fellows, and in his oratory he combines, fearfully and wonderfully, classic lore, Latin phrases, American slang, and gestures enough to make an acrobat lame.

Later on he is remembered when a candidate is needed for public office, and his pretty gift of speech is no small recommendation. It is the man who talks who gets what is going. The doer is beginning to realize this; is beginning to get restless and discontented with simply doing the work while the hot-air orator scoops in the rewards.

The public lecturer is another type of speaker of whom the public is growing wary, and after all there is an excuse for the delinquents who shirk the lecture. They have been deceived repeatedly, and have been entrapped into listening to dreary prosy talks without point or profit, delivered with ill grace and crude elocution. Here again the national assurance asserts itself, anyone can lecture whether he can talk or not. The result is that the really good lecturer fails of an audience too often. Men are afraid of giving an hour of their precious time, lest it may be wasted, and women—the chief patrons of the lecture course—are beginning to lose interest. As a result promoters of lectures have most discouraging experiences. They may provide an intellectual feast, but the probability is that they will have to importune the public to partake of it.

And yet there is no higher form of entertainment, no more beneficial way of spending an evening than that afforded by the genuinely interesting lecture, delivered by a speaker who knows how to talk. It is certainly a very great pity that the lecture should have to give place to the wearisome whist, the inane party, and the screaming vaudeville that are growing dangerously popular.

A unique development in American life is the prevalence of the woman speaker—due primarily to the reform movement, no matter what the special subject for reform might be. It was,

I think, Jennie June, the pioneer club woman, who said that women do not talk enough, and she advised them to learn to talk. Her advice has evidently been taken seriously to heart, for there are quite a few women speakers of note in America who can meet men of platform renown and defeat them in debate, to say nothing of the number who can hold an audience without effort. They illustrate the truth of a statement made by the late Mayor Collins of Boston, noted for his Celtic wit and fluent tongue, "Speech is woman's weapon." This being so, who has the right to disarm her?

It may be said for women that they rarely speak in public unless they have something worth saying, whether the subject be dress reform, higher education, temperance, or the home topics that interest mothers' meetings. A woman rarely gets upon the platform for the sake of rolling out sonorous periods and bombarding an audience with four-syllable words. She believes in brevity and terseness, except when she yields to the feminine inclination to quote poetry, but it must be said for her that even the poetry she quotes has a thought worthy of remembrance. On the whole the woman speaker is helpful, and her purpose is generally disinterested.

Mr. Daniel Crilly, writing in the *Nineteenth Century*, says that the after-dinner speech of America is a phase of intellectual effort that has no counterpart elsewhere. The conception of it abroad is associated with good stories, graceful rhetoric, riant humor, quaint conceits, and "a genius for manipulating and alternating in a brief compass the lighter and graver shades of thought."

This unique fame was won in the period when the toastmaster's call brought to their feet such men as Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Russell Lowell, Charles Dudley Warner, Whitelaw Reid, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Chauncey Depew, and others of a similar calibre. A random summons to anyone of this goodly company never failed to find a man who could say a wise thing, "though he say it with a laugh," and such laughter was always healthy, stimulating and contagious. Mr. Crilly considers the presence of such men sufficient to make the banquet a permanent feature of American life. He then proceeds to trace the evolution of the after-dinner speech of America:

> Doubtless there was a time when the accompaniments and surroundings of a public dinner in London and New York were practically alike in their details. However great may have been the difference between the dispositions and constitutional theories of the early Hollanders of the settlement on the Hudson and the incoming New Englanders, and however marked the contrast may have been later on in the same respects between the type that sprung from the union of these two and the stay-at-home Briton, all of them came ultimately to offer a common allegiance to the seductive autocracy of an all-powerful chef. Hollander, New Englander, and Briton alike drifted pacifically and unresistingly to the comforting conclusion that the psychological moment at which human nature found itself best fitted to exalt human virtues, and to extend a sweet forbearance to human weaknesses, followed immediately on a generous and ungrudging satisfaction being given to a patient and waiting appetite. It was discovered tha at that precise juncture a benign *pax vobiscum* held sovereign sway. So men came together around a dinner table to do honor to some special or distinguished guest, or to celebrate some conspicuous national event in which the people at large took a legitimate pride. The early fashion on those occasions, on both sides of the Atlantic, was to do justice to a toast list, which was kept within moderate limits, in speeches, eloquent occasionally but serious at all times. The age then took its responsibilities with greater gravity than ours, I am afraid, is in the habit of doing. Culture had not learned how to disport itself so cunningly as it does nowadays. Hence, even in America, if an orator had the temerity to lean towards anything savouring of levity in proposing, or responding to a toast such as 'The Day We Celebrate,' or 'The Memory We Honour,' his

conduct would be resented with something like the indignation shown by a few over-sensitive American Dutchmen when Washington Irving, masquerading as Diedrich Knickerbocker, published his inimitable *History of New York*. But 'old times are changed, old manners gone,' as convenient illustration may serve to show. There is still extant a speech delivered at the annual dinner of the New England Society of New York in 1850 by Daniel Webster, a name famous in the annals of American statesmanship. This speech, which runs to a considerable length, was one made in response to the toast of 'The Constitution and the Union.' It is full of noble eloquence and virile thought, and is inspired throughout by a lofty sentiment of patriotism. There is, however, no note of humour in it, nor does it contain a single anecdote or an amusing story which might have tickled the orator's fellow-diners. The report of the speech is plentifully studded with 'prolonged applause,' 'tumultuous applause,' and 'loud and repeated cheers,' but there is a notable absence of any record of laughter. This rigidly earnest and strenuous style of address suggests itself as being in natural keeping with the accepted character of that uncompromising zealot—the Puritan of Plymouth Rock, whose achievements as a pioneer settler, and as a model in qualities of ascetic self-denial which his descendants have scarcely maintained in their integrity, are commemorated annually, on the 22nd of December, at numerous choice and high-class dinners promoted in leading American centres by a multitude of New England societies.

The more modern taste, however, is not so exacting as that which seems to have ruled in Daniel Webster's day. Even the grim Puritan tradition, with all its warp and woof of austerity and aloofness from frivolity, now finds itself used as a toy and sported with by the Bohemianism of the after-dinner speech. The same New England Society of New York, which was stirred to enthusiasm half a century ago by Webster's impassioned periods, honours the memory of the men of the *Mayflower* in our time by laughing boisterously at the merry sallies of such exemplary Puritans as Mark Twain and Chauncey M. Depew. It is extremely improbable that the Pilgrim Fathers ever fritted away a moment idly by speculating as to whether or not they were destined to fill a niche in history. But if they ever weakly allowed such a piece of vanity to force its ungodly way into their thoughts for a passing instant, they were happily saved, it is to be hoped, from any fore-knowledge of the nature of the verbal homage that would be paid to their record and character on the approach of the twentieth century.

Contrasting the stately eloquence of Daniel Webster in the speech of 1850, with the art in speechmaking shown by Judge Howland, in 1899, at a dinner in the Waldorf-Astoria on December 22nd, Mr. Crilly notes the changed order and that while eloquence befitting the theme of the orator is plentifully in evidence the interval is never long until humor is introduced adroitly through some felicitous illustration.

"That there was never the remotest danger of the tension becoming strained will be obvious when I say that the Judge told no fewer than fifteen stories, and that in the report of his speech 'laughter' is bracketed in as many as twenty-five places. Nor as compared with other speakers on like occasions, was Judge Howland extravagantly facetious. The speech was a fair, average sample of the method of treatment meted out post-prandially to all kinds of toasts, grave and gay alike, at the public-dinner tables of America. Take, for instance, an achievement which lies to the credit of General Horace Porter. The General would appear to have been in much demand at these anniversary dinners of New York's New England Society, and, in glancing at the reports of four different speeches of his, we find that the good things said by him in the course of them were so provocative of hilarity that 'laughter' is duly recorded no fewer than seventy-eight times. It is not an unreasonable supposition that the grim and sombre personalities whose memories were being honoured by General Porter and his friends found themselves, when in the flesh, so weighted down by solemn contemplation of spiritual problems that they never laughed so often in the whole course of their lives.

The same adaptability that makes it possible for Americans to transform a Puritan celebration into a festival of merriment and to make a Chamber of Commerce dinner an occasion of mirth enables them to make the solid Dutchman as frivolous as his mercurial neighbor. "Silence has given way to prolific speech and immobility of demeanor to the very abandonment of gayety." In this connection President Roosevelt is quoted as making the following admission at a New England Society dinner in Brooklyn, in December, 1898:

The gentleman on my right [said Mr. Roosevelt] with the unmistakably Puritan name of

McKelway, in the issue of the *Eagle* to-night alluded to me as a 'Yankeeised Hollander.' I am a middling good Yankee. I always felt at these dinners of the New England Society, to which I come a trifle more readily than to any other like affair, I and the president of the friendly Sons of St. Patrick, who is also invariably in attendance, represent, as you would say, the victims tied to the wheels of the Roman chariot of triumph. You see I am half Irish myself, and, as I told a New England Senator with whom I am intimate, when he remarked that the Dutch had been conquered by the New Englanders, 'Well, the Irish have avenged us.'

In January of 1896, at the annual dinner of the Holland Society of New York, the half-Irish President responded to the toast of "The Hollander as an American." The laughter and applause showed how completely the later Dutchman had cut himself away "from the taciturnity of Governor Van Twiller's days," says Mr. Crilly.

As an expert in making a point through the agency of the happy story President Roosevelt has an enviable reputation, declares this writer, and he immediately attributes the sense of humor to his Irish blood, and not to the Dutch infusion. But, to prove that the Dutch have a relish for humor, he quotes the reply of the chairman at a dinner of the Holland Society to a question he had put to himself, "What are the Dutch?" "Why, we are the salt of the earth. We do not pretend to be the bread, and butter and cheese, but we are the salt." And he developed his claim so happily that his speech was punctuated twenty-one times by laughter. Another Dutchman whose utterances are quoted as illustrative of humor was Dr. de Witt Talmage. Speaking at an American dinner table he said, "There is in my veins a strong tide of Dutch blood. My mother was a Van Nest, and I was baptized in a Dutch church and named after a Dutch dominie, graduated at a Dutch theological seminary, and was ordained by a Dutch minister, married a Dutch girl, preached thirteen years in a Dutch church, and always took a Dutch newspaper."

This is considered as conclusive proof that the American Dutch temperament of to-day differs from the old time Knickerbocker character. Mr. Crilly has made a close study of the speech-making at public dinners in America:

So universally has the fashion been set in America in this matter of public dinners, so anxious is everybody to be in the fashion, and so exacting has the popular taste become in its demand for super-excellence in the consequential speeches, that quite as much tact and artifice of resource must be displayed in arranging the details of one of these functions as we find an aspiring social hostess giving on this side of the water to the engagements of the artistes for an ambitious "At home," or as the pushful promoters of some gorgeous bazaar employ in securing exalted patrons who are likely to prove efficient as decoys. In the first place the societies which indulge in an annual feast, with an extra one occasionally thrown in, are so numerous, and the rivalry between them is so keen, that the task of providing an attractive programme has grown to be a fine art. Every element in the Commonwealth which can associate a particle of sentiment with its existence, every group in which a mutual interest links together its constituent parts, seems to think it the correct thing to organize a society, or a club, and to eat a special yearly dinner. The names of all these festive bodies make up a formidable list. We have New England Societies, Holland Societies, Southern Societies, State Bar Associations, Sons of the Revolution, Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, Confederate Veteran Camps, St. Andrew's Societies, Papyrus Clubs, Lotos Clubs, Sunset Clubs, and, of course, Republican and Democratic Clubs without number. Infinite pains are taken by each of these to gather the cream of after-dinner oratory for its own special banquet. Ample time—a month, or even more—is given to consenting speakers, and in that period the orator is expected to learn his part and give it adequate rehearsal so that on the eventful night he may present his mosaic in light comedy with all the finish and ease of an Edward Sothern or a Sir Charles Wyndham. Equally nice attention is paid to the texts of the toasts to be proposed. These are polished with something like the fine skill with which the lapidary cuts his diamonds, and the nearer the polished texts can be made to approach an epigram the more they are prized. As these toasts may number over a dozen for the

one occasion, and as the eloquence they evoke is prolonged, as a rule, much beyond the midnight hour, they are generally found to formulate some airy abstract sentiment or proposition which in its nature is suggestive of crispness in reply. Here are specimens of the texts which supply the motive for many of the speeches of which I am writing: 'The Press—right or wrong: when right, to be kept right; when wrong, to be set right'; 'Truth and Trade: those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder'; 'The Responsibility of having Ancestors'; 'The Debt each part of the Country owes to the Other'; 'Unsolved Problems'; 'The Oldest Inhabitant—the Weather of New England,'' the last toast being responded to in characteristic fashion at a New England Society dinner by Mark Twain.

That staid and sober-minded clergymen at these festive gatherings have rivalled judges or generals in telling apt stories and originating witticisms is commented on by this writer, as he contrasts the conditions of after-dinner speaking in England and America. In London those who rise to speak at the Lord Mayor's hospitable board take their keynote from the gravity of a prime minister, but if the New York fashion were introduced a Mansion House dinner or a Royal Academy banquet would lose much of its solemnity and make more cheerful reading in the newspaper reports.

Admitting that no fair comparison can be instituted between a Puritan anniversary dinner in New York and a Mansion House banquet in London, Mr. Crilly takes up a class of dinner common to both countries:

> Starting, as it were, on equal terms, nothing, perhaps, could bring out more effectually the contrast between the two styles of after-dinner eloquence or could be at the same time more typical of the national temperament, than the oratory heard at the dinners of those Chambers of Commerce which guard the interests of trade on either side of the ocean. On the one hand, the speeches, reflecting a disposition inclined to be somewhat volatile, are as full of change and variety as the *menu* is full of an assortment of skilfully contrived dishes; while, on the other hand, they are so undeviatingly substantial in statement and argument as to be at once suggestive of that generous roast beef which stands universally for British solidity. Charles Kingsley, in his introduction to *Alton Locke*, addressing John Bull, says: 'You are always calling out for facts, and have a firm belief in salvation by statistics. Well, listen to a few.' Kingsley's observation would make an admirable general motto for the toast lists of the dinners of English Chambers of Commerce. It may be said that invariably at these functions every fresh speech is but an echo of one that has gone before. A long array of statistics, pictures of the fluctuation of trade, the proper interpretation to be put on the rise and fall of prices, the moral to be drawn from the table of the year's exports and imports, a homily on the danger to British markets that lies in foreign competition—these trite, if not very inspiriting, topics may be reasonably taken as representing pretty exhaustively the subject-matter of all that is said at England's mercantile feasts. But our American neighbors take a more catholic view of the possibilities of a Chamber of Commerce dinner. They seem to think that the gratuitous imposition of a further course, consisting of unrelieved statistics, as a sequel to the many other courses which have already been served, would lamentably jeopardise that good digestion which Shakespeare hoped might always wait on appetite. Hence when the mercantile magnates of an American city come together to dine they do not lay it down as an inflexible rule that the sentiments which find expression when the dessert stage of the banquet has been passed must savour exclusively of a bill of lading or the columns of a ledger account. The whimsical phrase, the inevitable anecdote, the fine literary turn of thought, are as common here as they are elsewhere. Those who think that the more delicate phases of art, literature, or philosophy should only be reverenced and expounded in an inner circle of superfine intellectual culture, far removed from the common skirts of the madding crowd, will doubtless regard it as insufferably incongruous that the following exquisitely happy word-picture of the dainty genius of Washington Irving should grow to life at a mere Chamber of Commerce dinner. The sad fact remains, however, that Mr. George William Curtis spoke in this fashion of the genial author of *The Sketch Book* at the annual banquet of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York in November, 1890:

> Our sombre colonial writing was all sermon. It was not until 1809 that Mr. Buckminister, the orator of the Phi Beta Kappa at Harvard, said that the genius of our letters began to show signs of greater vigour; and in the same year a young man, who, as a boy, to escape the rigors of domestic religious discipline, used to drop out of the window of his father's house in William Street in the evening, and steal off to the play around the corner in John Street, published a book called Knickerbocker's *History of New York*, and in the gay genius of Irving American literature escaped the sermon and came laughing into life. The winter of our long literary discontent was made glorious summer by this son of York. . . . What a sweet and blameless genius it was! It aroused no passion, no prejudice, no hostility. Irving was popularly beloved, like Sir Walter Scott, and I recall the amusing enthusiasm with which a party of Germans

in Berlin, upon discovering that I was an American, exclaimed: "Ah, we know full well your great general, Washington Irving" (laughter!) He touched our historic river with the glamour of the imagination. He invested it with the subtle and enduring charm of literary association. He peopled it with figures that make it dear to the whole world, like Scott's Tweed, or Burn's Bonny Doon. The belated wanderer, in the twilight roads of Tarrytown, as he hears approaching the pattering gallop behind him, knows that it is not his neighbour; it is the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow. It is not thunder that we hear in the Katskill on a still summer afternoon, it is the airy game of Hendrik Hudson's crew that Rip Van Winkle heard. The commerce of New York may penetrate every sea, and carry around the world the promise of the American flag and the grandeur of the American name, and return triumphant with the trophies of every clime; but over their leagues of wharves and towering warehouses and far-stretching streets can it throw a charm, as fresh to the next century as to this, such as the genius of literature cast upon the quaint little Dutch town more than two centuries ago, and upon the river which is our pride?

It will be at once apparent that it would utterly unsettle the balance of the reputation which the national after-dinner oratory now enjoys if such charming specimens of graceful eloquence as those of Mr. Curtis were to be widely adopted as models, and so to keep the adjustment straight and to safeguard the vested rights of humour the full prerogatives of the cap and bells obtain distinct recognition even under the roof-trees of the Chambers of Commerce.

That where so many dinners are eaten and so many speeches delivered there should be an absence of sameness and staleness was puzzling to this close observer until he lit on the explanation that good stories thrown forward with accurate judgment as light skirmishers are usually able to carry back with them the palm of victory. These skirmishers must have none of the stiffness of veterans, as the reputation of an after-dinner orator would be ruined if he attempted to palm off as new a seasoned anecdote.

"Knowing this the man who has a toast entrusted to him is careful to pay reasonable regard to the necessity of only calling stories to his aid which bear the appearance of being new; and so long as he takes this precaution he is certain to get the credit of originality. There are a few exemptions from this rule. Being carefully labeled as neutral ground, satire, for instance, at the expense of the politician, is an evergreen quantity at these dinner tables. Like the figure of Aunt Sally on a fair green, he is there for anybody to take a cheap shy at him"

James Russell Lowell once enumerated what he called the ingredients of after-dinner oratory—the joke, the quotation, and the platitude—"And," he added, "the successful platitude, in in my judgment, requires a very high order of genius." On the same occasion he remarked that the more after-dinner speeches he made the more keenly he felt the difficulties of after-dinner oratory. Charles Dudley Warner declared there is but one pleasure in life equal to that of being called on to make an after-dinner speech, and that is not being called on. An illustration of the difference between the feelings of the speech-maker and those who are listening to him was given by Marion J. Verdery at a banquet where he replied to the toast of "The South in Wall Street."

Two old darkies, lounging on a street corner in Richmond, Virginia, one day were suddenly aroused by a runaway team that came dashing towards them at break-neck speed. The driver, scared nearly to death, had abandoned his reins and was awkwardly climbing out of the wagon at the rear end. One of the old negroes said, 'Brer' Johnson, sure as you born, man, de runaway horse am powerful gran' and a monstrous fine sight to see.' Johnson shook his head doubtfully and then replied philosophically, 'Dat 'pends berry much, nigger, on whedder you be standin' on de corner obsarvin' of him or be gettin' ober de tail-board ob de waggin'. And likewise it strikes me that any keen enjoyment to be gotten out of after-dinner speaking is peculiarly contingent —'pendin' berry much on whedder you is standin' off lookin' on, or gittin' ober de tail-board of de waggin."

The risky experiment of "climbing ober the tail-board" does not seem to carry many terrors with it, this writer concludes, as notwithstanding the responsibility of the position, the anxiety of preparation, and the labor of finding the new joke and the apposite quotation, most Americans readily accept an invitation to speak. Every organization produces its after-dinner orator and there are many aids furnished in

manuals and expositors instructing the amateur how to get through the ordeal. "It is not given to everybody of course to achieve a brilliant reputation," says Mr. Crilly, "some of the young aspirants turn out to be, if not mute, at least inglorious Miltons.

> Of many of them it might be said, as Sheridan observed of Lord Lauderdale—a joke in his hands is no laughing matter. But when the harvest has been threshed and the chaff winnowed from the grain we find a rich asset in material left behind to provide healthy and enjoyable intellectual fare for the American people. The elements of vitality being as distinctly active in a good comedy as they are in a serious melodrama, it is in no way remarkable that of the better class of after-dinner speeches a great number have taken their places in the permanent literature of the country. The choicest position in the leading pages of the foremost American newspapers is at all times open to the latest achievement of those who are regarded as 'old Parliamentary hands' in the domain of post-prandial eloquence.
>
> . . . . . .

The conviction may be allowed that in a country where life is driven at the highest pressure, where trusts, and 'rings,' and 'corners' must do anything but conduce to mental tranquillity, where the fear of any encroachment on the Monroe doctrine must be perpetually 'getting on' people's nerves, it is well that the after-dinner speech has assumed the proportions of a national possession. So long as it manages to hold its own in that position the gayety of the nation can never be altogether eclipsed.

So much for the American after-dinner speech. Let us be grateful that a "chiel, takin' notes," has found so much in it to admire and to praise. One wonders if he had had a season with no intermission between dinners, and had been compelled to listen to the "Miltons" not only at the dinner table but wherever there was a box or chair on which they could mount to expound their views if he would still regard speech-making as an ebullition of gayety. It would be interesting to know what he thinks of our recitations. We have an abundance of reciters from the artist who personates many characters to the amateur whose friends arrange evenings on which to introduce him or her to a kindly public.

In conclusion, a word should be said for that important personage, the presiding officer, who introduces the speaker of the evening. Unless he be very upright he can defraud the latter of much of his fame by making a lengthy speech himself, by way of introduction. There are few toastmasters or presiding officers who might not read with profit the experience of Senator Spooner in a Wisconsin town.

Senator Spooner says the best speech of introduction he ever heard was delivered by a German mayor of a small town of Wisconsin where the Senator had engaged to speak. The mayor said: "Ladies und Shentlemens: I haf been asked to introduce you to the Honorable Senator Spooner, who to you vill make a speech. I haf now done so, und he vill now do so."

A DAY OF LOVE.

A Sequence of Sonnets.

BY DANIEL J. DONAHOE.

I love thee when the earliest ray of light
  Dapples the skies above the pallid east;
  When the chill airs that numb the limbs have ceased,
And thro' the vales dun shadows take their flight;
O, love, like that young ray, thy presence bright
Hath in my soul the joys of life increased,
Blessing my dreams with beauty, most and least,
And made the world a pleasure to my sight.

I love thee, then, because the tender gleam
  Of thy sweet features drives away all gloom,
  And freshens with pure thoughts the heart forlorn;
So o'er the morning hills the early beam
  Awakes with songs each grove that, like the tomb,
  Slumbered in silence till the touch of morn.

II.

I love thee when the purple radiance breaks
  Above the wooded mountains, and the skies
  Are spangled o'er with rosy clouds that rise
Out of the valleys, where the streams and lakes
Put on new glory, and the verdure takes
  A tender freshness, healing to tired eyes,
  Bathed in the dews that shine with trembling dyes,
A shower of gems in every breeze that wakes.

I love thee, then, my love; for, like the dawn,
  Thou shin'st in loveliness forever new,
  And my glad soul, uplifted as with wine,
Even like the world, fresh glory taketh on,—
  The beauty of dreams, of holy thoughts and true,
  Born of thy love and purity divine.

III.

I love thee when the risen sun appears
With glorious countenance above the hills,
When from the heights a thousand leaping rills
Rush to the valleys, sending to the ears
Their notes of jubilance, which banish fears,
And rouse the gladdened heart to answering thrills;
I love thee then, because thy presence fills
My soul with light that quickens, lifts, and cheers.

I love thee then, my love, for as the sun
Adorns the earth with blossom and perfume
Waking both hill and vale to love and song,
Thy presence to my soul sweet joys hath won,
Sweet dreams and holy visions which out-bloom
With promise of a harvest rich and strong.

IV.

I love thee in the fulness of the noon,
When by the dusty highway blooms the rose;
When in the pool the lily breathes and blows;
And every grove is dark in leafy June;
When field and copse and woodland are attune
With birds, whose full-voiced choiring heavenward flows
Triumphant, and the swelling bosom glows
With gratitude and love for every boon.

I love thee, then, my love, because in all
The glory of thy loveliness and worth,
And the rich music breathing from thy voice,
Unworthy cares can ne'er my soul enthrall;
I am uplifted from the gloom of earth,
And moving in thy presence I rejoice.

V.

I love thee when the day is wearing late,
And towards the western heights the sun descends,
When through the valley, where the river bends,
The loaded barges bear their harvest freight;
When flame has robed the forests; and, the date
Of summer over-passed, the orchard sends
Its ripened fragrance forth, and the year lends
Her wealth of toil, in measure and in weight.

I love thee then, my love; for like the year
More glorious grown in matron majesty,
In wisdom and in beauty ripe and rare,
I look upon thy face; I speak, and hear
Thy loving answer; thou art all to me;
And lo! my soul upriseth out of care.

VI.

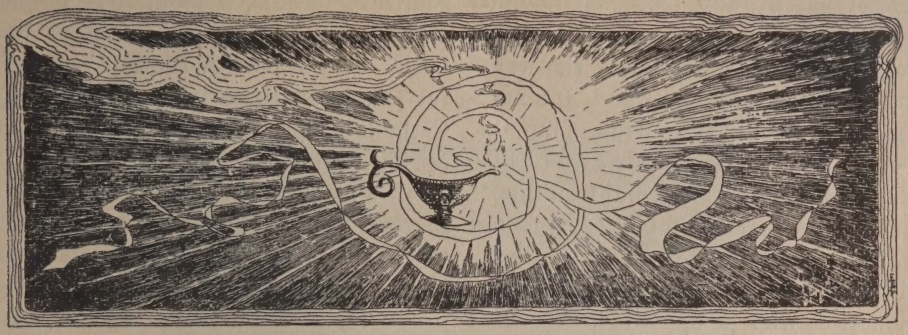
I love thee in the golden afterglow
That shines above the woods, when night is near;
When frosts have made the hills and valleys sear,
And thro' bare trees sharp airs begin to blow;
When birds no longer sing, and the sad crow
Tarries among the corn-sheaves, and with drear
And melancholy voice calls out in fear,
While the moon rises o'er a world of woe.

I love thee, then, my love; for tho' the day
Draws to its close, and out of the cold north
Winter begins to breathe his icy breath,
Thy holy love is with me; like a ray
It guides my soul above the fading earth,
And cheers me onward toward the night of death.

VII.

I love thee when the early light appears,
And when the spring with rosy dawn is nigh;
I love thee when the sun is in the sky,
And when the summer noontide glows and cheers;
When mellow autumn gilds the ripened ears,
And birds are hastening south with restless cry;
When freezing winds among the sedges sigh
And the cold touch of winter blights and sears.

Early and late, I love thee evermore;
Thy presence is a blessing to my soul,
A sacred influence of love and faith;
So when we stand upon the darkening shore
Thy love shall light me where the billows roll,
And guide me thro' the yielding gate of death.



CATHOLICITY IN NORTH DAKOTA.

BY THE REV. J. B. M'DONALD.

In speaking of the diocese of Fargo, which comprises all of North Dakota, we may say that it was born "lucky but not rich." Financially, at least, it is thoroughly self-made. Some time ago a sectarian minister asked the writer what assistance was given our churches by the "Home Mission Society," and showed surprise when informed that practically no external aid was received.

Before eastern Catholic charity had conceived the idea of "church extension," the ecclesiastical battle against poverty and other adversities had been fought on the western prairies, and from that struggle the Church emerged with almost incredible influence and vigor.

Thirty years back there were few white settlers on the plains. The territory was then considered the Siberia of America, the legitimate property of outlaws and Indians, where few wished to risk their lives or reputations. But fate bestowed on it a fairer name and brighter days. Its broad and level plains offered homes to many thousands, while the soil grew famous as a wheat producer. That American courage, which later braved the terrors of Alaskan winters in search of gold, overruled all prejudices, and turned a steady stream of immigration to this reputed land of blizzards. Now it is termed the "bread-basket" of America, or the land of the "golden wheat field."

The history of the Church in Dakota, before the latter eighties, is not very interesting from a progressive standpoint, for there were neither priests nor people in sufficient numbers to give it activity or influence. But what it lacks in real progressiveness is supplied by stories of apostolic zeal and romantic adventure possible only to a people deeply imbued with Catholic faith.

The early missionaries travelling over the trackless prairie were generally not circumscribed by any parochial boundaries, but visited the scattered settlers as best they could, or followed the wandering bands of hunters and Indians, who roamed about in the pursuit of buffalo and other game. While this sort of life demanded many sacrifices and would not appeal to the majority of clergy in our days, aside from duty, it must have had considerable fascination for the early missionaries who delighted in exploration, the heroic conversion of Indian tribes, and the boundless freedom of the plains.

The first real work of organization began with the establishment of the Vicariate of Dakota in 1879, when Rt. Rev. Martin Marty assumed spiritual charge of the territory which now comprises North and South Dakota.

About this time and during the succeeding years, the fame of North Dakota soil as a grain producer was affirmed, and immigration to the State actually began, carrying with it the usual percentage of Catholic people. This rapidity of increase in population soon necessitated closer spiritual attention, and in 1889 the diocese of Jamestown was established, Rt. Rev. John Shanley being consecrated its first bishop. Later the episcopal seat and official name was changed to Fargo.

There were at that time thirty priests and forty-four churches, with a Catholic population of 19,000. To-day more than one hundred priests minister in 220 churches to a population of 77,000 whites and 8,000 Indians. This showing would not be so remarkable in a land of booms and sudden fortunes, where men and money pour in by train-loads and cities are built in a single night. But as agriculture is the slow and only source of income, it required almost superhuman sacrifices and constant vigilance on the part of the few and faithful priests to come in touch with their Catholic people and keep alive the spirit of faith in Catholic homes.

Although the sacerdotal labors of the present do not compare with the difficulties of the past, they are yet arduous and constantly increasing. The diocese comprises an area of 70,195 square miles, or about 700 square miles to each priest. The parish of the country pastor generally extends over 1,000 square miles, and he must keep constantly "on the move" to attend to the spiritual needs of Catholic families scattered in every direction over the fertile prairies. The scarcity of railway systems, in many localities, renders travel difficult, hence for many a priest, on several days in each month, a buggy constitutes his office, library, sleeping apartment and dining-room. Sick calls, of from twenty to sixty miles, are not uncommon, and the priests being men of apostolic timbre, who had the courage to undertake the work in North Dakota, never flinch from duty, no matter how dark the night or long the way. Therefore as a class they inspire confidence and are deeply beloved alike by Protestants and Catholics. The young American priest filled with a holy desire to imitate early missionaries and win souls for Christ needs not travel to distant lands, for he can find in North Dakota the Mecca of his ambition, where an abundant harvest is waiting for the willing reaper.

The Bishop, like his clergy, is perfectly familiar with the "trail." During the eighteen years of his episcopate he

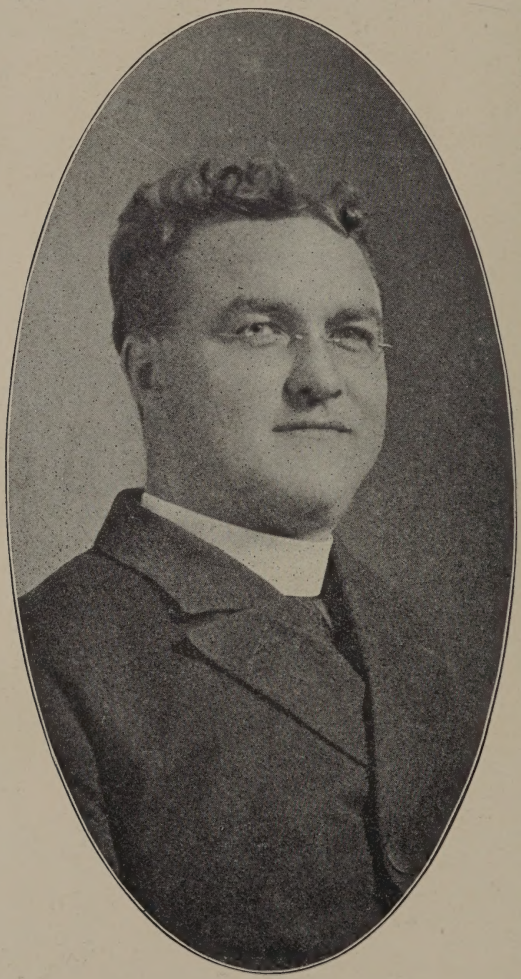
has visited every nook and corner of his immense diocese. Unmindful of "looks" or personal comfort he has utilized every

RT. REV. JOHN SHANLEY, D.D.,
Bishop of Fargo, No. Dakota.

mode of transportation from a grain wagon to a broncho saddle, for duty is more sacred to him than dignity. He is a true missionary bishop, as careful in planning for the future as in providing for the present; and while scholarly attainments, together with a commanding presence would give him prominence in the most refined or learned gathering, he is equally at ease in the humblest cottage of his loving flock. Bishop Shan-

ley's name is a household word among his people by whom he is enthusiastically admired.

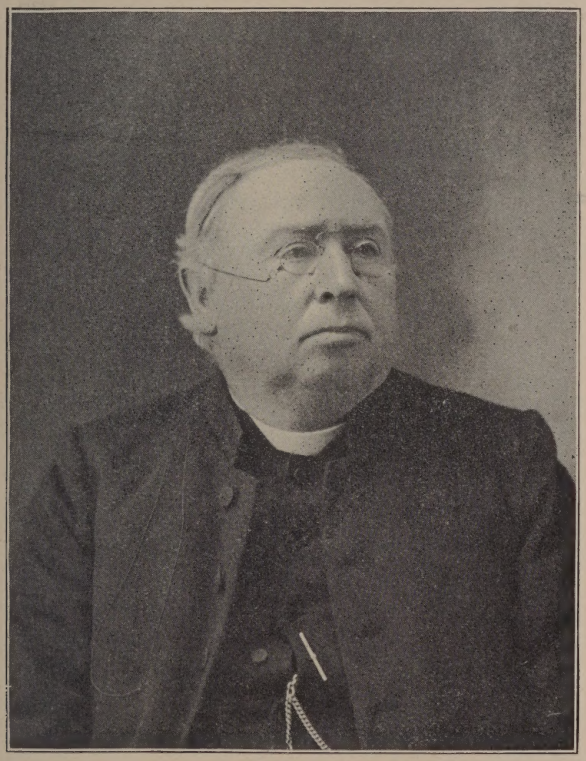
None can better appreciate or utilize spiritual advantages than he who labors to possess them. North Dakota Catholics are marvelously devout and the hardships undergone in many localities in striving for religious advantages have helped to make them so. Besides generously supporting their priests and furnishing capital for church improvement, they have contributed a diocesan seminary fund for the education of many of the younger priests. These in turn have organized parishes and built churches where formerly Holy Mass was celebrated in private dwellings, schoolrooms, section houses, or any convenient building centrally located. There are yet many localities where better accommodations cannot be procured for an



VERY REV. THOMAS EGAN,
Vicar-General of No, Dakota and Pastor of Fargo Cathedral.

altar, but the deep and earnest devotion of a prairie congregation supplies, in the sight of high Heaven, the material and artistic grandeur lacking in their surroundings.

Backsliders are numerous, their careFargo diocese is now in the brick and mortar age of its material existence, each successive year witnessing greater activity in building. During the summer of 1906 thirty-six new churches were erected, a similar number enlarged or



VERY REV. DEAN COLLINS,
Pastor of Mandan, No. Dakota, who has spent many years of sacerdotal labor on the prairie.

lessness and loss of faith being grim reminders of the days when priests were scarce and churches rare. But the old saying that "holy water sticks," is being constantly exemplified on every side, and urgent sick calls frequently come from homes, where, for all the priest could tell, the inmates might have worshipped Buddah.

repaired, and several parochial houses completed.

St. Mary's Cathedral, Fargo, was consecrated in May, 1899, and is one of the most artistic and best equipped structures of the West. The building was erected and furnished at a cost of $113,500, and is the pride of North Dakota Catholics.

Hospitals and academies, under the supervision of various sisterhoods, are quite numerous, and equal to the necessities of the times; but the parochial school system has not yet attained a permanent footing, owing partly to the scarcity of funds and the scattered condition of congregations. A retrospect of the last decade inspires us with hope that the future holds them in store.

While meeting and solving the many obstacles in its progressive course, the Church in North Dakota has not to contend extensively with intemperance and its accompanying evils. Prohibitory State laws are gradually coercing the liquor traffic and inspiring the citizens with a strong anti-saloon sentiment. It is a safe estimate to say that seventy-five per cent. of the boys up to the age of sixteen years never saw the outside of a saloon, while fifty per cent. of the young men of twenty never saw the inside of one. Hence the problems of charity, correction, drunkenness and abject poverty do not give the priest any anxiety for the future or present worry.

REV. E. KENNY,
One of the oldest priests, who has spent a quarter of a century in No, Dakota.

These prohibition laws are directly responsible for much of the immense immigration of the last few years, as many parents recognize the wisdom of rearing a family in a State where the law effectively removes the dangers arising from drunkenness and gambling.

Together with its many natural resources North Dakota enjoys perhaps the most healthful climate in America, as evinced by the low mortality rate of seven to each 1,000, which, by the way, is the lowest of any state in the Union.

All these natural advantages will gradually bring and retain within North Dakota's borders a farming population of unequalled vigor and independence, and the Catholic Church already firmly established in the van will care for her children with that anxiety and love so characteristic in every age and every clime.

REV. JOHN CONSIDINE,
An active missionary after thirty years in No. Dakota.

DUKE KARL THEODOR OF BAVARIA, THE FAMOUS OCULIST, AND HIS WIFE, DUCHESS MARIA-JOSÈ.

CATHOLIC ROYALTIES.

BY BEN HURST.

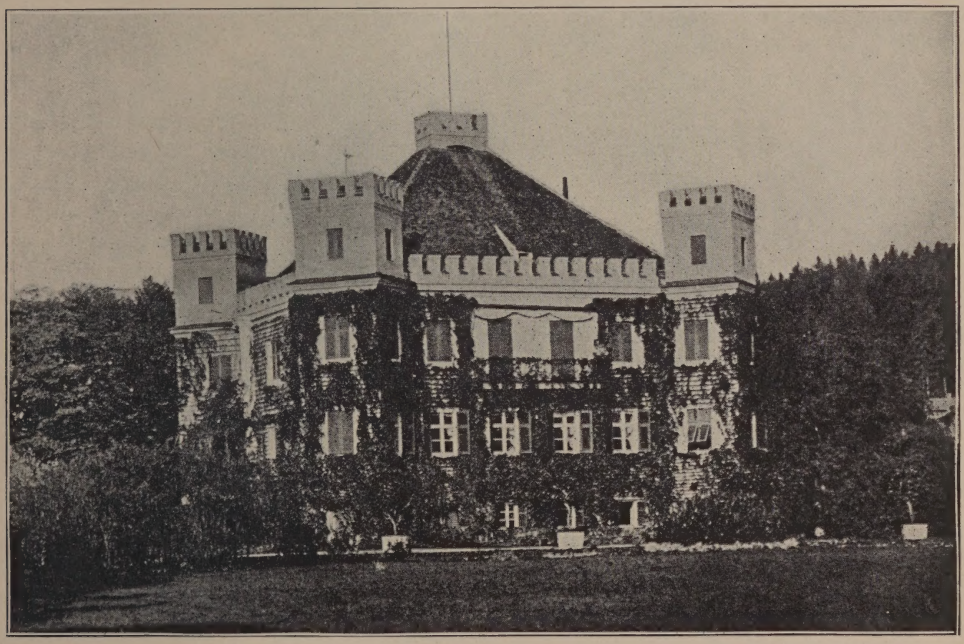
X.

The Duke of Bavaria and His Family.

Duke Karl-Theodor, head of the younger branch of the great Wittelsbach line, ranks with Europe's royalties; and scions of his house most often mate with those of reigning sovereigns. For centuries the descendants of the electoral (afterward royal) and of the ducal families of Bavaria have intermarried, so that the halo of the crown shines on both. Claiming a common descent from the Margrave Luitpold, cousin of the Emperor Arnould, the Dukes of Bavaria,—from Counts Palatine to Electors Palatine, then Hereditary Electors and finally Kings,—and the dukes in Bavaria entitled to be styled "Royal Highnesses" (since 1845) have fraternized and supported each other. Since the title of king was assumed by the chief of the elder branch, that of Duke of Bavaria instead of Duke in Bavaria—a distinction appreciable only in the German tongue—is currently applied to the chief of the younger. The present Duke's mother was a Princess Royal of Bavaria, and one of his daughters, Princess Gabriella, as wife of Prince Ruprecht will one day be seated on the throne of Bavaria. Meanwhile

the ducal line cedes nothing in lustre to any of Europe's reigning Catholic houses.

Duke Karl-Theodor is one of the most interesting figures of modern times. Patrician to his finger tips, he yet unites with the most refined intellectual eclecticism a passionate devotion to the welfare of the poorer classes and a frankly democratic leaning to simple hard work. After obtaining his medical degree, he specialized in oculism, and has the reputation of being one of the best operators in Germany. His success in dealing with cases of cataract has entailed the extension of his laboratory and the installation of a hospital under the charge of a community of nuns.



CASTLE POSSENHOFFEN,
Summer Residence of Duke Karl-Theodor of Bavaria, on the shores of Starnberg Lake.

Near his castle of Tegern See he has erected a magnificent building, wherein all sufferers are welcome to be examined and prescribed for by himself; to be housed should the treatment necessitate particular supervision; and always to be helped and comforted. In Munich itself he has another establishment under the direction of his first assistant, Dr. Zenker. Thousands of patients testify to the relief they have obtained at the Duke's hands, his cures of partial or menaced blindness seeming little short of miraculous. From his residences of Possenhoffen, Tegern See, or Kreuth (a mountain hunting-seat) the devoted practician will not hesitate to return to Munich in order to examine special cases, or to help Dr. Zenker, should there be a particularly large concourse.

The fascination of the human eye drew him when but a stripling; and, as he grew, the vocation to devote himself to its healing and preservation made itself more distinctly felt. What would have discouraged a less earnest aspirant only con-

firmed his resolution to follow up what he and his spiritual directors interpreted as a divine call. His elder brother's renunciation of the dukedom brought additional cares of rank and responsibility, but the indefatigable worker managed to combine and regulate time, resources, and energy, so as to give the largest share to this noblest pursuit. This year Duke Karl celebrated his silver jubilee as practicing physician, and was the recipient of congratulations and honorary distinctions from a host of scientific bodies, as well as of friendly greetings from crowned heads, foremost among whom was his sincere admirer, Kaiser Wilhelm.

PRINCESS LUDWIG-FERDINAND.
Wife of Bavaria's "Prince Doctor," with their daughter, Princess Maria del Pilar.

The Duke's delicacy of touch and accurate hand have such a reputation that his medical colleagues claim his services when possible for exceptionally difficult operations. A lady who travelled from Vienna for a consultation, writes:

"The strain of mental anguish slackened as I approached the splendid pile, that seemed to reflect its founder's benficence. A gentle, soft-voiced Sister led me to the waiting room, with a reassuring smile . . . I tried to collect my senses to prepare for the worst. Through a momentarily opened door I caught sight of a tall, white-robed figure, with a shining scalpel bending over a chair wherein a shabby grey-bearded man reclined. . . . I closed my eyes and tried to pray while awaiting my turn."

"At last I was introduced to the kindly, confidence-inspiring presence. The Duke received me with his wonted urbanity, hoped I was not over-fatigued with my long journey, and proceeded at once to the examination. It was long and painful . . . but I thanked God for the verdict . . . The fate of my poor orbs is in my own hands. By punctilious observance of the rules laid down for me, by the most scrupulous and cautiously *prevoyant* of doctors, I can not only ward off the blindness I feared but restore my failing sight. May God bless His Royal Highness! . . . On leaving I was told, in answer to my enquiries as to a gratuity, that I might if I wished give a donation to the Hospital for the Blind."

Duke Karl finds his reward in the knowledge of solace procured to his fellow men by alleviation of the most terrible affliction of humanity. He had up to January, 1907, performed over five thousand successful operations, the expense being mostly covered by himself. To the poor he supplies his own medicaments free.

A special decree has conferred on him the privilege of exercising his profession throughout the empire of Austro-Hungary, so that when he spends some weeks in his favorite Meran, or other Austrian watering-place, he is kept busy by all suffering from an eye affection, in the neighboring towns and villages. Kaiser Franz-Joseph has bestowed the highest Order of Merit on this zealous friend of the poor and lowly, endeared to him besides as the brother of his beloved wife, the late Empress Elizabeth.

Duke Karl has been twice married. His first wife was a Princess of Saxony, and his second wife an Infanta of Portugal. The latter is the mother of Countess Torring, of Princess Gabriella of Bavaria, of Elizabeth, Crown Princess of Belgium, and of two sons. An earnest, high-minded, deeply-cultured woman, the Duchess is a perfect helpmate to her distinguished husband. She is a familiar figure in the surgical room, where her deft ministrations second and complete those of the operator, when a nervous patient has to be soothed or persuaded.

Both parents bestow unremitting care on their children. The father in his hours of relaxation taught his daughters to hunt, ride and row; the mother often supervised her boys' Latin exercises. Far and wide has spread the fame of this devoted pair of ducal philanthropists, the example of Duchess Maria-José being particularly cited just now when she attends a public course of practical cookery in a Munich girls' school.

Before leaving the glorious land of Bavaria and its worthy ancient line, we

should mention that Duke Karl-Theodor is not its only member to adopt the medical profession. Prince Ludwig-Ferdinand, one of the Regent's grandsons, is a fully qualified "Internist" doctor, reckoned very clever at diagnose, although he began his studies at thirty years of age. He holds among other appointments that of visiting physician to a Madrid hospital, and is Surgeon-General in the Spanish Army. In Bavaria he practises assiduously and his reception room is always crowded.

Sometimes, if he has to attend at court, he has not even time to change his dress, and comes in full parade uniform to ordinate and prescribe. He chats so genially with his patients that the poor adore him and call him familiarly "Our Prince Doctor." Prince Ludwig is moreover a musician and a composer, and often plays first violin in a Wagner orchestra.

THE PHILANTHROPIST.

BY HENRY COYLE.

"Among all those who are included under the title of neighbor, there are none, be it remembered, who deserve it more, in one sense, than those of our own household. They are nearest to all of us, living under the same roof, and eating the same bread with ourselves. They ought, therefore, to be one of the principal objects of our love."—*St. Francis de Sales.*

How have I failed, O Lord, in word or deed?
Have I not helped my neighbor in his need?
Lavished unstinted gold in charity,
Succored the poor and sick in misery?

And yet my hands are empty. I have won
No crown as my reward. Thy praise, "Well done,"
I hear not, Lord. By Thee I am denied
The meed I deemed was mine in wicked pride.

"You gave unselfishly all you possessed,
And many thro' your alms were helped and blessed;
But charity begins at home, and you
Neglected a starved heart that loved you true.

"Beneath your roof was one whose bitter tears
In silence fell unheeded thro' long years,
For in your love she had no share nor part,
And you were careless of her broken heart!"

THE DIARY OF AN EXILED NUN

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, BY DANIEL F. DESMOND.

Shrove Tuesday,
February 16.

This year we gave the children a lunch and permitted them to play hide-and-seek. This, I believe, is their best-liked amusement, even for the oldest, because there are so many zigzag passages in the house. While all this fun is going on the poor religious on prefect duty must be at hand.

Of these, apart from the two general prefects, there are always ten in charge, two on each floor. But we do not measure our fatigue where there is question of our pupils. They come first, and then their teachers. To do them good we must encourage in them a love of school by granting them distractions and games, and by ever blending the useful with the agreeable. Thus while their intelligence is developing and their souls are expanding under this strong but tender motherly influence, their hearts are always beating with gladness. Our children love us; they listen to us, and thus we can shape their characters on the model of the perfect woman of the Gospel. To-day we must give our girls a complete education, instruction in art as well as in literature, courses in domestic economy and hygiene as well as in philosophy. But above all we must instil into their souls a tender devotion to God, to their country, and to their families.

February 19,
First Friday of Lent.

We have organized, for Lent, a perpetual Way of the Cross. Each one takes her turn at an appointed hour each day. On the half hour one Sister relieves another, and so it goes on continually. At every station each asks of our good Lord;

"Father, avert this chalice, this chalice of dispersion; but Your will and not mine be done!"

Monday, February 22.

At half-past-three, Sister Margaret Mary, coming from the parlor, arrived at Reverend Mother's door, her actions all exciting, her gestures agitated, her very expression most confused. She had strange news. Mrs. X——, a cousin of one of her friends, had hastily come in her automobile from the convent of M—— to warn us, under seal of secrecy, that an influential friend of the convent of M—— had officially announced to them that on the following day an investigation would be made surely at their convent, and perhaps at ours. As no one of the community had ever had experience in furniture-moving, agitation ruled in the house. This we might have learned while the law was in the making, but from all sides we heard the assurances that there was nothing to fear before the end of the parliamentary discussion.

What confusion! It was like an electric spark; in a few seconds the terrible news was abroad, and all were busy tying bundles, emptying wardrobes, piling up linen in trunks, etc. The children, in their desire to help, bundled up some physical instruments. The sacristan, Sister de Loyola, filled a large chest with sacred vessels and beautiful ornaments. This, one of the half-boarders took to her home, in a cab. In a word, there was a great hurrying and scurrying about, for each was striving to get all her personal effects tagged and packed up. This went

on without the least bit of mirth. There was a profound sadness everywhere.

In spite of all we are going to bed at the regular hour, a little troubled perhaps, but full of confidence in the God in Whose hands we always remain.

Tuesday, February 23.

All day we have been most tranquil. The much dreaded investigation which we awaited did not materialize.

Friday, February 26.

Sister Saint Peter and Sister Saint John have confided to me the secret of their hopes. Our Mother has promised them that if no place of reunion can be found for our community they will be received in the holy house of Bethany at L———, in Belgium. How happy they are and how eager am I to be with them! It is a perfectly just decision that these two Sisters, who for different reasons are without a refuge, should be chosen. Out in the street would they be left, if by chance our Mother Superior or another could not welcome them.

When one quietly and deliberately considers the insidious law under way how is it possible to believe that we are in France, in the twentieth century, in an epoch of enlightenment, progress, and liberty? Is it France, so generous in other respects, who now expels from her fold a portion of her offspring after having despoiled them of their patrimony? And this because they have consecrated themselves to God and to occupations of devotion! Really I can not believe that such infamy can be consummated. If those who hold the reins of government have no heart left, at least the French people will have the good sense to oppose this monstrous robbery, this base persecution.

To return to my dear Sisters Saint Peter and Saint John. Here are two nuns for Bethany. As this convent is to receive three there remains one place. Oh Lord, grant that I may be chosen! I know that I am most unworthy. Your Sacred Heart finds Its preference in generous souls; but together with these privileged ones, You often choose the feeble and lowly. Is it not my turn then?

Saturday, February 27.

With my ever-present thought of Bethany I went to Mother Superior this morning and said: "Reverend Mother, if there is still a place at Bethany, will you assign me to it?

"My child," replied Mother, "we must consider before others the young religious who are poor or without families. You are not in either class. You have parents who if they have not great wealth possess at least what is necessary. What you ask is very difficult to grant but not impossible. Pray!"

Thursday, March 3.

From outside there come reports the most contradictory. Some say, "You will leave at Easter. Send to foreign countries all your furniture, linen, and other valuables." "Oh!" exclaim others, "you will complete the school year. Don't hurry; you will have a long time in which to pack up." Of course others declare that we shall reopen the academy in October.

In the meantime the situation is very discouraging, the more so because each day Mother says that the purchase of a house is impossible. Oh, if I could be received at Bethany!

The deputies in the Chamber on the

day before yesterday rejected the motion for adjournment by a majority of about fifty votes.

Monday, March 7.

At recreation we read in the papers, *l'Univres* and *la Croix*, the report of the last sitting. Those wretches, in the name of liberty, I believe, voted that general discussion be ended in order to stop the wrangling and begin at once the debate on the articles.

Tuesday, March 8.

At the moment of concluding the purchase of a small estate in the surburbs our Mothers were obliged to reject the offer. The place was too far from the church, the house and grounds too damp, and the ground floor quite unfit for habitation. Dear Lord, what trials do You send us! You break down our hopes, one upon the other; but our confidence remains unshaken.

Friday, March 11.

The thought of Bethany gives me great hope. This morning, while I was speaking to Mother about this house, she told me that the rule there was more austere than that of the Priory. Then she added: "When you are in that community, you do this and not that. Do you understand me?"

Indeed I understood! My deep emotion soon showed itself in tears of joy. Then mother dismissed me, tracing on my forehead the Sign of the Cross and saying to me her usual loving words of farewell: "May the Sacred Heart of Jesus sanctify you!"

It was before Our Lady's altar, where my soul repeated the *Magnificat* that I spent all my free moments to-day. If God permits persecution and allows us to be driven from our convent, my religious life shall not be interrupted. Yonder, at Bethany, I see my Saviour with arms outstretched to me and I hear the invitation "Come to Me!"

Monday, March 14.

What splendid weather this afternoon at recreation! Mother was looking at the gardener and his constant companion, the dog. Suddenly she proposed to Stephen that he and the dog have their pictures taken. To everybody's surprise Stephen declined. "Oh no, it's not worth while." "Come now, Stephen, give in, and we shall have a souvenir of your pretty garden." "Well, —but some time later." "Why later?" asked Mother, "see the beautiful weather; we must take advantage of it, and here is one of our girls with her camera." "Then if Mother will kindly allow, let me say next Sunday. Because I always wash on that day."

Tuesday, March 15.

This morning Mother read to us from the newspaper the copy of the first article of the law. It was passed in the Chamber yesterday by a great majority. This first article is our death warrant. A heavy silence followed this reading; we were thunderstruck. Mother Stephana proposed that we recite aloud an *Ave Maria* and repeat three times the *Calicem*. In a moment we fell upon our knees and Mother began the prayers, with a trembling voice. Tears were our response. After that recreation went on as usual.

Despite all, we foster in our hearts the hope that the law will not be passed, or, if it be passed, that we shall have a new house outside of France, in which to continue our religious life and bring aid to poor little children. Dear Lord, You know well how to measure the cross to the strength of Your followers. You will pity me in sending me to Bethany.

For the sake of the others, those among us who are poor, I pray that You avert the bitter chalice of separation.

Saturday, March 19.
Feast of St. Joseph.

Yesterday the deputies voted the second article. Our good old Mothers seem to have invincible confidence, and it is well for them that they have. We appear to be losing hope; whenever we speak of hope we shed tears, our voices tremble, and the company breaks up abruptly.

Tuesday, March 22.

Mother has received information of several houses in foreign countries for sale, but of these there is none suitable for us. If the house isn't too costly it is too small. Besides I fear that our old Mothers make matters worse. When the property in view is distant from church they wish to hear nothing of it. Two good offers had to be refused on this account. It is indeed painful to be deprived of Mass during the week, and, in case of infirmity, to be unable to attend even on Sunday; but it is even more painful to find oneself without a refuge of any kind. We are told that even if the law is passed in the Chamber, it will not be voted upon in the Senate for a year at least, and so we have before us a year, eighteen months, perhaps more. Let us hope so!

Yesterday when our graduates assembled in the large reception parlor a promise was made to assist us in our need. These good devoted children prove themselves a solace to us in our affliction, even though their limited resources can not allow us much material aid. They hope to procure for us each year, until we are well established somewhere, four or five thousand francs.

Many thanks to our alumnæ; we have been greatly moved by their earnest, filial, and grateful generosity.

Thursday, March 24.

Yesterday was a stormy day in the Chamber. As the deputies wish to finish the matter of Congregations before the spring holidays the meeting was not adjourned until three in the morning.

Saturday, March 26.

The deputies, in order to hasten matters, have condensed the last eight articles into one which is now the fourth. So they will surely be able to vote on the law by next week.

At recreation we spoke of our governors, deputies, senators, and ministers. Our old Mothers are astounded; they do not believe, they do not wish to believe, that there is such wickedness in these people, in Combes; they tell us in a pleasing way, with just a touch of shrewdness and mystery, "Have no fears, dear children, they will not go that far. They boast of being bad but are not as they appear. Remember that these men are Francais, and that we are Francaises and nuns, too. Oh! no, they will not drive us off because *we have never done anything to them.*" This is their great argument: *we have never done anything to them.*

Jesus, with You I wish to say: "Father forgive them for they know not what they do." But do they not know?

Tuesday, March 29.

Yesterday the law was passed in the Chamber. Now what will the Senate do? There is a good chance that the senators will go on vacation before having time to study the law. If they go we shall have two months of peace, but while they are in session we can expect only anxiety.

Mother has recently talked with Mr. X., an atheist, an enemy of Jesuits, but also a benefactor of our house, whose daughters are under our care. Mr. X.—was talking the other day with an intimate friend, a private secretary to a certain minister. These are the exact words of this young functionary—"That Congregation (speaking of ours) must go and it will go." Mr. X.—informed Mother that the liquidator had sent down everything, even the bed furniture and clothing. "They are going to leave you nothing," he said, "except what you have on you."

Mother has decided that as soon as the law would be handed over to the Senate for debate, we would begin the removal of the furniture; everything not indispensable about the house would be taken to the houses of friends.

Holy Thursday, March 31.

To-day, perhaps for the last time together, we made our Easter Communion. Our services are so beautiful, our choir so imposing, our cloisters so quiet and our whole life a period of such peaceful devotion—why do You take from us, my Lord, all this which we have received from Your hands? Pity us; pity our children. Blessed be Your Holy Name.

Yesterday, at the demand of Combes, the vote was naturally passed that a new commission be not appointed to examine the law. To prevent any delay the matter was put in the hands of the committee which in 1901 examined the laws against unauthorized religious. This decision was supported by a majority of forty-nine.

Forsooth some of our old Mothers are incredible. They complain that the news paper contains very harsh statements against the government. "They merely offend by their ignorance," they say, "gentle persuasion would be more effective." That is all these poor dear mothers know. Ignorance of evil is indeed real bliss.

We enter to-day upon the grand silence of Holy Week. Until the *Alleluia*, prayer alone must pass our lips. Christ suffers and in presence of His suffering we ought to forget all except thoughts of Him.

Good Friday, April 1.

This morning while leaving chapel, after reciting the office, our hearts smitten with bitter anxiety, we remarked a bulletin written in Mother's hand, pinned to a picture near the choir. Each one hurries, calls her neighbor's attention by a nod, reads the bill, then smiles and lets escape an "Ah!" of relief. What is it all about? What can come to make us happy in these days? Just this; our good Mother, not wishing to break the grand silence, and yet determined upon publishing some encouraging news, had written in large conspicuous characters: "The Senate and the Chamber have adjourned for vacation. We can rest quietly until the end of May." That is what produced our smiles, what almost delighted us—the news that we were to have two more months of agony. Is this not what the man condemned to death feels when a reprieve of two months is granted him? Where there is life there is hope.

Easter Eve, April 2.

We have sung our *Alleluia*, yes, we have sung a joyful *Alleluia*, because with the Lord we must rejoice.

To-morrow we shall conclude this sweet, consoling silence of Holy Week. How I love all these exercises of Holy Week, our beautiful offices, our long hours of adoration at night, our sad but

pretty procession of Holy Thursday. This last ceremony takes place in the evening at eight o'clock. In it our children take part with us.

There we are, each with a cord about the neck and each holding a lighted candle. A religious walks ahead bearing the precious relic of the Holy Cross, while we chant in a regular, monotonous rhythm: "*Tristis est anima mea usque ad mortem . . . . Popule meus, quid feci tibi, aut in quo contristavi te? responde Mihi*: (My soul is sorrowful, even unto death . . . . O my people, what have I done to thee, or in what have I molested thee? Answer thou Me.) This solemn chant, this procession in our gloomy cloisters, lighted only by the flickering flames of the candles, is repeated seven times, to recall the seven falls of Our Saviour from the time of the Agony till the last fall under the cross. Seven times all the religious and the children prostrate themselves before the Holy Cross, each time the chant ceases, a deep silence succeeds, and then all rise to continue the procession.

This is indeed a precious recompense for our children who come to join us in prayer and penance. Little do they realize, the dear children, that in our prayers and penance their own salvation and sanctification have a great share.

Poor children! God protect them,make of them noble women, women of character pure, upright, generous French women like Joan of Arc.

Chapter IV.

Easter—I shall not go to Bethany—Mother's Voyage to Germany, Belgium and Holland—Return—Mother found nothing.

Easter Sunday, April 3.

Alleluia! Let us rejoice in the Risen Christ! Let us rejoice with our Mother Mary; let us rejoice with the angels and saints, with Mary Magdalene and the holy women. *Alleluia!*

Yes, let us rejoice who are in suffering, for to suffer for God is an extraordinary grace. Be glad, for Jesus comes in all His glory. He has conqured death and in His kingdom He has prepared a place for us.

Our children outdid themselves in their vocal work. High Mass was sung faultlessly; and their singing was even better at Benediction. The *O Filii* with the accompaniment of organ, piano, harp, and violin, and the grand *Regina*, were rendered with a vigor and earnestness that were impressive.

In the afternoon academic exercises were held in the large hall at the academy. This meeting and that of the eighth of December are the only two important occasions when the whole community is present. At roll-call not one is absent. On December eighth the hall is trimmed with a blue netting dotted with white roses. On Easter Sunday there is a white netting wreathed with moss and red roses. To-day's festival has been declared most interesting by all our Mothers. The directress is indeed proud of her children.

At five o'clock the children were dismissed.

Thursday, April 7.

May Your will, my God be ever done in me! It is decided that I am not to go to Bethany, decided without repeal. This morning while speaking to Mother about this dear convent I was interrupted: "Speak no more on that subject. What is the use, as long as you you cannot go?" "But," I replied, surprised and trembling," have you not given me the hope, almost the assurance?"

"No, no, my dear child, you have misunderstood. You have parents who can receive you. You must go to them."

I went out troubled, broken-hearted; I hastened to the foot of the tabernacle. "Then, my Lord, I must give up the religious life. Is it Your holy will? Is it possible? Oh! no, do not permit it. I know that I am unworthy of favors. I have neither virtues nor heroism in your service to offer, nothing but misery and submission to Your will. Look on me then, my God, with eyes of mercy and do not take away our religious life. In the name of Your little ones, in the name of Your poor, protect our convent of Notre Dame de Prieuré.

Friday, April 8.

Saint Ignatius once said that if the Society of Jesus, which at that time was flourishing, should suddenly drop out of existence, he would not need so much as fifteen minutes' meditation in which to put his soul into a state of holy indifference.

And here I am weeping and suffering ever since yesterday because I can not go to Bethany, because if the government expels us, I shall give up this holy life of mine. What little generosity! For Saint Ignatius the Society of Jesus was a life-work; it meant the salvation and sanctification of thousands of souls; it meant the promoting of the great glory of God. And I? Why these tears? Do I weep for myself? Yes, I weep for myself and for so many other souls who, with me, are to be thrown into the midst of a world we seek to shun; I weep because the good God will receive more insults, because He will be less loved; I weep for our poor little ones who for want of loving care and devotion will go to enlarge the army of men and women lost in the search of amusement. After passing the morning at the foot of the Cross, I drank the chalice which Jesus held out to me. All for France, my God! With our tears, united to Your divine tears and the Precious Blood, sprinkle the ground and make spring up in our fatherland beautiful flowers of penance and faith.

Friday, April 15

Yesterday being the Thursday after Low Sunday we had our annual festival with the children of the free classes; *The Feast of Good Points*. This is a happy event for the best scholars; for every year on this day there is a sale in the play-hall.

The walls are decked with stuffs of various colors, the tables are laden with books, toys, linen, stationery—a veritable bazaar! And if you come close to ascertain the prices, always exorbitant in these sales, you will be somewhat astonished to read on the labels attached to the goods; twenty good points, fifty good points, 100, 200, 500. . . . Each child guards carefully all the good points received since October and on the Thursday after Low Sunday turns this money into clothes or playthings.

Thursday, April 21.

Departure of Reverend Mother Superior with Mrs. E—. Dear Mother returns to Germany, Luxemburg, Belgium and Holland to seek a refuge for us. Many advertisements of houses to let and for sale have been brought to our notice and some appear quite suitable.

When Mother had departed we betook ourselves to the chapel, where we offered prayers for the travelers. May God and Our Lady bless them, bless their journey, bless all their dealings, and may Saint Raphael and the angels accompany them and quickly bring them home to us again.

In the meantime we are going to be very generous to God with our prayers.

Tuesday, April 26.

This morning we received a long letter from Mother stating that the two voyagers were well. Already they have visited two houses; the first a grand, elegant chateau with an unapproachable price; the other a filthy dilapidated mill, unfit for habitation and without a garden. Luckily this is not all.

Of England our old Mothers refuse to speak or be spoken to; they fear the journey. We on the contrary are ready to go because we feel that much good could be done there.

Friday, April 29.

A letter from Mother that makes us happy to-day.

They have found something! Yes, truly, our travelers have great hopes that a settlement can be made. The deal in question is the lease of the villa of a Mr. F. K—, in Belgium. It is a new house, well suited for us, sufficiently large, having two acres of land, and a productive kitchen garden; but—but, (for there are two buts) first, the church is an hour's walk from the house and Monsieur le Curé does not consent that we enjoy the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, because he is obliged already to say two Masses each week away from his own church; second, the proprietor asks three hundred and twenty dollars yearly and we can give only two hundred —and that for how long? As soon as our alumnæ are unable to help us (charity becomes tired and we need it so much) we shall be without resources. However, Mother hopes to make some arrangement; she intends to write to every priest within four miles asking if Mass can be said at the house. Mrs. E— said she would give us a horse and carriage—everything except the coachman. Mother would also seek to procure a lower rent.

Wednesday, May 4.

We are in an agonizing suspense. Mother has returned with untoward news. Mr. F. K— will not talk of a lower rent and Monsieur le Curé does not consent to keeping the Blessed Sacrament with us.

We shall find nothing; we shall be destitute. And why is this so? Because our French government robs us of our house. This house is ours, this land is ours, this convent chapel, this academy have been bought from our dowries and the scanty returns we receive from our daily work. We eat like the poor, we clothe ourselves like the poor, and we live like the poor, because we keep our little revenue to embellish God's house and bring aid to souls. We do not interfere with those who squander their fortunes on amusements, luxury and pleasures; and the French government should not trespass on our rights. When we so earnestly pronounced our vow of poverty we little realized to what we were binding ourselves. But the decision of God is always the best, the most just. May Thy holy will, my God, be ever done by us!

(To be continued.)

SAINT ANTHONY BELOVED.

BY JULIA SULLIVAN.

Saint Anthony, beloved,
  Thou favored one of God;
Teach us thy lowly meekness,
  Lead us the way thou trod.

We go to thee in sorrow;
  In anguish deep and wild,
We beg thee voice our pleadings,
  Unto the Holy Child.

We go to thee in trouble,
  From losses and distress;
We beg thy intercession,
  To comfort and to bless.

Thy loving heart obtainest,
  All that we ask and crave—
Thou wished for Jesus, only,
  From cradle unto grave.

Teach us, thou meek and lowly,
  Lead us the way thou trod,
That we, like thee, may cherish,
  Only the love of God.

L'ENVOI.

Saint Anthony, beloved,
  To me a lesson blest.
Saint Anthony, beloved,
  With Jesus on thy breast.

THE JAMES K. GREEN.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

The *James K. Green* came slowly steaming up to the landing, its forward deck swarming with people, waiting with restrained impatience for those last formalities that finally permitted them to gain the shore. It was a lovely afternoon of spring, and the village of L— lay fresh and smiling in its touches of vernal verdure.

"I wonder why that boat should be called by such a detestable name as the James K. Green?" queried one of two young girls who stood on the pier, witnessing the arrival. A young man who had shown a fine disregard for the rules of the company and his own safety, in his mode of disembarking, turned and looked at the speaker with an involuntary smile. He held a dress-suit case in his hand and looked about him uncertainly, with the air of one to whom the place was unfamiliar.

The girl who had spoken was sufficiently comely to attract any man's attention. She had creamy, white skin, scarcely touched by the sun, a pair of soft brown eyes, and a mouth which rippled irresistibly into smiles. Just now the brown eyes glanced with candid curiosity at the stranger, and she had to turn away to hide her responsive laughter.

Her companion and cousin, Eloise Van Brunt, sunburned from her chin to the edge of her fair hair, did not smile, but met the stranger's look with a half-defiant glance from wide-open gray eyes. Both girls recognized the young man at once as a stranger, and regarded him with the impersonal interest that a newcomer excites in monotonous country districts. They wondered who he was and what had brought him to L— thus early in the season. Their curiosity was speedily gratified, a dog cart came down the pier at a furious pace, driven by Lemuel Radford, the son of L—s' wealthiest resident; when within hail of the new arrival he called out to him

"I'm sorry to have kept you waiting, Jim. I heard the steamboat whistle, and put the mare to her top speed."

"There's no hurry, Lem, old fellow," the stranger responded, philosophically, "I've come, you know, to stay the night."

"And half a dozen nights, at least," cried the other, descending from the dog-cart, for a hearty handshake with his less impetuous chum.

Lem, suddenly perceiving the girls, took off his hat and ceremoniously saluted them. The gray-eyed girl returned the greeting with the same unsmiling gravity, and her cousin with that same irrepressible smile, which refused to be restrained,

"So he's come to stay with the Radfords," she said, and there was a note of disappointment in her tone, for L— at that time of the year was very quiet and desirable young men very scarce.

"Yes," answered her companion," and I suppose he's just such another,—as insufferably conceited as that Lemuel."

"Is Lemuel so very conceited?" the brown-eyed girl asked, "even though his father and our uncle are at loggerheads."

"That's not a very nice way to speak of the affair, Marian," remonstrated Eloise, "when you know perfectly well

that Lemuel's father is altogether in the wrong."

"Well, if he is," objected Marian, "that does not make Lemuel either conceited or insufferable."

Eloise turned away impatiently.

"You're such a goose," she grumbled pettishly, "I do believe you have a *penchant* for Lemuel."

"No," smiled Marian, "not the least bit in the world, but justice is justice, and I hate strife anyway. How quiet and peaceful everything looks."

She pointed, as she spoke, to the river, which lay touched by the evening sunlight, and the curve of the verdant shore, dotted with sylvan dwellings.

"Peaceful enough," assented Eloise, now that the *James K. Green* has ceased its diabolical shrieking.

"James K. Green!" declared Marian, solemnly "is a horrid name for a boat. I suppose it's called after some stupid, old millionaire. I can just see him with yellow face and screwed up eyes."

"More likely he is fat and podgy from too many good dinners, like some other millionaires we know," cried Eloise, vindictively digging the point of her parasol into the pier.

"Don't be personal!" protested Marian. "He may be in fact a brawny, broad-shouldered giant, with squinting eyes and horny hands."

"Everything about James K. Green is horrid, I am sure," cried Eloise, "for see the trouble the old company is giving poor uncle."

"Oh, James K. Green! Oh, James K. Green,
The ugliest wretch that was ever seen.
And to think of giving your name to a boat
A name that certainly sticks in one's throat,"

extemporized Marian, gleefully, clapping her hands as an accompaniment to the verse, and quite unconscious that she had listeners.

II.

The two young men had walked off at once in the direction of the baggage-room, to seek for the newcomer's trunk, so that the girls supposed themselves to be quite alone. The baggage-room, however, had a window, and as the wind was blowing straight in that direction, the pair of friends could not help hearing the abuse of the problematical millionaire. The new arrival, in particular, seemed vastly amused at the chatter of the cousins, and laughed as immoderately as if their remarks had been the most brilliant witticisms.

"I'm completely smashed," he confessed to his friend, "I wish you would introduce me; and by the way, who are those girls?"

"The shorter one, with the brown eyes, is Miss Marian Gunther; and the taller, her cousin, Eloise Van Brunt. I think the latter, at any rate, will take good care that I don't introduce you to her."

"Why, what is the matter?" asked the other, turning to face his friend.

"Nothing, Jim, my boy," answered Lemuel, "except that they happen to be the nieces and adopted daughters of Reuben Westover."

Jim whistled, his face falling considerably. "I see," he responded soberly, "and they won't be very anxious to make my acquaintance either."

"No," answered Lemuel, dryly, "they won't be very anxious to know the brilliant young lawyer who has undertaken the case of Radford versus Westover."

The aforesaid "brilliant young lawyer," very much crestfallen followed his friend

to the dog-cart. A damper was put upon his high spirits, and the pleasureable anticipations which he had indulged with regard to his visit were dissipated. Nevertheless as they drove along the country road, where the promise of spring was everywhere visible, he laughed from time to time, as some of the descriptions of the despised millionaire occurred to his mind. Presently Lemuel pointed with his whip:

"That's the Westover property there," he explained, and his friend turned to look with interest at a low, grey stone house, standing back from the street and fronted by a lawn and some splendid old shade trees.

"There's old Westover himself upon the veranda," Lemuel added, and his companion caught a glimpse of a man, prematurely aged, as it seemed, with a lined, careworn face and deeply sunken eyes. The two young men fell silent after that, until Lemuel, flicking with his whip at the blossoms of an apple tree that stood invitingly on the roadside, said slowly:

"I'm deuced sorry for the old chap."

His friend looked at him keenly.

"*Is* it for the *old* chap?" he queried, humorously.

"Shut up, Jim!" Lemuel cried, flushing hotly, "I am sorry for old Westover."

"But I thought," expostulated Jim, "your father said it was his cursed obstinacy that caused all the trouble."

Lemuel was silent a moment letting the reins drop on the horse's neck, and the good beast's pace fell to a walk.

"Well, I suppose so," he answered, at last," but the land in dispute did belong to his people a long time ago. In fact they owned almost everything hereabouts, and Westover thinks he has a title."

"That's rot," answered the lawyer, "how could he have a title? And his claim against the James K. Green Company is preposterous."

"He doesn't think so," Lemuel cried, "and by Jove, Jim, I sometimes wonder if the old man might not be right after all, and if it's only the power of money that keeps him from coming into his own."

"We'll soon test that in the courts," answered the other, grimly.

"And ruin poor old Westover," sighed Lemuel.

His companion started, but Lemuel had touched up the horse, which went now at a pace that made conversation impossible. The words, however, kept ringing in Jim's ears, and the thought unpleasantly obtruded itself that if the old man were ruined, so would be those two girls, whose fresh laughter and happy young voices had so touched him. He did not feel so cocksure of his case, nor so jubilant at the prospect of winning his first big fee. For Lemuel, who had followed his mother's religion and was a Catholic, had been Jim's particular chum at the Jesuit college, and the two thought alike on many points.

Jim was closeted, however, for the best part of that evening with the elder Radford, who in sounding phrases and with much needless vituperation denounced his opponent. He fidgeted with the heavy gold chain which he wore aggressively, and breathed the very atmosphere of self-satisfied prosperity. The figure on the veranda seemed by contrast pathetic and appealing.

Radford could in fact well afford to lose. It was partly as a matter of pride that he fought for a few acres of land, here, in this out of the way elysium, where he had chosen to purchase a summer home. And for the same reason

he supported the James K. Green Company in their opposition to the Westover claim, touching property in the landing place.

Somehow his statements did not seem very convincing, and Jim was uncomfortably conscious of the fact. He was a rising young lawyer, but he was also an honest man, with a carefully cultivated Catholic conscience, and certain aspects of the case, which Henry Radford now put before him, threw a new light on the affair and caused Lemuel's words to assume a sinister significance.

"It will ruin old Westover."

When, however, he attempted to explain this new view of the matter to his client, the latter worked himself into such a rage that his face turned a fiery crimson and his whole appearance was forcibly suggestive of apoplexy.

III.

Jim was always glad afterwards that he had practically made up his mind during the early part of that eventful night, to refuse to act as counsel in the case against Westover. He had argued the pros and cons as he now undersood them during a couple of wakeful hours. He had just fallen into a peaceful sleep, lulled by the consciousness that he was ready to sacrifice a fat fee for justice's sake, a lucrative case and the future favors of a wealthy client, when that summons came.

How terrible it had all been, in the silence of the middle hours, when the village without and the household within were both alike sleeping. In a few moments after Lemuel's distracted knocking at his friend's door, lights had appeared everywhere, telephone and telegraph were going and the swiftest horse in the Radford stables was despatched for a doctor. All in vain. Before the first gray light of the dawn had stolen along the village streets, before its quivering rays fell upon the river, lapping the disputed shore, before the *James K. Green* had started on its first matutinal trip, the blinds were drawn low in the Radford household. For thus it was proclaimed to the village entire, and to all whom it might concern, that the shrewd financier, the hard-headed man of business, the chief local plutocrat, lay dead in his darkened room.

IV.

One of the first acts of Lemuel Radford, on coming into his inheritance, was the withdrawal of the suit against Reuben Westover. He announced this intention in a letter to his father's late adversary, adding that he was going abroad for a few months and that on his return steps would be taken for a final adjustment of all difficulties, including those with the James K. Green Company.

This final adjustment required many visits to the Westover mansion, which finally began to lend themselves to five o'clock tea on the lawn, graced by the presence of the two girls. Poor old Reuben Westover, in the fullness of his heart, was prepared indeed to extend unlimited hospitality. This included in fact on more than one occasion the former counsel for the late Mr. Radford who was known to the household by a little arrangement between the friends as Lemel's chum, Mr. Kaye.

It was with something of a thrill that he always found himself upon that lawn and within range of soft glances from a pair of brown eyes, and smiles from a particularly pretty mouth, both of which had haunted him unceasingly for months past. It usually chanced that Lemuel on the contrary seemed to prefer a strong

and earnest face, attractive despite its sunburned tint, and the direct, but no longer defiant glance, of blue gray orbs.

The four had a particularly pleasant meeting on that shady lawn, with old Reuben Westover jubliant among them upon that day when it was made clear to him that the former property of his family was his, at a nominal price, and that the James K. Green Company had settled on the most advantageous of terms.

"As to James K. Green," laughed Jim, addressing Marian, "I remember you were once very severe on that poor fellow."

Marian blushed and laughed.

"When was that?" she asked.

"Oh, on the occasion of my first visit to L—."

"So you overheard," she cried. "That was taking a mean advantage. But we were only discussing an imaginary millionaire and his name, which is horrid for a boat."

"I wouldn't say too much if I were you in that direction," chuckled Lemuel, with a glance at his friend.

Both girls acted upon that hint, thinking, perhaps, that it was scarcely tactful to pursue the subject, when the said James K. Green acted so magnanimously with regard to their uncle. Marian never quite understood in fact until a certain day, several days later. She stood then, once again, with her cousin upon the shore, waiting for the obnoxiously-named steamer to arrive. Presently it came steaming into view, ploughing up the water into white foam, its whistle shrieking more loudly than ever. But neither sight or sound appeared as odious as of yore to the girls. They were looking towards the crowded deck with keenest interest and with a certain cardiac disturbance under their frou-frou of muslin and lace. For Eloise was newly engaged to Lemuel Radford, "the dearest fellow in the world, a perfect darling," whom she now descried on the deck. Beside him stood his friend, whom Marian had some reason to think was coming to L— that afternoon on very particular business. Her cheeks flushed a rosy red, her soft brown eyes had a new light in them, and her smile was unusually bright. Suddenly Eloise Van Brunt began to laugh.

"What a lot of things you'll have to take back, Marian,"she cried, for she had been admitted to a secret.

Marian had no idea what her cousin could possibly mean, until later when she was walking homewards with Lemuel's friend. He stopped abruptly, and said to her:

"Take a good look at me, my dearest girl, and see if I am yellow-faced, squint-eyed, fat and podgy, or tall and scrawny, as you seemed to imagine."

Marian looked at him in wonder and growing alarm. Was he suddenly bereft of reason?

"As for the christening of the boat I am certainly not responsible. My rich godfather did that when I was only a baby. Still I know it is awful to ask you to take that 'horrid' name for good and all."

"Take that name?" stammered Marian.

"Well you'll have to if you take me, for I'm James K. Green."

VENICE, THE SEAT OF THE CONCLAVE OF 1800.

THE STRUGGLE FOR RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN FRANCE.

BY THE REV. FRANCIS A. CUNNINGHAM.

IV.

THE CONCLAVE AND ELECTION OF POPE PIUS VII.

When the news that Pope Pius VI. had died in his prison at Valence became generally known a feeling of triumph pervaded all circles of the anti-Christian world. The conviction was prevalent that the newly-opened grave was about to enclose the remains of the last of the Popes, and that the institution of the Papacy, antiquated and feeble, had at last crumbled into a ruin from which no power, human or divine, could again resuscitate it. But above all the clamor of irreligious exultation the hearts of the faithful could feel the consolation of that promise which Christ had given to Peter: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it." This prophecy was about to receive a signal fulfilment.

The late Pontiff, during the progress of his way of exile, had remained ten months at Florence. During that interval he had issued his Bull, *Quum in Superiori Anno* of 1798. Therein the suffering Pope had given instructions providing for the election of his successor, should he happen to die in the midst of his then afflicting circumstances. It was his will that in

such an event the Conclave for the election of his successor should be held by the largest body of cardinals gathered together at the time in a city under the dominion of a Catholic sovereign, and such others as should join them.

FRANCIS II.

The last of the Holy Roman Emperors and the first Emperor of Modern Austria. It was in his dominions, in Venice, that the Conclave of 1800 was held.

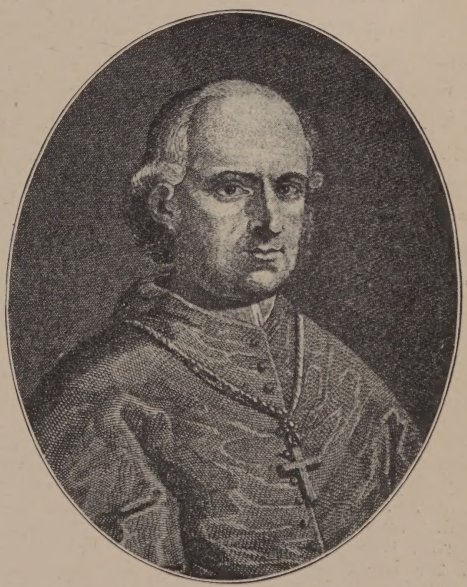
Through the dispositions of Divine Providence the condition of Italy at the end of 1799 rendered it not only possible but very convenient to hold the Conclave in that country. It was a time when the French power in Italy had been broken,—through the combined efforts of Austria, England and Russia,—and the French forces had been driven beyond the Adige. The holding of the Conclave in Rome was, however, rendered impracticable because of the unsettled state of affairs in that city, which had only lately been wrested from the French power through the efforts of the Neapolitans. The cardinals therefore were glad to receive from the Austrian government the offer of the city of Venice as being most accessible and most favorable for the quiet necessary for deliberations of such importance. The city of Venice, moreover, corresponded most agreeably to the instructions contained in the Papal Bull, since it was under the domi-

nation of the Catholic sovereign of Austria, and harbored at the time the largest body of cardinals, under the leadership of Cardinal Albani, dean of the Sacred College. To this city accordingly the cardinals began to converge during the month of November, 1799, and they were enabled to open the Conclave in the old Benedictine monastery of St. George, on December 1st, of the same year.

At the calling of the roll thirty-five cardinals responded to their names. Of these the greater number were from Italy; the eleven absent cardinals were prevented from attendance mainly through the difficulties of the times. The deliberations of this august assembly, though apparently free—through the protecting power of Austria—were nevertheless disturbed from the very beginning by the meddlesome interference of secular governments. France though it appeared to take little interest in the affair, was yet deeply concerned, as its diplomatic tactics plainly showed. It would have pleased that revolutionary government if it could have prevented a conclave altogether. This was the thought of Napoleon as early as 1797, when he wrote to his brother Joseph, then in Italy, instructing him in the event of the death of Pius VI. to prevent the election of a successor, and to effect a revolution; or, failing that, to see to it that Cardinal Albani, a person in bad grace with the French, should not be the choice of the Conclave. During the very sessions of the present Conclave on February 18, 1800, Talleyrand, writing to Musquiz, the Spanish ambassador, begged him to instruct the Spanish king to the effect that the Conclave of Venice was illegal, and, as such, its choice of a Pope

CARDINAL HERZAN

should not be recognized. It is gratifying to know that neither the Spanish ambassador nor his sovereign was influenced by the assertions of the French minister; they were among the first to



CARDINAL BELLISOMI
Who was a strong rival of Cardinal Chiaramonti in the Conclave of Venice.

CARDINAL MAURY

The strong defendant of the rights of Louis XVIII at the Vatican.

recognize the validity of the Conclave's proceedings.

The chief source of disturbance, however, came from the court of Francis II., Emperor of Austria. Relying, no doubt, upon the gratitude which he considered as due him for his services towards the opening of the Conclave, he entered the most preposterous claims for recognition. In a letter to his representative, Cardinal Herzan, he details his instructions as to the eligibility of various cardinals.

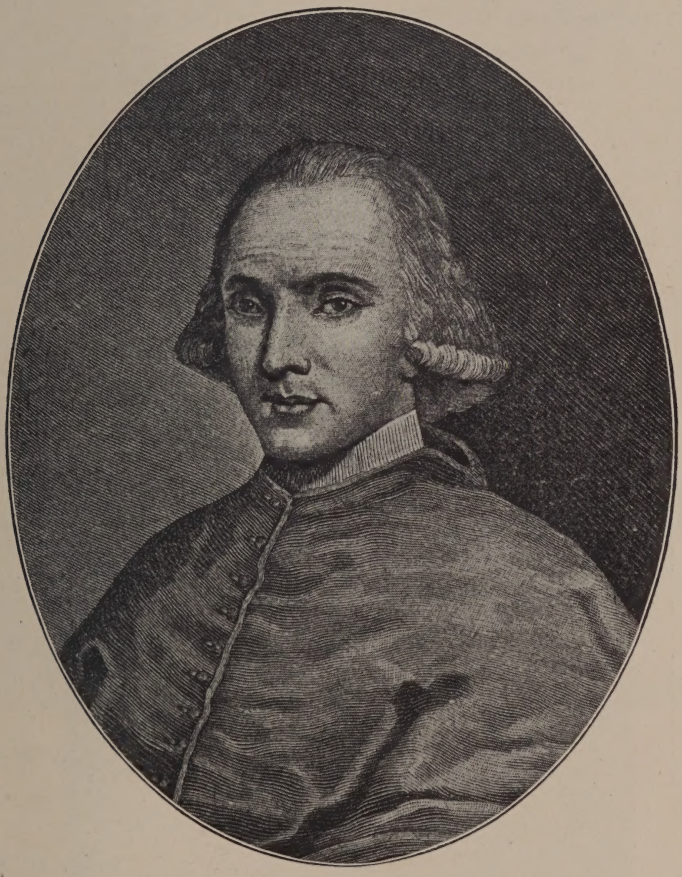
"We oppose most seriously the election of any cardinal from the dominions of Spain, Sardinia, Naples or Genoa; or of any cardinal who has given proofs of devotion to the interests of any of the three crowns here mentioned . . . We extend our exception to all cardinals of French origin, and to all those who have shown any disposition to espouse the cause of France . . . . In a most special manner we formally and absolutely exclude the Cardinals Gerdil, Caprara, Antonelli, Maury, and those of the Doria family . . . . Our paternal heart discerns only two cardinals whose qualifications promise a capability to encounter present difficulties; it is our duty to name them, and we enjoin on the Cardinal (Herzan) to display the greatest activity in their favor. In the first place stands Cardinal Mattei, in whom we place more confidence than in any other. We can not understand how the cardinals could at all reasonably oppose his election. However, if in the course of the Conclave it shall be seen that all our endeavors for the election of Mattei will have been in vain, then we inform the Cardinal (Herzan) provisorily and confidentially, that our second choice is solely Cardinal Valenti."

The strong influence indicated in these words of the Austrian emperor was felt constantly in all the sessions of the Conclave. The efforts of the court of Naples to direct a choice proved too feeble to merit consideration.

In the midst of such difficulties the cardinals proceeded to ballot. The first results showed that Cardinal Mattei had received thirteen votes as against twenty-two for Cardinal Bellisomi, a showing that remained the same for two months. A change was then introduced into the names of the candidates, and Cardinal Gerdil,—a person unacceptable to the Austrian court,—came very near securing the election. In this juncture Cardinal Herzan utilized the Austrian right of veto, a right which could be exercised only once in the same Conclave, and thus formally excluded the possibility of Gerdil's election.

A turn of opinion now directed the choice of the cardinals, again, to Bellisomi, who would have received the necessary two-thirds vote but for the instances of Cardinal Herzan, who demanded a delay before the casting of the final vote, in order that he might consult his sovereign. During the interval a change occurred in the sentiments of the cardinals, due chiefly to the representations of Mgr. Hercules Consalvi, a young secretary of the Conclave. Thereby the attention of the

Sacred College was centered upon Cardinal Gregory Barnabas Chiaramonti, a member of the Benedictine order, and Bishop of Imola. This was on March 13, 1800; on the following day, March 14, the last scrutiny was taken, and the result showed a unanimous vote for the last candidate. The new Pope assumed the name of Pius VII.



CARDINAL CONSALVI.
The Papal Representative in the final negotiations for the Concordat.

The first Pope of the nineteenth century was in his fifty-eighth year when the burden of the supreme pastorate fell upon his shoulders. Born at Cesena, in the Legation of Forli, in Italy, on August 14, 1742, his name was entered in the baptismal register of his parish church as Barnabas Louis Chiaramonti. His father, Count Scipio Chiaramonti, was a nobleman of the old school, with all the refined dignity that came of good race and honest education, and with deep loyalty to the welfare of his Church and his country. The mother of Barnabas was a daughter of the Marquis of Ghini, and was a lady of rare piety even in those days of great religious enthusiasm. In the year 1763, after having laid away the remains

of her husband in their last resting place, and having provided for the future of her children, this noble woman gave up her life entirely to God, and for that purpose entered the Carmelite convent of Fano, where she died in 1771, with the reputation of a saint. In fact, so sweet and constant was the memory of her great virtue among those who knew her that the cause of her beatification was suggested to her illustrious son, during the latter years of his pontificate,—only to be rejected by him, lest such an act might seem to have been suggested by motives of family pride.

In his fifteenth year the young Barnabas entered as a novice the Benedictine monastery of Santa Maria del Monte, near his native home. That his course of studies under the learned masters of the Oder must have been exceptionally brilliant is evident from the fact that at its close he was chosen to defend a long list of theses in philosophy and theology before a numerous company of savants presided over by that Cardinal Ganganelli who in the following year, 1769, was elevated to the Papal Chair under the name of Clement XIV. After his ordination he fulfilled the duties of professor in theology and canon law in the universities of the Order at Parma and at Rome. In 1782 he was made Bishop of Tivoli by Pope Pius VI., and three years later was raised to the more important see of Imola at which time also, 1785, he was created cardinal. His life in this latter capacity was remarkable for zeal and

BONAPARTE AT THE COUNCIL OF THE FIVE HUNDRED

This was the ending of the Government of the Directory — Dec. 15, 1799.

NAPOLEON ACCEPTING CONSULSHIP.

fatherly solicitude toward all his faithful.

During the later years of the eighteenth century his courage, prudence and zeal, in the face of the many difficulties incident to the French invasion of Italy, won for him the enthusiastic admiration of Napoleon himself, besides serving as a source of consolation to the heart of the afflicted Pius VI. during the trying days of his last exile.

The new Pope was a man of meek and gentle disposition, and utterly incapable of rancor or resentment. Cardinal Pacca, who knew him well, did not hesitate to apply to him the inspired words descriptive of Moses—that he was the "mildest of men." This singular grace of nature was stamped upon his very features, and directed all the actions of his life. And yet it did not signify in him anything like weakness of character, for he had already evinced a peculiar strength of soul in the midst of difficulties, a courage in trying situations, endurance, patience and fortitude, that belong to the hero and help

to make up the glory of the martyr. He was eminently the man best fitted to direct the policy of the Church at a time when a mistake must prove fatal to her most cherished hopes.

The election of the new Pope, though eminently satisfactory to the Sacred College, proved unacceptable to the Austrian emperor, who immediately began to display signs of his resentment. The pontifical consecration which in all justice should have been performed in the ancient cathedral of St. Mark's, was relegated, through the refusal of Francis II., to the little chapel of St. George's monastery. Moreover, when the Holy Father desired to pass overland into the Papal States, to the city of Rome, the Austrian government again brought forward a refusal, compelling the Pope to voyage many days over the rough waters of the Adriatic, in a vessel that was hardly seaworthy. In spite of many such inconveniences and marks of ill will, Pius VII. set sail from Venice on June 6th, arriving at Pesaro, in his own States, on the 14th. Thence his journey proved full of triumph and consolation until he set foot upon the streets of the Eternal City, July 3d, 1800. As he knelt on that day before the Confession of St. Peter, under the great dome of Michael Angelo, he could not help but reflect that more than two years had elapsed since a Sovereign Pontiff had entered the sacred edifice, and his prayer of thanksgiving to the Almighty for the changed prospects of the Church was full of sincerity and hopefulness.

THE CONCORDAT.

In the meantime affairs in France were gradually assuming an aspect of peace and religious freedom. By the *coup-de 'Etat* of the 18 Brumaire, Bonaparte, returning from his Egyptian campaign, overturned the Directory, and effected a new government, December 15, 1799. The new power was to be presided over by a First Consul (Bonaparte) with two colleagues. Subordinate to these were the Senate of eighty members, the Tribunate of one hundred; and a Legislative Assembly of three hundred. The new government by proclaiming Bonaparte First Consul for life made him thereby a dictator, and placed practically the whole powers of the nation in his hands. It was with the glory of his triumphant elevation still fresh within his soul that the young conqueror set out early in the following year for the campaign of Italy. On June 14th, 1800, occurred the decisive victory of Marengo, whereby the French gained in a single day in Italy almost all that they had lost during the course of the last two years. The Austrians driven beyond the Mincio lost the Legations, and were finally forced to accept the Adige as the boundary of their possessions in Northern Italy.

In the midst of his glory the religious sentiment which had ever lain dormant in the heart of Napoleon came to the surface, inspiring him to a course of action which was to have immense importance in the future history of France. His intentions are best summed up in a letter which Cardinal Martiniana, Bishop of Vercelli, sent, at the request of Napoleon, to Pope Pius VII. just then entering the Eternal City after the Conclave of Venice. The contents of this letter are found in another letter sent by Cardinal Maury to Louis XVIII. to inform him of the turn events were then taking in the affairs of Rome and of France:

"The Consul Bonaparte paid a visit to Cardinal Martiniana (at Vercelli). He desired

him to go to Rome and announce to the Pope that he wished to make him a present of 30,000,000 French Catholics; that he desired the return of religion to France; that the intruders of the first and second order (the constitutional bishops and priests) were nothing only their dismissal, although he was willing to grant them a proper salary; that, while waiting until he could donate funded property to the clergy, he would assure them of a very honest living, and that the poorest of the bishops should receive 15,000 livres a year; that the

INSTALLATION OF NAPOLEON AS FIRST CONSUL.

but a parcel of dishonored rascals of whom he was determined to rid himself; that the dioceses were formerly too numerous in France, and that their number ought to be restricted; that he desired to establish an entirely new clergy; that some of the old bishops were almost forgotten in their dioceses where they had hardly ever resided; that many of them had emigrated for no other purpose than to cabal, and that he did not care to have them return; that he would consider in their regard exercise of the Pope's spiritual jurisdiction should be carried on freely in France; that the Pope alone should institute the bishops, who should be nominated by whoever should administer the sovereign authority; finally, that he desired to re-establish the Pope in the possession of all his States."

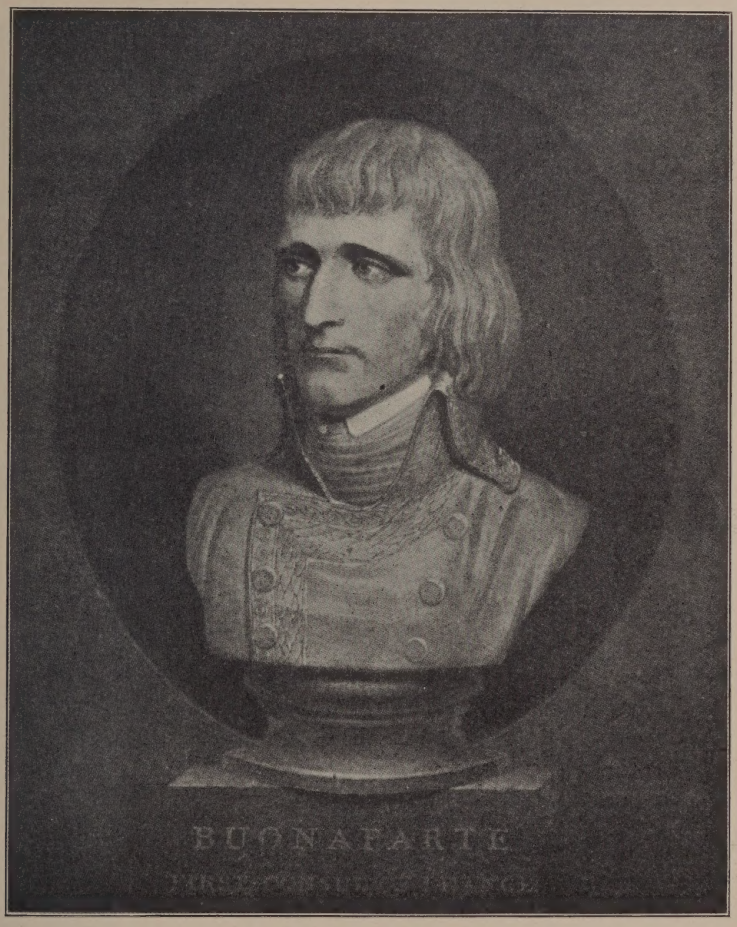
This letter of Cardinal Martiniana was brought to Rome by Count Al-

ciati, nephew of the Bishop of Vercelli, and was presented to the Holy Father shortly after his entrance into the Eternal City.

Very naturally the proposition of the First Consul met with hostility and protest from many quarters, notably from Louis XVIII. and from the old Catholic party under the leadership of the emigrated bishops. Every conceivable objection to such a treaty was placed before the Holy Father in the hope of influencing him to reject the overtures of the French ruler. He was reminded that the First Consul was the same Bonaparte who had imposed upon the Holy See the Treaty of Tolentino with its spoliation of Papal territory, its seizure of 30,000,000 francs, and other like exactions; it was the same Bonaparte who but a short time before had become a Mussulman in order to gain the good graces of the Eastern peoples. Moreover, what real favor might the Pope expect from that French government which he had ignored at the time of his election by neglecting to send to France the notification of that fact, especially when he had taken pains to recognize the rightful authority of Louis XVIII. by including him among the sovereigns to whom letters of

POPE PIUS VII.
Born 1742. Elected Pope 1800. Died 1823.

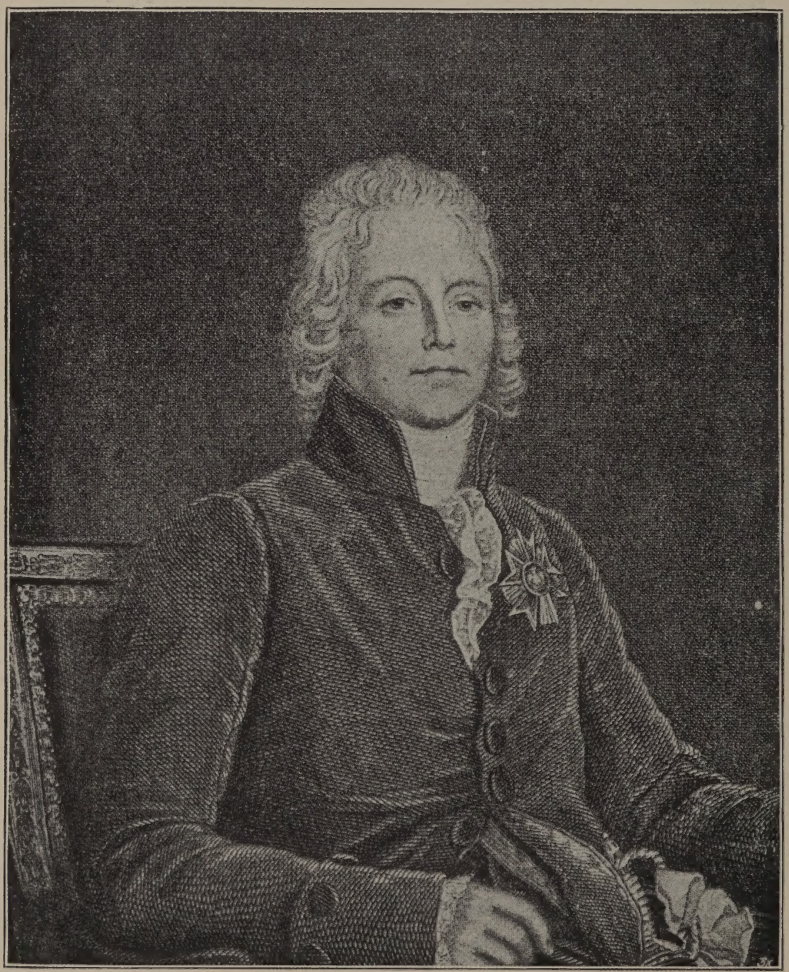
greeting were sent upon his accession to the Papal throne? To the great mass of the French Catholic people the Church and the throne were inseparably bound together; they had existed together for fourteen centuries; they had fallen together amidst the horrors of the Revolution, and hence if one was again to rise to its ancient place of power and usefulness it should only be in conjunction with the restoration of the other. Added to this was the personal claim of Louis XVIII., expressed in very decided terms, whereby he declared himself as the only ruler of the French people whom the Holy See should recognize, as he was the only one the Pope had hitherto recognized; hence if the Concordat of 1516, contracted by Leo X. and Francis 1., was to be abrogated and supplied by another, this work belonged by right to the successor of that king and not to a usurper. In presenting these and similar objections to the Pope the exiled king had a worthy representative in the person of Cardinal



BONAPARTE, FIRST CONSUL OF FRANCE.

Maury, a man of singular eloquence and of great personal influence, all of which was brought to bear upon the mind of the Holy Father and the members of the Sacred College.

Pope Pius VII., however, regarded nevertheless the interests of religion appealed more strongly to his heart than the claims of any human affection. The letter of Cardinal Martiniana thus appeared providential in the midst of the difficulties that beset him, and from



TALLEYRAND

the project from a different standpoint. Much as he desired the restoration of the Bourbons and of Louis XVIII. in particular, of whom he had said to Cardinal Maury, "I would give my life to restore His Majesty to the throne," which neither Austria, Naples, Spain, or any other human power could liberate him. With every reason to expect hostile measures from Bonaparte, he could not but feel relieved by these expressions of cordial good feeling; nor

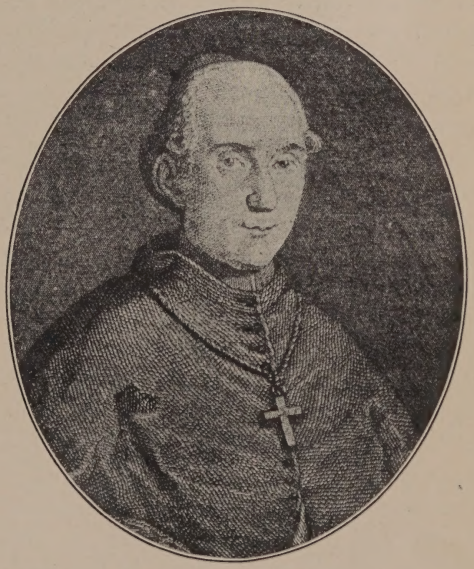
could he help reflecting that this was the first time for many years since a French general had sent to Rome any other message than those of threats and exaction. The proposition of the First Consul opened up before him visions of future peace and prosperity for the universal Church, and seemed like a very answer from heaven to the prayers he had offered up ever since the day of his election. His gratification, therefore, was expressed in the letter which he sent in return to Cardinal Martiniana.

"We can certainly receive no more agreeable news than that which is contained in your letter. The overtures it speaks of on the part of the First Consul cause us the greatest consolation, since they promise to bring back so many millions of souls to the fold of Christ, of whom we are the unworthy vicar. We shall regard it as our glory and an honor, and at the same time as something of benefit to the whole world, to behold the re-establishment in France of that most holy religion which has been the source of her happiness for so many centuries. You may say to the First Consul that we lend ourselves willingly to a negotiation whose object is so important. . . . Your presentation of his ideas gives us a well-founded hope that we shall be able to arrange affairs satisfactorily. However, your penetration must certainly perceive all the difficulties they present in themselves and in their application. But we confide in God's mercy and in His assistance in favor of the Church . . . . Observing that the First Consul has taken you into his confidence, we gladly accept you as a negotiator counting upon your zeal for the re-establishment of religion. With the object of hastening that result, and reflecting upon the extreme difficulty of explaining by letter affairs so intricate and so delicate, we have resolved to send you as soon as possible a person who has our confidence and who will be able to explain our intentions more easily, and to aid you in the negotiations. . . ."

The person spoken of in this letter of Pope Pius VII. was Mgr. Spina, titular Archbishop of Corinth, a prelate well versed in the study of canon law, of a mild and pious disposition, one who had accompanied the late Pope during his exile and was with him in his last

CARDINAL CASELLI
One of the negotiators for the Concordat.

hours, and who had formed some little personal acquaintance with Bonaparte, as the latter was returning to Paris after his campaign in Egypt. Mgr. Spina set forth



ARCHBISHOP SPINA
The Papal negotiator at Paris, for the framing of the Concordat.

M. CACAULT
The first regular Ambassador of France to the Holy See after the Revolution.

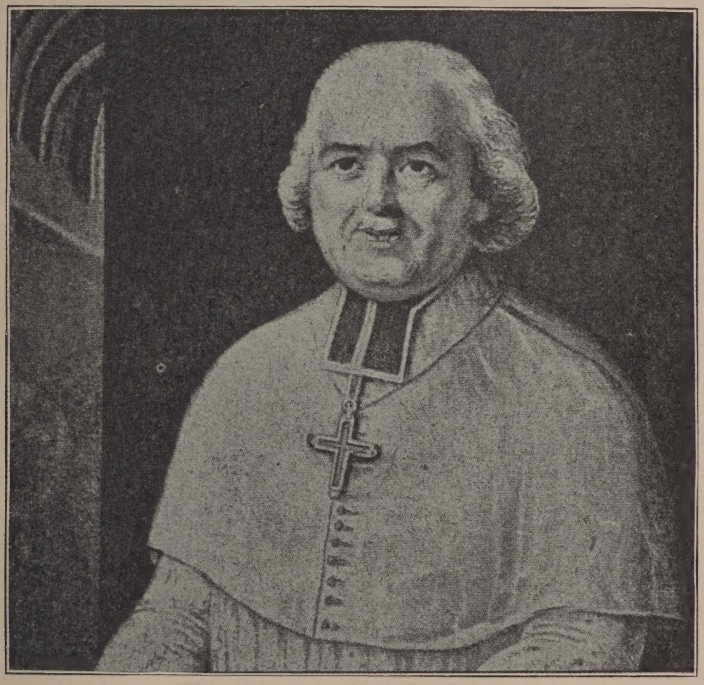
on the way to Vercelli on September 20th, 1800, and after many reverses, being at one time arrested at Modena, he arrived at his destination. It was the understanding of Pius VII. that the negotiations should be opened at Vercelli, or near at hand. The consternation of Mgr. Spina was therefore very great when, on reaching that city, he was confronted with the information that the First Consul had determined to transfer the place of meeting to Paris, a movement inspired no doubt by the twofold reason of making the whole proceeding seem to proceed from the petition of the Pope rather than from his own initiative, as also to prevent the appearance on the part of the French government of "going to Canossa." The Holy Father upon being informed of this new move of the First Consul yielded in the interests of peace, and directed Mgr. Spina to proceed as soon as convenient, in the company of Padre Caselli, General of the Servites, to Paris. The two negotiators arrived in that city on November 5th following.

Of the two Papal representatives Spina alone was regarded as a negotiator, Father Caselli acting merely in the capacity of a companion, but having no voice in the deliberations. Even Spina himself was limited in his faculties, having no actual power of treating or of affixing his signature to the definitive documents. He was simply a delegate charged with exploring the ground, listening to the propositions, and of suggesting freely, but obliged to send his report to Rome *ad audiendum et referendum*.

The Papal commissioner was not long left in uncertainty as to the character and intentions of the French officials with whom he had to deal. Of these the most conspicuous were the First Consul himself, Talleyrand, Minister of Foreign Affairs, Gregoire, the constitutional Bishop of Nancy, and the Abbe Bernier, the official negotiator in the deliberations.

The First Consul, then in his thirty-second year, was just beginning that role of supreme dictator which was to last to the end of his succesful career. In the matter of religious convictions much has been said both in his favor as well as against, though the most probable opinions concede in him a certain undercurrent of religious belief, vague indeed, and clouded by the passion for glory and supremacy which possessed his soul. There was enough of Christian sentiment within him to to make him esteem the faith of his youth as the most sacred thing on earth and worthy of his best efforts. These convictions, however, were weakened and at times entirely overcome by the overpowering allurements of a life where-

in glory was offered at the price of honor, and power was purchased in the surrender of moral restraints. Hence, although it may be said that the ruling motive of Bonaparte in proposing the Concordat was political in its nature, it would be wrong to deny that a sense of religious propriety and affection for his old faith entered also into the influences which moved him. Young, popular, penetrating in his genius, and subtle in his political doctrines, he comprehended the necessity of procuring peace of conscience for the people, and saw clearly the immense benefit the State would derive from an understanding with the Church, as well as the personal advantage that must accrue to himself therefrom.



ABBE BERNIER
The Representative of the French Government in the negotiations for the Concordat.

A few days after his arrival in Paris the Archbishop of Corinth was received by the Minister of Foreign Relations who obtained an audience with Bonaparte almost immediately. "The welcome of the First Consul was, I must confess, a welcome full of enthusiasm. He spoke very respectfully of His Holiness and manifested towards him very favorable dispositions. He did not, however, conceal his displeasure that His Holiness had not officially notified him in his capacity of First Consul of the fact of his elevation to the Papacy, as he had the kings of England and Prussia and the emperor of Russia."

The audience was terminated by the order of conferring with the Minister of Foreign Affairs—and the party designated by him—upon all matters regarding the Concordat. It lasted fully half

an hour, and was very satisfactory to the Papal Delegate.

Another figure destined to play an important part in the the framing of the Concordat was the celebrated character of the Revolution, Charles Maurice Talleyrand, the former Bishop of Autun, an apostate who had added to his iniquities the crime of marrying a divorced Protestant. The whole work of this strange personage consisted in placing obstacles to the completion of an understanding between the French government and the Holy See. In fact it was only during his absence from Paris, while he was taking the waters of a bath, that the negotiators could finally place their signatures to the definitive document. Gregoire, the constitutional Bishop of Nancy, performed with Talleyrand, the office of instructor in ecclesiastical matters to the First Consul. A Gallican of Gallicans, an intense hater of the old regime, jansenistic and puritanical in his perverted piety, and obstinate in his adhesion to the principles of the Revolution, neither he nor the Minister of Foreign Affairs was a worthy interpreter of the mind and doctrines of the Church, especially in an affair of such great importance. It is, no doubt, due to the influence of

LOUIS XVIII

Brother of the murdered King Louis XVI, an exile from France during the Revolution, th Consulate and the Empire, restored to his throne after the Battle of Waterloo, 1814.

these two ambitious men that the First Consul showed himself at times, during the discussions, somewhat hostile to the interests of the Church, and disposed to throw over the whole tenor of the Concordat the restrictions of pure Gallicanism.

The Abbe Bernier, doctor in theology, and former curé of St. Laud of Angers, was the most intimate of all the officials concerned in the work of the Concordat. A man of retired and mysterious ways, living alone in the third story of a house in a side street of the city, he carried into the discussions a mind fully attuned to the demands of Bonaparte, and directed by the instructions of Talleyrand. He was far from being a Revolutionist, having played an important part in the Royalist army during the war of the Vendee, an episode in his life which was never fully forgiven by Bonaparte; yet he could be relied upon by his master as one who would grant to the Pope the least possible concessions, while exacting from the Holy See as much as one could under the circumstances.

Against these minds, all astute and all varying in their religious and political doctrines, Mgr. Spina found himself practically alone. After many discussions, beginning at the first week of November, 1800, and lasting for six months,—during which time many drafts of the Concordat had been drawn up only to meet with rejection,—the deliberations seemed nearing their close by the completion of the fourth draft. When this document was at length finished the Papal negotiator received peremptory orders from Talleyrand to at once affix his signature, in spite of the fact that it contained articles which could not meet with the Papal approval. Mgr. Spina protested in vain that he had no faculties for signing, and begged a delay sufficient for sending the document to Rome for examination. The Minister of Foreign Affairs continued obdurate, until the Papal Delegate appealed to the First Consul. The latter granted the delay, but required that the messenger chosen for the journey should bear personal instructions from him. When these instructions were opened at Rome, March 10, 1801, they were found to contain an entirely new draft of the Concordat drawn up by the First Consul himself, thus setting aside definitely that fourth form for the signing of which Talleyrand had betrayed so much animosity.

While preparing the text of this document the first Consul had been casting his eyes around to discover some one capable of representing him at Rome in the discussions which must inevitably follow the reception of the new Concordat. An aged Breton, loyal to his country, moderate and full of tact, who already performed some important missions in Italy,—such was M. Cacault, the person chosen by Bonaparte for this purpose. He was already in his sixtieth year, and notable as a member of the *Corps Legislatif*, a man in whom the First Consul could place the utmost confidence. When departing for Rome, during the last week of March, upon asking of Bonaparte how he should treat the Pope the General answered: "Treat him as if he had two hundred thousand men." Cacault arrived in Rome on April 8th, and entered at once upon his duties as Minister Plenipotentiary of the French government at the Court of the Holy See.

. . . . . .

The Holy Father conceived fully the importance of these new moves of the

First Consul, and began at once to give to them the attention they merited. The draft of the Concordat was first submitted to the scrutiny of three cardinals,—Antonelli, Carandini and Gerdil—who were charged with the duty of studying the text and proposing such additions or changes as they might deem necessary. Their work was then submitted to a commision of twelve cardinals under the presidency of the Pope, and entitled the Particular Congregation. These twelve ecclesiastical princes had all been victims of the Revolution, suffering especially in 1798 all the evils of ruin, exile and imprisonment. It can thus be easily conceived that their sentiments towards Bonaparte and the Republic were tinged with something of acerbity, which, however, vanished under the claims of justice and that expediency which the unhappy conditions of the Church demanded. To ensure perfect immunity from all external influences, the members of the Commission were at once subjected to the oath of secrecy of the Holy Office. "The slightest revelations would produce most disastrous consequences. Each cardinal must study the questions by himself without consulting either theologian or secretary. Each should cast a vote written by his own hand and should exercise the greatest care that no familiar or acquaintance should either by day or by night, obtain the least information upon this affair, which is certainly one of the gravest with which Holy See has ever had to treat." (*Consalvi to the Cardinals of the Commission.*)

In spite of the fact that the First Consul desired the prompt signing of his document, and was already planning to celebrate its completion during the same ceremonies which would accompany the formal ratification of the peace of Austria, nevertheless the work of the cardinals dragged out for nearly two months. In Paris the delay was the cause of excitement and anger. Mgr. Spina was harassed with questions and reproaches; Bernier was loud in his complaints; while Talleyrand in a fit of jealousy declared that the fault was Cacault's who thus hoped to draw to himself the glory of concluding the Concordat. The impatience of Bonaparte was expressed in the commands which he gave to Spina on the twelfth of May, while waiting for the advent of the Papal messenger bearing the results of the cardinals' deliberations:

"Rome wishes to draw out this affair as long as possible in the hope of some political change which might favor her pretensions, I love and esteem the Pope very much, but I have little confidence in the cardinals, and in particular Cardinal Consalvi, who has broken his word with me, and is an enemy of France. He promised that the courier would arrive by the end of April; here it is the twelfth of May and he has not appeared; perhaps he has not even left Rome. More than that, my project of the Concordat has been changed and I shall not consent to that. Cacault writes that the Pope is unwilling to admit the article concerning the bishops and wishes me to send him the list of those whom I rejected, together with the reasons for their exclusion. Now, I declare that I do not want any of the former bishops, and I shall not yield upon that point. Why does the Court of Rome allow itself to be influenced by these non-Catholic powers? It confers with Russia, with Prussia, with England. Do the affairs of the Catholic world concern heretics and schismatics? It is I alone and the King of Spain who have the right to enter into such matters. You have just wounded Spain, and committed an awkward mistake in re-establishing the Jesuits at the request of the Tzar Paul I. Take care; it may cost you dearly to put yourself thus under the protection of Russia. For doing that the King of Sardinia has just lost Piedmont.

"It is with me that you should arrange matters; it is in me that you should place your confidence; it is I alone who can save you. You demand the restoration of the Legations? You wish to be rid of the troops? Everything will depend upon the answer you make to my demands, especially with regard to the bishops. I was born a Catholic, I wish to live

and die a Catholic, and I have nothing more at heart than the re-establishment of the Catholic worship, but the Pope is acting in a way that serves me as a temptation to become a Lutheran or Calvinist, and to draw all France along with me. Let him change his behavior and listen to me. If not, I shall establish a religion, I shall give the people a worship with bells and processions, I shall ignore the Holy Father, he shall no longer exist for me. Send a messenger this very day to Rome to tell him that."

On the following day Spina, Talleyrand, and Bernier, each sent a letter to Rome, with accounts of the First Consul's anger. The fears of the Holy Father at the news thus received were still further intensified by the orders contained in a letter written by Talleyrand to Cacault and dated the nineteenth of May:

. . . . "I have formal orders from the First Consul to inform you that your first move in regard to the Holy See must be to demand of the Pope, within the term of five days, a definitive determination in regard to the project of the convention and the bull in which the convention is to be inserted, which have been proposed to him for adoption. If in the respite which you are charged to offer, the two projects are adopted without any modification the two States bound together by the ties of peaceful relations whose importance and necessity the Holy See ought to perceive now more than ever. . . . If changes are proposed to you, and the granted time expires, you will announce to the Holy See that your presence in Rome having become useless for the object of your mission you see yourself obliged with regret to betake yourself to your general-in-chief, and you will leave at once for Florence."

M. Cacault made haste to transmit this ultimatum to the Holy Father, who received it with mingled feelings of astonishment and anxiety. Though fully determined never to yield upon points that concerned the dogmatic teachings of the Church, nevertheless he was careful not to act without first consulting his advisors in the Sacred College,—the twelve cardinals of the Particular Congregation. Their sentiments agreed fully with his own They deplored the circumstances which made it necessary for M. Cacault to withdraw from his diplomatic post, but the principle involved was altogether too important to permit of mere temporal considerations. The turn taken by events brought back to the mind of the Pope the unhappy episodes of 1798, the exile and death of Pius VI., the certainty of eventual schism in the Church not only in France but throughout Europe. There was apparently much to be gained by a passive yielding to the demands of the First Consul; but the loss on the other hand would prove incalculable, besides meaning eventual ruin to the whole Church. It was not surprising therefore that after considering the matter from every standpoint the Pope finally intimated to the French minister his unalterable resolution of maintaining the position he had taken at any cost.

It was in this juncture that the genius of M. Cacault was called into play. Fully acquainted with the temperament and disposition of Bonaparte he determined upon a measure that at first seemed foolhardy, but which upon mature reflection commended itself to the Roman Court. He would carry out the instructions of the First Consul to the letter, but at the same time he would so arrange matters that the affair in question should be settled to the satisfaction of every one concerned. His plan, in short, was to induce Cardinal Consalvi, the Papal Secretary of State, to proceed at once to Paris, and there personally conduct the discussions, feeling certain that the diplomatic skill of the young statesman could effect the result when all other means would be destined to failure.

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Hercules Cardinal Consalvi was born at Rome, May 8th, 1757. His parents were the Marquis Consalvi and the

Marchioness Carandini. In his early years he was placd in the college at Frascati, under the surveillance of the Cardinal Duke of York. In 1783 he was named a *cameriero* of the Pope, and in 1786 he exercised the functions of *Ponente del buon governo*, equivalent to the title of a judge in municipal affairs. Later he was named secretary of the Congregation of St. Michal,—an immense establishment comprising in its limits a prison, an orphanage, a hospital, and a manufactory. In 1792 he was named auditor of the Rota, a position of great prominence which brought him into relation with the affairs of foreign governments.

At the time of the French invasion of Italy he was acting as the Minister of War of the Pontifical States. It was shortly after the celebrated Treaty of Tolentino that the unhappy affair of General Duphol occurred. On December 28th, 1797, that officer, while commanding a mob of infuriated soldiery, was fatally shot by one of the Pontifical troops, and although no blame could be placed upon the government of the Pope, nevertheless the assassination was taken up as an excuse for hostility on the part of the French, who descended upon Rome, took possession of the city and drove the Pope, Pius VI., into that cruel exile which caused his death. Upon Consalvi especially, because of the position he then occupied as the Secretary of War, the full odium of the invaders fell. After an imprisonment in the Castel San Angelo, and many hardships and humiliations, he found security only in the success of the allied troops, when the latter wrested the provinces of Italy from the French domination.

The Conclave of Venice, in 1799 and 1800, elected Mgr. Consalvi as its secretary, an office that gave him many opportunities of displaying the genius for tact and diplomacy which made him later one of the most celebrated men of his day. After the election of Pius VII., the latter named the young ecclesiastic, not yet in sacred orders, his Pro-Secretary of State, after having refused the position of Secretary of State to a favorite of the Austrian Court, Cardinal Flangini. The title of pro-secretary was soon changed into that of the actual secretary on August 11th, 1800, the Pope then adding the additional dignity of the cardinalate. The success of the new minister of Pius VII. in the trying circumstances of Rome at that time drew upon him the attention of all observant minds, especially of Bonaparte, who, although he always conceived a strong dislike and aversion for Consalvi because of the latter's uncompromising attitude in regard to the rights of the Holy See, nevertheless esteemed him for his genius, and characterized his diplomatic talent very aptly when he styled him "the Syren of Rome."

(To be continued.)

ON BEING THANKFUL.

BY ALICE MANNING.

Are we ever truly thankful?

That is a question that should be considered not only at this time but at all times, and no matter how much engrossed we may be with affairs of the world. But, somehow we have so many things on our mind, so many plans for the future, that favors of the past slip out of memory, services rendered are forgotten, and kindnesses are overlooked in the feverish haste to keep up with the age; to wrest still more from the coming years. One might almost ask if gratitude has ceased to exist so seldom does one hear the word of acknowledgement, of thanks. To begin with a very simple illustration—note the attitude of the traveling public—the people in the cars. How many return thanks for the offered seat, for the information asked, or for the courtesy that comes of a desire to be of service.

Thanklessness is so closely allied to selfishness that it is difficult to speak of one without considering the other. A crisis in affairs has been tided over through the aid of a friend, a difficult project has been rendered easy of accomplishment through wise counsel and practical direction, services, little and big, are rendered, and what is the return? Each reader may answer this question for himself.

In the so-called march of progress we are getting away too far from the old standards of conduct. Perhaps it was because our forebears had less done for them that they had a longer memory for kindness shown, or it may have been that the simpler life fostered the nobler attributes of character. In the old days a neighbor was not only a neighbor but a friend as well, a blessing in the truest sense of the world. Such neighbors did "turns" for each other when work crowded, when sickness came, or when death darkened the home. A kind and helpful neighbor was looked upon as a gift from God, and the debt of gratitude incurred was not infrequently remembered in the second generation, passed on as a filial obligation. There may not have been superficial expressions of thankfulness, but the feeling was there, and the desire to return in kind when the opportunity came.

The old bonds are loosening, and with every year society becomes more regardless of the individual unless there is need of what he can do to accommodate society's demands, but Thanksgiving still brings to the thoughtful reminders of mercies granted, of reasons why acknowledgement should be made for favors many and varied. There is no one who has not some reason to be thankful. Wasn't it Stevenson who said "he was thankful to have been a faithful failure." This brings home to us this Thanksgiving the fact that the present ideal is success, worldly prosperity, money in abundance, and the things that money can procure.

It would be well if every man and woman and child could be made to realize the value of the common, everyday things—the limited income, the simple pleasures, the home comforts, however modest they may be, and the love of kindred—the last-named being a possession that all the wealth of America can not buy. Of all the personal gifts with which humanity is endowed there is perhaps none more to be desired than a contented spirit, the capacity to see things

at their best, and to make the most of what life places in our way:

'Twere bliss to see one lark
Soar to the azure dark
Singing upon his high celestial road.
I have seen many hundreds soar, thank God!

To see one spring begin
In her first heavenly green
Were grace unmeet for any mortal clod.
I have seen many springs, thank God!

After the lark the swallow,
Blackbirds in hill and hollow,
Thrushes and nightingales, all roads, I trod.
As though one bird were not enough, thank God.

Not one flower, but a rout,
All exquisite, are out;
All white and golden every stretch of sod,
As though one flower were not enough, thank God!

Here is the real spirit of Thanksgiving, exulting in the beautiful things that all may possess,—the flowers, the soft green moss, the swift wings glancing through the solitudes, the lesson of the birds contenting themselves in the guardianship of God, enjoying the safety and peace of the woods without fear of the future to mar the joy of the moment. Their very lives are an expression of thanksgiving.

A wise practice would be to take stock daily of our reasons for thanksgiving. The trouble with many of us is that we do not look closely enough at what our environment holds. This thought is perhaps more clearly expressed in the following:

Two men went seeking happiness;
  One walked the roadside way
And looked with all his longing eyes
  Within each garden gay.
Where'er he saw it growing
  He tried to grasp its flower;
But always, in his clutching hand,
  It died before an hour,
Till, angry and despairing,
  In bitterness he cried:
"Others are given happiness,
  To me it is denied!"
The other one looked round him.
  "Since happiness is found
In other people's gardens,
  Why not within my ground?"
He dug and plowed and planted,
  And with a careful toil
Where it was rough and stony,
  Enriched each inch of soil,
Until with crowded blossoms
  The little plot o'erran—
"How simple 'tis," the owner cried,
  "To be a happy man!"

Among the "real" people in recent fiction there are few more pleasantly known than Mrs. Wiggs of the "Cabbage Patch" whose grateful spirit gave thanks not only for the things bestowed on her, but for ills withheld as well.

It is not easy to forget her question, "Ain't you thankful that you ain't got a hare lip?" or the verse she taught to her unconventional Sunday-school class.

When upon life's billers you are tempest tossed;
When you are discouraged, thinkin' all is lost,
Count your many blessin's, name 'em one by one,
And it will surprise you what the Lord hath done.

Mark Tapley found life "jolly" under circumstances that would have shrouded others in impenetrable gloom; he could always see the silver lining to the cloud. Even the "Eden" experience failed to darken his outlook; he made the best of circumstances. "On the very first morning of my going out, what do I do?" he asks Martin Chuzzlewit, who lies groaning with fever and ague, "stumble on a family I know who were constantly assisting of us in all sorts of ways from that time to this. That won't do you know, that ain't what I had a right to expect. If I stumbled on a serpent and got bit, or stumbled on a first rate patriot and got bowie-knived, or stumbled on a lot of Sympathizers with inverted shirt collars and got made a lion of, I might have distinguished myself and earned some credit. As it is the great object of my voyage is knocked on the head."

The lone mother in the "Bonnie Brier Bush," deprived of her son who was the pride and joy of her life, yet offers up thanksgiving, and gravely reproves a well-meaning friend for thinking that she should allow grief to obscure her vision. "Loneliness is laziness," she says, as she turns to the solace of work, with thanksgiving in her heart that such a son had been hers, and will again be hers when the toil and years of separation are past.

Thank thee, Father, for my sorrows;
Thank thee, Father, for my cares;
Thank thee, for thy glad to-morrows;
Thank thee, for the grace which bears.
Thank thee, thank thee, for all striving
For life's teaching, for my pain,—
Souls grow greatest when beseeching
Strength to turn their loss to gain!

The chastening influence of sorrow which in rounding out a life must be considered as a reason for thanksgiving is aptly expressed in these lines by one whose pen has set itself many an uplifting task:

If all the skies were sunshine
Our faces would be fain
To feel once more upon them
The cooling splash of rain.

If all the world were music
Our hearts would often long
For one sweet strain of silence
To break the endless song.

If life were always merry
Our souls would seek relief
And rest from weary laughter
In the quiet arms of grief.

It may not be out of place to include here the following touching prayer:

God of the lonely soul,
God of the comfortless,
God of the broken heart—for these,
Thy tenderness!

For prayers there be enough
Yea, prayers there be to spare,
For those of proud and high estate;
Each hath his share.

But the beggar at my door,
The thief behind the bars;
And those that be too blind to see
The shining stars;

The outcast in his hut,
The useless and the old;
Whoever walks the city's streets
Homeless and cold;

The sad and lone of soul
Whom no man understands;
And those with secret sin, with stains
Upon their hands,

And stains upon their souls;
Who shudder in their sleep,
And walk their ways with trembling hearts
Afraid to weep.

For the childless mother, Lord,
And ah, the little child
Weeping the mother in her grave,
Unreconciled—

God of the lonely soul,
God of the comfortless,
For these, and such as these, I ask
Thy tenderness!

Whose sin be greatest, Lord;
If each deserve his lot;
If each but reap as he hath sown—
I ask Thee not.

I only ask of Thee
The marvel of a space
When these forgot and blind may look
Upon Thy face.

Learn to be thankful—and to give expression to your thankfulness! It is not enough to feel the inward glow, we should be ready to acknowledge our blessings, our indebtedness, our gratitude for favors great and small—for the trifles that make up the sum of life. Here are some of them, set forth so simply and earnestly that one cannot forget them:

When the years have slipped by and memory runs back over the path you have come, you will be glad you stopped to speak to every friend you met, and left them all with a warmer feeling in their hearts because you did so.

You will be glad, too, that you kept back the hasty word which formed itself on your lips. Much of the sorrow of life comes from giving way to the spirit of evil and not listening to the angel of good when the two strive in the heart.

And then you will be glad that you were happy when doing the small every-day things of life; that you served the best you could in earth's lowly round.

You will be glad that men have said all along your way, "I know I can trust him; he is as as true as steel."

You will be glad you shut your ears tight against all the evil things men said about one another and tried the best you could to stay those words winged with poison.

BISHOP DOLLARD AND HIS NEPHEWS.

The Irish clergy have had a large part in the preservation of the Faith in America, and among the names of those who left their own land to labor for the Church in this country there are few better known than that of Dollard. It is many years since the holy Bishop Dollard took up his apostolic mission in New Brunswick, of which province he was the first Bishop, being consecrated June 11th, 1843. He died August 29th, 1851, and though nearly sixty years have elapsed since then his deeds of Christ-like charity have not been forgotten. What he was to his country people in their years of struggle for place in a new world may never be related in full, but his memory endures, and children are still told of the saintly prelate who gave to the poor of his own scant means, even depriving himself of actual necessities that the need of others might be relieved. When disease ravaged his flock he went among them heedless of personal danger, his one thought being to aid them spiritually and temporarily.

Mooncoin, where Bishop Dollard was born, is situated in the heart of one of the richest and loveliest valleys in County Kilkenny, and has the remarkable record of having given to the Church fully one hundred priests.

Here were born the late Bishop of Ossory; the late Archbishop Walsh of Toronto, Ontario; the two grand-nephews of Bishop Dollard, Fathers William and James Benjamin Dollard, and many more whose priestly vocation was fostered in this nursery of the Faith.

The Rev. James B. Dollard (Sliev-na-mon) has attracted wide attention on both sides of the Atlantic as the foremost writer of Irish ballads, of the present day. Some years ago Father Dollard brought out "Irish Mist and Sunshine," a distinct and valuable contribution to the wealth of Celtic poetry. It is veined with Irish legend, sweet with Irish melody, and aflame with Irish patriotism; no sweeter lyrics have been written than those penned by the modest and gifted young pastor of St. Columbkille's Church, Uptergrove, Ontario, who, in addition to his sturdy faith, has brought from his far away home a store of tender memories, and a wide knowledge of his country's folklore and history.

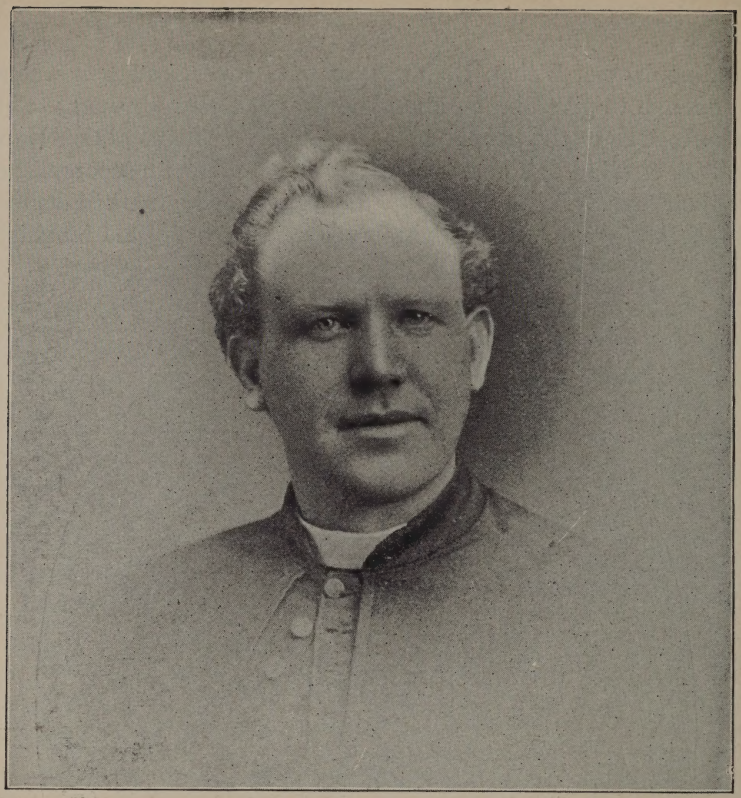
The love of country that breathes through all his literary work inspired also the writings of his elder brother, Father William Dollard, who died at South Brewer, Maine, some months ago. He came to America in early manhood, after completing his ecclesiastical studies at St. John's College, Waterford, And very kindly was the welcome extended to the young ecclesiastic in the city where his kinsman, Bishop Dollard, of happy memory, had exercised his gentle rule. Father Dollard was ordained by the late Rt. Rev. John Sweeny, Bishop of St. John, N. B., and entered on his priestly mission in the Cathedral parish of that city. That he

was the grand-nephew of Bishop Dollard was in itself enough to give him an inner place in the affections of the people, and his own qualities of mind and heart soon won for him their love.

Generous to a fault, genial, witty, light-hearted, yet ready to discern anxiety or grief and to offer sympathy, Father Dollard had the gift of making friends. His influence on the boys,—his special charge,—was all the greater because his buoyant spirit, ready comradeship, and skill in athletic pursuits, drew him closer to them, and they were never so happy as when he supervised their studies or sports.

Father Dollard brought to his high calling many brilliant gifts. He was an eloquent preacher, an accomplished musician and possessed a marked degree of literary talent. He once said laughingly that he was driven to develop the last-named just to show his poet-brother, Father James B. Dollard, that he was not the only poet in the family. Readers of DONAHOE'S will remember the two papers, "Ballad Poetry of Ireland," printed in 1898, Father William's first contribution to the American Catholic press, and also

THE RT. REV. WILLIAM DOLLARD, D.D.



THE LATE REV. WILLIAM DOLLARD.

his later contributions in prose and poetry but only those who had the privilege of hearing him sing or recite the Irish ballads of which he wrote can fully appreciate the greatness of his talent. He felt the words, and made his audience feel with him, thrilling them with the magnetism of his personality and the music of his rich, flexible voice.

When Father Dollard left St. John to assume the rectorship of the Church of Our Lady of the Rosary, St. Stephen, his departure was felt as a personal loss by the parishioners, but their regret was mingled with pleasure that such an important mission had been given to him, though he was then a very young man. In his new charge he secured the willing co-operation of his parishioners in his work of extending and improving the church property.

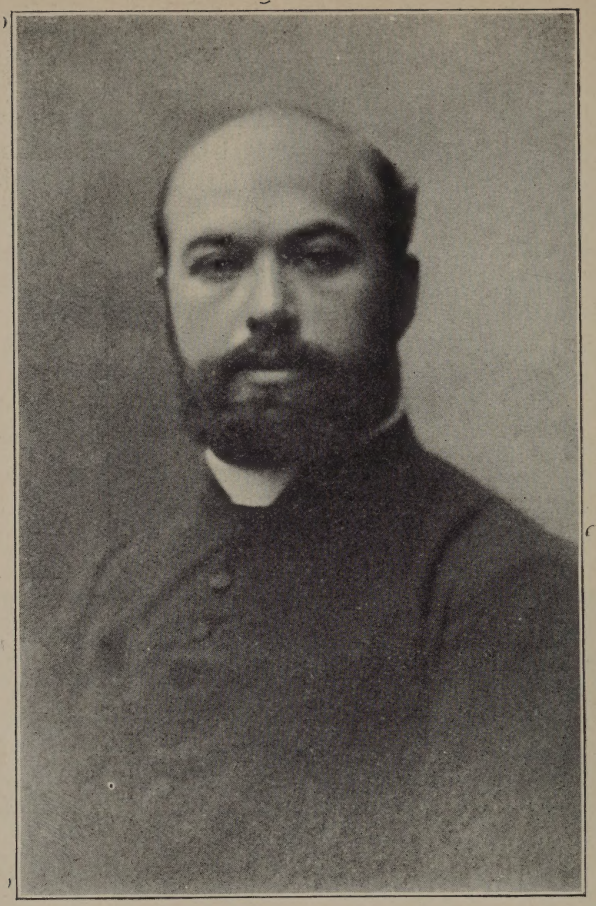
Later he became a member of the faculty of St. Joseph's College, Memramcook, and no professor was ever more popular than was the young Irish priest. The students idolized him, and never was there a more kindly mentor, or one more opposed to meanness, deceit, sham, and other ignoble traits that were never permitted to develop under his supervision. His nature was large, honest and trustful —the hallmarks of nobility—and he was ever ready to defend a just cause, no matter how hopeless it might seem to be.

Father Dollard's last services in the ministry were rendered at St. Theresa's Church, South Brewer, Maine, and there, while he was yet in his prime, he received

the final summons. His active interest in parish affairs caused him to neglect a heavy cold until it had progressed beyond remedy, and after a brief illness of pneumonia he passed away, fortified by the Sacraments, which were administered by the Rev. J. P. O'Gorman, who was with him to the end. The announcement of Father Dollard's death was received with profound sorrow, and the attendance at the Solemn High Mass of Requiem on the day of his funeral was in itself a testimonial of the love and respect of the priests and people of Maine. The celebrant of the Mass was his dearly loved younger brother, the Rev. James B. Dollard; the Rev. M. J. Healy, Yarmouthville, officiated as deacon; with the Rev. Joseph Quinn, Orono, sub-deacon; and the Rev. M. J. Drain as master of ceremonies. The Rev. Richard Murphy, Whitinsville, Mass., delivered the eulogy.

Though Father Dollard died far from his early home he will not be forgotten by the friends he made in his adopted country, and in this month of the holy souls many will link his name in prayerful remembrance with those who have gone from their own hearths. May his soul rest in peace!

REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD



RT. REV. HENRY GRANJON, D.D.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

The Rt. Rev. Henry Granjon, Bishop of Tucson, Arizona, was given a most unusual reception, when he visited Tubac to administer Confirmation.

When the carriage containing the Bishop and Father Duval of Nogales reached a point about three miles from Tubac two horsemen were seen on a hilltop overlooking the road. Immediately on sighting the carriage they drew revolvers and commenced shooting into the air. Answering shots were heard from various directions, and before the carriage had progressed much farther on the road to the little ranch settlement, horsemen were numerous, and forming a squad they galloped toward the carriage, breaking into two lines as they neared it, the sharp cracking of the revolvers continuing throughout.

The reception was somewhat startling to the reverend gentleman from Tucson, but Father Duval, who recognized a number of his parishioners, reassured the Bishop and urged the horses into a lively trot. The mounted scouts rode on either side of the carriage. Sharp reports of their revolvers notified the people of the town of the arrival of the churchmen. The streets were beauti-

fully arranged, great decorated arches overhung the road; and the entrance of the Bishop and the priest into the town was the signal for another volley of salutes from the revolvers loaded with blank cartridges, and from firecrackers and cannon crackers discharged in all parts of the town. The reception was a most surprising one to Bishop Granjon, but quickly recognizing the spirit in which it was tendered, he entered into the festivities with good grace.

At the services held the following morning people were present from ranches for miles around, and 277 men, women and children stepped forward for Confirmation. It was Bishop Granjon's first visit to Tubac.

THE RT. REV. JOHN CAMERON, D.D.,
Bishop of Antigonish, N. S.

Of 80,000 Catholics in the diocese of Antigonish, Nova Scotia, 45,000 are Highland exiles or their descendants, 20,000 are French and 15,000 Irish. There are sixty Gaelic-speaking priests of whom the doyen is Bishop Cameron. A wonderful old man he is, who has himself seen Popes Gregory XVI., Pius IX., Leo XIII. and Pius X. Besides the sixty priests there are about fifty Gaelic-speaking nuns in the diocese, who are chiefly engaged in the schools.

The *Messenger* gives an interesting account of a mission conducted by the Rev. Father Campbell, S.J., of Glasgow, among the Highlanders of Cape Breton.

Father Campbell is the pioneer of Jesuit missionaries among the Gaelic-speaking people of the Colony—and when one remembers the vast field covered by the Jesuit Fathers in their missionary efforts, the singular importance of Father Campbell's mission is borne in upon one. His journey all along has had the resemblance of a royal progress. The second Mission preached was at Creignish, where the church was crowded every day, three services being conducted daily, at each of which he preached. So eager were all to take part that the families arranged so that every member should be able, with Confession and Communion, to put in the number of attendances requisite to gain the indulgences and the Papal blessing. Twenty-five miles separated Creignish from Glendale, where the third Mission was to be conducted. Twenty-five teams from Creignish conveyed the missionary ten miles on the way towards Glendale. At that stage the Highlanders from Glendale—fifty teams, headed by priest and piper—met the Saccart Mor. The meeting was most affecting and inspiring. Exiles and the children of exiles, gathered to give a royal Highland welcome to the priest who spoke their tongue, and who knew the people and their "place"; and the pipes struck up merrily "The Campbells are Coming to Bonnie Glendale." The fifteen miles of the road were traversed by the missionary and his remarkable escort, and at the church door dense crowds waited eagerly to give their greetings. Without pause, the priests and people entered and filled the church, and joined in the recital of the Rosary in Gaelic, after which Father Campbell was conducted to the church door, where an address of welcome was read in Gaelic, after which Father Campbell replied, telling the people how pleased he was to find himself among the descendants of those who though they had left the country of their ancestors, had stuck with such marvellous fidelity to their faith and the dear old Gælic language. "Highland hospitality," remarked Father Campbell in his communication, "is not a name only—it is a virtue never lost sight of." What has made his visit to Nova Scotia specially pleasing in a sense has been his knowledge of the Catholic Highlands.

"BETHANKIT."

SONG OF THANKSGIVING.

I offer Thee
Every flower that ever grew,
Every bird that ever flew,
Every wind that ever blew.
Good God!

Every thunder rolling,
Every church-bell tolling!
Every leaf and sod!
(Laudamus te.)

I offer Thee
Every wave that ever moved,
Every heart that ever loved.
Thee Thy Father's well-beloved,
Dear Lord!

Every river dashing,
Every lightning flashing,
Like an angel's sword!
(Benedicimus te!)

I offer Thee
Every cloud that ever swept
O'er the skies, and broke and wept
In vain, and with the flowerets slept,
My King!

Each communicant praying,
Every angel staying,
Before Thy throne to sing!
(Adoremus te.)

I offer Thee
Every flake of virgin snow,
Every spring the earth below.
Every human joy and woe—
My Love.

Oh, Lord, and all Thy glorious
Self, o'er death victorious,
Throned in heaven above!
(Glorificamus te!)

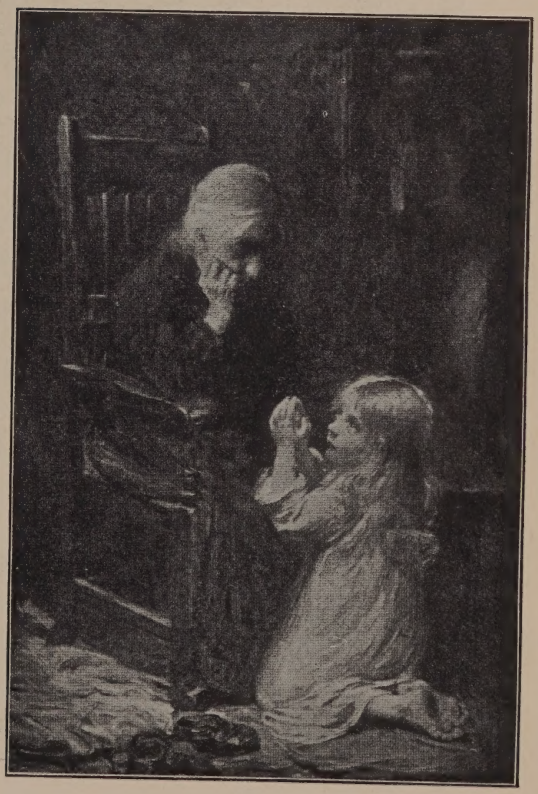
Take all of them, O darling Lord,
In Thy Blessed Sacrament Loved—
Adored

Multiply each and every one:
Make each of them into millions—
Into glorious millions,
Into gorgeous millions,
Into golden millions—

O glorious, glorious Son!
And then, O Dear Lord, listen,
Where the tabernacles glisten,
To those praises, Holiest One!

(*From the Ancient Irish.*)

A CHILD'S FIRST PRAYER.

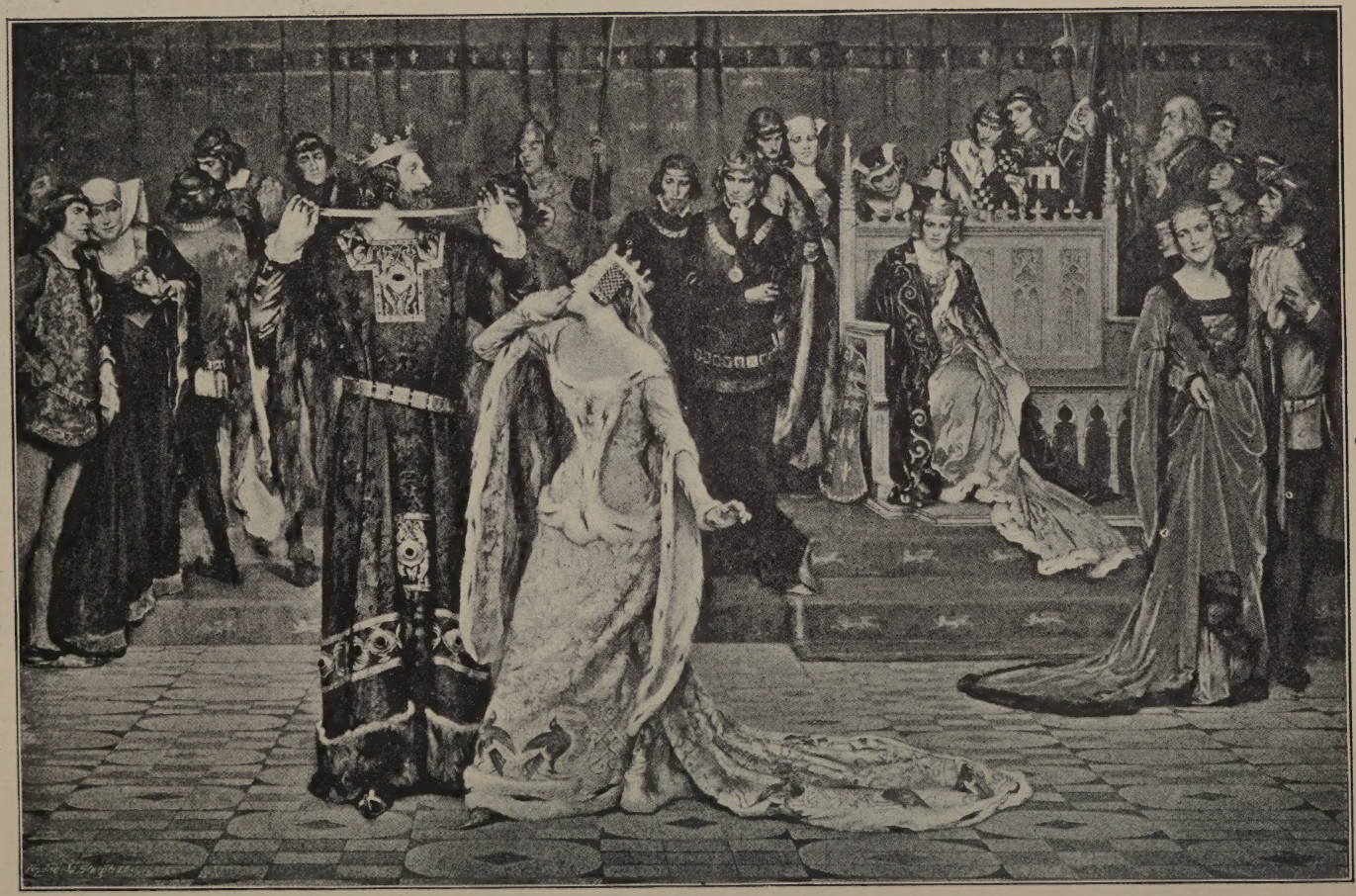


My Father, hear my prayer
Before I go to rest.
It is Thy little child,
Who cometh to be blessed.

Forgive me all my sins
That I may sleep this night
In safety and in peace
Until the morning light.

Lord help me every day
To love Thee more and more,
To strive to do Thy will
And worship and adore.

Then look upon me, Lord,
Ere I lie down to rest.
It is Thy little child
Who cometh to be blessed.



ORIGIN OF THE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

THE VAGRANTS.

BY EDITH WHEELER.

Mountain billows and wastes of sea,
Sorrow and dole in the heart of me.
Seas of anguish and mists of pain,
O! to be back with my own again.

I am under the outcast's ban,
I left my home with the Connacht man.
The Connacht man was strong and wild
And I was my father's only child.

Low-roofed houses on the bogland brown,
O! for your rest when the sun goes down!
Sheltered hearth where the loved ones
meet,
O, for its shelter for you, my sweet!

Wanderers we from shore to shore,
Seeking a home the wide wide world o'er.
Old songs come to my mind to day,
Dear old songs from the far away.

God protects though the storm be wild,
And God will care for my little child,
Though winds blow high, though winds
blow low,
"God's good to the Irish where'er they go.

THE HIGH PRICE OF FOOD.

Of course the Manufacturers and Dealers Blame It on the New Pure Food Law, but Most People are Willing to Pay the Price for Purity and Quality.

Prices of food products continue to soar skyward in a manner that alarms and mystifies the housekeeper and "the man who pays the bills." Even fresh fruits and vegetables are classed as "luxuries" in the larger cities and the prices of meats necessitate increasing economy in the average home. The average family, indeed, finds it increasingly difficult to procure all the "necessaries of life," to say nothing of the luxuries.

Of course it is natural for dealers and manufacturers to lay the blame for increased cost of living upon the new National Pure Food Law. This was to be expected. The truth is, however, that increased prices of foods are largely due to shortage in supply caused by an unusually late season. Even though the manufacturers and dealers are taking advantage of the Pure Food Law to raise prices, most people are willing to pay the prices for purity and quality.

In these times the wise housekeeper naturally turns to Shredded Wheat, which is not only the world's best "breakfast food," but the best all-day food, as it can be made into so many delicious and nourishing dishes for any meal in combination with fruits, creamed meats and creamed vegetables. It is the whole wheat, cleaned, steam-cooked, shredded and baked. It is not "flavored," "treated" or compounded with anything—just pure cooked wheat, made in the cleanest, finest food factory in the world. It contains more real muscle-making, strength-giving material than meat or eggs, is much more easily digested and is much cheaper. A Shredded Wheat Biscuit for breakfast with milk or cream and a little fresh or stewed fruit will supply all the nutriment needed for half a day's work or play. Its price is always the same, it is always pure, always wholesome, always right. Your grocer sells it.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Hanging of the Crane. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Illustrations by Arthur I. Keller. Designs by Florence W. Swan. Houghton, Mifflin & Company, 1907. $2.

The centennial of the birth of the poet Longfellow being deemed a proper occasion for presenting a new illustrated edition of "The Hanging of the Crane," the publishers have brought it out in exquisite form. No finer example of book-making has been issued in many a day.

The interesting account of the origin of this poem was given by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, whose home furnished the inspiration to the poet: "One morning in the spring of 1867," said Mr. Aldrich, "Mr. Longfellow came to the little home in Pinckney Street, Boston, where we had set up housekeeping in the light of our honeymoon. As we lingered a moment at the dining-room door, Mr. Longfellow turning to me said, 'Ah, Mr. Aldrich, your small table will not always be closed. By and by you will find new young faces clustering about it; as years go on, leaf after leaf will be added, until the time comes when the young guests will take flight, one by one, to build nests of their own elsewhere. Gradually the long table will shrink to a circle again, leaving two old people sitting there alone together. This is the story of life, the sweet and pathetic story of the fireside. Make an idyl of it. I give the idea to you.' Several months afterward, I received a note from Mr. Longfellow in which he expressed a desire to use this motif in case I had done nothing in the matter. The theme was one peculiarly adapted to his sympathetic handling, and out of it grew 'The Hanging of the Crane.' "

The illustrations set forth this story, showing Cupid on the hearth of the new home, with the young husband and wife in possession; later comes "a royal guest with flaxen hair," and then the very pattern of girls comes to bear him company. As the years go on the table is garlanded with guests, and presently the table shrinks again and an aged couple remain alone. The golden wedding day brings guests thronging in once more, trooping children crowd the stair, and the light of love shines over all.

It is a beautiful theme, beautifully wrought out, the finest skill of artist and artisan being brought to bear upon its production. The result is a volume that it is a delight to handle, to look upon, from the design of gold and yellow roses surrounding the hearth before which Cupid kneels on the first cover to the last page where the garnered fruit tells of the fulness of life.

The illustrations in this volume have the historical Craigie House in Cambridge for their background,—the house where the poem was written, where all the poet's children were born, and where most of the scenes touched upon in the poem were enacted in his own family life. The artist visited the house and made his drawings from the very room in which Longfellow hung his own crane in 1843. The box-bordered garden was planned by Mr. and Mrs. Longfellow; the porch was the one from which departed the first of their children to become a bride; and the beautiful staircase makes a fit setting for the golden wedding picture. All the text decorations are Colonial, the motif of many being taken from Craigie House.

The Tents of Wickedness. By Miriam Coles Harris. D. Appleton & Company, New York. 1907. $1.50.

This striking title might for a moment give rise to a false impression but the first sentence —together with the author's name—relieves any secret anxiety as to the character of the book, and by the time the first chapter is ended the reader is thoroughly in touch with the writer and ready to follow her through the varied scenes presented in this very fascinating novel. "An agitating morning" in a convent in France is the time chosen to bring the heroine on the scene, and what more charming scene could be presented despite the showers and gray sky!

The annual *fete* at Vete, for the benefit of the poor, is the occasion for throwing wide the convent doors, not to the public in general, be it understood, but the parents and guardians of the children and such intimate family friends as were invited by them. Brothers over nine were not allowed to come and no unmarried men. The morning had opened unauspiciously and the children were almost crying with disappointment because the Normandy Farm would have to be abandoned, and the order for the two ponies and the Jersey cow countermanded. But the prayers of the little ones and Soeur Marie's promise had been heard, and by half-past twelve the clouds drifted apart and the blue sky appeared between. Soeur Marie Remedios ran laughing across the garden, old Toussaint, the gardener, muttered *Deo Gratias*, the children shrieked with glee, and every one looked relieved and happy. It is an opportune moment at which to present the heroine of the story, Leonora Hungerford, an American girl who, on that day, was to leave the convent which had been her home for twelve years. Standing in the doorway of the convent, dressed simply in the blue uniform of the school, she appears tall and elegantly slender, with a beautiful complexion, fine eyes, and a sensitive mouth. The thoughts of the future engage

her attention, but she puts aside all doubts and fears to enjoy to the utmost the few remaining hours in the only home her childhood had known.

"There is no use in speculating," she said to herself, "God has engaged to take care of me. I mean to do right," and with a sigh she stepped out into the garden where the Sisters and children were arranging their booths. Upon this scene of innocent gayety entered the father of the young American, later in the day, when the affair was in full swing. One must be very world-worn not to feel a thrill of pleasure at the thought of the Normandy Farm, the little girls selling glasses of milk and pats of butter, little cheeses, fresh eggs, and fruits, while under the chestnut trees countesses and marchionesses disposed of paintings and embroideries. A play was being enacted in the *chalet*, before a crowded house, and bonbons and flowers were being turned into money with gratifying speed. It is an event in the life of the convent school, and the excitement of the dark-eyed young girls is incomprehensible to Mr. Hungerford, aged fifty-five, and weary of the world's favors and luxuries. When his wife died, honoring her request, he had placed the little Leonora in the convent, "for where else could he have found so safe a home for the child and an arrangement which being fixed gave him so little care?" How thoroughly the American child fitted into the new environment is shown by her reluctance to go out into the unknown world.

Subsequent events go to show that this reluctance was not without reason, for Leonora soon experienced the bitterness of being thrust into a society for which education and natural inclination alike unfitted her.

The author has rare skill in depicting characters, and the company on board ship affords material for the use of this skill. The vulgar young Belinda Merritt, Paul Fairfax,—combining refinement and principle,—the Episcopalian bishop and his well-dressed wife are familiar types.

Arrived in America, the young girl through her beauty and innocence creates a sensation among her father's friends. The one drawback to her popularity is the suspicion voiced by Mrs. Pelletreau that she may be "too pious." To counteract this they set themselves to do violence to Leonora's most sacred convictions, and when the girl rises in revolt against their blasphemy and their loose way of life, she is told she will get used to it. "I don't want to get used to it, I don't want get used to it," she protested, "I can't—I can't stay here any longer,—I must go away now, now, this morning."

Happily she does not "get used to it." The evil influences brought to bear upon her leave no ill effects on the convent girl who does honor to her Catholic training and, when driven almost to the verge of despair, seeks the refuge of the confessional for advice and direction. Father O'Farrell's counsel is of the kind that one can not forget readily, "God will take care of you," is his word to Leonora, "He will make some way out of it for you. Your path is difficult, you may know His eye is never off you. Don't disappoint Him. He means to make you very good. He won't fail you if you don't fail Him."

And again in a still more urgent crisis in the girl's life the priest is her wise counsellor. When her impulse is to flee, to leave her father to the fate he has brought upon himself, it is the confessor who intervenes, quieting her fears of the future by pointing out to her duties of the present, the sacrifices that are to be made that her father's soul may be saved. "I told you not to look ahead, not to speculate about any more of the future than you can see on the face of the clock—I don't underrate your difficulties, they are quite exceptional, but I believe you will prove yourself equal to them. Don't damage your father's soul by any misstep. God alone knows what you may do for him just by your sufferings offered up for him, just by your silence, only broken by your prayers about him."

Another splendid type of the priesthood vigorously portrayed, is Father Macmillan, the valiant champion of law and order, who unhesitatingly endangers his own life to save the wretched Negro from the hands of the mob.

It is seldom that one finds in a single story so many striking characters, people that remain with one, and whose fortunes so interest the reader that if a fault could be found with this forceful novel it is that the author has chosen to withhold information as to the future of many of them. At a certain point she simply dismisses them from the story, which she brings to a very satisfactory conclusion for the two central figures, Leonora Hungerford and Paul Fairfax.

Perhaps in another volume she may tell of Edward Warren in the household of the Faith, of poor, strong-minded, sharp-tongued yet loving Sarah, and the Quaker mother whose son's spiritual needs were divined by her even before he realized them himself.

The book is one to be read and discussed; and in the discussion some may express the desire that a few passages had been omitted, such as that in which Oscar Hungerford's second wife on the evening of her arrival in her new home reveals the depths of moral degradation to which she has descended and from which all effort is futile to raise her.

The New Testament. C. Wildermann Company, New York, 1907. 25 cents.

This edition of the New Testament is an accurate copy of the Rheims and Douay edition with annotations and references by Dr. Challoner and historical and chronological index. Two colored maps show the missionary journeys of the Apostle Paul.

The Holy Hour of Adoration. Compiled by Rt. Rev. William Stang, D.D. Benziger Bros. New York, 1907.

The devotion of the Holy Hour, one continuous hour of adoration before the Blessed Sacrament, is daily growing in popularity, and Bishop Stang, foreseeing the time when a manual containing an order of exercises and suitable prayers for this devotion would be needed, looked about him for such a book, but not finding it he decided to compile one himself. The manual at hand is the result of this decision. It contains the order of exercises, acts of adoration, reparation, Benediction, the prayer of St. Alphonsus, the litanies of the Holy Name of Jesus, of the Blessed Virgin, of the Sacred Heart, of the Saints, a number of hymns treating of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament and numerous suggestions for meditations.

It is a manual not only for the holy hour of adoration, but for any hour or any moment when the devout feel the need of spiritual refreshment.

Is One Religion as Good as Another? Edited by Rev. L. A. Lambert, LL.D. Flynn & Company, Boston, 1907. 25 cents.

The late Father MacLaughlin gave the copyright of this book to the Vincentian Missionaries of Springfield, Mass. At the request of these Vincentian Fathers, Rev. L. A. Lambert has edited this American edition. He shortened the arguments, omitted much of the matter of the foreign edition, and added matter more pertinent to the trend of thought of our day and country. The powerful arguments from the pen of Father Lambert will speak for themselves.

The Poems of Sister Teresa, translated by Miss Susan L. Emery. $1.00. 1907.

The poems published in the French life of Sister Teresa of the Infant Jesus, better known as the "Little Flower of Jesus," the young Carmelite who died in the odor of sanctity at Lisieux in 1897, have been translated into English by Miss Susan L. Emery, and presented to Carmel for the honor of Sister Teresa and to aid the hoped-for cannonization.

The Carmelites of Boston are publishing these poems, which fill a book of about two hundred pages, handsomely and appropriately bound, and with illustrations.

The life of Sister Teresa is already in nine languages: French, Portuguese, Polish, English, German, Dutch, Italian, Spanish and Flemish. This is well-nigh unprecedented when it is remembered that September 30th of this year marks only the tenth anniversary of her death. The interest is indeed universal; old and young, clergy and laity find refreshment in the perfume of this exquisite "Little Flower," breathing the fragrance of Paradise. Those who are familiar with the "Life" will surely be interested to read the poems, which were spoken of but not translated in the English edition, and thus follow more intimately the soul-life as portrayed in these simple verses, which were the outpourings of a heart on fire with divine love.

Miss Emery, with remarkable facility, has retained the versification of the French and has so sympathetically entered into the thought of the dear young Carmelite, that all evidence of translation has disappeared, and one seems to drink at the fountain source the limpid sweetness of the original.

The French life, "L'Histoire d'une Ame" Lettres—Poesies, may be ordered at the Boston Carmel for $1.25.

The English Translation (without poems) may be obtained from any bookseller.

Mother Goose. In Silhouettes by Katharine G. Buffum. Houghton, Mifflin & Company, 1907. 75 cents.

One can imagine the delight with which the present generation of children will look at this collection of Mother Goose tales, told in the old familiar way known to generations of children, and told also in an entirely novel way by means of silhouettes. Not one of the old friends is missing,—little Miss Muffet and her spider; Jack jumping over the candlestick; Peter, the pumpkin eater; Jack and Jill; and Mary of contrary repute; the old woman who swept the cobwebs off the sky; little Bo-Peep, with a fine long trail of sheep cut in silhouette; Jack Spratt; the Blackbird pie; the wonderful house that Jack built;—and all the other well-known figures, down to Simple Simon and the man who jumped into a bramble bush to scratch out his eyes and scratch them in again. Apart from their value as rhymes and pictures to pass an idle hour there is also much profit to be derived from tracing the outline of the silhouettes.

Catholic Home Annual. Benziger Brothers, New York, 1907.

Another herald of the new year! and one who comes with an abundance of good things. Information and entertainment are most happily blended. There are stories by Grace Keon, Maud Regan, Marion Ames Taggart, Mary E. Mannix, Sheila Mahon, and Mrs. Francis Chadwick, and numerous other attractive features.

The Ecclesiastical Year. M. H. Wiltzius Company, Milwaukee, Wis., 1907.

This new edition of Father Petz's Ecclesiastical Year comes within the reach of all in this new and cheaper form. Six editions have appeared in the original German, and a second edition is called for in English—sufficient evidence of the merit of the book.

It is an ideal manual for missions, for the higher grades of Catholic schools, and for general distribution.

Europe on $4.00 a Day, How to "Go it Alone," by "A. Rollingstone," (Charles Newton Hood), illustrated 50 cents. The Rolling Stone Club, publishers, McKnight Building, Medina, N. Y.

The information is complete and with nothing vague, including how to get a passport, what guide books are needed and their cost, how to book passage at low rates with correct addresses, how to get low-priced railroad tickets for the entire European tour in advance, with exact cost, what to do on landing, the address of every hotel and pension at which the writers stopped with correct addresses and rates, also a list of other hotels and pensions recommended in each city, just what tips were paid and to whom, and all other information in such detail that, with the enlarged 1908 edition in hand, anybody ought to be able to follow the trail with complete safety, comfort, independence and economy.

The book has many illustrations from snapshots taken along the way by the author.

The new song and chorus, called "In the Valley Where the Sleepy Schuykill Flows," is a song of exceptional merit, with a chorus that is simply delightful, and has already been pronounced a big hit in the larger cities. The regular retail price of this song is 50 cts. per copy. Our readers will receive a copy post-paid by sending 20 cts. in silver or postage stamps to The Globe Music Co., No. 17 West 28th St., New York.

MISSION OF OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY.

For the Protection of Irish Immigrant Girls.

The annual letter sent out by the Rev. M. J. Henry conveys encouraging tidings as to the continued success of this noble work. Though the report informs readers regarding certain features of the mission, it does not make known the tenth part of the devoted effort which has secured such far-reaching results. Year by year Father Henry and his assistants have given ungrudgingly of their time and labor, promoting the growth of the mission by the exercise of energy, executive ability, and personal influence that would have won for them foremost places in public life if their ambition had been the pursuit of wealth or fame. That it was not is one of the things that the race has to be thankful for. A nobler career was destined to be theirs. They have built up little by little the splendid work of the Mission of the Rosary, and the wonder is that such patient persistent effort has not as yet been encouraged by having bequests made to it to facilitate the plans for its fullest development. The Mission is worthy of remembrance, and it is to be hoped that its Silver Jubilee will bring substantial proofs that wealthy Irish and Irish Americans are regardful of the services rendered by Father Henry and his devoted priests. It must be slow and wearisome toil to create a sufficient fund from the very small amounts secured in the way described in the following letter:

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7 State Street, New York.
September 15, 1907.

Dear Friend:

The immigration for the year ending June 30, was the largest on record. Including non-immigrant aliens, and others who were returning, there landed in the United States 1,269,863 persons. New York, the principal port of entry, received over a million.

The Irish numbered 26,445, of whom 1,974 were former residents. Compared with the arrivals of the preceding year, this shows an increase of 2,258 in the case of Irish who came for the first time. The distribution according to sex was 14,917 males and 11,528 females, and of the total more than ninety-two per centum were between the ages of 14 and 45. To give necessary assistance to the Irish immigrants, who averaged about 500 a week, especially the girls, has been the Mission's unceasing care.

Probably you know the history of the Mission. Established twenty-four years ago to shield the Irish immigrant girl from those who sought her ruin, it has nobly served its purpose. Not a day dawned since in which it did not accomplish much good. Its influence, combined with the ever-increasing protection afforded by the United States immigration laws, makes it now virtually impossible for evil to befall an Irish girl on her arrival at Ellis Island.

The Mission helps the immigrant girl in the following manner: 1. It exercises a moral influence over steamship lines to protect her on board their vessels. 2. It watches over, guides, and assists at the landing depot those immigrant girls who intend to proceed by rail or steamboat to destination. 3. It examines the claims and fitness of the relatives or friends who call for the immigrant at the Home. 4. It provides a home "free of charge" for those girls whose friends do not call on the day of arrival, or who have no friends at all, or who are unable to proceed on their journey. 5. It tries to locate relatives of those who bring indefinite addresses. 6. It secures positions in good families for those ready to go to work. 7. It supplies the good offices of the priest, who, above all others, can bring confidence, encouragement and hope to the Irish exile.

The doing of such work involves constant vigilance, labor and expense. Never has the Mission failed to have one or more representatives on hand at Ellis Island when Irish immigrants are being landed. The girls are interviewed and advice and assistance given according to individual needs. Those going to New York or points beyond, who are detained after half-past four in the afternoon, are taken to the Home where every reasonable provision is made for their comfort. Their stay may be a day or a week, but, long or short, no charge is made, no recompense expected. Any Irish immigrant girl, Protestant or Catholic, is cordially welcome to the hospitality of the Home until she finds her relatives or friends. If such cannot be found the girl is placed in suitable employment with a good family. Over 1,600 girls, some of whom came by way of Boston and Philadelphia, were guests of the Home last year, and for 375 of these positions were secured.

Supplementing the work described is that done through interviews and correspondence. Many persons call from time to time at the Home asking that the Mission look out for and assist incoming immigrants, and thousands of letters are received within a year on matters connected with immigration. Some of these letters are not the least of our reward. They give grateful testimony of the good accomplished by the Mission and often, too, they reveal that tender love of faith and home and kindred which finds such happy sanctuary in the Irish heart.

From the beginning the Mission has depended for support on the voluntary contributions of

those to whom its usefulness has appealed. So far, enough has been received to meet current expenses. An annual picnic and, of late years, an athletic meet in Celtic Park help considerably. The chief source of income, however, and that with which this address has most to do, is the Rosary Society. Every October we appeal for support through this medium. Membership dues are only twenty-five cents, and for all members, collectors, and other benefactors, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is offered three times weekly throughout the year. We are now sending out Rosary cards, which are certificates of membership, and we ask you and your friends to co-operate with us. What more patriotic, more meritorious work than aiding the Irish immigrant girl? In helping her you help the grand old race at home and abroad and you help the Church, ever the faithful guardian of womanhood.

This report is so brief that perhaps some pertinent matters of interest are omitted. We shall, however, try to compensate for such possible omissions in the near future. Next year, please God, the Home will celebrate its Silver Jubilee and we shall use the occasion to issue a souvenir which will be more worthy of the Mission and the Irish immigrant girl.

Thanking our numerous friends and acknowledging with pleasure the unfailing courtesy of Commissioner Watchorn and the other officials at Ellis Island,

I am, with best wishes,

Sincerely yours,
REV. M. J. HENRY,
Director.

REV. JOHN BROSNAN, } *Assistants.*
REV. A. J. GROGAN, }
MR. PATRICK MCDONOUGH,
Agent at Ellis Island.

See Page 675.

THE QUEST OF THE HOLY GRAIL.

"Then glory, power and fame
To His ever-blessed name."

Donahoe's Magazine

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A KING IN DISGUISE.

BY THE REV. P. J. CORMICAN, S.J.

A King in days of old
  Descended from his throne,
Put off his cloth of gold,
  And laid aside his crown.
Forthwith he donned the dress
  Of his subject peasant folk,
To study their distress
  And ease their galling yoke.
He shared their work and play,
And cheered their holiday.

To every troubled heart
  His presence brought a calm;
For every aching part
  He found a soothing balm;

For every hope and fear
  He had an open hand,
And lent a ready ear
  To every just demand.
The people blessed his name,
And thronged where'er he came.

The simple and the wise,
  The aged and the young
Had a welcome in their eyes,
  And a greeting on their tongue.
The children in the street
  Would interrupt their play,
And run with flying feet,
  To greet him on his way.
His shadow on the floor
Meant sunshine evermore.

This may be but a tale
  Of the fabled past and dim.
Even so, it cannot fail
  To be a type of Him,
Who left His throne above,
  And doffed His royal grace;
Who came on earth for love,
  To redeem a fallen race;
To strengthen us and cheer,
And bless us even here.

We can recognize our King,
  Though He be in humble guise:
We can offer Him and bring
  Our heartfelt sympathies.
We can sing a loyal song,
  We can speak without reserve,
And assure Him that we long
  To honor Him and serve.
Then glory, power and fame
To His ever-blessed name!

THE HOLY INNOCENTS.

BY THE REV. HUGH F. BLUNT.

THE joyous song of the angelic hosts had awakened a different echo in the hearts of some of Juda's daughters. It was the inevitable note of sadness which the very presence of the Messiah from His birth to His death calls to the lips of frail humankind, for He was in truth a "man of sorrows."

How fitting it is that the wail of the Child Divine should be, as it were, the solo amid the chorus of suffering babes; that His childish hands should have reached out to them, helpless babes as He, to lead them even through rivers of blood to the shore of the Kingdom where all are as little children.

It is St. Matthew alone who tells us the story, and knowing as well as we do the character of Herod, it is not difficult to accept the narrative of the Evangelist, even on human grounds alone.

Those strange characters of history, the Magi, whom art and literature have fashioned into poems, had upset by their miraculous departure all the plans of Herod. On learning how he had been thwarted he raged with fury. He might have resorted to other measures for the discovery and apprehension of this newborn rival of his royalty, but slow measures were not in keeping with his impetuous character. With one fell blow would he rid the world of this infant. It was the custom of Jewish mothers to nurse their babies for two years, and reckoning from what the Magi had said as to the time of the Star's appearance he concluded that the child was yet at its mother's breast; hence the royal command that no child of two years or less should escape the sword. It was a brutal deed, yet entirely in keeping with the king's character. Insignificant was it in comparison with many of his murderous deeds, and since the slaughter of these innocent babes had no political importance it is not strange that the historian Josephus fails to notice it. The Emperor Augustus, however, seems to have had some knowledge of the fact, for when it was told him that Herod had sacrificed his own son among the children of two years of age, butchered by him in Syria, he remarked, "It were pleasanter far to be Herod's sow than his son." It was a tradition carried even into the Middle Ages that Herod's son had died in the massacre, but the reason of such a rumor was the deliverance of Antipater, his son, to the executioner on account of his revolting against him.

The plucking of these first flowers from the tree of life has been ever a popular meditation in the Church. In the apocryphal gospels, those strange pseudo histories of the Saviour, we find many references to the martyred children. In the gospel of James, a composition of the fourth century, we read that when Mary heard that the children were being killed she was afraid and took the Infant and swaddled Him and put Him in an ox stall; and Elizabeth, hearing that they were searching for John took him and went up into the hill country, looking for a place to hide him; and finding no place she groaned, and cried out with a loud voice "O mountain of God, receive mother and child;" and immediately the mountain was cleft and received her.

In another we are told that the number of innocents slaughtered was three thousand, though it is evident that from the size of Bethlehem the number of children of the said age could not go beyond fifty, whereas many scholars will not permit the choir of little martyrs to number more than ten or twelve. And yet in comparison with this small number it is interesting to note that among the Greeks the feast of these martyrs is known as that of the fourteen thousand holy children.

From the earliest times the Church has rejoiced in calling these little ones her first martyrs, the first jewels set in her priceless crown of saints. When the special feast in their honor was established is uncertain, yet there is no question but that it was celebrated as early as the fifth century

The Mass of the day is said in purple vestments, probably because the little martyrs had not yet entered Heaven, since they had to wait for the opening of it by Christ "the first fruits of them that

"The King of Kings was near,
Who should sit on David's throne."

"How fitting that His childish hands should have reached out to them to lead them even through rivers of blood to the shore of the Kingdom where all are as little children."

sleep"; but on the octave, red—the usual color of martyrs—is used.

The Mass of the feast is beautiful.

"Out of the mouths of infants and sucklings," says Holy Church, sounding the keynote of the day's harmonies, and then she prays God whose reward the innocent martyrs have confessed not by speaking but by dying. It is thus throughout the Mass, tears and smiles as in the life of a child; the moan of Rachel and the jubilate of David.

In the office of the day is continued the same spirit. The two beautiful hymns of Matins and Lauds have been translated many times. In the charming *Lyra Catholica* of Edward Caswall we find this excellent translation of the Matin hymn:

When it reached the tyrant's ear,
Brooding anxious all alone,
That the King of Kings was near,
Who should sit on David's throne;

Stung with madness straight he cries
"Treason threatens—draw the sword!
Rebels are around us, rise!
Drown the cradles deep in blood!"

What is guilty Herod's gain,
Though a thousand babes he slay?
Christ amid a thousand slain
Is in safety borne away.

The hymn for Lauds and Vespers is more beautiful still, and Caswall's translation preserves all the charm of the Latin.

Flowers of martyrdom all hail!
Smitten by the tyrant's foe
On life's threshold,—as the gale
Strews the roses ere they blow.

First to bleed for Christ, sweet lambs!
What a simple death ye died!
Sporting with your wreaths and palms,
At the very altar side.

"An age not yet fitted for the battle," says St. Cyprian, "appeared fit for the crown. That it might be manifest that they who are slain for Christ's sake are innocent, innocent infancy was put to death for His name's sake."

The "flower of the martyrs"—this was the beautiful title they enjoyed from the beginning. In the sermon of St. Augustine, quoted in the office of the day, he speaks of them as such; likewise as the buds of the Church bursting forth in the mid-winter of infidelity, and made ripe by the frost of persecution. St. Thomas tells us that there were some who maintained that the use of reason was quickened in them as in St. John the Baptist, so as to enable them to be martyrs willingly, as well as actually, but he himself sees no reason for this since their sharing in the martyrdom of Christ is parallel with the sharing in His merits by baptism.

It is only natural to expect that the little martyrs should be looked on as patrons of children, and in the middle ages we find them enjoying a festivity extending from St. Stephen's day to the octave of the Epiphany. At this festal time boys used to sit in the stalls of the canons, while one of them, vested in episcopal robes, gave his blessing pontifically. The Council of Basle condemned the extravagances of this celebration which was accompanied by the Feast of Fools, but the writers of the Catholic Dictionary tell us that the feast of children is still innocently observed in some monasteries and convents. From the popularity of this festival it is easy to explain the frequency with which the Mysteries and Miracle Plays dealt with this incident in the life of the Divine Child. During the festal time we can picture the little ones being led to the play of Herod and the Magi and the killing of the Innocents, with as much eagerness as the modern child displays toward the circus; and I am sure that the children enjoyed them, for there was in most of the plays apart from the Bible

instruction afforded them a funny man to make them roar with laughter.

In the Chester, Coventry and Townley collections of plays we find portrayed the killing of the Innocents. In the Chester cycle the Massacre was played by the goldsmiths, for in the great pageants of those days each trade had its own special production to look after. Apropos of this it is odd to read, with due reverence, be it said, of "The Descent into Hell" by the cooks, and "The Last Supper" by the bakers.

In these plays we see the old apocryphal traditions creeping out.

Says the soldier in one:

"Loo! Eyrode, Kyng! here most thow see.
How many M' (thousands) that we have slayne,"

while in another play use is made of the tradition that Herod's own son was slain with the other children, which led him to die with remorse. From the Coventry play we take the following song which is sung by the three women, mothers of the children about to be murdered.

Lully, lullay, thow littel tyne child;
By, by, lully, thow littel tyne child;
By, by, lully, lullay

O sisters, too, how may we do
For to reserve this day,
This poor yongling, for whom we do singe
By, by, lully, lullay.

Herod the King, in his raging
Charged he hath this day
His men of might, in his own sight
All yonge children to slay.

That woe is me, poor child for thee!
And ever morne and day
For this parting, nether say nor singe
By, by, lulla, lullay.

The Latin play upon which all these others are based is far superior to them, though of a much older period. It follows the gospel narrative, and has the oddity of introducing Rachel as the principal character, together with two women who act as consolers. The lamentations of Rachel are bits of true poetry.

Longfellow in his *Christus* catches the real spirit of the preceding plays, in his miracle play of the *Nativity*. After the order of Herod goes forth he introduces the lamentations of Rachel:

(Rachel)

O wicked King! A cruel speed!
To do this most unrighteous deed!
My children all are slain!

(Herod)

Ho, seveschal! another cup!
With wine of Sorek fill it up!
I would a bumper drain!

(Soldiers in the street)

Give up the child into our hands,
It is King Herod who commands
That he should thus be slain!

(The Nurse Medusa)

O monstrous men! what have ye done?
It is King Herod's only son
That ye have cleft in twain.

(Herod)

Ah, luckless day! What words of fear
Are these that smite upon my ear
With such a doleful sound!
What torments rack my heart and head,
Would I were dead! Would I were dead!
And buried in the ground.

(He falls down and writhes as though eaten by worms. Hell opens, and Satan and Astaroth come forth and drag him down).

John Baptist Marino, an Italian poet, found the subject so interesting that he wrote a long poem in four books on the "Slaughter of the Innocents."

In Orby Shipley's *Carmina Mariana* we find this touching lullaby by William Byrd, a poet of the sixteenth century:

Be still, my Blessed Babe, though cause thou hast to mourn;
Whose Blood most innocent to shed, the cruel king hath sworn.
And lo, alas, behold what slaughter he doth make,
Shedding the blood of infants all, sweet Saviour, for thy sake:

A King is born, they say, which King this king would kill;
Oh, woe and woeful heavy day, when wretches have their will.
Lulla, la lulla; lulla, lullaby:
My sweet little Baby, what meanest thou to cry?

Three kings this King of kings to see, are come from far,
To each unknown, with offerings great, by guiding of a star;
And shepherds heard the song, which angels bright did sing,
Giving all glory unto God, for coming of this King:
Which must be made away, king Herod would him kill;
Oh, woe and woeful heavy day, when wretches have their will.

Lo, lo, my little Babe, be still, lament no more;
From fury shalt thou step aside; help have we still in store;
We heavenly warning have, some other soil to seek,
From death must fly the Lord of life, as Lamb both mild and meek;
Thus must my Babe obey the king that would him kill;
Oh, woe and woeful heavy day, when wretches have their will.

But thou shalt live and reign, as Sibyls have foresaid,
As all the prophets prophesy, whose Mother yet a Maid,
And perfect Virgin pure, with her breasts shall upbreed
Both God and Man that all hath made, the Son of heavenly seed;
Whom caitiffs none can 'tray, whom tyrants none can kill;
Oh, joy and joyful happy day, when wretches want their will.
Lulla, la lulla; lulla, lullaby:
My sweet little Baby, what meanest thou to cry?

Of the English writers of modern times there is none who has paid such homage to the infant martyrs as the gentle Keble. In his "Miscellaneous Poems" there is a charming poem called "The Innocents' Day."

Bethlehem, above all cities blest
Th' Incarnate Saviour's earthly rest,
Where in His manger safe He lay
By angels guarded night and day.

Bethlehem of cities most forlorn
When in the dust sad mothers mourn,
Nor see the heavenly glory shed
On each pale infant's martyr'd head.

'Tis ever thus: who Christ would win
Must in the school of woe begin;
And still the nearest to His grace,
Know least of their own glorious place.

Keble also translated the *Salvete Flores Martyrum* of the Roman Breviary, but his translation has not the charm of Caswall's. In the "Christian Year" it is to be expected that such a feast should not be passed over by his muse. One of his longest poems is written on that subject. It is too long to quote in its entirety, but there is one stanza so characteristic of his gentle thought that we give it.

Mindful of these, the first fruits sweet
Borne by the suffering Church her Lord to greet;
Bless'd Jesus ever lov'd to trace
The "innocent brightness" of an infant's face.
He raised them in His holy arms.

He bless'd them from the world and all its harms;
Heirs though they were of sin and shame
He bless'd them in His own and in His Father's Name.

Cardinal Newman has a beautiful sermon for the feast on "The Mind of Little Children"; and Father Faber in several of his books, especially in "Bethlehem" pays homage to the child martyrs in prose that is kin to poetry. He tells us that the great St. Francis de Sales died reiterating the invocation of the Holy Innocents. It is a surprise, however, to look through Faber's poems and hymns and not to find a verse on the little heroes he loved so devotedly.

How the subject must appeal to the heart of the mother who understands the grief of that first martyrdom; yet the women poets have passed it by without a line. Mrs. Browning, Mrs. Hemans, Miss Procter—how beautifully could they have voiced the lamentations of Rachel who would not be comforted, but they are silent.

One of our modern poets has paid a beautiful tribute to the little martyrs

in verses that bemoan the anguish of the afflicted mothers, yet above all sound the triumphal entry into joys which a moment's woes procured.

The poem is "The Holy Innocents," by the Rev. P. J. Cormican, S.J.

The snatching of babes from the bosom;
The spilling of blood on the sands;
The wailing of comfortless mothers;
The wringing of infantless hands;
The tearing of hair and of garments;
The anguish that cloudeth the mind;
The futile attempts of a tyrant
To extinguish the Hope of mankind;
A white-robed, palm-bearing legion,
Re-echoing praise to their Lord:
Such are the trials of a moment;
Such, too, is the endless reward.

O blessed life of childhood which grasps the "endless reward" ere it has learned of sin; thrice blessed, when it has given itself up as a sacrifice for the Sinless One. And so the chorus of pain that rose out of Bethlehem must have sounded on the ear of the Divine Child full as sweet as the hymns of the angelic choirs. It was for Him those first flowers were plucked, fragrant blossoms for those weary years till the end, and I like to think that their breath was still upon Him on that beautiful day when He blessed the little children and said of them "of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

ORA PRO NOBIS.

(Sonnet appended to the painting of the Virgin by Guillaume Dubufe, now in the Luxembourg, Paris.)

TRANSLATED BY R. T. HOUSE.

I sought a heavenly glory for thy face,—
O Flower Divine, in mortal soil implanted,
O Virgin, symbol pure of fruitful Grace,—
As oft I saw thee in my dreams enchanted.
To show thee fair I gave thy glance a trace,
Of tenderness angelic, and I painted
Robe, halo, veil, that mark the shinin grace
Of angels, guards to whom thy care is granted.
And if my name, for thy sake, pass with noise
Of wings, O lift in prayer for him thy voice,
Whose love was kindled at thy gentle beams;
Who dared, though humble, here to paint thee true;
Whose loving hand adorned the page's blue
With gold, with lilies, with his faith and dreams.

THE GIFT UNSPEAKABLE.

BY MARY WEST.

Summer brings roses and the gift of song,
Glimpses of loveliness beyond compare,
While vision exquisite,
With summer's smile is lit;
A dream of happiness complete and rare,
And hopes eterne that to the heart belong.

And yet the flower must fade—the song shall die,
Sweet dream to stern reality give place,
And winter's gloom affright
With fear of death's dark night;
Then fairer far than summer's gifts and grace,
The Season of Redemption draweth nigh.

Summer joys perish and its roses fall;
Yet steadfast shines the Christmas Star to guide
The soul where Mary stands
Lifting adoring hands;
The "Gift Unspeakable" with us abides,
She brings the gift unchangeable of all.

THE MASS IN MANY LANDS.

BY JAMES BYRNE.

The approach of Christmas Day, the one day in the year on which every priest has the privilege of saying three Masses, makes fitting the bringing together of some facts bearing on the Mass in many lands—from the times of the martyrs when the Holy Sacrifice was offered in secret in the Catacombs to the present day when all over the world it is offered up accompanied by the most impressive ceremonial.

The ablest liturgical writers state that St. Peter said the first Mass after the descent of the Holy Ghost in the very same cenacle at Jerusalem where the Blessed Eucharist was instituted. If we consider the institution of the Holy Sacrifice as a Mass, then the first Mass was celebrated by Our Lord at the Last Supper. At the time of Our Lord three languages were common throughout Judea,—Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. The

first, better known as the Syriac, was the language of the greater part of Judea and without a doubt was the vernacular of Our Lord and His Blessed Mother. The Greek obtained a large sway in Palestine also; but the Latin had obtained a far wider sway in the Holy Land at this time than either of the other two, for it was the language of Imperial Rome; and as Judea was then a Roman province it was but natural to expect that the language of Rome would be forced on the conquered people.

"In what language was the first Mass offered?" is a question that has engaged the attention of many writers. Eckius, a learned German divine of the sixteenth century, was the first to voice the opinion that in the beginning Mass was celebrated in Hebrew, but this cannot be sustained, for the ablest liturgical writers and linguists hold that the Mass was celebrated in the language that prevailed in the places where the Apostles went to spread the light of the Gospel. Thus at Jerusalem it was celebrated in Syriac, in the Grecian cities in Greek, and at Rome, and throughout the west, in Latin. As the first Mass was celebrated at Jerusalem, it is generally accepted that the Syriac was the language in which it was offered.

The Catholic Church to-day offers up the sacrifice of the Mass in nine different languages,—Latin, Greek, Syriac, Chaldiac, Slavonic, Wallachian, Armenian, Coptic, and Ethiopic, the first named being the language of the Mass in the entire west, and in a few places in the east.

During the very early days every priest could say one or more Masses at his discretion, and it was quite usual to say two Masses, one in honor of the feast of the day, the other for the benefit of the faithful departed. Restriction, however, was soon imposed, allowing the plurality of Masses only on occasions when some solemnity brought together a greater concourse of people than ordinary. At such times, in order to afford all an opportunity to assist at the Holy Sacrifice, as many Masses as were deemed necessary were said, even by the same priest. Pope Leo III., in the ninth century, said as many as nine Masses on a single day; but by the time of Pope Alexander II. the practice had declined and that Pontiff decreed that no priest should say more than one Mass on the same day, a regulation that obtains at the present. There are, however, faculties granted to priests in charge of two churches to say Mass in each church on Sunday, so that the people can comply with the command to hear Mass. There is an exception made for Christmas Day, on which great feast every priest may celebrate the Holy Sacrifice three times. This privilege was granted by Pope Telesphorus, A. D. 142. The mystical meaning assigned to this triple celebration by liturgical writers, is as follows: First, the eternal birth of the Son of God in the bosom of His Father; secondly, His birth in time in the womb of His Immaculate Mother; thirdly, His spiritual birth in the hearts of the faithful by a worthy reception of His sacraments, but, above all by the reception of Himself in the adorable sacrifice of the altar.

In parts of Spain—Aragon, Valentia, Catalonia, in the kingdom of Majorica, and at Pampeluna—each secular priest is allowed to say two Masses on All Souls' Day, and each regular priest has the privilege of offering up three Masses on this day. This privilege was accorded

by Pope Julius or Pope Paul III. and though often asked for, was never granted to any other country, or to any place in Spain except those mentioned.

The various circumstances attending the celebration of Mass, the ceremonies employed, and the purpose for which it is offered, necessitate the use of different names to qualify it—such as Solemn High Mass, Low Mass, Conventual Mass, Nuptial Mass, Golden Mass, Votive Mass, Dry Mass, Midnight Mass, Mass of the Pre-Sanctified, Mass of Requiem, and Mass of Judgment.

The Nuptial Mass, according to the Sarum rite, was celebrated with peculiarly interesting ceremonies. The marriage itself was performed at the church door, that all might witness it, and the married couple were then led to the altar steps by the priest, who prayed over them and begged also the prayers of the people in their behalf. Mass was then begun, and when the *Sanctus* bell sounded the newly married knelt at the foot of the altar, while some of the clerics of the sanctuary held over them a large pall, called a "care-cloth," which was not removed until a little before the *Pax*. The bride was required to wear her hair flowing upon her shoulders, and to adorn it with a wreath of jewels, if she were wealthy, or at least with a wreath of flowers. It was said of Margaret, daughter of Henry VII., King of England, that on the day of her marriage to King James of Scotland "she had a verey riche coller of gold, of pyerrery and perles round her neck, and the crone upon hyr hed, her hayre hangyng."

Just before the *Pax* the priest imparted the marriage blessing and the care-cloth was removed. According to the rites followed at York the nuptial blessing was generally given by the priest with the chalice on account of the great dignity of the sacrament of matrimony.

The Golden Mass was one that was celebrated on the Wednesdays of the quarter tenses of Advent, in honor of the Mother of God. The solemn High Mass was often protracted three or four hours to give full sway to the ceremonies and music. The bishop and all his canons assisted at it, and also the members of the different religious communities established in the place. Gifts, often of the costliest kind were distributed among the people who attended, and from the nature and excellence of the mystery in honor of which it was offered it used to be written in letters of gold. And from this came its name. Traces of this Mass may be still witnessed here and there through Germany, but at the church of St. Gudule in Brussels the regular Mass is celebrated every year, on the twenty-third of December, with thousands assisting at it.

The Private Mass has been confounded with the Low Mass. Strictly speaking, the former is a Mass at which only the priest himself communicates, and it receives its name from the fact that no concourse of people assist at it, and that it is celebrated in some private oratory or chapel to which all have not access.

The Council of Trent was of the opinion that no Mass is private, in the Catholic sense of the word, for all are offered by a public minister of the Church, not for himself alone, but for all who are of the Faith. The first daring attack made upon Masses of this kind was by Luther, who declared that the devil had revealed to him in conversation that such Masses were idolatrous; the decision of the Council of Trent in favor of the Mass put an end to all cavil on the subject.

The Solitary Mass, said by the priest alone, without the attendance of people or even of a server, was once very common in the monasteries and religious communities, and is still practised to a great extent in missionary countries. It cannot be said, however, without grave necessity, for theologians consider it a serious offence to celebrate without a server. In the time of Pope Leo III. the Council of Mayence prohibited the celebration without witnesses, and this prohibition was repeated by the Council of Nantes. At the present day the Church rules that whenever necessity compels a priest to celebrate alone he must recite the responses himself, and must not omit, add or change anything, to suit the circumstances of the occasion.

As every day in the year has a Mass more or less peculiar to itself, whenever this order is broken in upon the Mass introduced is called "Votive" from the fact that it is celebrated to satisfy either the pious wishes of the priest himself, or some member of his congre-

KING ALFONSO AND QUEEN VICTORIA OF SPAIN AT MASS, AT ST. SEBASTIAN.

gation. Masses of this kind are subject to various restrictions. A sufficient reason, however, would be if either the person asking such a Mass or the person offering it had a special devotion to a particular saint or mystery.

When neither the consecration nor consumption of either element takes place the Mass is said to be a Dry Mass. The word "nautical" was applied to it in ancient times, from the fact of its being confined principally to voyages on sea where the rolling of the vessel would create a very great difficulty in celebrating ordinary Mass. In saying Mass of this kind all the sacred vessels were allowed, but as no consecration took place the use of a chalice was forbidden. The usual blessing was imparted at the end, and in some places the services of deacon and sub-deacon were employed, Genebrard, a Benedictine monk, who died towards the close of the sixteenth century, testifies that he himself was present at a Solemn Dry Mass, celebrated at Turin, one evening, for the repose of the soul of a certain nobleman who had just died.* These Masses were often said for the special gratification of the sick, for prisoners, and for sea-faring people, but such Masses have long passed into disuse.

Midnight Masses were very frequent during the days of persecution, when the Christians were forbidden to assemble anywhere in day time. There were certain festivals also in later times, for which Midnight Mass was prescribed, but now the privilege is attached to Christmas only, upon which night Mass is yet celebrated in many places. In the Eastern Church Midnight Mass has never been much in vogue. One of the most gor-

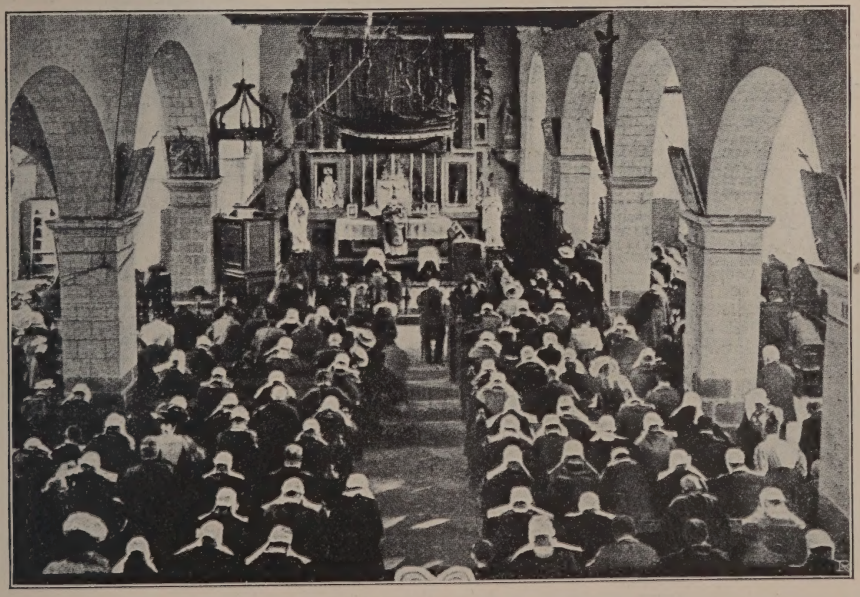
MASS ON MOUNT TABOR.

* "History of the Mass,"— O'Brien, page 10

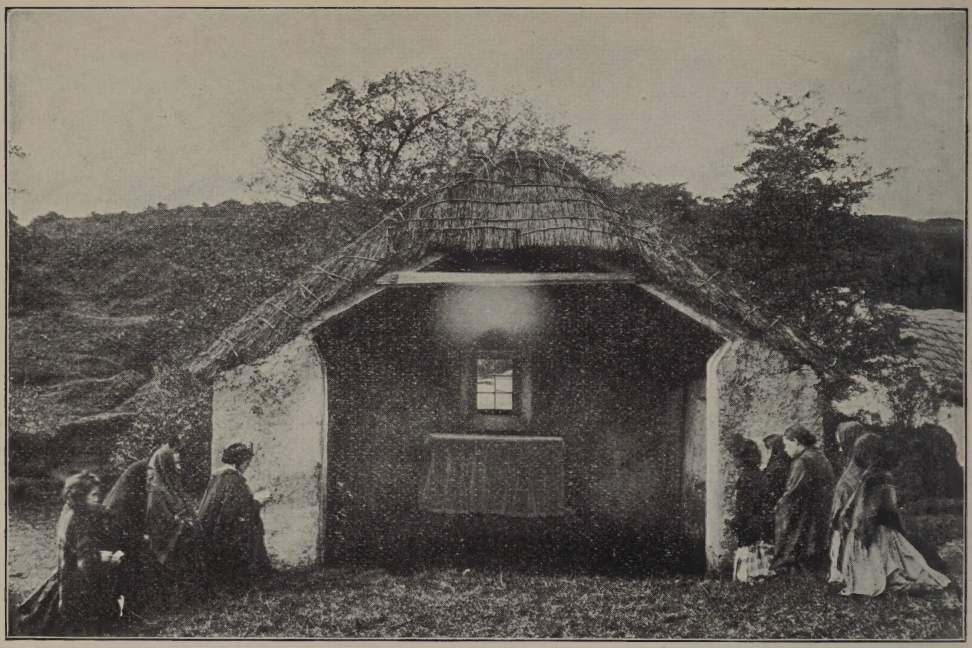
MASS UNDER A TENT.
In the desert, far from the civilized world, some explorers attend Mass, celebrated by a Missionary.

geous displays of ritual is to be witnessed in Russia at the Midnight Mass of Easter. At twelve o'clock all the bells of the Kremlin begin to toll, and all the other bells in Moscow immediately answer, whereupon every inhabitant awakes and repairs to church to hear of the risen Saviour. Every window has a light, and a torch burns at the corner of every street; the whole city is in a blaze; the great tower of the Cathedral is illuminated from base to summit with myriads of lights, and lights burn in the hands of every man, woman and child. The scene defies description. The most costly vestments are worn and nothing is spared to make the ceremonies worthy of the great occasion.

Dr. Lingard in his "History of the Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church" speaks as follows of the Mass of Judgment:



MASS IN BRITTANY.
Breton women hearing Mass for their husbands, fathers and sons, at sea.



THE LAST SCALAN IN IRELAND.

Three nights before the day appointed for the trial the accused was led to the priest; on the three following mornings he assisted and made his offering at Mass; and during the three days he fasted on bread, herbs, salt, and water. At the Mass on the third day the priest called him to the altar, before the Communion, and adjured him by the God Whom he adored, by the religion which he professed, by the baptism by which he had been regenerated, and by the holy relics which reposed in the church, not to receive the Eucharist or go to the ordeal if his conscience reproached him with the crime of which he had been accused. Holy Communion was then administered with these words: "May this body and blood of our Lord Jesus Christ prove thee

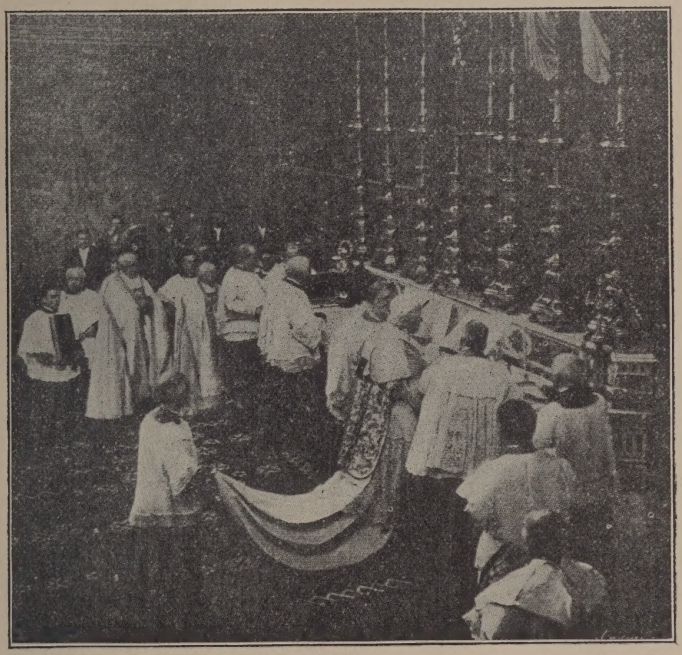
ATTENDING MASS IN IRELAND, AT A MASS-SHED.
These sheds replaced the Mass-Rock used in Penal Days; the last one was replaced by a chapel some years ago

innocent or guilty this day." When Mass was finished, the accused was again expected to deny the charge, and take the following oath: "In the Lord I am guiltless both in word and deed of the crime of which I am accused."

Dr. Lingard remarks that the practice of ordeal prevailed among all the northern nations that embraced Christianity after the fifth century. But Masses of Judgment were by no means confined to the illiterate or to those newly emerging from barbarism. The most cultivated and civilized had recourse to them, and they were in vogue among some of the most refined nations of Europe.

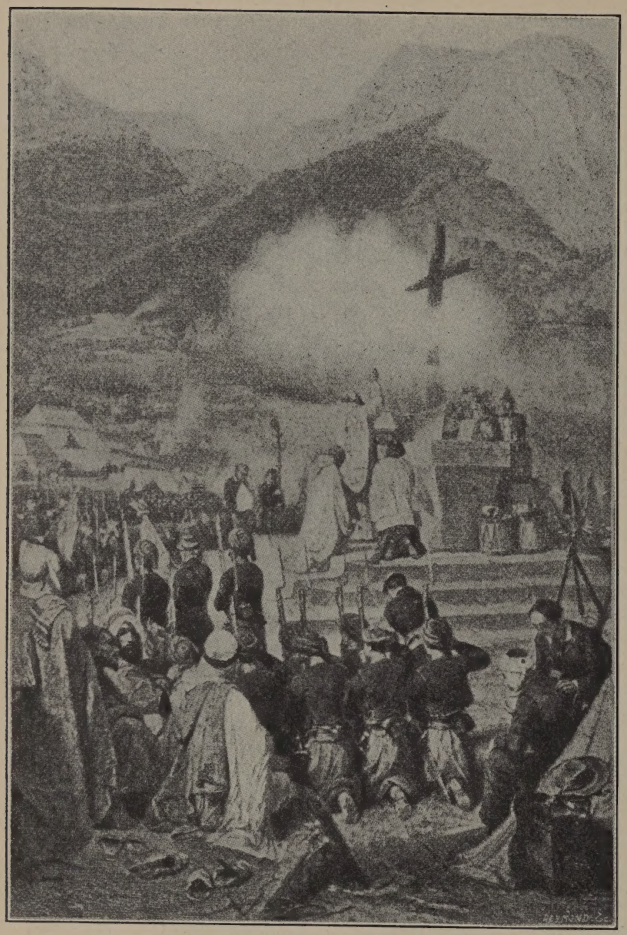
This practice of detecting crime by having immediate recourse to God, through the Holy Mass, was never directly sanctioned by the supreme authority of the Church, and was permitted only because of the great difficulty of suppressing it at once. Pope Gregory condemned it in 592, the Council of Worms in 829, Pope Nicholas in 858, and Pope St. Stephen also condemned it, as did several other popes and Councils. Masses of this kind are now unknown in the Church.

In London an old usage is still honored by the Catholic members of the Bench and Bar, who attend, in full robes, the Red Mass on the opening of the courts after the Long Vacation every year. It is a magnificent and impressive spectacle, the red vestments of the priest contrasting harmoniously with the ermine of the judges and the dark robes of the barristers. In 1904 for the first time this historic service was transferred from the Sardinian Chapel to the Cathedral of Westminster.



POPE PIUS X. SAYING MASS IN THE SISTINE CHAPEL.

It is difficult to conceive the extent of



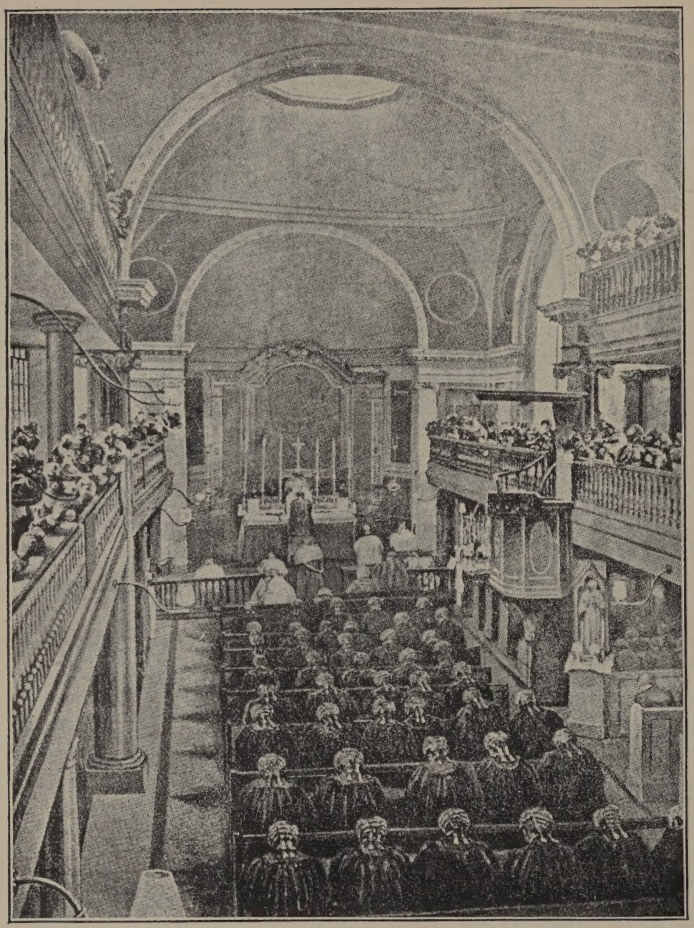
THE MASS CELEBRATED FOR THE FRENCH ARMY IN THE HEART OF AFRICA.

the progress made in according liberty of conscience in England since the penal days when priests were hunted down and hanged for no greater offence than ministering to the desire of the faithful to hear Mass. At that time the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was considered treason to the British Government, and yet there were thousands of priests who risked their lives to keep the lamp of faith burning. While the Christmas Mass was being celebrated before a stone altar on the mountain side or in the inward recesses of some cave in Ireland a band of peasants watched at the entrance, and scouts were posted miles away on the hillsides straining their eyes to see if the soldiers were approaching.

Over the "Mass rocks" on which the fugitive priest had celebrated Mass, sheds were built after the penal laws had been relaxed, and outside these humble shelters of the Divine Guest the devout Irish knelt or stood as the ceremonies of the Mass went on. Rain or shine, it mattered not; their fervor was unabated. When better times came to them the humble *scalan* or "Mass shed" was replaced by the country chapel, a more fitting abode for the Host. Now the stately cathedrals and noble churches in city and town, all over Ireland, recall the time when the abbeys and churches flourished before evil days came to the country. Spain has been favored by being permitted to retain certain customs of great antiquity in religious ceremonies on the greater festivals. Thus the Midnight Mass of Christmas is sung with accompaniments of tambourines, castenets, bells, bugles and bird whistles.

The passing of the Blessed Sacrament as it is borne to the sick is unfailingly honored by these Spanish Catholics whose devotion to the Eucharist is very great. The tinkle of the bell announcing the approach of the priest with the Host is the signal for all to fall on their knees in adoration, and even the little children,

THE NIGHT-WORKERS' MASS IN ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, NEW YORK.

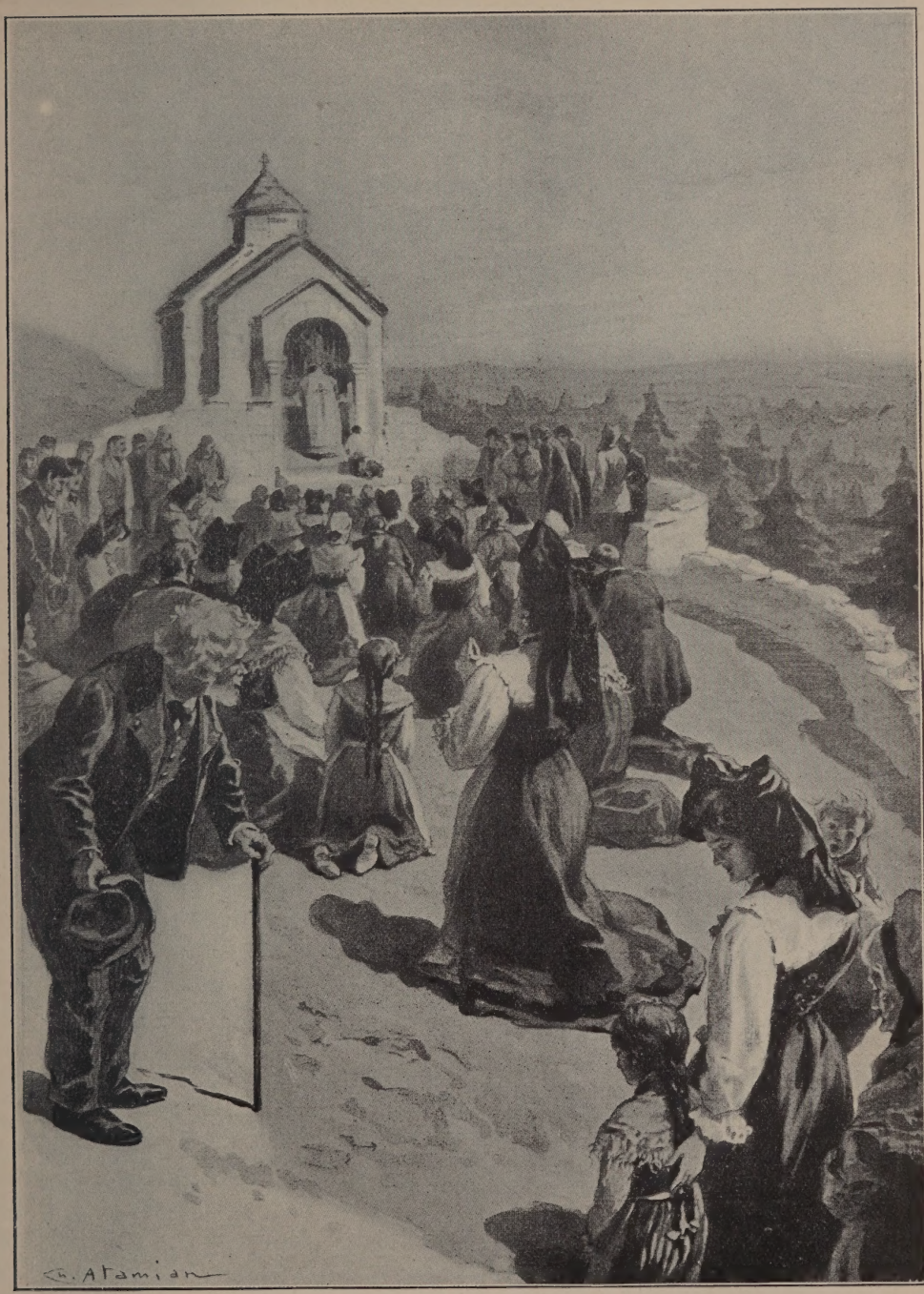


CATHOLIC MEMBERS OF THE BENCH AND BAR
Attending "the Red Mass" at the Chapel of the Ambassadors, London, England.

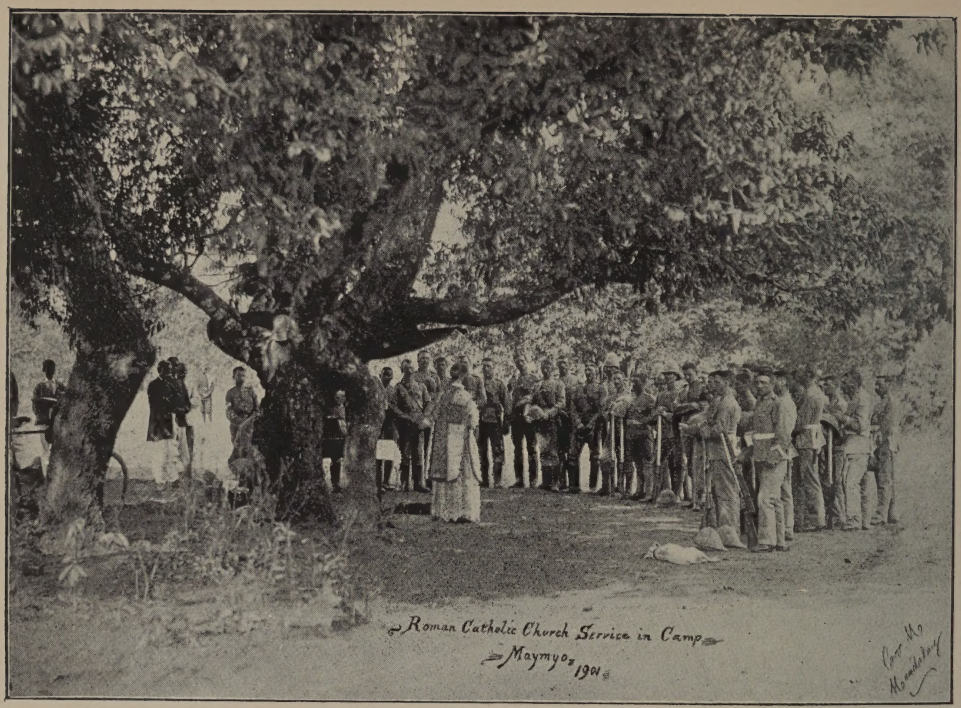
gathered in groups at the church door, whisper reverently "His Majesty is going out." In Seville a curious custom, the Dance of the Seises, is still observed.

The dancers were chosen from among the choir boys; and under different Popes the custom of having them take part in the ceremony was given open sanction. Pope Eugenius even ordered that a sum should be set apart to provide a fund to aid in supporting the boy dancers. A traveler in Spain who was present at this ceremony a few years ago says: "Its origin and the reason of its being danced in the Cathedral of Seville and no where else are only to be conjectured, and some difficulty is found in trying to discover the exact time of its first performance. It is generally believed to be an imitation of David's joyful dance before the sacred ark, or perhaps the symbolical "playing of the angels before the throne of the Most High." It takes place in the evening after Vespers have been chanted, not actually in the sanctuary of the cathedral but in front of an immense altar erected for the purpose. At the present day the children wear the costume of Spanish pages of the seventeenth century. "It is quite impossible to describe the impression this strange and unique ceremony makes on the mind; the sound of those fresh young voices ringing through the vaulted cathedral, the click of the castenets, the throng of silent spectators, and the presence of the Archbishop, canons, and clergy, all in their richest choir vestments, combine to render the scene imposing, nay almost sacred."

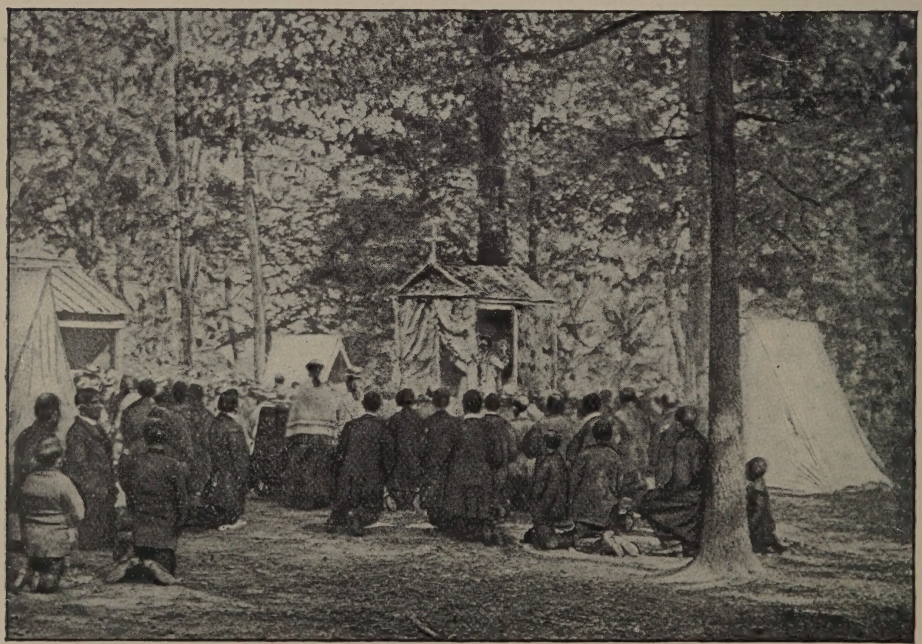
The Catholic sovereign of Spain sets an example to the laity in his attendance at public worship, whether in the



MASS AT A WAYSIDE SHRINE IN ALSACE.



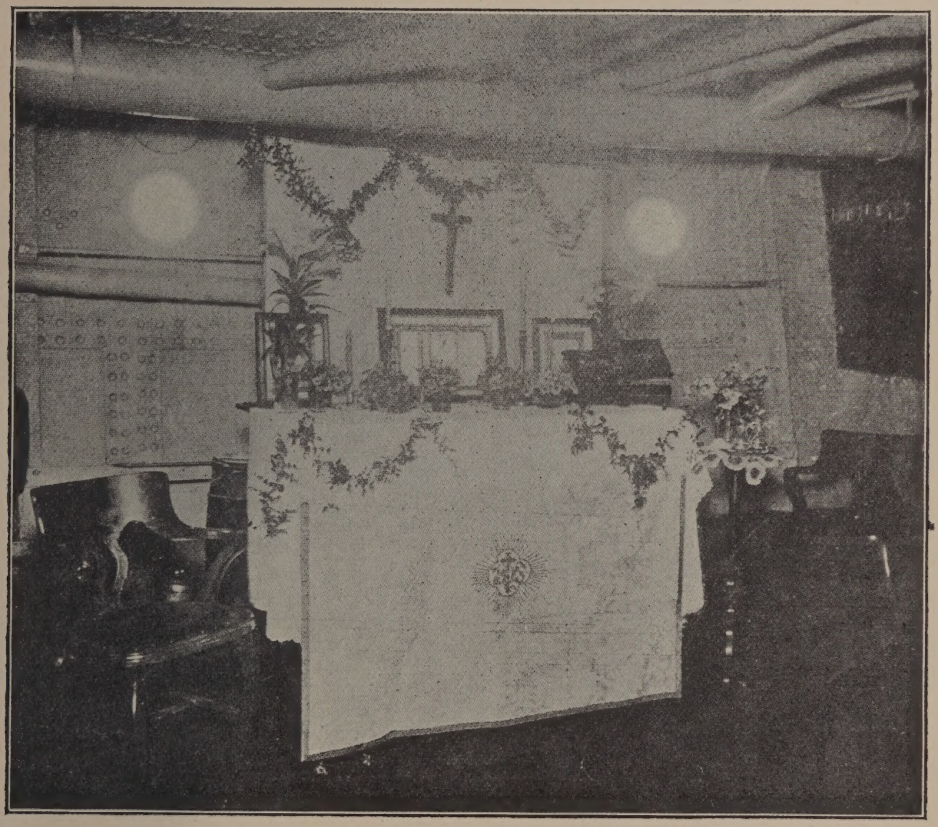
MASS IN CAMP, AT MAYMYO, INDIA.



MASS OF THANKSGIVING IN FATHER MATHEW CAMP, MEMPHIS, TENN., AFTER THE YELLOW FEVER ABATED, 1878

Cathedral of Madrid or in the open air at St. Sebastian, where Mass is said with the mountains as a background, and the sea rolling in at the feet of the worshippers.

The wayside celebration of the Mass, such as that at St. Odile at Alsace, where in the spring of each year betrothed lovers, accompanied by their parents and friends, ascend the mountain to the little chapel among the clouds to beg God's blessing on their future, affords a strong contrast to the offering up of the Sacrifice in the churches of the great cities such as at the Madeleine in gay Paris, where wealth and elegance mark the appearance of the devotees. And yet the same spirit animates all though possibly a greater fervor attends on the celebration where the Mass is held under unusual conditions, as in the open-air sanctuary of the Orient where Catholics far from home gather on a sun-burned earthen mound to assist at Mass under a tent on the desert plain, or in the little village church in Brittany where mothers and wives and daughters gather to pray for the safety of their men at sea.



CHURCH "RIGGED" ALTAR,
Prepared for Mass on board the "Maine," the battleship blown up in Havana Harbor.

LEAVING THE MADELIENE, PARIS, AFTER HIGH MASS.

THE FISHERMEN'S HOSPITAL SHIP.

BY THE REV. EDWARD F. CURRAN.

Although the Church in France is groaning under the tyranny of Freemasons and atheists, Catholicity shows its strength in quite unexpected ways. We on this side of the Atlantic cannot very well understand the apathy of the French people and the apparent cowardice of those who are truly Catholic. It is difficult to find a convincing explanation of their carelessness, or whatever else we may term it. But just as we are giving expression to strong language over the backwardness and lukewarmness of French Catholics, we are rudely checked by a striking example of the sacrifices some few of them make for the benefit of religion and mankind. One such example is the work of a band of earnest and philanthropic men and women gathered together in a society known as *La Societe des Œuvres de Mer*, generally called *Œuvres de Mer*.

France, like most maritime countries, not only protects herself by her ships but finds for a considerable number of her population a means of livelihood in the sea. Practically all her northern seaboard is inhabited by those who toil on the water, and it is also mostly from them that she has in the past drawn the supply for her navy, that built up her prestige as a power among the nations. In addition to these she has a small but important population living after the same manner in her only American colony—Saint Pierre-Miquelon,—a few miles south of our Newfoundland shores. For centuries the Bretons have come out on the Atlantic from France, and it was owing chiefly to their visits that the French flag was ever planted on American soil. These things are now almost forgotten in the hurly-burly of modern time, and the part that the hardy fishermen of Brittany played for the fatherland is passed over in silence.

Just as the Bretons were found, shortly after Jacques Cartier and John Cabot sailed these waters, among the fishermen of the various Latin nations, so to-day they are to be seen on the Grand Banks of Newfoundland following

THE ST. FRANCOIS D'ASSISE AT ROUEN, MARCH, 1907.

THE ST. FRANCOIS D'ASSISE LEAVING HAVRE, SPRING, 1906.

out the traditions of their sires of the sixteenth century. Tradition is a hard thing to fight against in a people, and it appears to have been a particularly stubborn one that held the Bretons for centuries in the clutches of scheming merchants. I question if they are entirely free at present. By a peculiar decree of fate they have been subjected to modes and manners of doing things that have caused them incalculable sorrow and suffering. They have been the unhappy media of keeping up a set of fishing merchants in France whose only aim was money-making, and who appeared to be callous to the sufferings of the men who made the money for them.

It is only now that the ships which annually come out from France are having anything like attention paid to them. But the old lumbering, barge-like hulks that were good enough two centuries ago can even now be seen wearily making their way to the fisheries, only, perhaps, to spring a leak and be abandoned or set on fire. It was but quite recently that the modern idea of using a cable for mooring was introduced among those ships. A few years ago they rode their anchors with immense chains, having links over eight inches long, and sometimes in a storm these chains would tear through the hawse-pipes and cutting the ship down, sink her. The Saint Pierre bankers, however, are up-to-date American schooners, and very capable vessels for their work.

Not much imagination is required to form a picture of the life of French fishermen on the Banks when we remember that for nearly seven months they are absent from home. The Iceland fleet, which comprises about 5,000 men, leaves France in February and remains at Iceland until the Autumn; and the Newfoundland fleet, in which there are close on 10,000 men, spends several months on the Grand Banks. Considering, in addition to this length of time, that the ships are out of date, and—to say the least—not very hygienic, and that numbers of fishermen are shipped who should be

under the doctor's care in hospital at home, the condition at Iceland and on the Banks may be imagined in some degree. But no one save persons in touch with the fisheries can fully comprehend the terrible sufferings these poor creatures undergo while they slave on their vessels.

Up to the year 1894 no attempt was made to alleviate those sufferings. There were but two places that the sick and injured could be treated. One, a small hospital at Reykjavik in Iceland, and another at Saint Pierre. While the 15,000 fishers of the Iceland and Newfoundland fleets were totally neglected, observant Catholics in France saw that the Protestant peoples were doing their duty and following up the fishing vessels, giving religious and medical aid to the fishermen. It became evident that something on similar lines should be started in France. England was doing heroic service to the fishermen of the North Sea by ship hospitals connected with the *Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen*. There was no doubt at all about the thoroughness and efficiency, or success, of the work. And the fact that the Mission had sent out a ship to Labrador, quite close to what was then known as the French Shore of Newfoundland, awakened interested persons in France to the absolute need of something being immediately done on French and Catholic lines.

LOWERING A SICK PERSON OVER THE SIDE OF THE SHIP.

The Assumptionist Fathers of Paris took up the idea, and on the third of December, 1894, the movement for assisting the fishermen in Iceland and on the Banks was inaugurated. It was placed under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin and St. Francis Xavier, on whose feast the meeting was held. Naturally one should expect that naval men would be the first to come forward and show sympathy for the proposed work, for if any persons could see the necessity of assist-

ing the fisher-folk it should be those whose duty of patrolling the fisheries brought them continually among the vessels. Expectations were realized; officers of the navy came forward. The first president was Vice-Admiral Lafont (now an honorary president with Cardinal Richard) and with him were associated four admirals and a number of captains. Representatives also came from the maritime departments. From this meeting the movement began and has been growing in prosperity and usefulness each succeeding year, though it has met three serious set-backs.

The constitution of the *Œuvres de Mer* is simple. It is made up of four classes of persons,—benefactors, founders, chief subscribers, donors. These terms are applied according to the sum given to the society. Benefactors are those who make a very generous gift, or render some important service; founders are those who either give 500 francs ($100) or an annual donation of 100 francs at least. Principal subscribers are those who give 100 francs or a minimum annual subscription of twenty francs. And those who give a sum less than 100 francs are termed donors. Benefactors, founders and principal subscribers have their names published every year in the report of the society.

The society is governed by a council elected by a general meeting, and holding office for five years. In the statutes it is laid down that, owing to the nature of the work engaged in, at least one ecclesiastic should be elected. Apart from the honorary presidents there are at present twenty-five on the council, one priest only being among the number.

Ladies are admitted to membership of the society, and have availed of the privilege to a great extent. There are some thirty-two committees of them under the honorary presidentship of Mme. Felix Faure and Mme. Emile Loubet, wives of two former presidents of the Republic. Each committee has a separate honorary president a president, vice-president, and secretary-treasurer. These committees

TAKING AWAY MAIL FROM THE HOSPITAL SHIP.

PANORAMA OF ST. PIERRE.

are scattered all over France, and are actively engaged in assisting on the work. Some of them are of small proportions, numbering something like half a dozen members—as at Pau; others have a large membership, such as the one at Paris (38, rue de Berlin), which counts eighty-three ladies. These committees by their sympathy and active participation assist the agitation that the society has started for the amelioration of the fisherman's life. Private interests and money grabbing tempt the outfitters of the fishing fleets to retain the old traditions of sending out men to fish in old rotten hulks that are unsanitary and filthy. Against this state of things the society have agitated, and with some modicum of success.

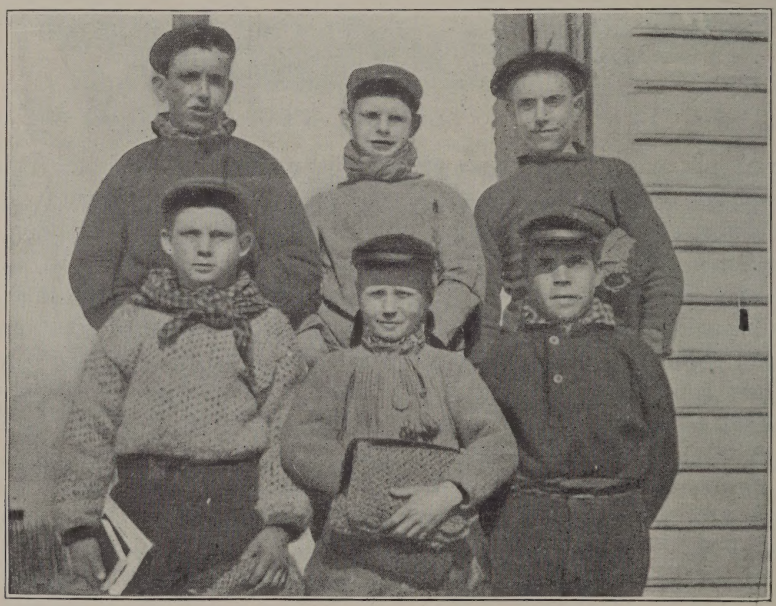
"The Society of *Œuvres de Mer*, founded in December, 1894, has as its object the material, medical, moral and religious aiding of French seamen and those of other nationalities, and particularly those who devote themselves to deep sea fishing." From this—the first statute of the society—it can be seen that the *Œuvres de Mer* do not restrict themselves to helping French fishermen, but are ready to extend a hand to all-comers who may need it. This will become quite evident when I quote some statistics of aid given. Of such great importance is this aid that the United States Consul and the British Consular Agent at Saint Pierre expressed themselves in no half-hearted way about the benefits that are derived from the society's work.

Mr. Fraser, United States Consul at Saint Pierre, in a letter dated October 27th, 1906, speaks highly of the work and declares that the good done is incalculable, noting that several American fishermen availed of the assistance and kindness of the *Œuvres de Mer*. While Mr. Woodhouse, English Consular Agent, in his "Report on the Trade and Commerce of St. Pierre and Miquelon for the year 1905," says:

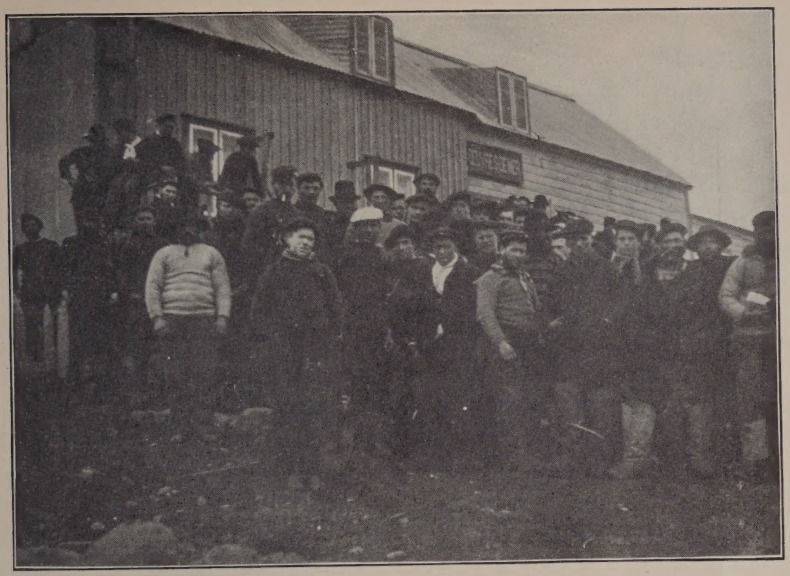
> "The Saint Francois d'Assise usually frequents the Banks during the summer. This is the only vessel, I think, that comes to these waters, and although her main object is to attend to the French fishermen, whose privations at sea are great and their ailments many, sick seamen of any nationality are taken on board and medically treated gratuitously. During the past season a number of fishing vessels under the British flag were visited, and great credit is due her captain and doctor for their kindness to the seamen whose wants were attended to so willingly."

The *St. Francois d'Assise*, referred to by Mr. Woodhouse, is the hospital ship of the society. From the start it was seen that only by means of floating hospitals could real assistance be given the fishermen. The second article of the statutes of the *Œuvres de Mer* lays down that on each hospital ship there is to be a doctor and chaplain, besides those engaged in working the ship. The idea of such a ship was received enthusiastically by the Catholics of France, whose donations made it possible for the first hospital ship—*Saint Pierre*—to be blessed on March 16th, 1896, at Saint Servan. But disaster followed almost immediately. On May 29th, the ship was wrecked and lost, the crew being saved, at Island Head, near Cape St. Mary's, on the southern coast of Newfoundland. It was a great blow to the Mission, but the charity of its well-wishers at once provided funds to build two new ships which sailed the following year, one of them intended for Iceland, the other for the Banks.

The one huge blunder the Society made was to allow a sailing ship to go on such a mission, particularly on the Newfoundland coasts. It is surprising that the naval advisers of the council would agree to such an undertaking. For anybody who knows the dangerous tides, currents, and treacherous winds of our coasts at certain seasons of the year, not to speak of ice,—could not expect a sailing vessel to do the work its mission of charity demanded. Sad experience taught the Society a lesson they should have avoided. The same spring, 1897, both ships were damaged. The *Saint Pierre* (2nd) had a collision on the Banks; the *Saint Paul* ran ashore on the coast of Iceland, on March 30th, but was eventually saved. Two years afterwards she was lost on the same coast. Then it became apparent that a steamer was absolutely necessary



MOUSSES—SHIP'S BOYS.



FISHERMEN AT THE MAISON, FASKRUDSFJORD, ICELAND.

for the work. Accordingly, the *St. Francois d'Assise* was built. It was the generous gift of an anonymous sympathizer of the Society.

This vessel is specially designed for hospital work, being a splendidly-equipped three-masted steamer, with sails in addition. She is about 160 feet long; of 600 tons burden and 350 horse-power. She carries on board twenty-seven men, all told. The fittings of the ship are of the finest type, and calculated to give the greatest comfort to the poor afflicted fishermen who may have to seek aid on board. Thirty-six beds are in the hospital ward; and a fumigating department deals with bedding and clothing of persons afflicted with infectious diseases. There are, besides, hot baths, a surgery and dispensary, accommodation for convalescents, and a department for shipwrecked sailors who may be picked up during the cruises of the hospital ship.

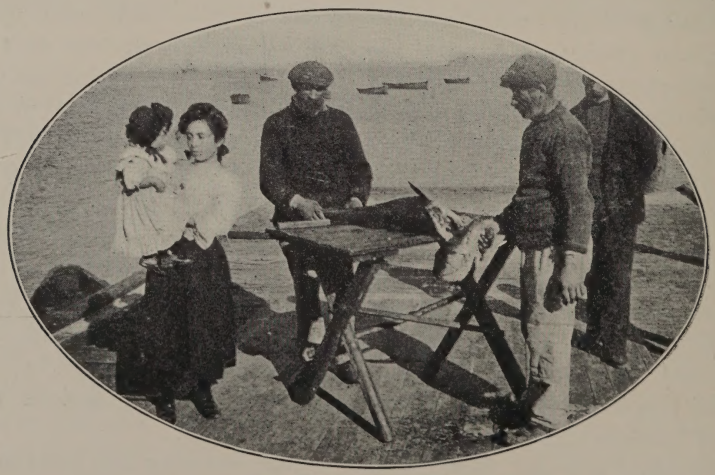
The ills of fishermen, and particularly French fishermen, are not few. One malady is very common to all salt-water fishermen; from the brine of the water, and the rubbing of wet garments coupled with exposure to chilling winds, ulcers—commonly known among Newfoundland fishermen as "water-whelps"—come upon the hands and arms. These if not attended to become at times serious, and result in a great loss of time. What, then, must be the condition of those unfortunates who for months are away from all medical aid, and who by their continual working are not only keeping inflamed but actually increasing the region of the ulcers? This is but one malady, though the commonest. There are, in addition, scurvy, arising from want of fresh vegetables; typhoid and typhus fevers; accidents from fish bones and hooks; crushed and broken limbs; chills; pleurisy; consumption. For the most part no ailment nor accident to a fisherman on the Banks can be called trivial. At any moment serious consequences may develop.

But, one may ask, has the *St. Francois d'Assise* proved her worth, and demon-

strated the necessity of her existence? Beyond a doubt, as I shall now endeavor to show. First of all, the fishing vessels have no longer to face the alternative of losing hundreds of dollars or perhaps losing a man through sickness. Before the advent of the hospital ship, if a sick man had to be brought to port it became a serious consideration, for considerable time would be lost, and perhaps the biggest catch of fish missed. But now there is no more trouble, the *St. Francois d'Assise* cruises among the vessels and takes away the sick and wounded. When she is cruising at Iceland she transfers her sick to the hospital at either Faskrudsfjord or Revkjavik. Up to the end of the fishing season of 1904 these institutions were under the care of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Chambery. That at Faskrudsfjord had, up to 1902, received a small subsidy from the French Government; but it then ceased and the hospital would have been closed were it not that the *Œuvres de Mer* undertook to give it some support. But now in order to kill out these religious institutions the French Government have built hospitals of their own at these two towns. Such is their hatred of religion that they have gone to this useless expense, for the two existing hospitals under the Sisters were more than able to cope with the wants of the fishermen.

From the Banks the sick are brought to hospital at Saint Pierre. When they have recovered from their illness they are again embarked on their vessels; and if they become incurables they are brought back to France. No one is ever abandoned. The greatest care is taken of all from the youngest *mousse* (ship boy)—whose lot is little better than that of the old-time slaves of the Southern States—to the oldest salt that rheumatism has bent in two.

Last year the *St. Francois d'Assise* left Dunquerque on March 21st and arrived at Faskrudsfjord on the 31st. On April 5th, she began her mission among the Iceland fleet, coming upon the vessels about twelve days later. Up to May 5th—when she left for the Banks of Newfoundland—she communicated with 166 ships; placed eight men in the ship's hospital (their stay totaling sixty days); gave



PREPARING FISH FOR CURING.

eighty-nine medical consultations, and dispensed gratuitously medicine to twenty-three persons. Arriving on the Banks May 17th, she immediately began her work, and from that date to September 9th she made five cruises. In these she held communications with 617 fishing vessels, of which eleven were Newfoundlanders, four Portuguese, and one American. Seventy sick men were placed in the hospital ward (their stay totalling 904 days); twenty-six were saved from shipwreck; 227 consultations were given by the doctor, and medicine was given to ninety-three persons.

As great as this work is the Society does not confine itself to it but helps the fishermen in other ways. The *St. Francois d'Assise* also distributes and receives the mail of the vessels. This work—and the Society insists on its value—is entrusted to the priest on board the hospital ship. No appointment could show a nicer sense of appropriateness under the circumstances in which the mail is delivered and received. A couple of months away from home often brings great changes, either of joy or sorrow. If the latter, and the news be borne by letter, the priest is on the spot to give consolation to the poor afflicted fisher. And we must remember that the places from which the French fishermen come are still thoroughly Catholic. So that there is a singular fitness in having the priest act as mail officer when the letters are delivered out on the ocean. The following table will show what use has been made of the boon since the year 1897:

LETTERS DELIVERED AND RECEIVED FROM 1897 to 1906.

1897—Newfoundland, 1,302.
1898—Newfoundland, 5,929; Iceland, 118 (ships served).
1899—Newfoundland, 9,831.
1900—Newfoundland, 11,281.
1901—Newfoundland, 16,195; Iceland, 483.
1902—Newfoundland, 20,365; Icel'd, 1,950.
1903—Newfoundland, 20,245.
1904—Newfoundland, 22,835; Iceland, 529.
1905—Newfoundland, 29,421; Icel'd, 2,149.
1906—Newfoundland, 29,815; Icel'd, 5,000.

Total, 176,448.

And the work is even further extended. For the very moment the fisherman touches land the *Œuvres de Mer* are ready to receive him with open arms, and give him every assistance. For this end they have established a *Maison* (what we would call a sailors' club) at Saint Pierre and at Faskrudsfjord. To these places the fisherman may direct his steps and find comfort and pleasure. Each *Maison* is under the direction of a priest who leaves nothing undone to make the place a real home for his visitors. All are welcome. There is neither distinction of religion nor nationality. The *Maisons* are open every day from 6 a. m. to 12 o'clock noon, then again from 2 p. m. to 10 p. m. At 9.30 each evening prayers are recited in public by the Director.

It is principally at these *Maisons* that the fishermen write their letters home. Note paper, envelopes, pens and ink are placed freely at their disposal, and should it happen that one who cannot write wishes to communicate with his friends or relatives in France he has only to call upon the priest in charge who will either write the letter himself or procure a person to do so. This is a great act of kindness and cannot be praised too highly. Only those who deal with poor immigrants know their helplessness and sorrow when they find themselves away from home unable to communicate with their friends. In such cases timidity and delicacy keep them back from asking the services of strangers. But the poorest Catholic can turn to his priest

when it is made known publicly—as at the *Maison*—that it is nothing but a great pleasure for him to be of assistance to all comers in this particular matter.

At Saint Pierre intemperance is the great enemy of the fisherman. Everything is done to attract him to the saloons—in the form of cafes—where he is served with the vilest form of liquor known on the eastern Atlantic seaboard. Against the vice of intemperance the *Œuvres de Mer* have waged an incessant warfare, and have attained great success. By every means, such as picture-posters, literature, advice, the Director of the *Maison* preaches an anti-alcohol crusade. With the exception of a beverage made from eucalyptus leaves and given to those afflicted with rheumatism no kind of drink is permitted except cocoa, which is given in generous quantities. The fishermen have come to see the benefit of this crusade, and they crowd the *Maison* at every possible opportunity. But, as in the days of the Master, Pharisees have been found, who cry out in their hypocrisy against this *Maison* at Saint Pierre. And like those of old the accusations are senseless and unfounded. One complaint was that the *Maison* sheltered deserters from the fishing vessels; another was that the *Maison* served as a good excuse to the men to come ashore and get drunk. The first objection everybody knew to be stupid, for the *Maison* would be the very first place to which the police would make, and a sensible deserter would keep as far away as he could from the home. The second, time has disposed of. It can now be shown by statistics that since the *Œuvres de Mer* began their crusade against alcohol matters have mended considerably in Saint Pierre. According to the official reports of the French Government the number of drowning accidents due to liquor—drunken men falling overboard and being drowned while going to their vessels — from 1892 to 1896 was sixty-seven. The following year the *Maison* began its work and up to 1901 (an equal period of years) the number had fallen to 36. Besides this cold testimonial of figures there have been heard the voices of men who know best what they speak of,—the fishing outfitters or merchants. Some of these have testified in writing to the enormous amount of good the *Maison* has done for the welfare of the fishermen.

At the *Maison* there is also a library, where good books, illustrated papers and magazines and newspapers are read and distributed to the men. And even a small paper called *le Terra Neuvas* is published, and like everything else is free for the asking. It is in great demand. Moreover, amusements such as tableaux vivants, concerts, gramophone exhibitions, monologues, and dialogues, played by the younger fishers, are of frequent occurrence. These entertainments keep the men from the many dangers common to seaport towns, for instead of passing an evening drunk and in the companionship of the dissolute, they receive both innocent pleasure and useful instruction. How much they appreciate the *Maison* will be seen from the numbers who visit it. Last year 21,269 men, and 1,003 captains and others made visits. Since its foundation 392,958 fishermen and 15,868 captains and others have entered its doors. At Iceland 11,270 men made use of the *Maison* last year. Certainly not a bad showing.

To any person it will be evident that considerable funds must be available for a work that is so generously carried on. Only a few years have gone by since the

foundation of the Society, yet it has spread its wings to an enormous extent. But the demands will become greater as the work becomes better known. Even now difficulty, or, perhaps I should say, a consciousness of limitation in effort is felt by the *Œuvres de Mer* in performing as they would wish the work of aiding the fishermen. They see that there is quite sufficient work for a hospital ship at Iceland alone, and that they cannot possibly carry out the aims of the Society as perfectly as they desire by hurrying away to the Grand Banks early in May each year. Already the fiat has gone forth that a ship must be provided for Iceland and the *St. Francois d'Assise* confined to doing duty among the Atlantic fishing fleet. For this funds must be had.

The only means of support the Society enjoys is derived from voluntary subscriptions, and an annual subsidy of $1,200 from the French Government. But of the latter they have not the least certainty. When the Society was founded, the French Government as well as the merchants who had a particular interest in the deep sea fisheries, saw that much good was to accrue from the proposed work. Hence a subsidy of $4,000 was given.

Then came along the Combes ministry with Pelletan as Minister of Marine. The Catholic world can recall the memory of this persecutor, who left no stone unturned to do what a more recent French charlatan boasts to have achieved—the casting out of God from the navy. It must have been an outrage in the eyes of Pelletan to have a hospital ship with the cross of Christ floating from her main, and an emissary of Rome on her decks sailing about helping the sick and the wounded. So he calmly crossed out the Government subsidy and threw the *Œuvres de Mer* on their own resources. When he shook the dust of the Ministry of Marine from his shoes, his successor, M. Thomson, evidently seeing the injustice of the act, renewed the subsidy, but only to the amount of $1,200. Thus it remains, but for how long nobody can venture to say. The Society, if one may judge by its reports, appears sanguine of ultimately getting a substantial recognition of its work. Some hope there may be, but to outsiders the opposite seems much more likely.

A faint hope may be based, perhaps, on the fact that the Society is recognized by the Government as being of "Public Utility." A decree to this effect was granted in 1898. From this the Society enjoys several advantages in the sight of the law, one being that it is lawful for it to receive legacies. Again, subscriptions from public companies or trusts become an easy matter, since, I believe, the Government of France keeps a sharp eye on the accounts of such companies. But what are testaments and last wills, and decrees, or even the common rights and liberties of man to a persecuting gang who with a stroke of the pen erase laws and concordats, and with a roll of the tongue and a puff of the breath have quenched the lights of heaven;—never to be again relighted! To English-speaking Catholics a decree like that granted to the *Œuvres de Mer* appears to be a perfect farce. Still our French co-religionists do not, or pretend they do not, see the possible blows they may receive from the Government.*

*A lesson can be learned from the confiscation of the "Clerical Relief Funds," which were recognized by Decree as works of Public Utility. M. Dédé, a French lawyer, has gone to the trouble of publishing a pamphlet to prove that the Government could not legally seize the funds. There the matter has ended.

When the latter are finished with training siege guns on convents of defenceless women, and marching with fixed bayonets to drive out a few shivering orphans, perhaps they will send the Atlantic squadron to seize the priest on board the *St. Francois d'Assise.* Who knows; a black soutane has great terrors for the government of modern France.

Casting aside, then, the subsidy as a negligible quantity, the work of providing for the future becomes one of anxiety for the enthusiastic admirers of the Society. And where can the Catholic be found who will fail to be an admirer of it? The cry, then, is funds! funds! Perhaps some of my readers may have the spare mite. If so, and if they wish to help in fighting against the machinations of French atheists, and to assuage human grief and suffering, they could not do better than send it to 18 rue de la Tremoille, Paris (VIIIe), the headquarters of the *Societe des Œuvres de Mer.* They can rest assured that by the aid of their subscriptions, no matter how small, the faith of the Breton and the Norman fisherman will be kept alive and much done to awaken Catholicity in France. Money is required for the work, as money is freely, though economically, spent in aiding the poor helpless sick and maimed fisherman, no matter what his nationality may be. In 1906 the receipts were $46,371.50; the expenses came to $37,205.36. The balance will go towards a new ship and to defray winter expenses this year. These sums speak well for the few good Catholics France possesses to-day, and tell their own story of the amount of human suffering alleviated.

TO-DAY.

BY AGNES M'ENERY.

You came to me in the dewy,
Sparkling moments of the morn,
With the fragrance of a thousand
Balmy blossoms, newly born,
And a diadem of starlight
That an empress might have worn.

And you lingered, bright and shining,
Through the hours, though you knew
That my heart was dark and stormy,
With no welcoming for you,
Despite the sweet beguiling
That your winning smile could do.

Now your little reign is over
Ah, that we should never know
Half the worth of simple blessings
Till we see them darkly go,
Where no waft of swift repentance
Can renew their wasted glow!

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

BY AMADEUS, O.S.F.

Ring out, O Christmas Bells,
  In sweetest cadence, ring,—
Thy voice a story tells
  Of our Redeemer—King,
Who came on earth to save
  The world from hell and woe,
And to the nations gave
  A Source whence graces flow.

  Glory to God the Father;
    Glory to Christ, His Son,
  And to the Holy Spirit,
    While endless ages run.

Ring out, O Christmas Bells,—
  Our lives of Him have need,
And, as thy music swells,
  Our pray'rs with thee shall plead
  That Christ come to each heart,—
  That earthly strife shall cease,
That sin and wrong depart.
  And we have love and peace!

  Glory to God the Father;
    Glory to Christ, His Son,
  And to the Holy Spirit,
    While endless ages run.

BETHLEHEM.

BY MARY ALLEGRA GALLAGHER.

When life doth seem a winter drear
  December bitter, cold;
And words unkind like snowflakes fall
  Upon your heart's poor wold,
When breaths of foes as cruel winds
  Blow down love's roses sweet,
Remember you're in Bethlehem
  And kiss the Infant Feet.

THE STORY OF COLUMBIAN KNIGHTHOOD.

BY CHARLES S. O'NEILL.

A quarter of a century ago, ten years before the Columbian exposition in Chicago gave monumental testimony to the nation's appreciation of the quadri-centennial of the discovery of America and the debt owed to the great Genoese navigator whose adventurous spirit revealed to the world the existence of a new continent that was destined to contribute so richly to the benefit of mankind, there was born in the State of Connecticut, to be specific, in the city of New Haven, an organization that was to do more for the perpetuation of the memory of Christopher Columbus than could a multiplication of such expositions, and at the same time contribute immeasurably to the benefit of Catholic manhood, and Catholic fraternalism. The Knights of Columbus, which from the humble foundation then laid has extended its influence from ocean to ocean, from the Canadian northwest to Mexico, aye, even bridged the Pacific to find a fertile field in the Philippines, with a membership of almost 200,000.

There was at the time a spirit abroad in this country to either ignore or belittle the services of Columbus and to confer upon other navigators, among them the Cabots, the glory that belonged to him as the first, and the man whose success gave the inspiration to all succeeding discoveries in this quarter of the globe. A certain touch of the old-time intolerance which at various periods has raised its hydra head in this country was exhibited, and the fact that Columbus was a Catholic, that his voyages were undertaken through the support of the Catholic sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella, was deemed in some narrow but exceedingly noisy circles a sufficient reason for minimizing the value of his work. These would-be perverters of history failed to remember that the so-called Reformation with all its demoralizing, disintergrating and disturbing influences was not known for some years after Columbus had made his discovery, and that like him, John and Sebastian Cabot were Catholics, and that Henry VII. of England who supported their voyages was also a Catholic. His malodorous son who was later to be known as Henry VIII. did not succeed to the throne for some years thereafter.

It was a happy inspiration that moved the founders of the Order. All great and enduring movements, whether fraternal, patriotic or educational, have humble beginnings. A few kindred and appreciative souls are the ones by whom the foundations are laid, and small as may be the beginning the superstructure has an enduring and time-defying base and its growth must inevitably be in proportion to the strength of its appeal to those in whose interest it is intended and to the measure of its worth to the world and mankind. So, too, the time was propitious and thus the hour and the Order

were in happy and harmonious unison for the beginning of an organization for which there was both the need and the place—an organization that was designed to properly attend to the perpetuation of the memory of Columbus and justify its own worth by the splendid fraternal evidence of its work in the world.

The establishing of the Knights of Columbus as a fraternal society originated in the mind of the late Rev. Michael J. McGivney, whose special vocation was the development of Catholic manhood, and whose influence over men was extraordinary. He had studied as a boy under the Jesuit Fathers of Montreal, and had wished to become a member of the Society, but his father absolutely refused his permission; and it was not until some years later, after his father's death, that the youth was given an opportunity to study at St. Mary's, Baltimore. The need of bringing together Catholic laymen in fraternal association was so much in his thoughts, that, after his ordination, ideas that had been long maturing found expression in the incorporation of the Knights of Columbus. At that time Father McGivney had practically the management of the parish of St. Mary's, New Haven; and his unremitting care of all classes, even to the prisoners of the city jail, won for him the gratitude and love of the people. Gathered about him were a group of earnest young men who entered zealously into his plans for the founding of a great Catholic fraternity. Father McGivney's name and the names of his associates in this great work should be blazoned in gold in the history of Columbian Knighthood. Daniel Colwell, then city constable,; William M. Geary, in the office of the civic government; Stephen Maher, a young reporter; John T. McPartland, commercial traveler, and like Mr. Maher a graduate of St. Charles' College, Maryland; C. T. Driscoll and John T. Phelan, both brilliant young lawyers, Edward Downes, the leader of his class at college; Dr. M. C. O'Connor and James T. Mullen, commissioner and alderman; took an active part in the project, and through their subsequent careers proved their worth as Catholic laymen of sterling character.

The small gathering of gentlemen who assembled in Connecticut's chief commercial city and gave the initial momentum to the Order had little idea of the splendid future that lay before the organization they were instrumental in originating. They realized, however, the wisdom and necessity of the work they had undertaken, and were confident that time would justify their recognition of the need of counteracting the spirit of intolerance that would shadow the memory of Columbus, and at the same time of creating an organization that would in the fullest sense be beneficial to the cause of religion, patriotism, and the type of human brotherhood. They likewise realized the need for a fitting outlet for the fraternal spirit among Catholics, a means through which they might derive all the social and material benefit that could be found in the orders open to those of other communions without any infraction of the disciplinary rules of Mother Church, or any sacrifice of conscientious scruples or of the obligations of religious duty.

During the first ten years of the organization's existence its field of effort was confined to the state that gave it birth, but it was inevitable that a body with such assurance of usefulness and honor could not be limited to a single state or

country, even, for it was founded on lines of international benefit, inasmuch as the memory of Columbus is the legacy of mankind. The tie of religion makes the perpetuation of that memory the special honor and pleasure of Catholics, but the entire civilized world has been the beneficiary of his epoch-making service to mankind, even though the western hemisphere has benefited most materially from his discovery. Thus it was especially significant that the most signal and most enduring movement in his honor should be made on this side of the Atlantic in that new world his adventurous daring, coupled with his advanced belief in the rotundity of the globe, revealed to the astounded European mind.

Then came the awakening of the people of this country and of the national government to the duty of recognizing the four hundredth anniversary of its discovery, and the littleness that sought to belittle the service of Columbus sneaked into the shelter of deserved obscurity in the face of the aroused popular sentiment of the nation. This quickening of national recognition broadened the field of labor of the Knights of Columbus and thus the year before the opening of the Columbian exposition, the real anniversary year of America's discovery, 1892, the exposition management being unprepared for the great celebration until the succeeding year, witnessed the extension of the Order, already established in Rhode Island, into Massachusetts by the institution of the pioneer Council for the state at Charlestown. Other states promptly swung into line, the Order even extending to distant Montana; and crossing the border into Canada.

There is such a recognition of the Order's splendid usefulness on the part of members that they are desirous of the fullest extension and the widest enjoyment of the benefits; and thus each one constitutes himself a promulgator of its principles, ready at all times to render all the assistance and encouragement he can toward the institution of new councils and the fullest diffusion of its helpfulness, while the aid of members of the hierarchy and of pastors and curates for the accomplishment of the same happy and uplifting cause has never been withheld. Is it any wonder that once the measureless value of its work was known its extension should be in keeping with this knowledge?

It is not intended in this purely introductory paper to give more than a casual glance at the record of the fruitage of the years, inasmuch as the present contribution is simply prefatory to the series to follow in subsequent issues of this magazine. Neither is it intended that the series shall be a mere recital of statistical material. To present anything like a fair conception of the wonderful progress of the Order, the splendid and striking evidences of accomplishment, demands something more than a dry, diary-like statement of achievement during the quarter of a century, for in the light of the wondrous work accomplished, the splendid record of membership attained and a diffusion of membership and of councils extending even beyond national boundaries, nothing like an adequate idea of the real story of the richly fruitful years would be possible upon such restricted and commonplace lines.

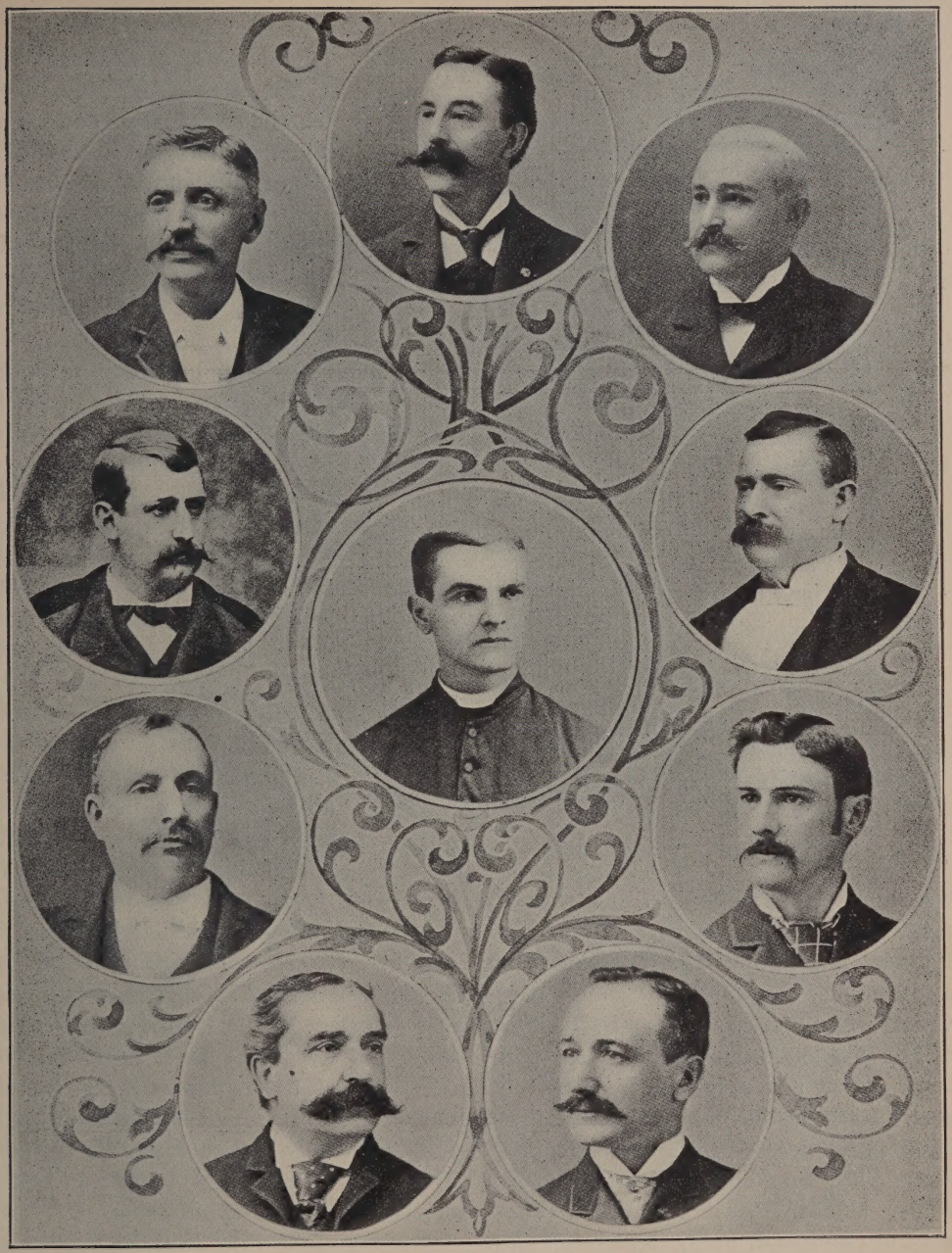
Thus it is more to the purpose in this introductory paper to dwell rather upon the high purposes of the Order, its

REV. MICHAEL J. McGIVNEY.
Founder of the Knights of Columbus.

abounding fidelity to those purposes and the happy response of an appreciative people as shown by its wondrous growth, a growth, nevertheless, encouraging as it may be, and no one familiar with what has been attained can view it in any other aspect than as a marvellous endorsement of the Order's worth, is at the same time merely indicative of the splendid possibilities that the coming years are to reveal in an expansion embracing the entire Catholic world. There can be no mere territorial limits to an organization to which is committed a work of such ennobling character, and that this is being recognized is shown by the way it is already spreading itself beyond the national limits, to Canada on the north and to Mexico on the south.

Two incidents, however, in the history of the Knights of Columbus stand out boldly in the record of the years, and cannot be properly passed over even in a prefatory paper such as this. The first took place on June 29, 1893, on the occasion of the visit to this country of Don Cristobal Colon de Toledo, Duke of Veragua, the lineal descendant of Columbus, in the female line, from the granddaughter of the discoverer, Donna Isabella, the male line of the family becoming extinct with the death of Don Louis, grandson of the great navigator and brother of Donna Isabella. The Duke of Veragua is the inheritor of all the titles and privileges of the famous admiral, and he came to this country as the guest of the nation at the time of the Columbian exposition. At the Hotel Waldorf, New York, on the date above recorded, the Duke was created a Knight of the Grand Cross, the then highest honorary distinction in the Order, the ceremony of investiture being performed by Supreme Knight John J. Phelan, of Connecticut, assisted by the other Supreme officers, and in return the Duke expressed his appreciation of the honor conferred, his pleasure and satisfaction that the name of his great ancestor was to be borne by so worthy a body and at the same time accorded the Knights his full approbation in the use of that name. It was one of the most striking and significant incidents of the exposition year and one of the most pleasurable and memorable associated with the visit to the the United States of the noble representative of the family of Columbus, and it manifested in a most special manner the sincere determination of the Order to be in the most perfect and complete touch with the duty of memory assumed when giving to the Order its name.

The next and far more striking and complimentary incident and one that will ever honor the practical Catholicity of the Order was reserved for 1904, on April 13th of which year there was completed a work that had been conceived and carried to a happy fruition in the presentation of a fund of $50,000 to the Catholic University in Washington for the endowment of a chair of American history in that splendid educational foundation. The occasion of the presentation is one that will long live in the annals of the University and of the Order. It was a proud moment for the Knights when that presentation was being made. In the assemblage of over 10,000 gathered on the University grounds in front of McMahon Hall,—the scene of the inspiring event, was His Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons, Chancellor of the University, arrayed in his scarlet robes of office; Archbishop Elder of Cincinnati,



FOUNDERS ON THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.

William H. Sellwood
James T. Mullen
Michael E. Tracey
William M. Geary
Rev. Michael J. McGivney
Matthew C. O'Connor, M.D.
John T. Kerrigan
Daniel Colwell
James. J. McMahon
Cornelius T Driscoll

JAMES T. MULLEN, First Supreme Knight.

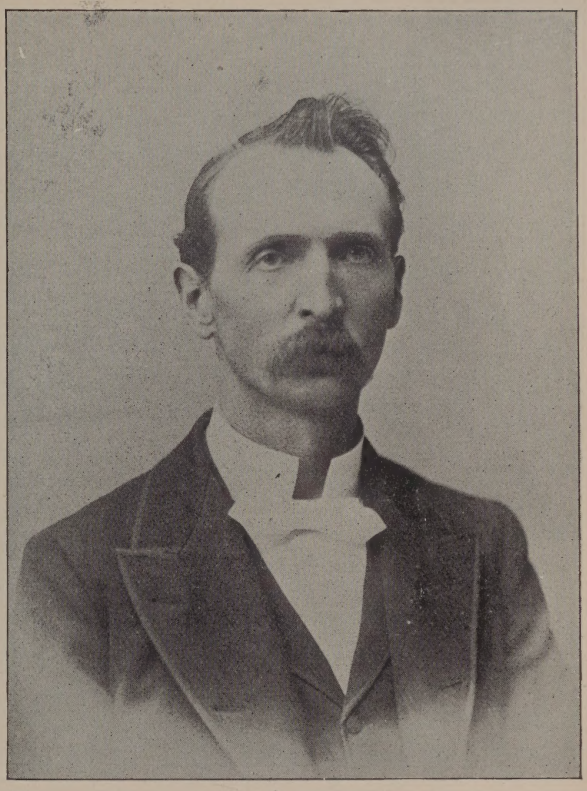
Philadelphia, the welcoming speech of the Very Rev. Rector, the presentation address of Supreme Knight Edward L. Hearn, the speech of acceptance of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, as well as the addresses of Right Rev. Bishop Garrigan and of Corporation Counsel John J. Delaney of New York, but most memorable of all was the gift itself, most elevating the thought of the educational good to be accomplished by it in such elevating custodianship. The occasion was one never to be forgotten by those present, and it marked a new and happy milestone in the history of the Order and one from which the richest and happiest inspirations might well be borrowed for the furtherance of its splendid work for God, country, and mankind. In this connection the committee having charge of the collection of the fund for the endowment of this chair of American history, Messrs. J. C. Pelletier of Massachusetts, C. A. Webber of New York, and James A. Flaherty of Pennsylvania, may well claim the most grateful consideration at the hands of every member of the Order, for they did their duty fully, faithfully and successfully, to their own credit and the everlasting honor of their knightly organization.

who has since passed to his reward; Archbishops Ireland of St. Paul, Ryan of Philadelphia, Farley of New York, Keane of Dubuque, former Rector of the University, Glennon of St. Louis, Riordan of San Francisco, Chappelle of New Orleans, later a martyr to his apostolic zeal during an outbreak of yellow fever in his archdiocese; Bishops Garrigan of Sioux City, Spalding of Peoria, Harkins of Providence, Maes of Covington, Horstman of Cleveland, Foley of Detroit, Mgr. O'Connell, Rector of the University, the members of the faculty, and a body of representative Knights from all parts of the country. Memorable, too, was the prayer on that occasion of Archbishop Ryan of

On February 8th, 1897, a burden of sorrow was imposed upon the Order by the sudden and deeply lamented death of Supreme Knight James E. Hayes, at the Boston City Hospital, where he had submitted to an operation a

few days before. No man in the Order was the object of more universal regard, for he had in him those high qualities of character that commend themselves to the most cordial and enduring friendship, and of him it might well be said, as the poet Halleck said in his lament for his friend, James Rodman Drake,

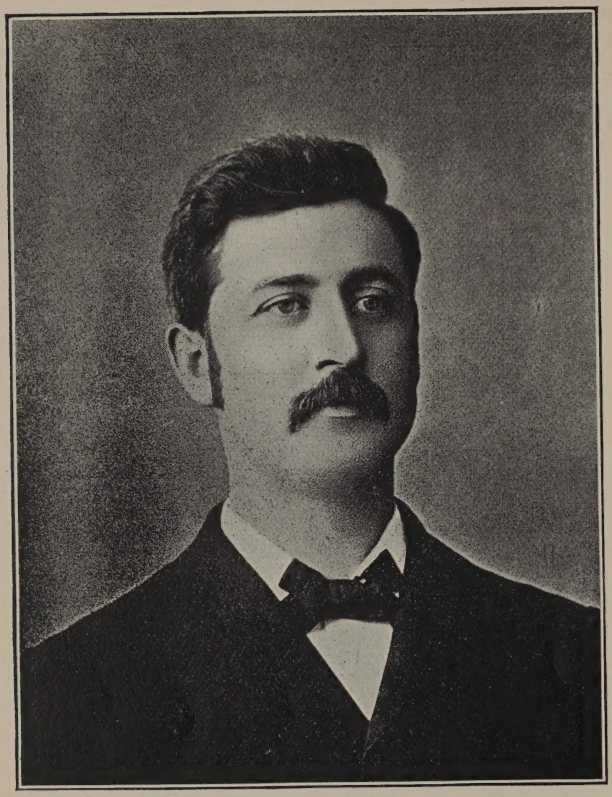
"None knew him but to love him,
None named him but to praise."



JAMES J. PHELAN, Second Supreme Knight.

In his home city and State he had been honored, politically, and at the time of his death was a member of the Massachusetts Senate, while he was likewise identified with the leading Catholic organizations of Boston. No man in Massachusetts had done more for the furtherance of the interests of the Knights of Columbus, he being one of the pioneers in the introduction of the Order here, and one of the most indefatigable workers for its development. He was devoted to the work of encouraging the institution of new Councils and assisting the same, and a vast amount of the credit for the earnestness with which the work of extension here was carried forward was due to his fruitful efforts. He had filled the highest office of the Order in the State before being called to the post of its supreme head, and a void was created by his death that was deeply and sincerely felt. More than one thousand members of the Order, including the most eminent and honored Knights in the country, were in the sad cortege that escorted his remains to their last resting place, while representatives of the State and city governments, of the chief organizations of the city, and prominent people from all parts of the State thus paid their tribute of respect to him. At the succeeding meeting of the national body the Deputy Supreme Knight, John J. Cone, presided.

From the humble beginnings marking the formation of the first Council in New Haven, twenty-five years ago, the Order began to spread through Connecticut, but not until nine years thereafter did it extend beyond the confines of the "Land of Steady Habits;" as was stated



JAMES E. HAYES, Third Supreme Knight.

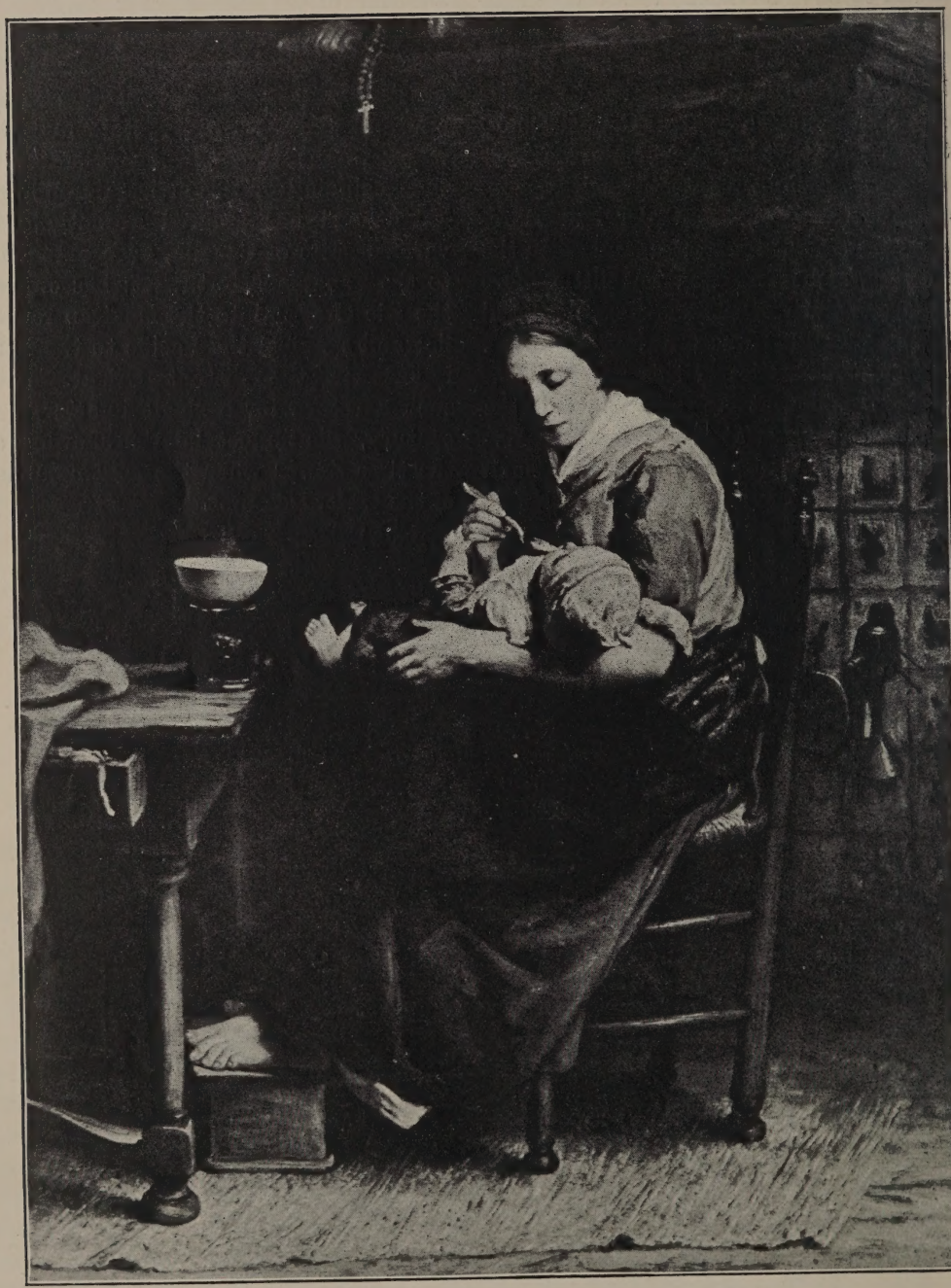
earlier in this paper, Massachusetts and Rhode Island being the first states to swing into line. It is interesting to note that of the enrolled membership of 6,975 distributed in seventy-six Councils, Connecticut had to its credit 5,880 members and fifty-nine Councils; Massachusetts, 613 members and eleven Councils; Rhode Island, 432 and five Councils; New York, sixty members. During the succeeding year the Order extended into Maine, which was credited with two Councils and seventy-five members, and into New Hampshire, which had one Council and forty-two members, while Massachusetts had more than trebled its number of Councils, being credited with thirty-eight and a membership of 2,366. Rhode Island had also added two Councils, while the total membership of the Order had gone forward to 8,738 insured and associate. In 1897 four new states make their appearance in the report made at the Convention of the National Council that year, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Delaware and New Jersey, the three former with one Council each, and the last named with three Councils, while the total membership of the Order had attained to 13,258 insured and 3,393 associate members.

In the limits of a mere introductory article the evidences of growth cannot be taken up year by year, however satisfying it would be to do so. In succeeding issues much of this material can be covered in connection with the more intimate history of the Order in particular sections, paying due meed of honor to those to whom the credit for the same should be given, and the tribute of praise to national and State divisions of the Order for what has been accomplished in their respective jurisdictions. It is, however, pertinent to do what is possible in the limits allowed to furnish the evidence of growth, even though it be necessary to furnish it for less restricted intervals, and therefore, a step forward of six years is made from the date last dealt with to the figures given at the annual meeting in November, 1903, when the Order is

found to have advanced to a total membership of 102,678 and a list of Councils numbering 773, while there also appear twenty-three State Councils to claim consideration. These State Councils show the advance that had been made from 1897 when not a single State Council was recorded and when the Order had representation in but ten states, and when the entire membership was but little more than one-sixth of the showing presented as the year 1903 was drawing to a close. With the memories of this year's splendid convention at Norfolk, Va., and the historic reception at the Jamestown Exposition as a pleasing feature of such memory, there is also the satisfaction of knowing of the still greater heights to which the Order has attained, for the present membership of almost 200,000 practically doubles that of four years ago and embraces every state and territory in the Union, while as stated in the beginning of this article its uplifting knighthood has secured a foothold in various parts of Canada, even extending to the Canadian Northwest; has crossed the Rio Grande into the Mexican republic; and spanned the Pacific to the Philippines in the distant Orient. With such a record for a single quarter of a century, what must be the showing as the time dawns when the golden jubilee of the Order is heralded?

(To be continued.)

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS HEADQUARTERS, NEW HAVEN.



A COTTAGE MADONNA.

POETS I HAVE KNOWN.

IX.

Mary Stanislaus MacCarthy, O.S.D.

BY THE REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J.

In the history of literature the instances are extremely rare in which the sons or daughters of poets inherit their father's gift. Hartley Coleridge is almost solitary as a poet's son who was himself a true poet; and Adelaide Procter will be remembered longer than her father who was once well known to the Muses as Barry Cornwall, and as Bryan Waller Procter well known to the police* —for he was not only a poet but a lawyer and Commissioner of Lunacy.

We claim the title of poet also for the daughter of the Irish poet who was the first of this series that we are now continuing after a long break. The eldest child of Denis Florence MacCarthy might have made a name for herself if she had not striven to hide her talents even more completely than her religious vocation demanded.

In recent years six or seven volumes of poetry have issued from the cloister; and of these the worthiest seem to me to have been the work of an English and of an Irish Dominicaness—"Songs in the Night" and "Songs of Sion." The former was published by Mother Raphael herself —Augusta Theodosia Drane, a most gifted woman, author of "Christian Schools and Scholars" and other admirable works. "Songs of Sion," on the other hand, were only pieced together after the death of the writer who could not be induced to be her own editor. Yet we trust that the reader of this sketch will give to Mary Stanislaus MacCarthy a title from which her modesty shrank.

She was the eldest child of Denis Florence MacCarthy and Elizabeth Donnelly, and was born in Dublin, December 26th, 1849. "Desmond" of *The Nation* had survived the storms of that troubled time and had just passed through the press the first-born child of his genius, the exquisite quarto which contained "Ballads, Poems, and Lyrics," and which was dedicated to his wife. She was a woman

SISTER MARY STANISLAUS MacCARTHY.

*John Mitchel was unfair to poor Clarence Mangan when he wrote in his brilliant sketch of the poet, "In fact there were two Mangans—one well known to the Muses, the other well known to the police." The police had never anything to say to the singer of "Dark Rosaleen."

of the sweetest disposition and gentlest manner, and her daughter inherited her sweetness and gentleness, as she inherited no small share of her father's poetic talent.

She was not long on earth before she inspired poetry. Her father's affectionate heart had no doubt often overflowed in playful or tender domestic verse before he published in the *Dublin University Magazine* of March, 1851, these lines, dated the fourteenth of February, as the opening words imply:

Little darling daughter mine,
Wilt thou be my valentine?
Wilt thou give to me a part
Of thy little fluttering heart?
Give thy laughter without words,
Musical as song of birds—
Give thy twinkling fingers play
And thine every sportive way?—
Give thy look of glad surprise
And the witchery of thine eyes?
Give the bounding of thy feet
And thy liberal kisses sweet—
Give thy nods and mute commands
And the clapping of thy hands—
Give thy rapture and good-will
When upon the window-sill
For the expected feast of crumbs
Every morn the redbreast comes.
Canst thou these to me resign?
Wilt thou be my Valentine?

Many other allusions occur in MacCarthy's poems to the welcome gift that the Christmas of 1849 brought to him and his young wife.

Mary MacCarthy was a singularly bright and winning child, very modest and shy, when I saw her first, in her eleventh year.

DENIS FLORENCE MacCARTHY, HIS WIFE AND TWO ELDEST CHILDREN, JOHN AND MARY.

in the poet's beautiful home, Summerfield, Dalkey, some six or seven miles from Dublin. It had been a cottage when his father-in-law, Mr. Matthew Donnelly, purchased it some years before his death. As Mr. Donnelly's only son was a priest (he died early in his course), Summerfield came into the possession of Mr. MacCarthy, who enlarged it and beautified the grounds, pulling down some smaller houses which were part of the property, as they obstructed the view of the Bay. "These improvements," Mr. John MacCarthy once wrote to me,

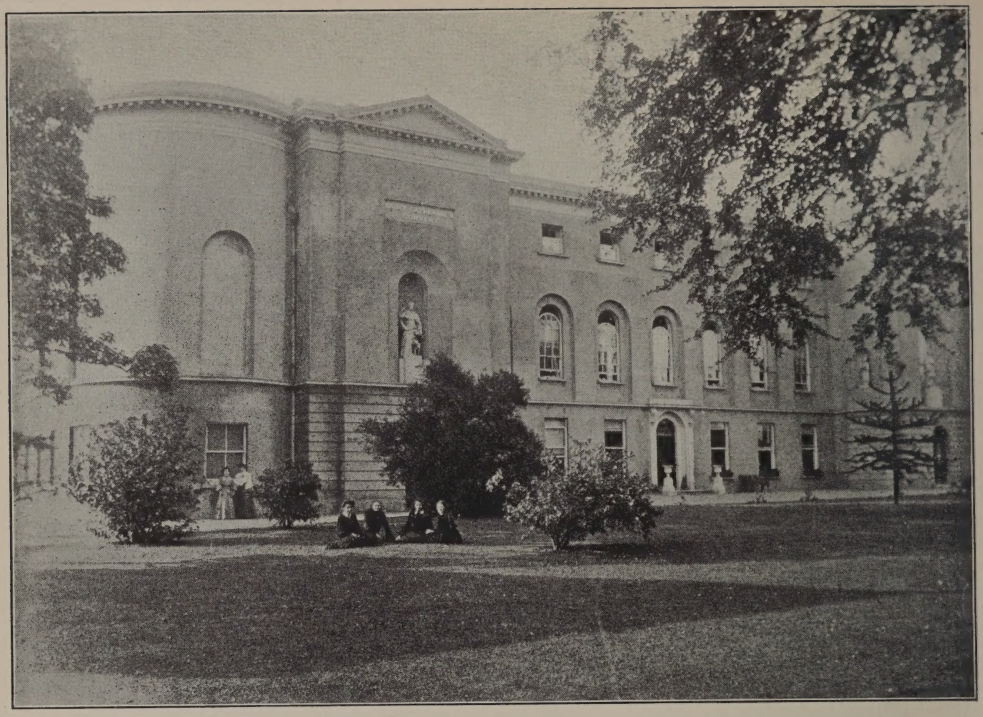
SUMMERFIELD, THE EARLY HOME OF SISTER MARY STANISLAUS.

"were, I have no doubt, very profitable —to the builder! My mother vainly protested against them, and would quote the advice given her by a shrewd old friend; 'Never put your hands in mortar.'" But the poet valued the fine view more than the rents accruing from two or three houses.

Summerfield, indeed, commands a delightful view of the bay of Dublin which inspired one of MacCarthy's sweetest poems. To Summerfield itself he addressed a playfully pathetic poem after he had left, changing its name into the Spanish equivalent *Campo de Estio*, which he links very ingeniously with all its possible rhymes. His daughter also apostrophised Summerfield in a sonnet when it had become only a tender memory·

Oh, fairest spot in all the world to me,
Green, tranquil, smiling, beauteous Summerfield!
Thy name shall golden memories ever yield,
Though nevermore my eyes may rest on thee.
Sweet early home, whence, young and sorrow-free,
We wandered forth to find Life's woes revealed,
To taste of grief, man's sentence unrepealed—
Still present to my heart and memory be!
I'll tread thy shady walks and scent thy flowers
And hear again with deep yet softened pain
(True proof that these are by-gone hours)
Dear loved lost voices rise in joyous strain—
Turning to thee when earth's dark storm-cloud lowers,
O first bright oasis on Life's bleak plain!

From this beloved home she went, a reluctant exile at first, to another home hardly more holy—for what can be holier than a good Christian home presided over by a pious mother? Her new home which was soon to be dearer to her even than Summerfield was the Dominican Convent at Sion Hill, Blackrock, three



DOMINICAN CONVENT, SION HILL, BLACKROCK.

or four miles away, nearer to Dublin. It chances that three of my correspondents refer to this epoch in the uneventful life I am recalling. At the time itself Mr. MacCarthy wrote to me (I was not yet a priest).

Summerfield House,
Dalkey, 13th September, 1862.

My Dear Mr. Russell:—

Allow me to thank you heartily for your very kind letter and most interesting sonnet. The latter I have read with many mingled feelings and much nearer to the accompaniment of a sigh or a tear than a laugh, if indeed I could laugh under the rather melancholy circumstances in which I am just now placed. Since I saw you I have been suffering great anxiety as to the health of my dear wife. Her present indisposition is slight, and will, I have every reason to hope, soon pass away; but I have nevertheless thought it necessary to lessen her cares to the extent at least of sending our four elder children to school. The little people whose names you so faithfully remember are away from me—Mary and Josephine at Sion Hill Convent, Blackrock, Co. Dublin, and John and Florence with an excellent lady, a namesake of your own, at Arbutus House,* Booterstown Avenue. I miss their merry voices very much, but I think I have done what is best for them and their dear mother, at least for the present. I have not failed to give your sister's affectionate remembrance to my poor sufferer. I know it is prized and reciprocated, and have always heard the name of 'Lillie Russell' mentioned by her with affection and regard. What you say of the feelings entertained towards me by persons who are to myself unknown received yesterday evening a curious and most gratifying corroboration in the visit of two American bishops who asked Wm. Smith O'Brien to bring them to see me on the strength of my little lyric, 'To the Bay of Dublin',—a genuine expression of feeling which I believe is also somewhat a favorite of yours. I can scarcely exclaim with respect to trifles like this, 'Such is the power of

*Miss Russell was a convert to the Catholic Faith. Her brother, Dr. William Howard Russell, the famous war correspondent of *The Times*, remained a Protestant. A subsequent owner of Arbutus Lodge committed suicide, and to get rid of sinister associations the name was changed to Weston. It is close to Villa Nova, for many years the beautiful home of the Irish historian, Sir John Gilbert. His widow "Rosa Mulholland," still resides there.

mighty song!' I can only attribute the result to the 'touch of nature' and of truth which it is no boast to say is in everything I have written; for without these I could have written nothing.

Believe me, my dear Mr. Russell,
Very gratefully yours,
D. F. MacCarthy.

P. S.—Knowing the pious nature of my poor sufferer, I feel that there is nothing I could ask for her that she would consider so great a favor as the prayers of yourself and sister and your pious associates. I do so in her name with all earnestness and humility.

Thirty-five years later F. M. W., writing to me from her German exile, referred back to this beginning of Mary MacCarthy's school-life:

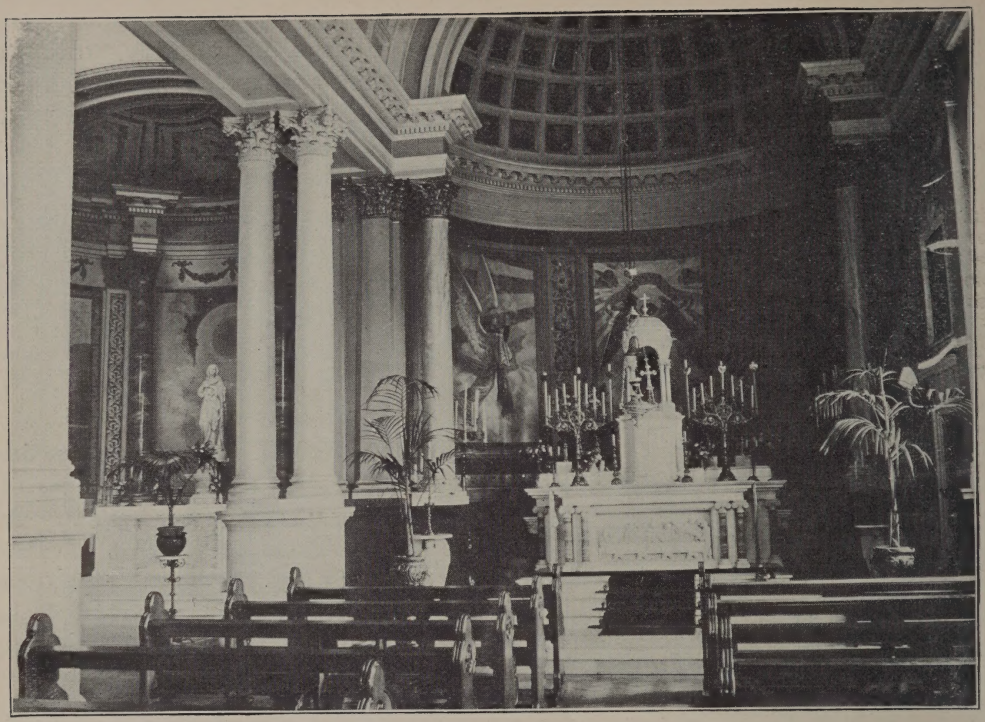
"She came to Sion Hill the last year I was there; and the very sympathetic child and I—the then patriarch of the school—were great friends. We both had a particular place in the heart of Sister Mary Catharine Hughes (sister-in-law of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy) After forty years knocking about in the world, I may say there is no tenderer spot in my memory than my unbounded girlish affection for that nun."

Mrs. Maher of Moyvoreghly, writing a few months ago, recalls the time when she was President of the Children of Mary in her last year at Sion Hill:

"One of my duties was to take charge of new pupils for their first few days One day, I remember well, I had great difficulty in taking a wee child away from a weeping father. She wept as if her tiny heart would break and she thought Sion the most cruel place in the world because it severed her, even for a time, from her earthly parents. Before many years she loved it with all the intensity of her great heart, because it was the home that had taught her to give her best and strongest love to our Father Who is in Heaven. That wee child was S. M. S."

The "wee child" in question, after five or six years of school-life at Sion Hill, made up her mind never to leave it. On the 8th of January, 1868, Mr. MacCarthy wrote to me from number 74 (now 43) Upper Gardiner Street, which looks down upon the gardens of the Jesuit

THE CONVENT GROUNDS, SION HILL.



INTERIOR OF THE CHAPEL.

Fathers, not then so sightly a parterre as it is at present:

"I cannot greatly regret having had a slight attack of illness and a strong fit of versification, since I owe to this double influenza the pleasure of hearing from you. I believe I am well over both, though, as you seem to like one of my ailments, I would have no objection to its remaining with me a little longer. As to the other, I can say with perfect truth that I am quite restored to my usual state of valetudinarism. All our young people are tolerably well. I do not know that you are aware of our eldest daughter Mary being now Sister Mary Stanislaus in St. Catherine's Convent, Sion Hill, Blackrock, Co., Dublin. She was received last summer and will probably be professed next June. She never looked so well or so happy as when I last saw her in her habit."

Mr. MacCarthy betrays here some ignorance of the wise provisions that regulate the testing of a religious vocation. He seems to have overlooked the term of probation which preceded his daughter's formal reception into the Novitiate, which took place in the last month of her eighteenth year, December 18th, 1867. Her profession did not take place in the following June, but (no doubt on account of her youth) was delayed till the 14th of June, 1870.

This is not the place to dwell on all the amiable virtues that marked every day of her after life. We are thinking of her not as a nun but as a poet. Probably her first appearance in print, and this assuredly not of her own seeking, was in the first volume of *The Irish Monthly*, in 1873, where, I took care to put together father, daughter and son. Mr. MacCarthy,—whose beautiful translation of Fernan Caballero's story, *Vulgaridad y Nobleza*, was then running serially through the infant Magazine under the title of *The Two Muleteers of Mollares*,—

gave me what he justly called "exquisite lines" that his Dominican daughter had sent him when fretting after his daughter Lillie who died September 30, 1873, aged thirteen years. "A Rebuke for Mourning the Death of a Dear Child" by S. M. S.—(Sister Mary Stanislaus, or Sister Manuscript, as her father sometimes read it)—is followed by a poem to confirm the very touching proof afforded in a previous page that poetical gifts are sometimes hereditary." The young nun's filial rebuke runs thus:

"Ah, cruel Reaper of the Flowers!
To steal that Lily-bud of ours,
Our gentle little pet!"—
No, you of little faith, not so,—
Could you but clearly see and know,
You'd cease your vain regret.

THE CONVENT PARLOR, SION HILL.

"To S. M. S. on receiving from her a drawing of St. Stanislaus" by D. F. M. C.; and this again (after the three concluding chapters of the Spanish story) is followed by a very devout and musical hymn, "The Mother of Grace Divine," by J. M. C. The reader was helped to recognize the initials of Mr. John MacCarthy by an editorial note, stating that "the lines had that precise spot assigned to them, that they might lend their fraternal aid

Yours was too delicate a flower
For Earth's cold wind and nipping shower:
She would have withered here,
Her loving little heart been chilled,
Her sweet bright hopes all crushed and stilled
In this ungenial sphere.

The world was far too cold and bleak
For one so loving and so meek,
So gentle and so gay.
How could she in this wintry soil
Have borne the dust, and pain, and toil
Of life's long, weary way?

She who was touched by every breath,
To whom an unkind word was death,
Who seemed to live on love,

Who needed love's bright atmosphere,
Love's smiles around to soothe and cheer,
Love's sunshine from above.

How could she bear the world's cold gaze,
How walk its rude, rough, jarring ways
'Mid selfish crowds, at best?
How pass among the heartless throng,
Where each one plods his way along,
Unmindful of the rest?

She who loved all, and for all grieved—
Would you have had her undeceived,
To learn how little worth,
How very little love and truth
(Once we have passed all trusting youth)
We find on this cold earth?

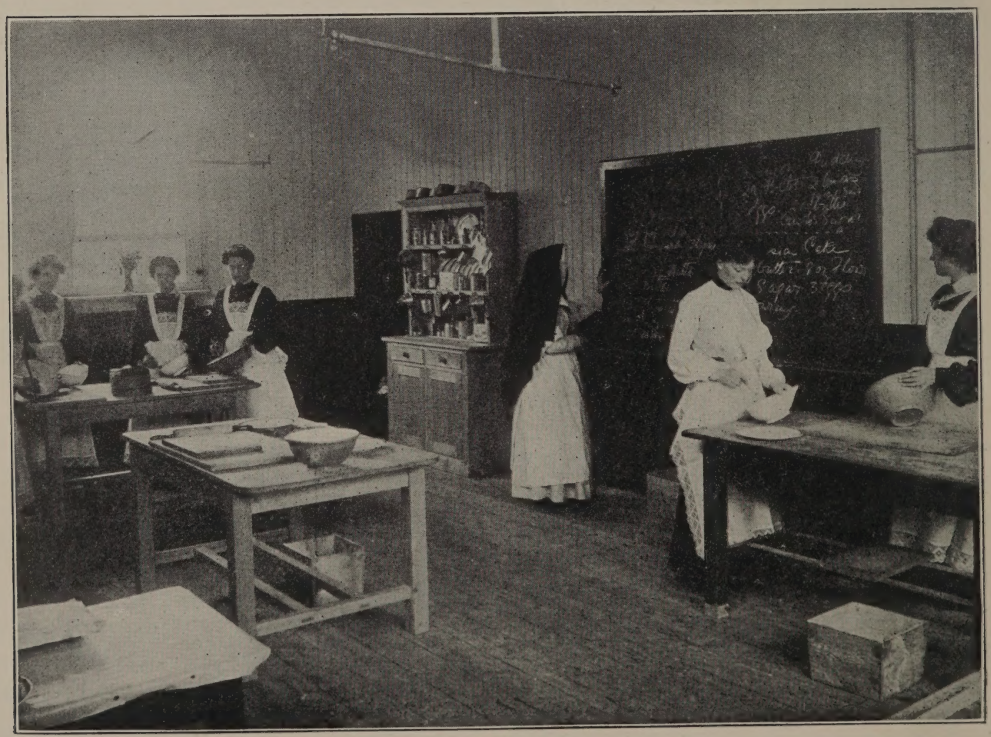
Ah, no!—ere this you have confessed
He acted kindly, for the best,
The Gardener of the Flowers,
Transplanting her, in youth's soft light,
With her sweet petals, pure and white,
Into His Father's bowers.

There, there she tastes a perfect bliss,
With no desire or wish, save this,
That you were all "at home!"
She and her little angel brother
Oft gently whisper to each other,
"When will the others come?"

Ah!—you've a toilsome journey, yet,
But still no time to grieve or fret—
Too great the work and hard!
By dear-bought triumphs over sin
And nature, only, can you win
Your Lillie's bright reward.

But, courage! Sometimes, mid your sighs,
Lift up on high your thoughts and eyes,
Gaze on the bright, blue, cloudless skies,
So tranquil, calm and fair—
And think: "Amid the heavenly bowers,
Among God's choice and cherished flowers,
There blooms a blossom once was ours—
Our Lillie waits us there!"

One of them came very soon. "Josephine, born on the feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, April 29, 1855, died on St. Joseph's Day, March 19, 1874, aged 18." These were the first to depart, except William, who had died twenty years before, aged only thirteen months. Even he was not forgotten by the tender-hearted poet when he wrote "Angels in



A COOKING LESSON IN THE CONVENT KITCHEN.

Heaven" on Good Friday, 1874—he himself was to die on Good Friday eight years later:

Oh! what a grace to me is given
To have my angels three in heaven,
Three angels who with me have been—
One was my baby-wonder Willie,
One was my darling little Lillie,
And one my gentle Josephine:

A bud of one brief springtide's brightness,
A lily whose unsullied whiteness
Through thirteen joyous Junes was seen,
While eighteen summers with the sweetness
Of their roses—and their fleetness—
Twined their wreaths for Josephine.

Then the good, true-hearted man goes on to pray humbly that he may join them in the end. And then he thinks of "the others still remaining, the gentle mother uncomplaining, the sweet nun-sister in her cell." But the last of these only is the subject of this paper.

Writing to me early in that year Mr. MacCarthy mentioned with fatherly pride the accomplishments of his eldest daughter, and her happiness in her convent home.

12 Summerhill,
Kingstown,
January 22, 1874.

My dear Father Russell:—

I am sure that J. O'H. will correct whatever may be defective in his translation when he has it before him in print. The article in the *Edinburgh Review* I have not yet seen but hope to read it soon. A subject so interesting in itself has, I have no doubt, been made the most of by Dr. Russell. I trust you have been able to pay your intended visit to Sion Hill and that our diffident poetess took courage to descend to the parlor. Florence and I walked over to see her on Sunday last and found her very well and in good spirits. Some time ago I prevailed on her to give me a few more of her poetical lines. I have made a transcript of one, A Sonnet, which I think very sweet and tender. The original is so beautifully written (as to penmanship) on the back of a very pretty Christmas card that I cannot bear to part with it, but will show it to you when you next have time to come over here. The others are a translation of Lamartine's address to the Crucifix which in many points recalls my own recent loss, and one from Malherbe also on the death of a daughter. On the whole I do not think so highly of them as I do of the Sonnet but should you care to have them for some future occasion I shall transcribe them for you. I was very much pleased with De Vere's lines on Lord Dunraven. Poor Williams' lines though somewhat indistinct were bathed in the purple light of poesy.

Very sincerely,
D. F. MacCarthy.

Sister Stanislaus therefore was before my mind while I was allowed to look through a sumptuous volume printed for private use containing the annals of this beautiful Dominican Convent of St. Catherine's, Sion Hill. Thus it did not escape my notice that on the feast of St. Stanislaus, November 13, 1878, a second Mass was celebrated in the convent chapel, at which D. F. MacCarthy and Miss Gilbert were present, namely, the gifted and devoted sister of Sir John Gilbert, from their beautiful Villa Nova nearby. Towards the end of that same month "Desmond" writes from his London home to Mother Clare, no doubt in obedience to a hint from Sister Manuscript:

Dear Mrs. Elliot:—

Permit me to offer you my sincere congratulations on your feast-day (anniversary of her profession) and my best wishes for the welfare of yourself and the happy community over which you so worthily preside. I trust you will excuse my availing myself of this opportunity of expressing to you my grateful thanks for the uniform kindness you have shown to my dear daughter, Sister Stanislaus, during so many years, and which she herself remembers with the deepest affection. In the trials and troubles of my later years it is my greatest consolation to see her so well and so happy.

Believe me, dear Mother Prioress,
With renewed felicitations, ever sincerely yours,

D. F. MacCarthy.

In a postscript he begs her to accept Dr. Newman's poems. "The volume is small, but I do not know anything in modern literature more worthy of your kind acceptance on this happy occasion." Long before the Oratorian Cardinal was recognized as a poet as well as a writer of magical prose, I remember MacCarthy saying that the lyrical portions of *The Dream of Gerontius* had more of the Eliza-

bethan charm than any other poetry of the day.

I have just given John Henry Newman a title which was not bestowed on him till the following May. The daughter of the man whom Dr. Newman had chosen for the Chair of Poetry in the Catholic University of Ireland celebrated his elevation to the Cardinalate by echoing his own 'Pillar of the Cloud"—

"Lead, kindly Light! amid the encircling gloom
Lead Thou me on!

I seem to have been made the medium of transmitting the poem to the new Cardinal, for I find this letter in the Sion Hill "Annals." I probably begged His Eminence not to add to his innumerable engagements by thinking it necessary to send any acknowledgement of this little act of affectionate homage.

Via Sistine, Rome.
May 19th, 1879.

My Dear Father Russell:—
I do not like that lines so kind to me, so touching and so musical, should go without an answer from me; and my interest in them is increased by my being told that they came from the daughter of Mr. Denis Florence MacCarthy. Pray convey my warm thanks to her, and tell her that I cannot say more, because I write from my bed by the aid of an amanuensis.
I am very sincerely yours,
JOHN H. CARD. NEWMAN.

He alluded to the poem again when Sister Mary Stanislaus in 1882 was preparing her "Birthday Book of the Dead."

Birmingham, February 15th 1882.

Dear Miss MacCarthy:
I thank you for your kind and touching letter, and grieve for the heavy trials which you have had and have at home. Pray remember me to your father. I have never forgotten his kindness in calling on me here, after I had left Ireland. But it was only one of the many tokens of affection I have received from my Irish friends. I will not forget in my Mass your request. Is it not you who were kind enough to send me some beautiful and welcome lines on my being made Cardinal?
I have written and enclose what you have asked me for, but I have one great difficulty—I am constantly refusing the wish of my friends, so kind in itself and so pleasant to me, to prefix prefaces to their volumes. I am obliged to do so. I have done so this very day. My autograph then which I send you must be but one among others, and not at the beginning of the book. Thank you most sincerely for your prayers for me.

Most truly yours,
JOHN H. CARD. NEWMAN.

"The Birthday Book of the Dead" had to appear without the autographs procured from Tennyson, Longfellow, Newman, and many others, but Cardinal Newman's was utilized after his death. This stanza about his sister was lithographed in his neat handwriting opposite the dedication of "Songs of Sion" in 1898, when the words might be applied to Sister Mary Stanislaus herself; for she was gone:

She is not gone;—still in our sight
That dearest one shall live,
In form as true, in tints as bright,
As youth and health could give.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

"Lead, Kindly Light" is still sung constantly by those chiefly who are outside the Church, as Newman was when he wrote it, groping wistfully in the dark. Our samples of the convent Muse have been very few; let us give the lines which Sister M. Stanislaus calls 'The Pillar of the Cloud," the original name of the poem which inspired them:

O Kindly Light, how well thy guiding ray
Has led him on!
With steady beam through all the rugged way
It led him on!
Through thirsty deserts to the boundless sea,
From Egypt's bondage into liberty!

Step after step, as he himself had prayed,
It led him on!
The future veiled, the near path smoother made,
Thus led him on,
Till Doubt's prolonged Gethsemane was done,
And reason, faith, heart, intellect, were one.

And, gentle Master, thou thyself since then
Hast led men on,
By silent prayer and with thy magic pen,
Where thou hast gone.
England's true Moses in these latter days,
But first thyself to tread the new, strange ways.

Oh! still for long and happy honored years
Lead thou us on!
Till the shades vanish and the day appears,
Lead thou us on!
Till on thy loved and venerable brow
Gleams the full crown whose first rays dawn e'en now.

I have preserved a great many of the letters which Denis Florence MacCarthy was good enough to send me; and, looking over them, I find allusions to Sister Mary Stanislaus in very many of them. "I had as usual an interesting note from Sister Stanislaus yesterday," he ends, October 16, 1878. June 2, 1877, after disparaging Sir Francis Doyle's spirited poem about the St. Leger, he adds: "But that probably arises from my utter want of sympathy with the subject. I sympathize much more with the theme on which my dear daughter, Sister Mary Stanislaus, has founded the four charming sonnets which she sent me on the 25th of May, my birthday. I transcribe them for you, but without her knowledge, and it is better to say nothing about them until you decide on their fate."

Their fate, of course, was to appear in *The Irish Monthly*. Here is one of them:

Art thou still young, and dost thou glance along
Life's opening pathway with a timid dread?
Make sure of prayer, thence be thy courage fed
And in the midst of strife thou shalt be strong.
Or do the cares of middle lifetime throng
In all-absorbing force round heart and head?
Make sure of prayer! Our Master erstwhile said,
"One thing suffices, over-care is wrong."
Or hast thou reached old age's twilight drear?
Make sure of prayer. The die is not yet cast;
In sight of port sank many a vessel fair.
If thou dost hope—and hope supposeth fear—
If thou dost hope for God and heaven at last,
In life, in death, *make sure, make sure of prayer!*

This sonnet is suggested by a passage in Father Faber; but this circumstance seems to me to prove the poet's skill the greater. For instance, here is a sentence from that eloquent and fascinating Oratorian:

"God does not look at us merely in the mass and multitude: as we shall stand single and alone before His judgment-seat, so do we stand, so shall we always stand, single and alone before the eye of His boundless love."

And here is Mary MacCarthy's expansion of this simple but fruitful thought:

"Not in the mass God views us things of clay.
As one by one we each shall stand alone,
Clad in our works before the judgment-throne,
So, singly 'neath His eyes from day to day
We heedless live our puny lives away.
Men could but loathe the best of us thus known
But with *Him* sight is love in service shown—
'All mine, mine only!' each of us can say.

"Lord, from my path Thy glance has never swerved
And, spite of all, Thy love remains unmoved—
My very servant, Master, Thou hast been!
That I may serve as I each day am served,
That I may love as I each day am loved,
Oh, make me see as I each day am seen."

Was there ever a poet who could not write excellent prose if he condescended to employ that humbler medium for the expressions of his thought? Denis Florence MacCarthy's prose style was delightful, and so was his holy daughter's. The longest sample of it is "A Saint among Saints." Like the rest of her work, especially in prose, the theme was not of her own choosing. A kind friend of the convent, whose name was Emily, thought that St. Emmelia was her namesake, though her name would rather come from the Latin Æmilia; and Sister Mary Stanislaus was ordered to become the biographer of the Greek saint. Her close connection with such interesting saints as Basil and Gregory helped Sister Stanislaus to make a very interesting book out of very scanty materials. Newman's "Church of the Fathers" was her chief inspiration, and this suggested the ambitious idea of begging a few lines of preface from the great Cardinal. With this object I submitted the work to him, with no result but a very kind *No*, ending with "The 'Life' is beautifully written and full of interest." The preced-

ing year (June 21, 1881) he had written to the same intermediary: "I thank you as well as the authoress for the touching and beautiful sonnets which you have sent me. Of course I cannot assign to myself what she so lovingly says of me; but it is a great thing to have the sympathy and the prayers of such a one, and it assures me that, as the inevitable terminus comes nearer and nearer, I shall have her good thoughts and warm interest more and more."

The same affectionate reverence for Dr. Newman is expressed in the following letter. I had sent her a poem suggested by the passage in the *Apologia* in which the mighty Apologist says: "My dear friend, Dr. Russell, the present President of Maynooth, had perhaps more to do with my conversion than any one else. . . . He was always gentle, mild, unobtrusive, uncontroversial. He let me alone."

St. Catherine's,
Corpus Christi, 1879.

My Dear Father Russell:—

You see it is the old story of the *Kyrie eleison;* my feminine verbosity will not let you have the last word. Seriously, though, I *did* think of waiting till you paid your promised visit to Sr. M. Francis to restore the enclosed; but I have reflected that these are busy times with you as with ourselves and that probably you will delay coming until the holidays. Now I really could not delay so long as that thanking you for the great treat your kindness afforded me, and prudential motives also urge me to restore your lawful property while restitution is possible. I daresay you have learned by experience that community of goods has sometimes its inconveniences, exemplified in the present instance by the pilfering of your lines, which would need the protection of copyright. As to the *letter*. I never allowed it out of my hands except to transfer it to my pocketbook where it has reposed ever since. Under these circumstances I think it better to secure the lines while forthcoming. Will you think it out of place for me to say I admire them very much? There are several couplets that I have entered on my list of favorites, such as:

"Kindest of hearts to those that see thee near,
Though some might deem thee from afar austere."

"Rare intellect, rich culture, marvellous pen,
A gently potent sway o'er thinking men."

"The flower, the stream, the prayer in secret springs
God loves as thou, the silence of good things."

with many more. I read them for my father at one of his recent visits, and he was quite delighted with them, and thinks these lines some of the best you ever wrote, or at least that he has seen.

They make me admire Dr. Russell even more than I did, as for Dr. Newman (I can't get accustomed to the Cardinal) that would be impossible. What a beautiful letter is his! Containing in so short a space so much that is characteristic. It is a real treasure. But they say here that I have *"a slate off"* on that subject; so, lest you should come to the same conclusion, I had better say no more. Besides, I have taken up quite enough of your time for the present. With kind regards from all, and renewing my best thanks,

I am, dear Father Russell,
Yours very sincerely and gratefully,
Sr. M. Stanislaus.

Charles Lamb says somewhere with great truth that "there is a monotony in the affections which people living together or very frequently seeing each other, are apt to give into; a sort of indifference in the expression of kindness which demands that we should sometimes call to our aid the trickery of surprise." It is therefore very expedient in families to celebrate birthdays and other domestic feasts, just as in religious communities due notice is taken of the feasts of the various patron saints, especially of the name-saint of the Mother Superior. When the twelfth of August brought around St. Clare's Day in the year 1881, her client was the Mother of the family, as she has been as often as possible ever since. The gift prepared for the occasion by Sister Mary Stanislaus seems to have been a picture of St. Aloysius, painted by herself, which was presented with the following little note:

My Dearest Mother: St. Aloysius will say good-morning to you and wish you on the part of his little brother's most unworthy client all manner of good wishes on this

your feast-day. During the Retreat, while listening to Father Tuite, I thought I would say farewell to the pen for a while and take to the brush and the needle: so I offer you the first fruits of my resolution, with the additional resolve to return *con amore* to the Emilys (St. Emmelia) to day and so clear the way for the "Annals." You know, my dearest Mother, how earnestly I hope and pray for every blessing and *multos annos* for you: so I will not try to tell you.

Always your loving and grateful child,

MARY STANISLAUS.

"Politeness," said Dr. Moriarty to us, during a retreat at Maynooth, "is the fuel of charity." Amiable formalities, like this little filial letter, are not without their efficacy in maintaining the proper spirit in a community.

In the "Annals" here referred to—in which Sister Mary Stanislaus made little progress in spite of her good resolutions—these two names, Clare and Stanislaus, appear often together as Prioress and Sub-Prioress. For our poet was by no means a mere picturesque figure in the community, but thoroughly efficient and practical, filling admirably the most difficult posts, such as Sub-Prioress and Mistress of Schools. One of her most brilliant pupils, Kathleen Murphy, M.A. (now Mrs Hogan) has written of her: "She was at once a woman loving and gentle, a poet ardent and sensitive, a teacher earnest and inspiring, and above all a Nun, whose eyes mirrored the beauty of her soul." Those eyes figure again in a paragraph which I think it well to quote from Mrs. Hogan's affectionate memorial:

"Yet, though we all loved her it was not the love that casts out fear. With all the softness and tenderness of her nature, there was that in her which commanded our respect and obedience. She was a strict disciplinarian and would have brooked no insubordination in even the most trifling matter. Other nuns were more severe in the ordinary sense of the word, yet the boldest heart would, I think, have preferred to face the displeasure of all the rest of the community rather than to fall under the look in her eyes provoked by any of the more serious faults of youth. Her eyes were wonderfully beautiful and expressive; none among us who remember her face at all can forget how they melted with tenderness, shone with pleasure, or blazed with indignation or scorn."

But I fear I am making it impossible to quote the poems that I am anxious to place before the reader. Here is one, chosen abruptly and almost at random:

My God, I cannot "Fiat" say,
Nor murmur with Thy Son,
As 'neath the olive-trees He lay,
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"

My heart is of such earthly mould,
So cowardly, so weak,
I lack the trust, the courage bold,
Those brave, strong words to speak.

No,—let Thy saints, Thy dear ones, use
These words through good and ill;
For me,—another prayer I'll choose:
"Teach me to do Thy will."

Teach me, oh! teach in pity, Lord!
To no one but to Thee
Is fully known how very hard
This lesson is to me.

Teach me my own blind will to bend
To Thine, through good and ill;
Teach me, oh! teach me to the end
To do Thy holy will!

Those who began the race with me
Are now far up the hill,
Myself far, far behind I see,—
Teach me to do Thy will!

In upper air *they* safely soar;
I'm but beginning still.
Still must I murmur as of yore,
Teach me to do Thy will!

Within Thy school I take my seat
To learn one lesson still.
Dear Master! see me at Thy feet—
Teach me to do Thy will!

Though I a dull, dull pupil prove,
Have patience with me still;
Let even my dulness pity move—
Teach me to do Thy will.

Could I Thy great designs fulfill,
What further should I need?
Oh! could I do Thy gracious will,
I should be wise indeed!

Then often through the busy day
I'll seek Thy blessed school
And try to learn as best I may
To make Thy will my rule.

In every doubt, in every care,
In all things great and small,
I'll utter still this simple prayer,
Then look to Thee for all.

Be this my motto throughout life,
And may these words distil
Some comfort in the last dread strife—
Teach me to do Thy will.

May they bring hope that 'spite the past
I may find mercy still,
Hope that I may gain heaven at last,
For *that* must be Thy will!

An accomplished Irish physician, working in England, Dr. Montague Griffin, once called this ejaculation, *Qui plasmasti me, miserere mei*, "the prayer of the great Augustine." Before sending him a proof-sheet, I changed this into "the prayer of St. Thais," remembering how the Abbot Paphnutius converted the sinner Thais by making her realize the presence of God and how after her conversion he would not let her name God, even in prayer, with her polluted lips, but bade her only pray, "Oh! Thou Who hast made me, have mercy on me." And Dr. Griffin persisted in ascribing that precise form of the prayer to St. Augustine. "I have often thrilled with delight over the vigor of the word *plasmasti*, 'Thou Who hast formed me out of the slime, protoplasm'—inherited tendencies and all the other mysteries of our weakness seem to be prayed for in this word. But leave it to St. Thais if you wish, though I doubt if she could use so perfect a Latin word." I did not, however, leave it to St. Thais, for at page 545 of the twenty-fourth volume of *The Irish Monthly*, I find "*Qui plasmasti me, miserere mei*, says the great Augustine." Here is the fine development that Sister Mary Stanislaus gives to the cry of Thais and Augustine and every human heart that thinks and feels:—

There are times, bitter times, full of doubt and despair,
When we almost abandon the language of prayer;
When our lips and our hearts scarcely venture to frame
Even His, our dear Master's own merciful Name;
When Mary our Mother seems deaf to our cry,
And angels and saints seem too far and too high.
Oh! when God in His wisdom such moment shall send,
Let one cry from our hearts in His presence ascend—
A cry full of anguish yet truth let it be—
"O Thou who hast made me, have mercy on me!"

O Thou who hast made me! Thou only canst know
The depth of my weakness, the weight of my woe;
And I feel Thy tribunal will prove in the end
More indulgent than verdict of best earthly friend;
For, Workman divine, and all wise as Thou art,
Thou hast made this weak mind and this cowardly heart,
Nor can folly of mine mix a shade of surprise
In the grave, tender love of Thy pitiful eyes.
All wisdom, all power, all love is in Thee—
O Thou who hast made me, have mercy on me.

O Thou who hast made me! Thou hadst a design,
Thou didst mark out a special life-labor as mine;
A work to be finished ere setteth life's sun—
A work, which, I failing, shall never be done.
Then rouse thee, my soul, for all weak as thou art,
Thou must play in life's drama a Heaven-set part,
Thy God, thy Creator, thy service doth claim —
He calls thee, He needs thee, He nameth thy name;
Dear Master, I hasten, Thy handmaiden see—
O Thou who hast made me, have mercy on me!

O Thou who hast made me—so wretched, in sooth,
So wanting in gracefulness, goodness, and truth,
Yet in whom, O strange marvel! Thy wisdom can find
Expression of thoughts of Thine infinite mind!
By that something mysterious Thou seest in me,
By that which Thy grace may assist me to be,
Have pity, have patience a little while still,
Oh! let not our enemy frustrate Thy Will.
In myself I despair, all my hopes are in Thee—
O Thou who hast made me, have mercy on me.

I heard some time ago a thousand of Father Cullen's Pioneers (total abstainers) sing with thrilling earnestness the following hymn to Our Lady of Good Counsel, but I was pained at seeing that the printed leaflet did not name as its author Sister Mary Stanislaus MacCarthy. In Mother Loyola's latest book, "Home for Good," it is quoted also without her name. This is not right.

O Virgin Mother, Lady of Good Counsel,
Sweetest picture artist ever drew,
In all doubts I fly to thee for guidance;
Mother, tell me, what am I to do?

By thy face to Jesus' face inclining,
Sheltered safely in thy mantle blue;
By His little arms around thee twining,
Mother, tell me, what am I to do?

By the light within thy dear eyes dwelling,
By the tears that dim their lustre, too.
By the story that these tears are telling,
Mother, tell me, what am I do?

Life, alas! is often dark and dreary,
Cheating shadows hide the truth from view;
When my soul is most perplexed and weary,
Mother, tell me, what am I do?

See my hopes in fragile vessel tossing,
Be the pilot of that trembling crew;
Guide me safely o'er the dangerous crossing,
Mother, tell me, what am I do?

Should I ever, wilfully forgetting,
Fail to pay my God His homage due.
Should I sin and live without regretting,
Mother, tell me, what am I do?

Stir my heart while gazing on thy features,
With the old, old story, ever new—
How our God has loved His sinful creatures,
Then, dear Mother, show me what to do.

Plead my cause, for what can He refuse thee,
Get me back His saving grace anew.
Ah! I know, thou dost not wish to lose me,
Mother, tell me, what am I do?

Thus, alike, when needful sorrows chasten
As amid joy's visits fair and few,
To thy shrine, with loving trust, I hasten,
Mother, tell me, what am I do?

Be of all my friends the best and dearest,
O, my counsellor, sincere and true!
Let thy voice sound always first and clearest,
Mother, tell me, what am I do?

In thy guidance tranquilly reposing,
Now I face my toils and cares anew;
All through life and at its awful closing,
Mother, tell me, what am I do?

As it is short can space be found for another metrical prayer which I have seen printed without the name of Sister M. Stanislaus?

Within Thy Sacred Heart, dear Lord,
My anxious thoughts shall rest;
I neither ask for life nor death;
Thou knowest what is best.

Say only Thou hast pardoned me;
Say only I am Thine;
In all things else dispose of me;
Thy holy will is mine!

Ah! why is not my love for Thee
Unbounded, past control?
Alas! my heart obeyeth not
The impulse of my soul!

Ah, Jesus! if love's trusting prayer
Seem not too bold to Thee,
Place Thine own Heart within my breast;
Love Thou Thyself for me.

Perhaps I have been unwise in not confining my choice to those pieces that seem to me to possess most merit as poetry. I have not done so, nor have I followed the choice made by Aubrey de Vere, which shall be quoted presently. Her poems did not come into his hands till after her death. She died unexpectedly, and almost suddenly, of typhoid fever,—and it is needless to add in the happiest and most perfect dispositions,—to the great grief of her religious Sisters and of her many friends. She had compiled a beautiful "Birthday Book of the Dead." Her true birthday, her birth into the True Life, was August 11th, 1897. She had assigned to that day this brief saying of Eugénié de Guerin, "Sadness is the groundwork of human life," and a touching poem by Oliver Wendell Holmes:

O friend, whose wisdom flowered in mirth,
Our hearts are sad, our eyes are dim.
He gave thy smiles to brighten earth—
We trust thy joyous soul to Him.

On the following day she quotes Aubrey de Vere, not for verse but prose. "To get old is to get nearer to the gates of perpetual youth. By degrees so large a proportion of one's friends have got to the safe side of the border, that one's recollections and sympathies are forced to gravitate upwards, not downwards, as they do in youth when earthly life looks like a quasi immortality."

Death had now removed the obstacle which her humility opposed to the publication of a collection of her verses. These, written hurriedly, instead of being preserved by her, had to be concealed from her lest she should destroy them when they had served the immediate purpose for which they had been

written. I am surprised to see that the sumptuous memorial volume, "Songs of Sion," was ready for the blessing of Leo the Thirteenth so soon as December of that same year. Her friends certainly lost no time in raising this cairn to her memory. As I said in one of the dedicatory sonnets:

We now are free (thy life alas! the cost)
To rescue these bright blossoms of thy youth
Which thou hadst doomed to perish. And in sooth
Much of their dainty charm must needs be lost,
First from thy hands with skill too careless tossed
And gathered now by hands unskilled, uncouth.

The volume was welcomed by Aubrey de Vere as "worthy of the daughter of Denis Florence MacCarthy who has himself left to his country so high a poetical bequest." After a careful study of the book he wrote again and mentions as his favorites, "The Golden Jubilee," "Domine, ut Videam," "The Island of Saints," "An Orange Leaf," "A Sunny Day in December," "Napoleon's Happiest Day," "St. Monica," "Uncertainty," "In Memory of S. R." "A Convent Elegy," "Her First Anniversary," "My Three," "No Longer Waiting for the May," and finally—the only one of his selections that we have given,—"Make Sure of Prayer," which another true poet, T. D. Sullivan, reviewing "Songs of Sion" in *The Nation*, called "a fine sonnet, strong, clear, and musical; its leading note ringing again and again like the peal of a bell, deepening the mental impression with every stroke."

"What a beautiful soul Sister M. Stanislaus must have had," exclaims Mr. de Vere, "and what a beautiful life she must have lived."

I wish I could crave space to make my selection among his selections, but I fear I have already out-run practical imits. I will end with the words of Monsignor Fitzpatrick: "It always struck me that her piety far excelled even her intellectual gifts, and, although a great scholar, she was a much greater religious. She had the blessed gift of making piety attractive, as she was ever bright and cheerful." And these words of my own, which described her most truly as "one of the sweetest, holiest, most amiable, and most gifted of God's human creatures—one of those whose presence, or whose memory, helps many to love God and to believe in purity and sanctity and heaven."

After ten years I ratify that estimate as the simple truth, and lapse of time has in no way dulled the feelings which I tried to express in verses that hardly seem to rise above the calm sobriety of prose.

When one within thy convent-home would die
Thine ever was the soft, low, soothing voice
That bade the mourners lift their hearts on high,
And in their sister's joyful change rejoice.

Whene'er sad hearts had need to be consoled,
Thy soul's rich music, held in check too long
By thy meek modesty too well controlled,
Would at love's bidding overflow in song.

And now fond grief would fain with simplest rhyme
To thee in turn affection's tribute pay;
For Heaven has taken thee before thy time,
As in our selfish love we dare to say.

We thought that earth for many a year to come
Would brighter, purer, for thy presence be;
But He who loves thee best has called thee home—
Sad, sad for us, but oh, how well for thee!

Thy gentle mother died long years ago;
Thy poet-sire came back, near thee to die.
May these and all whom thou didst love below,
Sharing, increase thy happiness on high.

Thou hadst not much to change ere thou wert fit
For heavenly converse in that spirit sphere:
Thy nature, radiant, playful, keen of wit,
Was as ethereal as an angel's here.

Thy voice was sweet enough for cherub choir,
Thy heart burned brightly as the seraphim;
That heart glowed, e'en on earth, with heavenly fire—
That voice on earth sang many a heavenly hymn.

Of solid judgment and of knowledge wide,
Gay as a child, and just as free from guile:
The old would shelter fondly at thy side,
The young would bask, delighted, in thy smile.

All hearts have loved thee, but God loves thee best:
He could not leave thee longer to our care.
Take her, O God, into Thy home of rest.
Sweet Sister, pray for us and love us there.

THE STRUGGLE FOR RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN FRANCE

BY THE REV. FRANCIS A. CUNNINGHAM.

(IV.—Continued.)

This was the man (Cardinal Consalvi) upon whom M. Cacault now cast his eyes as the only hope of the Holy See in her trying circumstances. Full of this idea the French minister approached the Cardinal, and urged upon him the duty of hastening at once to Paris, to superintend personally the disentangling of the situation.

"The First Consul does not know you," he said, "he knows still less your talents, and your tact, your persuasiveness, *your coquetry*, your desire to bring this affair to completion; go to Paris . . . Go to-morrow, you will please him, you will both understand one another; let him see that a cardinal can be a man of spirit, you are the one to conclude the Concordat with him. If you do not go to Paris I shall be obliged to break with you,—remember there are ministers there who persuaded the Directory to transport Pius VI. to Cayenne. There are counsellors of state who are pleading against you, and generals who sneer and shrug their shoulders. If I break with you, Murat, a second Berthier, will march on Rome."

The words of M. Cacault made a deep impression upon the Cardinal, and together the French minister and the Secretary of State went to lay the plan before the Holy Father. The latter, desolated by the thought of losing if only for a time his beloved Secretary, yielded only after the necessity of the move had been demonstrated and had received the approval of the Sacred College.

On June 6th, the day following the expiration of the time allotted by Bonaparte, Cardinal Consalvi departed from Rome, seated in the same carriage with Cacault, who, in accordance with his instructions, was taking the way to Florence. In the latter city the two diplomats separated, the former continuing his journey to Paris, where he arrived on June 20th, and took up his lodgings at the Hotel de Rome, in company with Mgr. Spina. The Cardinal writes in his *Memoires:*

"My first thought on the following morning was to inform General Bonaparte of my arrival and to learn at what hour I might have the honor of seeing him. I asked at the same time in what costume he wished me to present myself. This question was necessary, since at that time the ecclesiastical dress was no longer in use in Paris, or in the whole of France. The priests were clothed as laymen; the churches consecrated to God were now dedicated to Friendship, to Abundance, to Hymen, to Commerce, to Liberty, to Equality, Fraternity, and to other divinities of the democratic reason. Every one was entitled *citizen;* I was so addressed myself during my journey, even though covered with the insignia of the cardinalate. I would not discard that garb for a single day, though I thereby gave proof rather of courage than of prudence.

"The Abbe Bernier returned immediately with the information that the First Consul would receive me at two o'clock that afternoon, and that, as to the costume I was to appear as a cardinal as far as was possible."

At the stated hour Consalvi appeared at the palace.

"I entered" he said, "a salon in which I perceived only one solitary individual who advanced towards me, saluted me in silence, and then striding on before me introduced me into a neighboring hall. I did not then know who this personage might be, but I learned later that it was the Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. de Talleyrand, a name too well-known in the annals of the Revolution to need any additional description from me. I imagined he was about to lead me to the private cabinet of the First Consul and I was congratulating myself in the hope of being alone with him. But what was my surprise when, on opening that last door, I saw before me in a vast hall a multitude of persons disposed as if for a scene in a drama. In the centre of the hall were symmetrically arranged the various corps of the state government (which were, as I afterwards learned, the Senate, the Tribunate, the Corps Legislatif, and the High Courts of the Magistrature) and, at the sides, generals, officers of all degrees, ministers, grand state functionaries, and before all others, detached and isolated, three persons whom I learned later were the three consuls of the Republic.

"The central figure came forward a few steps toward me, and it was only by conjecture that I divined that it was Bonaparte, a conjecture that was confirmed by the attitude of Talleyrand, who still kept company with me and presented me to him. I was about to utter some words of compliment, and to speak of my journey; I had scarcely approached him than he at once opened up the conversation, and said curtly: "I know the object of your journey to France I want the conferences to be opened immediately. I give you five days, and I warn you that if, at the expiration of the fifth day, the negotiations are not terminated, you will return to Rome, while as to myself, I have already determined on what I shall do in such a hypothesis."

The calm dignity of the Cardinal triumphed over the haughty bearing of the Consul who permitted himself to yield somewhat. The audience lasted an hour and a half, and left the Roman prelate quite satisfied that he might employ as much time as the proper discussion of the affair should demand.

It was the 13th of July before the negotiators at last came to a definite agreement. The Concordat had reached that stage in the discussions when it could at length receive the signatures of the various officials interested. The night of the 13th was fixed as the date when that happy consummation was to be effected, and it was settled that all the negotiators were to meet for that purpose at 8 p. m. , at the house of Joseph Bonaparte, brother of the first Consul.

So certain were the officials of the Government that the affair was now concluded, that the announcement of the fact appeared in the *Moniteur* of the day, in an article concluding with the words: "Cardinal Consalvi has succeeded in the object which brought him to Paris." Moreover, the First Consul had confided to his intimates that on the following day, July 14th, the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille, the formal announcement of the signing of the Concordat would be made at a grand banquet to be held at the Tuileries, at which three hundred or more guests would be present, including the six signers.

In the meantime the party of opposition to the Concordat had not been idle. Under the inspiration of Talleyrand a spurious imitation of the document agreed upon was gotten up, and after a note brought by d'Hauterive—one of the creatures of the Minister of Foreign Affairs—to the First Consul, was substituted for the real paper, under the impression that Consalvi would be led to sign it in the haste required for the accomplishment of the other consequent events. The Cardinal goes on to relate his discovery of this deception:

"Seated around the table," (in the house of Joseph Bonaparte) "a few moments were devoted to the question as to who should subscribe first, as it seemed that the honor belonged to him (Joseph) as the brother of the Chief of the Government. In the mildest manner, yet with all the firmness required by the occasion, I remarked that my quality of Cardinal and representative of the Pope would not permit me to take second place among the signers; I observed, moreover, that under the old Government of France, as in all such cases, the cardinals had undisputed precedence, and that

I could not yield in a point which did not concern me personally but the dignity with which I was vested. I must in justice admit that, after some difficulty, he yielded with good grace, and agreed that I should sign first, while he should follow in the second place, then the Prelate Spina, followed in order by the Counsellor Cretet, Padre Caselli, and finally the Abbe Bernier.

"Thereupon we immediately prepared for the work in hand, and I took up the pen to affix my signature. But what was my surprise when I saw the Abbe Bernier presenting me the copy which he had unrolled, in order that I should begin with that rather than with my own, and after glancing over it to assure myself that it was correct, I perceived that the Concordat which I was about to sign was not the one upon which not only the negotiators, but the First Consul also, had agreed, but one entirely different. The change in the first line caused me to examine with greater diligence the remainder of the document, and I discovered that the present copy not only contained the very same draft which the Pope had refused to admit without proper corrections, and which had given cause for the recall of the French envoy through the refusal of the Pope, but it changed the same in many points, having inserted many things which had already been rejected before that draft was sent to Rome.

"A proceeding of such a nature, incredible though a fact, and which I will not permit myself to characterize,—the thing speaks for itself,—paralyzed, so to speak, my hand before it could sign. I expressed my surprise, and declared decisively that I could not sign that document at any price. The brother of the First Consul seemed no less astonished at what he heard, and declared that he could not be persuaded of what I said, since the First Consul had told him that everything was agreed and that nothing remained to be done except to sign."

The firm stand taken by Cardinal Consalvi compelled the six commissioners to undertake again a revision of the document in order to be able to please if possible the First Consul, and thus end the affair before the banquet of the following day. It was noon of the fourteenth before they had come to a satisfactory agreement. The new copy was then taken by Joseph Bonaparte who brought it to his brother, the First Consul.

"He returned in less than an hour revealing in his countenance the anguish of his mind He informed us that the French Consul was seized with a fit of great fury at the news of what had happened; that in the impetuosity of his anger, he had torn into a huudred pieces the draft of the Concordat arranged by us; and that finally yielding to his prayers, his solicitation, his reflections and his reasons, he had promised, although with unspeakable repugnance, to accept all the articles agreed upon but as to one, which we had left in suspense, he was as inflexible as irritated, charging me in conclusion, that he looked for that article just as it was written in the copy brought by Abbe Bernier, and that I had only one of two things to do, either to admit that article as it was and sign the Concordat, or to break definitely the whole negotiation; that he was absolutely determined to announce at the banquet of that day either the signing or the rupture of the affair."

It was two o'clock in the afternoon when Joseph Bonaparte brought this strange message. For two hours more the same messenger, aided by Cretet and Bernier, endeavored to bend the unflinching will of Consalvi, but to no purpose. He comprehended fully the great temporal evils that must follow a rupture with France, the dangers to the peace and liberty of the Pope and the welfare of the Church; but he knew at the same time that his action would be precisely in accordance with the wishes of the Holy Father, and therefore a matter of sacred duty. The discussion remained in the same condition when at four o'clock the six commissioners parted to prepare themselves for the banquet which was to begin at five. That this occasion promised to be one of violent anger on the part of Bonaparte was the thought of Consalvi as he entered the banquet hall of the Tuileries. The scene is described dramatically in his own words:

"Scarcely had we entered the hall in which the First Consul was waiting, and which was thronged with magistrates, officers, grandees of State, ambassadors, and most illustrious foreigners,—guests at the banquet,—than he gave us a welcome easy to imagine, he being already cognizant of the rupture. He had hardly seen me than, with inflamed countenance, and in a loud voice, he said: 'So, Monsieur Cardinal, you wish to break the negotiations? Very well. I have no need of Rome. I will act for myself. I have no need of the Pope. If Henry VIII. who had not the twentieth part of my power knew how to change the religion of his country

successfully, much more do I know how, and am able to do so. And when I change religion in France, I shall change it in nearly all of Europe wheresoever the influence of my power extends. Rome will recognize the losses she must suffer, and she will bewail them when it is too late. You are going, well, that is the best you can do. You want a rupture, and let it be so, since you wish it.'

"To these words uttered in public in a quick, loud tone of voice, I answered that I could not overstep my powers, nor agree on points contrary to the principles professed by the Holy See. 'In things ecclesiastical,' I added, 'one cannot do all that one can in temporal affairs in certain extreme cases. Notwithstanding that, it did not seem to me possible to say that the rupture was sought for on the part of the Pope, since we were agreed upon all the articles, holding only one in reserve, in regard to which I have proposed to consult the Pope himself, even though his own (the French) commissioners had dissented.' He (the Consul) interrupted me to say that he wished to leave nothing imperfect, and that he desired to conclude all or nothing. I answered that I had not the right to accept the article in question, as long as it remained precisely as he had proposed it, and without any modification. He replied angrily that he wanted it just as it was, without one syllable more or less. I answered that in that case I should never sign it, because I could not at any cost. He repeated: 'It is precisely for that reason that I say that you want a rupture, and that I consider the affair at an end, and that Rome will feel and weep over this rupture with tears of blood.'"

After more words uttered in a like strain, the guests proceeded to the banquet which was of short duration and clouded by the irritable temper of the First Consul. After it was ended, however, a better spirit entered into Bonaparte, and yielding to the solicitations of the Count de Cobentzel, the peacemaker of the day, he agreed that the commissioners might come together again for the last time on the following day.

"Let them see if they cannot possibly arrange matters, but if they separate without coming to a conclusion, the rupture will be regarded as definitive, and the Cardinal may leave. I declare also that I want this article to remain absolutely as it is, and that I shall admit of no change."

And so saying he turned upon his heel. The commissioners met accordingly on the following day at the house of Joseph Bonaparte, and after twelve hours of discussion finally came to an agreement of such a nature that the honor of the Holy See would be guaranteed thereby, while at the same time the obstinacy of the First Consul would suffer no perceptible wounding. It was at midnight when the affair was at last pronounced completed, and the commissioners at once affixed their signatures to the document.

"The Concordat was signed at two o'clock in the morning in the house which I occupied in the Rue du Faubourg-Saint-Honore. At the same hour I became the father of a third child whose birth was saluted by the plenipotentiaries of the two great powers, and his prosperity predicted by the envoys of the Vicar of Christ."*

It was at midnight instead of two o'clock A. M.

The Concordat, thus signed on July 15th, 1801, was conceived in the following terms:

Convention between His Holiness Pius VII, and the French Government.

The Government of the Republic recognizes that the Catholic Apostolic Roman religion is the religion of the great majority of the French citizens.

His Holiness also recognizes that this same religion has derived, and at this moment expects anew, the greatest good and glory from the establishment of Catholic worship in France, and the especial profession thereof made by the Consuls of the republic.

Consequently, after the mutual recognition, both for the good of religion and the maintenance of internal tranquillity, they have agreed upon the following:

Article I.

The Catholic Apostolic Roman religion shall be freely exercised in France. Its worship shall be public, conforming to the regulations of internal administration which the Government shall deem necessary for the public tranquillity.

Article II.

A new circumscription of the French diocese shall be made by the Holy See in concert with the Government.

Article III.

His Holiness will declare to the incumbents of the French Sees, that it expects from them, with a firm confidence, for the sake of peace and unity, sacrifices of every kind, even to the resignation of their Sees.

**Memoires of King Joseph.*

If, after this exhortation they refuse this sacrifice, commanded by the well-being of the Church (a refusal nevertheless which His Holiness does not expect), the dioceses of the new circumscription shall be provided with new bishops in the following manner:

Article IV.

The First Consul of the Republic will, within three months after the publication of His Holiness' bull, nominate to the archbishoprics and bishoprics of the new circumscription. His Holinesss will confer canonical institution according to the forms established in regard to France, before the change of Government.

Article V.

The nominations to Sees, hereafter to fall vacant, shall also be made by the First Consul, and canonical institution will be given by the Holy See, in conformity with the preceding article.

Article VI.

The bishops, before entering on their functions, shall take directly in the hands of the First Consul, the oath of fidelity, which was in use before the change of Government, expressed in the following terms:

"I swear and promise to God, on His holy Gospels, to observe obedience and fidelity to the Government established by the constitution of the French Republic. I also promise to have no understanding with, assist in no council, entertain no league, either within or without, which shall be contrary to the public tranquillity; and if in my diocese or elsewhere I learn that anything is plotted to the prejudice of the State, I will impart it to the Government."

Article VII.

Ecclesiastics of the second order shall take the same oath, in the hands of the civil authorities named by the Government.

Article VIII.

The following form of prayer shall be recited at the end of the Divine Office, in all the Catholic churches of France: *Domine, salvam fac Rempublicam. Domine, salvos fac Consules.*

Article IX.

The bishops shall make a new circumscription of the parishes in their dioceses, which shall be of no effect until approved by the Government.

Article X.

The bishops shall appoint to the parishes. Their choice shall fall only on persons acceptable to the Government.

Article XI.

Bishops may have a chapter in their Cathedral, and a seminary for their diocese, without any obligation on the part of the Government to endow them.

Article XII.

All the metropolitan churches. cathedrals, parishes, and others not alienated, necessary for worship, shall be put at the disposal of the bishops.

Article XIII.

His Holiness, for the sake of peace and the happy restoration of the Catholic religion, declares that neither he nor his successors will disquiet in any manner the holders of alienated ecclesiastical property, and that, consequently, the right to said property, with the rights and revenues attached thereto, shall remain incommutable in their hands or those of their representatives.

Article XIV.

The Government will secure a suitable salary to the bishops, and to parish priests whose dioceses and parishes are comprised in the new circumscription.

Article XV.

The Government will also take measures to enable French Catholics, when so disposed, to create foundations in favor of churches.

Article XVI.

His Holiness recognizes, in the First Consul of the French Republic, the same rights and prerogatives enjoyed at Rome by the former Government.

Article XVII.

It is agreed between the contracting parties that in case any successor of the present First Consul should not be a Catholic, the rights and prerogatives mentioned in the preceding article, and the nominations to Sees, shall be regulated, so far as he is concerned, by a new convention.

The ratifications to be exchanged at Paris within forty days.

Done at Paris, 26th Messidor, year IX. of the French Republic, July 15th, 1801.

H. CARDINAL CONSALVI,
J. BONAPARTE,
J. ARCHEVEQUE d CORINTHE,
FR. CHARLES CASELLI,
CRETET,
BERNIER.

Upon its appearance, the new treaty was naturally subjected to criticism, adverse and favorable. That it meant a decided victory for the Church over her old enemies was admitted on all sides, and all hostility to its prescriptions could be reduced to the murmurings of the Royalists, the emigrés, the Gallicans, the constitutionals, and the various revolutionary parties. By the great mass of the Catholic people it was hailed as a rainbow of promise after the desolating storms of the past ten years.

"According to its first article the Catholic Apostolic and Roman religion was to be exercised freely in France; the Catholic Church was *therefore* to be free in her organization, free in her preaching and teaching, free in her discipline, in her ministers, in her right of acquiring such property as would be necessary for the accomplishing of her mission. She is no longer as under the old regime, intimately allied with the State; she is no longer the Church of the State; the separation of the temporal and the spiritual has been effected. . . . . ; but in return, if one considers the words of the text according to their real value, she is entirely free; she need no longer fear trespassing from outside nor a supervision that tends only to hinder her action; nor those thousand and one interferences which were formerly perpetrated by Gallicanism."

The article continues: "Its worship shall be public"—words which naturally signify the exercise of religious ceremonies not merely within the walls of the church, but exteriorly also, as in public processions, carrying the Blessed Viaticum to the sick, and such like. Nor is it strange that these practices should be permitted in a land where the Catholic faith is the religion of the great majority of the people, when in Protestant countries they are carried out solemnly and amid the veneration of all.

The addition of the words—"in conforming to the regulations of internal administration (reglements de police) which the Government shall deem necessary for the public tranquillity"—was one of the causes of the delay in framing the Concordat; it was the clause against which the First Consul declaimed so violently on the famous afternoon of July 14th, and it has served ever since as the foundation of an anti-liberal jurisprudence.

"In practice it is the mayor who in each commune is charged with maintaining public order and tranquillity, and, by the same title, whenever a mayor considers that a procession or any other religious manifestation can occasion trouble and disorder upon the public streets, he has the right to interdict it. One must confess that in a country like ours where the idea of liberty is so limited, it is sometimes a means for the protection of the clergy and faithful against injuries and outrages. But very often mayors have interdicted, and permanently, only Catholic processions, while they permit freethinkers to pass through the streets in parades that are dangerous to the public. If a mayor acts with such partiality, if he cannot support his interdiction with some serious reason,—like that municipal official who would interdict a procession because the white veils of the young girls might frighten horses—if a mayor, in a word, acts by party spirit, and not in view of the public tranquillity, he violates the Concordat. True liberty of conscience does not take account of the sentimental susceptibilities of occasional nervous individuals, nor would it impose upon anyone the obligation of dissimulating their religious professions or philosophical opinions; on the contrary it imposes on men the obligation of tolerating each other reciprocally in the peaceful manifestation of their beliefs. Hence, independently of the Concordat, is not such liberty of conscience demanded for all citizens by the *Declaration of the Rights of Man.*" (*Croizil.*)

The articles relating to the bishops excited the greatest amount of dissatisfaction in many quarters. It meant the realization of that idea which Bonaparte had expressed to Cardinal Martiniana in the year preceding,—the utter abolition of the old hierarchy,—and the substitution of one entirely new and conformable to the order of things about to be established. Before the Revolution there were in France 136 Episcopal Sees. In the scheme of Bonaparte these were to be reduced to fifty only, of which ten were to be metropolitan, although later, in 1801, he was pleased to add ten other sees to the number. Commenting upon this reduction Cardinal Mathieu observes:

"Sixty-six cities were thus subjected to a moral and material decline from which they have never since rallied. Indeed, each of these suppressed Sees was illustrated with memorials of apostleship and holiness, with monuments, with religious establishments of every kind which gave to the episcopal cities an importance superior to that of their population and made them so many interesting little capitals, wherein were often hidden men of great merit. The dignitaries of the secular and regular clergy, some families of impoverished gentlemen or well-to-do bourgeois and professional people, maintained therein an amiable society which kept up in the most secluded provinces the best traditions of the old regime—courtesy, a taste for

literature and charity for the poor. All these little centres of intellectual and moral life were blotted out and the Concordat thus only sanctioned the destruction effected by the Revolution."

It was mainly because of reflections like these that the old emigré bishops received the news of these articles with so sad a grace.

The articles which treat of ecclesiastical property and the salaries of the clergy will prove of interest especially at the present time, when in the Law of Separation they have been so badly misinterpreted. Article XII. reveals the fact that the Church was placed in *absolute* possession of her property. The term "shall be placed at the disposition of the bishops" signifies the same thing that it did when in 1789 the property of the Church was confiscated by the then Government and, to use the terms of that law, *mise a la disposition de la nation*, placed at the disposition of the nation. There can be little doubt as to how those words were understood in 1789, for the nation, acting upon the law, immediately proceeded to the sale of all ecclesiastical property. The words, therefore, signified that the nation was placed in full and absolute possession of such property, and the precedent must in all honor apply equally when the terms are used in favor of the Church. To say, therefore, that the article gave to the bishops the mere use *ad revocationem* of such property is only to betray a desire to excuse a robbery under the pretext of a misunderstanding. The Concordat thus acknowledged the Church's absolute possession of her churches and other religious establishments, a possession which will always remain hers rightfully, and which she shall defend in her own way against any attempt at alienation.

In the articles XIII. and XIV. the French Government acknowledges that even the alienated property, *i. e.*, the churches, etc.—which after the confiscation of 1789 were sold, were even in 1801 the rightful property of the Church; though, nevertheless, the Church, for the sake of peace, therein agrees to waive her right. In so doing, however, she requires as a condition that the State shall compensate her for the same. This compensation is expressed in article XIV., wherein it is declared that the State shall assure a suitable salary to the clergy. In accordance with this disposition it follows that whenever,—as at present,—the Concordat should be abolished the Church should revert to her natural rights the compensation for alienated property being discontinued, such property or its value should be restored to the Church. In this matter the present Government of France has shown itself not merely unfair but actuated also by a spirit of robbery.

The Concordat finished, Cardinal Consalvi began his preparations for returning to Rome. He arrived in the Eternal City on August 6th. He had, however, been preceded by a messenger bearing the precious document, who arrived at the Vatican on July 25th. The instrument was immediately subjected to the examination of a commission of cardinals, and only after long and heated discussions was it finally accepted by the Holy See. It was signed by the Pope on August 15th, 1801.

In accordance with the prescriptions of the Concordat the Holy Father began at once the execution of that article which required the resignation of the various sees by their actual or rightful incumbents. The brief despatched by the Pope to all the bishops of France, whether resident in that country or liv-

ing in foreign lands, necessitated that an answer be received within ten days. Fourteen prelates residing in London declared, on September 27th, that they could not consent for the present to his demands, at least without having been heard. Twenty-six bishops residing in Germany answered in the same terms on October 28th. On January 21st the bishops who had taken refuge in England addressed to the Holy Father a new refusal protesting "against the attempts which had been made or which might be made against the rights of the Most Christian King, their Sovereign Lord, rights which the laws of the Church commanded the first among the Pontiffs to respect religiously, and the defence of which was for the French bishops a duty rendered sacred by their oaths of fidelity from which no power could release them, and whose violation would be a criminal act." Some hesitation was likewise manifested by the constitutional bishops resident in France, a hesitation, however, which under the tactful management of Cardinal Caprara, the new Legate a Latere at Paris, was finally overcome.

The Holy Father, after waiting patiently for several months for a favorable answer to his demands, resolved at length to act notwithstanding all protestations. In the Bull, *Qui Christi Domini*, he declared that he derogated to the consent of the bishops who had refused to sign their resignation, he interdicted in them every act of jurisdiction, he abolished the old dioceses existing in France, and erected sixty new sees in their place.

In the meanwhile the Concordat had been signed by Bonaparte, on September 10th, 1801. It yet, however, required the ratification of the governmental bodies before becoming law. Though signed on July 15th, 1801, it was not until April of the following year that this desired consummation was effected. It was finally ratified on April 8th, by the Corps Legislatif. The reason for the delay became apparent upon this occasion, for then there appeared in conjunction with the Concordat, and as if forming a part of it, a series of laws entitled *Organic Articles*, which had been elaborated during those nine months without the knowledge of the Pope, just as their publication was now effected without his cognizance. The purport of these latter articles was to destroy or contradict in great part the concessions granted by the Concordat. Rome has never ceased to protest against them, and to demand their abrogation or modification. In 1804 she seemed to have succeeded, deceived by the promises of Napoleon at a moment when he desired the aid of the Holy Father at the ceremonial of his coronation; in 1817, when a new Concordat was attempted, the partial abrogation of these Articles was one of the stipulations; their suppression was again proposed in 1848; and again in 1853. They remained, however, in spite of every effort, a constant obstacle to the fulfilment of the concessions of the Concordat and a source of perpetual trouble to the Church in France.

TEXT OF THE ORGANIC ARTICLES.

Organic Articles of the Convention of the 26 Messidor, Year IX.

Article 1. No bull, brief, rescript, decree, mandate, provision, signature serving for provision, nor other documents expedited by the Court of Rome, even though they concern private individuals can be received, printed, or otherwise put in force without the authorization of the Government.

Article 2. No individual styling himself a nuncio, legate, vicar, or commissary Apostolic, or who makes use of any other determining title can, without the same authorization, exercise upon French soil, or elsewhere, any function relative to the affairs of the Gallican church.

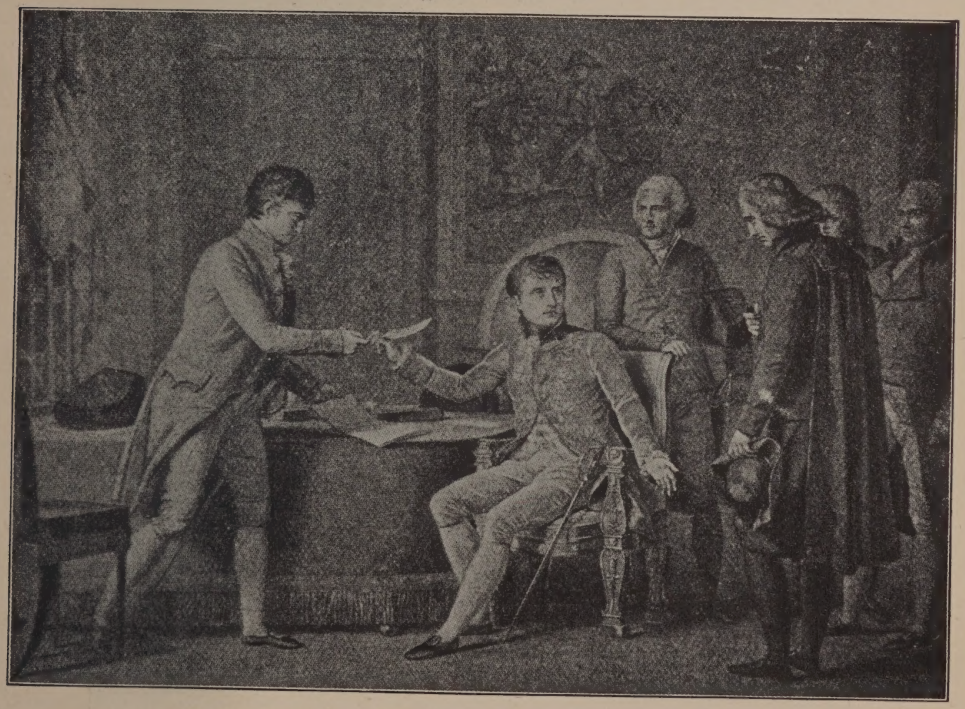
Article 3. The decrees of the foreign synods, even those of the general councils, cannot be

published in France before the Government has examined their form, their conformity with the laws, rights and privileges of the French Republic, and all that which in their publication could alter or interfere with the public tranquillity.

Article 4. No council, national or metropolitan, no diocesan synod, no deliberative assembly, shall be held without the express permission of the Government.

Article 5. All ecclesiastical functions shall be gratuitous, except the offerings which will be authorized and fixed by the regulations.

Article 6. Recourse to the Council of State shall be had in every case of abuse on the part of superiors and other ecclesiastical persons.



SIGNING OF CONCORDAT, JULY 15, 1801.

The cases of abuse are as follows: Usurpation or excess of power; contravention of the laws and regulations of the Republic; violation of the rules which are consecrated by the Canons received in France; any attack on the liberties, privileges, and customs of the French church; and every undertaking or proceeding which, in the exercise of worship, might compromise the honor of citizens, trouble their consciences unnecessarily, or which might degenerate into a source of oppression or injury to them, or become a public scandal.

Article 7. Recourse to the Council of State shall also be permitted whenever an attack is made upon the public exercise of worship, and the liberty which the laws and regulations guarantee to its ministers.

Article 8. This recourse is the privilege of all persons interested. In default of a particular complaint, this duty will devolve upon the prefects. Public functionaries, ecclesiastics or other persons who wish to make use of this appeal, will address a memorial, detailed and signed, to the counsellor of State charged with all matters concerning religion, whose duty it will be to obtain, in the shortest time possible, all proper information, and upon his report the affair will be taken up and finished in the administrative form, or sent, as the case may demand, to the competent authorities.

Article 11. The archbishops and bishops may, with the authorization of the Government, establish in their dioceses cathedral chapters and seminaries. All other ecclesiastical establishments are suppressed.

Article 12. Bishops shall be permitted to add to their names the title of *Citizen* or that of *Monsieur*. All other qualifications are interdicted.

Article 16. No one may be nominated to a bishopric who has not attained the age of thirty years, or who is not of French origin.

Article 18. The priest nominated by the First Consul shall make haste to obtain institution from the Pope.

He cannot exercise any function before the bull containing such institution has received the seal of the Government, and before he has taken personally the oath prescribed by the convention made between the French Government and the Holy See. This oath shall be taken before the First Consul; a formal attestation of the same shall be drawn up by the secretary of State.

Article 19. The bishops shall name and install the pastors; nevertheless they shall not publish their nomination nor give canonical institution until that nomination has been approved by the First Consul.

Article 23. The bishops shall be charged with the organization of their seminaries, and the regulation of that organization shall be submitted to the approbation of the First Consul.

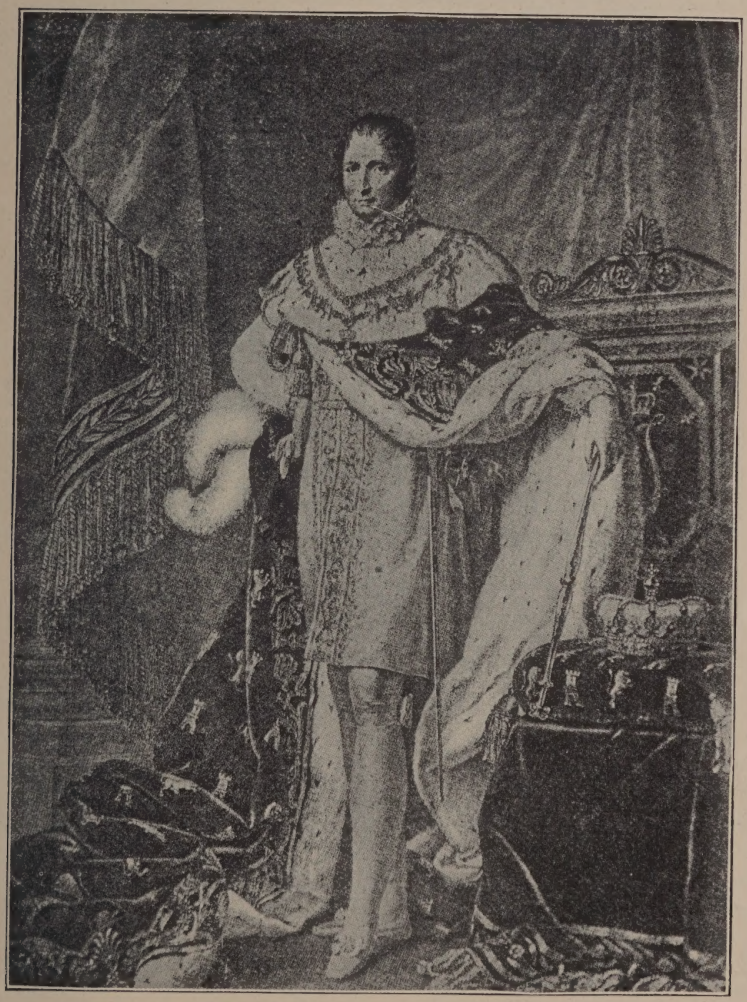
Article 24. Those who shall be chosen to

NAPOLEON.

teach in the seminaries shall subscribe to the declaration made by the clergy of France in 1682 and published by an edict of the same year; they will be obliged to teach the doctrine therein contained; and the bishops shall address a formal attestation of such submission to the counsellor of State charged with all matters concerning religious worship.

vention made between the Government and the Holy See. A formal attestation of this act shall be drawn up by the secretary general of the prefecture, and they shall receive a copy of the same.

Article 32. No foreigner can be employed in the functions of the ecclesiastical ministry without the permission of the Government.



JOSEPH BONAPARTE.
At whose house the Concordat was signed.

The bishops will ordain no persons whose names have not been submitted to the Government and approved by it.

Article 27. Pastors may not enter upon their functions before they have taken in the hands of the prefect the oath prescribed by the con-

Article 39. There shall be but one liturgy and one catechism for all the Catholic churches of France.

Article 40. No pastor may order extraordinary public prayers in his parish without the special permission of the bishop.

FAC-SIMILE DE LA RATIFICATION DU CONCORDAT PAR BONAPARTE

D'après l'original conservé au Vatican.

articles qui y sont contenus, Déclare qu'elle est acceptée, ratifiée et confirmée et Promet qu'elle sera inviolablement observée.

En foi de quoi sont données les présentes signées, contresignées et scellées du grand Sceau de la République.

A Paris le vingt-un Fructidor de l'an neuf de la République française (Huit Septembre mil huit cent un).

Bonaparte

Le Ministre des Relations Extérieures
Ch. Maur. Talleyrand

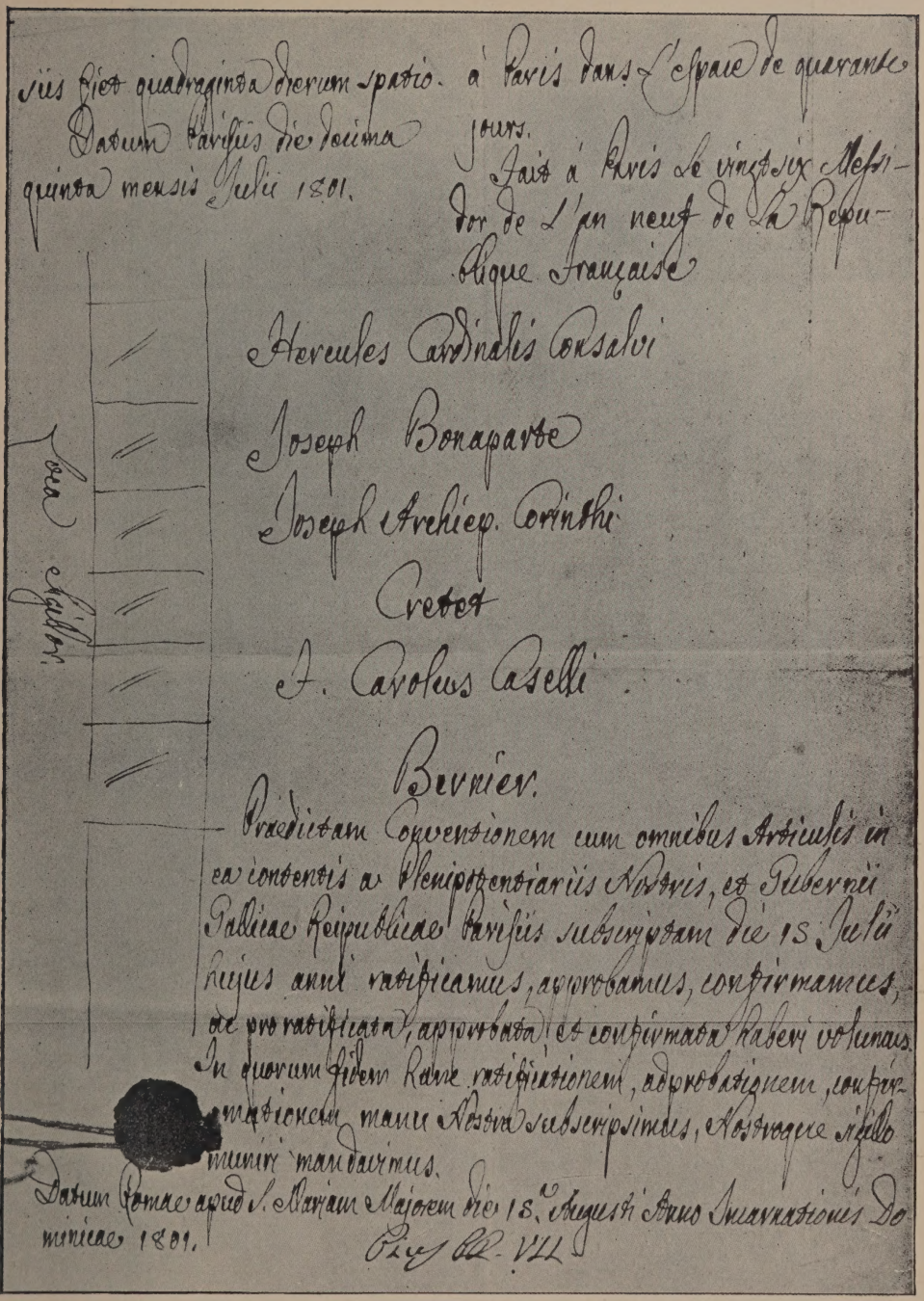
Par Le Premier Consul:
Le Secrétaire d'Etat,
Hugues B. Maret

La présente Convention, ratifiée, a été échangée à Paris le 23 fructidor an 9 (10 Septembre 1801) par les Plenipotentiaires Soussignés.

J. Andrea Arch. de Corinthe — Joseph Bonaparte
J. Charles Caselli

Berrier

FAC-SIMILE OF THE FRENCH COPY OF THE CONCORDAT, AS SIGNED BY BONAPARTE.



FAC-SIMILE OF THE CONCORDAT AS SIGNED BY POPE PIUS VII.

CONSALVI PRESENTING PIUS VII. WITH THE CONCORDAT.

Article 41. No feast, with the exception of Sunday may be established without the permission of the Government.

Article 45. No religious ceremony shall be held outside the edifices consecrated to Catholic worship in such cities as contain temples destined for a different worship.

Article 53. They shall not in their powers make any publication foreign to religious worship, unless they be authorized to do so by the Government.

Article 54. They shall not bestow the nuptial blessing except on such as can prove in good and due form that they have already contracted their marriage before a civil official.

Article 56. In all ecclesiastical and religious documents it will be required to observe the equinoctial calendar established by the laws of the Republic; the days shall be designated by the names they hold in that calendar.

Article 64. The salary of an archbishop shall be 15,000 francs.

Article 65. The salary of bishops shall be 10,000 francs.

Article 66. Pastors shall be distributed into two classes. The salary of pastors of the first class shall be 1,500 francs; that of pastors of the second class shall be 1,000 francs.

Article 67. The pensions which they receive, in execution of the laws of the Constituent Assembly, shall be counted as a part of their salary. The councils general of the large communes can, out of their landed property or from the taxes, accord an augmentation of salary if the circumstances require it.

Article 68. Curates and assistants shall be chosen from ecclesiastics pensioned in execution of the laws of the Constituent Assembly. The sum of these pensions and the product of offerings made to them shall constitute their salary.

Article 69. The bishops shall draw up a list of rules relative to the offerings which ministers of worship are authorized to receive for the administration of the sacraments These rules drawn up by the bishops may not be put in force without having been approved by the Government.

Article 70. Every ecclesiastic who receives

a pension from the State shall be deprived of such pension if he refuses to perform the functions which shall be confided to him.

Article 71. The councils general of the department are authorized to provide a suitable residence for the archbishops and bishops.

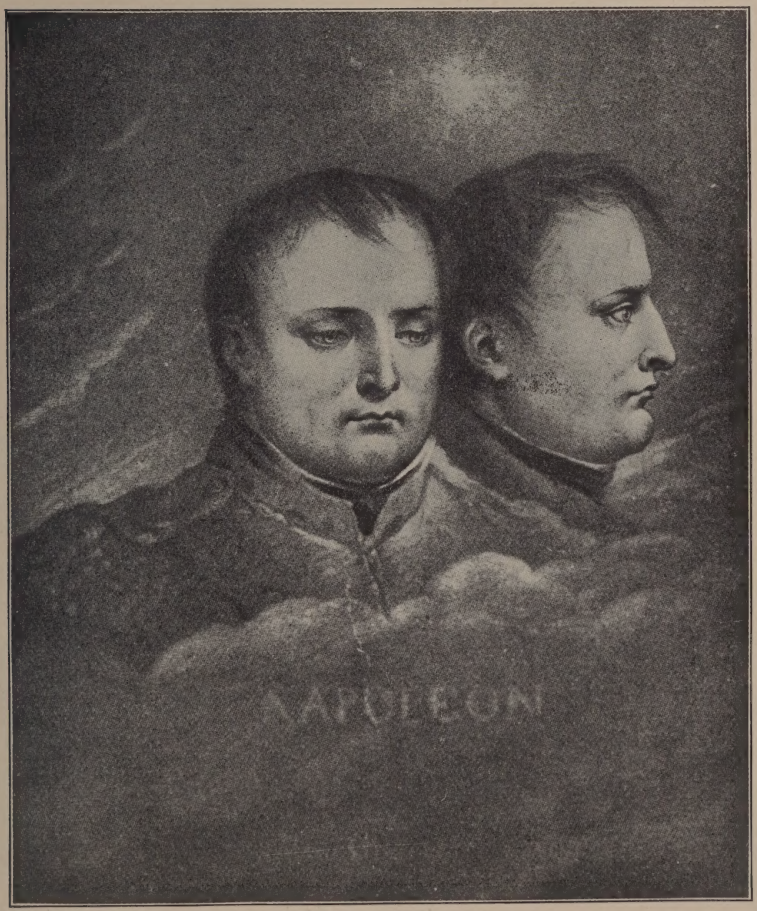
Article 72. The presbyteries and the gardens thereto pertaining shall, if they are not alienated, be turned over to the pastors or to the assistants in charge of the same missions. In default of such presbyteries the councils general are authorized to provide them with a suitable residence and garden.

Article 73. The foundations which have for their object the maintenance of ministers and the exercise of worship can only consist of rentals constituted in the State; they shall be accepted by the diocesan bishop, and cannot be executed except with the authorization of the Government

Article 74. The immovable property, other than edifices destined for residence and the gardens pertaining, cannot be affected to ecclesiastical titles, nor possessed by ministers of worship by reason of their functions.

Article 75. The edifices formerly destined for Catholic worship, actually in the hands of the nation, shall be placed at the disposition of the bishops by a written order of the prefect of the department. A copy of this order shall be addressed to the counsellor of State charged with all matters concerning religious worship.

(To be continued).



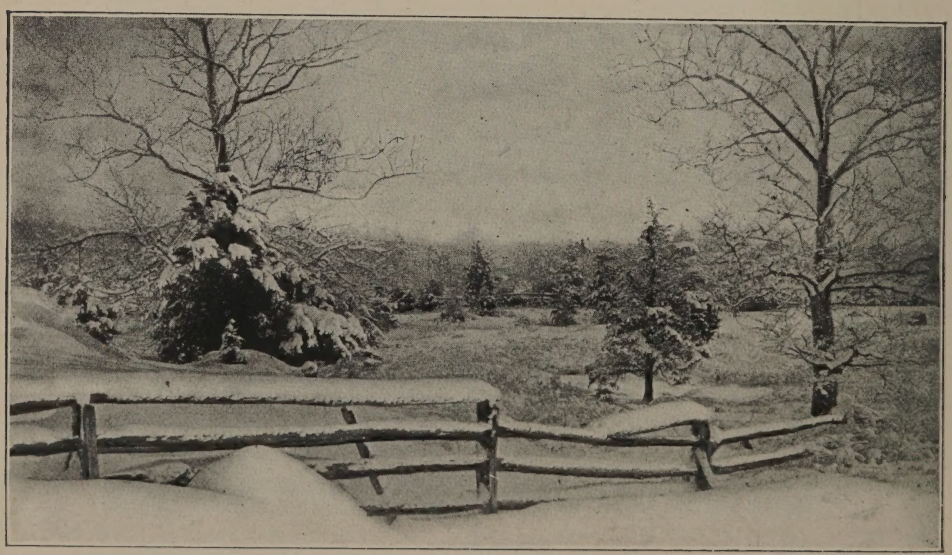
NAPOLEON.

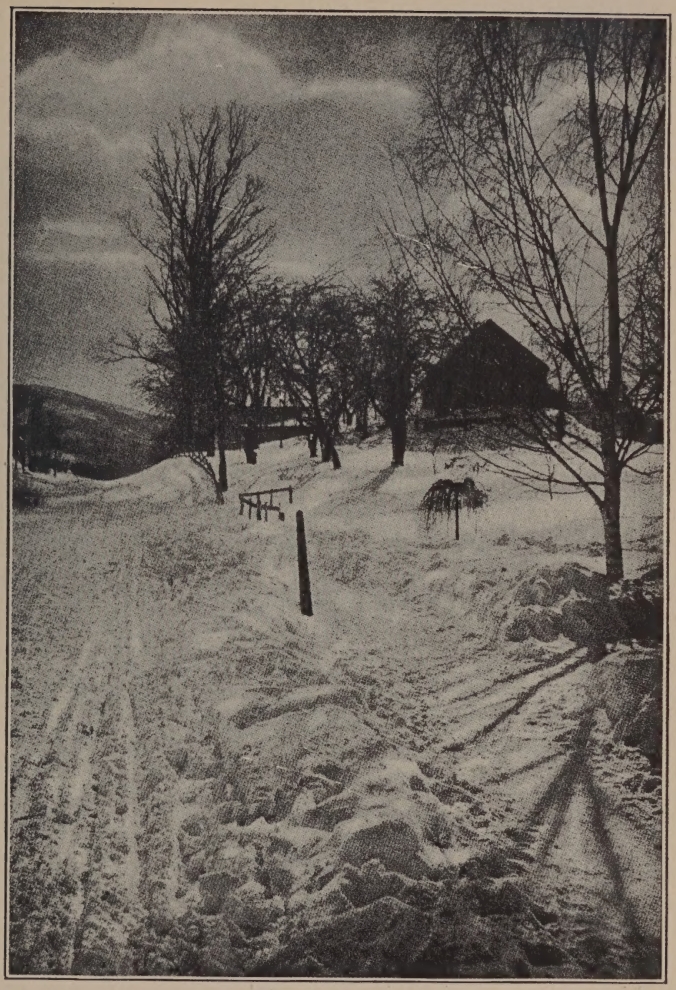
THE FIRST SNOWFALL.

BY KATHLEEN BURKE.

The first few flakes of snow are Nature's intimation of winter's near approach. As they flutter down from a passing cloud they tell of cold days to come, when the sky, and fields and hilltops will be white with them. There was an old belief that the date of the first snowfall indicated the number of snow flurries or storms that one might expect during the winter season. Thus, if the first snow came on the fifteenth, then the prudent would be prepared for fifteen snowfalls. "It is delightful to live where old furniture, old customs and old beliefs are cherished, and where, at any time, we may expect to encounter some survival of 'ye olden time,'" says a lover of Nature, who adds to outdoor tramping and seeing indoor study of neighborhood folk-lore. A saunter through the woods and fields and tussocked pastures, a clamber across a hill, or a leisurely walk through a meadow, are among the joys of life over which he grows eloquent, and which he recalls vividly when the year grows old, and the forest trees bend helplessly before every blast of the north wind.

"Icy cold the wind sweeps beneath the starlit sky to-night, and roars in anger in the chimney, but I am not moved by its threats," he says. "The back log glows defiantly, my bodyguard and shield against the bitter chill of the outdoor world. No animal in its burrow, nor owl in the hollow of an old tree, is more cosily at rest than am I; and better, too, than they, in that I am not sleepy or drowsy." Not a gust of the angry wind, rattling the shutters or shaking the outer doors, but aids to bring back to brighter light the scenes of other days; not an outing but is again enjoyed; not a bird but its song is heard; not a butterfly but is watched in its flight; not a fair fleecy





cloud of the summer skies but floats again above him, as he builds air-castles, blissfully lost in thought. And through his thoughts drift the snowflakes, insistently seeking to turn his mind from the things of summer, and partially succeeding as the old sayings recur to him, with the assertion of the oldest inhabitants that "the climate has changed." There is less snow now and the warblers are compelled to depart because of the failure of insect food, but the robin and catbird thrive and wax merry on feasts of greenbrier berries and shriveled grapes. Conforming to weather conditions the birds vary their customs, and their migratory instinct is prudently controlled as long as food can be had in their summer resorts. They are no unreasoning and unreasonable wanderers from place to place, and they fail to see why they should depart for months at a time just because their ancestors flew away to avoid rigorous winters when the earth was hidden under snow for months at a stretch. They are merely recognizing in bird fashion the change that has taken place in climatic conditions, as the farmer recognizes it in his way by retaining his wagon, instead of bringing out the sled that was in daily use in the winter months of a century ago.

A snowfall now is of uncertain and short duration, and even the animals that have fixed habits of hibernation permit themselves to be lured into the open occasionally, when a mild winter day invites them out. They are not to be caught napping —a typically American feeling. "Many a bird winters in the warm nooks of southern New Jersey that is down in the books as going to South America," a close observer of birds and their habits asserts,

as he relates his experience with a belated yellow-breasted chat, fluttering from bush to bush in its flight through the frosty air. The winter sunshine on the frozen fields held no suggestion of warmth except where it touched the scarlet berries bedded in snow or the lingering crimson leaves clinging to the oak. But not even these bits of cheer tempted the traveler to dally on his way. His sensitive little body had felt the thrusts of the cold, and with unerring instinct he pushed on to a more congenial environment, leaving behind the dreary winter landscape. "Winter is only dreary when we look in the wrong direction," contends the student of Nature, as he proceeds to make good his claim by describing in detail the things revealed to appreciative eyes.

"Homeward, but by another route, I note the fresh, green moss, the frost-defying cedar, the fringing grass where ripples a little brook, and about them all the restless songsters warbling their delight, praising the earth as they find it; and well they may. As I follow the narrow path my steps are stayed at a miniature ravine, where ferns still cling to the damp earth, and wintergreen, with abiding faith, greets with a summery smile all who pass it. Though silent, it is eloquent of the luxuriant growths that trustfully await the coming of a milder day; and above all depend icicles, tiny crystal spears pointing to the earth."

Thoreau has a delightful way of making his readers go with him through the Concord woods, to see with his eyes the many entertaining sights that Nature sets out even in the depth of winter. Whether surveying the Hunt farm, pausing by Flint's pond, gazing into the mill brook on the turnpike bridge, or crossing the river on the ice, he makes numerous discoveries close to the heart of Nature. "Will it not be employment enough to watch the progress of the seasons?" he asks, and certainly his time seems to have been very fully and enjoyably employed. "Take long walks in stormy weather," he advises, "or through deep snows in the fields and woods if you would keep your spirits up. Be cold, and hungry and weary." Farther on in this journal he describes one of these walks after the first snowfall.

It is about three inches deep. I go out at 2.30 P. M. just as it ceases. Now is the time, before the wind rises or the sun has shone, to go forth to see the sun on the trees. The clouds have lifted somewhat, but it is still spitting snow a little. . . . the snow has fallen so gently that it forms an upright wall on the slenderest tree. The agreeable maze which the branches make is more obvious than ever, and every tree thus laden is as still as the hillside itself. The pitch pines are covered with soft, globular masses."

He likes to think that the snow is pressing down the forest, confounding it with the grasses, and creating a new surface to the earth "Shutting us in with it, as we go along, somewhat like moles through our galleries." The pure and trackless road up Brister's Hill, with branches and trees supporting snowy burdens "would tempt us to begin life again."

The ice is covered up, the skating gone, the bare hills so white that their outlines are lost against the misty sky, and the snow lies handsomely on the shrub oaks.

Later on another entry in his diary reads: "High winds with more snow in the night . . . snowy ridges cross the village street, and make it look as wild and bleak as a pass of the Rocky Mountains, or the Sierra Nevada." Despite this, he ventures out to Fairhaven Pond by meadow and river, the snow blowing like spray fifteen feet high across the fields, while the wind roars in the trees as in the rigging of a vessel. But even drifting snow does not veil the rambler's vision. "It is surprising what things the snow betrays," he says, "I had not seen a

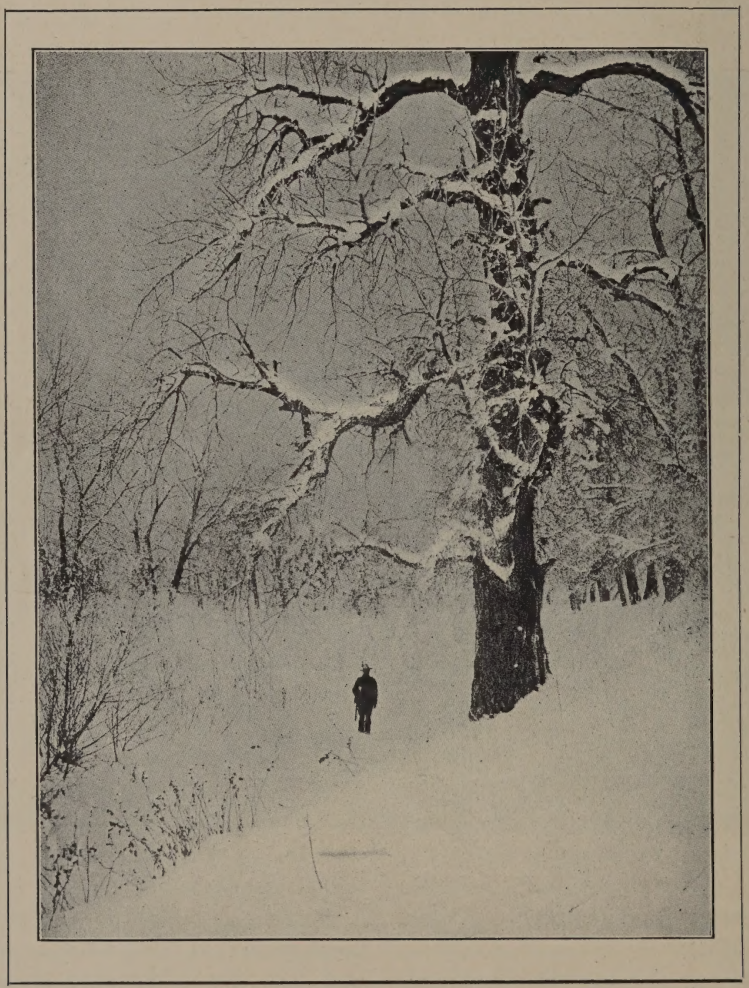
meadow mouse all summer, but no sooner does the snow come and spread its mantle over the earth than it is printed with the tracks of countless mice, and large animals. I see where the mouse has dived into a little hole in the snow, not larger than my thumb, by the side of a weed, and a yard farther reappeared, and so on, yet despite his appreciation of the panorama of nature Thoreau makes his little complaint because the man "who does not betake himself, at once and desperately, to sawing, is called a loafer, though he may be knocking at the doors of heaven all the while, which shall surely be opened to him."

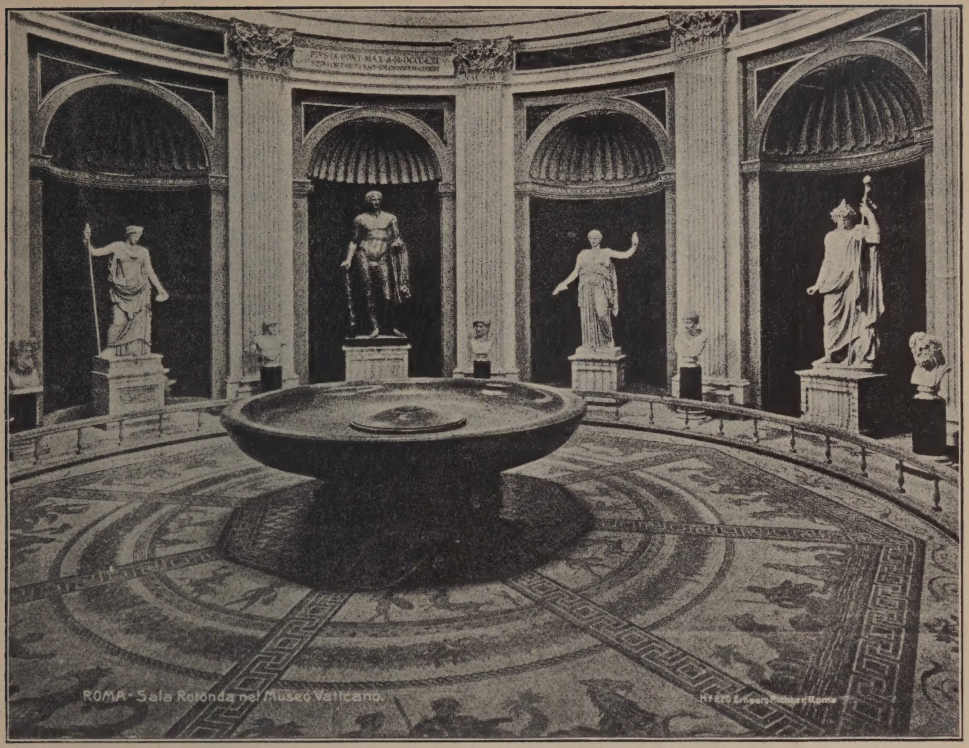
alternately above and beneath. A snug life it lives."

The winter sunset after the snow is almost cloudless, clear-cold, indigo-like along the horizon, a rosy tint suffusing the eastern sky. The mountains look dark blue and very near, and a nearby tree suggests the inviting look of a cottage on the moor buried in the snows. And

Nothing escapes the vigilant eye. It notes even that when snow is falling thick and fast the near flakes seem to drive straight to the ground, while the more distant float in the air in a quivering bank, like feathers, or like birds at play, and not as if sent on any errand. The manifestations of the vast snow-laden plains and snow-enveloped forests sug-

gest the question "Why such sights give us pleasure?" And Thoreau answers his own question with another "Is not all there consonant with virtue, justice, purity, courage, magnanimity, and does not all this amount to the track of a higher life than the otter's—a life which has not gone by and left a footprint merely, but is there with its beauty, its music, its perfume, its sweetness, to exhilarate and recreate?"





SALA ROTONDA.—HERCULES, CENTRAL FIGURE.

THE SANCTUARY OF THE WORLD OF ART.

BY THE REV. J. P. CONRY.

A sense of astonishment and awe is the principal sensation one experiences on his first visit to the Vatican

The enormous pile—the result of the labor of so many centuries—the magnificence and simplicity of its immense halls, great stairways, spacious courts and galleries; the air of refinement and tranquillity that meets one at every step and makes one feel perfectly at home, keep the visitor in a state of continual surprise, no matter how traveled he may be and how much accustomed to grandeur.

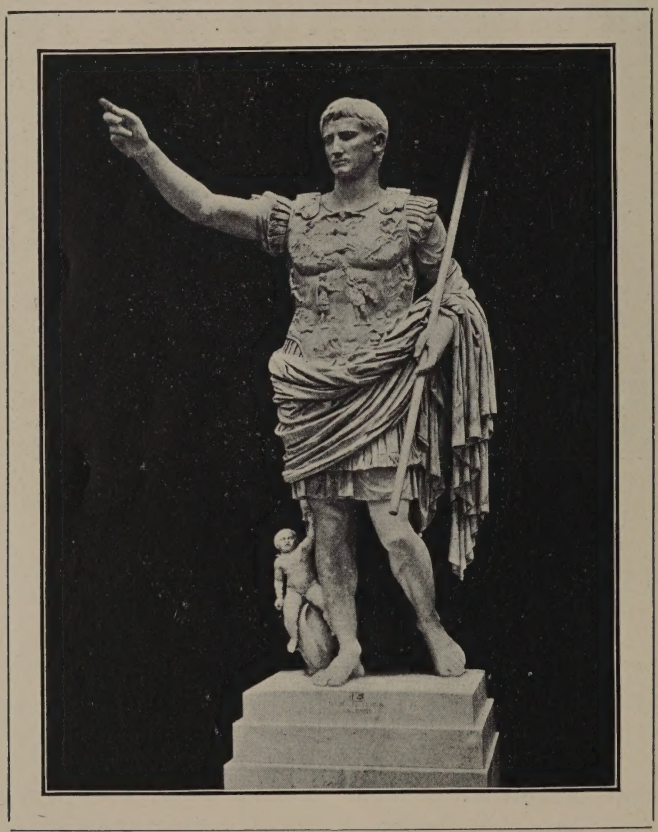
And who, we may ask, is the author and master of all this? He is an old, white-haired man bent with the weight of years, who toiled in by the Appian Way,—a long, long time ago,—to find a home in Rome. He is one who is "without a friend in the governments of the world, without territory, without treasure, without an army, without power, without a voice in the senate of nations." He is the Old Man of the Vatican with the halo of twenty centuries about his head, and the burden of Christendom upon his shoulders, who for two thousand years has been showing the world the way to Heaven, and educating mankind not alone in matters of Religion, but in Letters, Art, and every branch of Science. A day spent in one corner of this vast palace, to examine what the popes have done for sculpture in Europe, will

therefore be indeed for us a day of profit and pleasure.

THE VATICAN SCULPTURE GALLERY.

Though hundreds of thousands of foreigners representing every persuasion, color and race, make this journey annually through the Vatican galleries, we venture to say not five per cent of the multitude comprehend to any appreciable extent the expense, labor and trouble which the popes have incurred to bring to its present state of perfection this collection of ancient sculpture, now thrown open to the world with princely generosity.

Past the "Hall of the Greek Cross," constructed by Michael Angelo, with its colossal sphinxes, mosaics, and statues, we look at the sarcophagus of red porphry which Constantine the Great had hollowed out of one great block to hold the remains of his saintly mother. It was found on the Labican Way, and at the command of Pius V. was restored, at a cost of 96,000 scudi,* after twenty-five skilled workmen had labored at its renovation for nine consecutive years.



CÆSAR AUGUSTUS ADDRESSING HIS ARMY.
(*Braccio Nuovo, Vatican Museum.*)

*The Roman scudi in the time of Pius IX. was worth about five shillings. This vast amount of labor was rendered necessary not only by reason of the intense hardness of the material, but also on account of the number of figures decorating it.

We now enter the Circular Hall which is rendered glorious by its fluted columns of Luni marble, its mosiac centaurs, sea-horses, Tritons, and by its gigantic busts of gods and goddesses. In addition to other famous statues we find here that of Hercules, standing some twelve feet high in gilt bronze. It was discovered by workmen digging in the *Campo dei Fiori*, Rome, and purchased by Pius IX. for 270,000 francs. This treasure is rendered more interesting from the fact that under its form Pompey the Great worshipped that deity.

Next we see the "Hall of the Muses," due to Pius VI. Here we find ancient busts of Grecian orators, statesmen, and litterateurs, each of them priceless in itself and of far more value than all the costly marbles, columns, and frescoes, used to decorate the room that holds them.

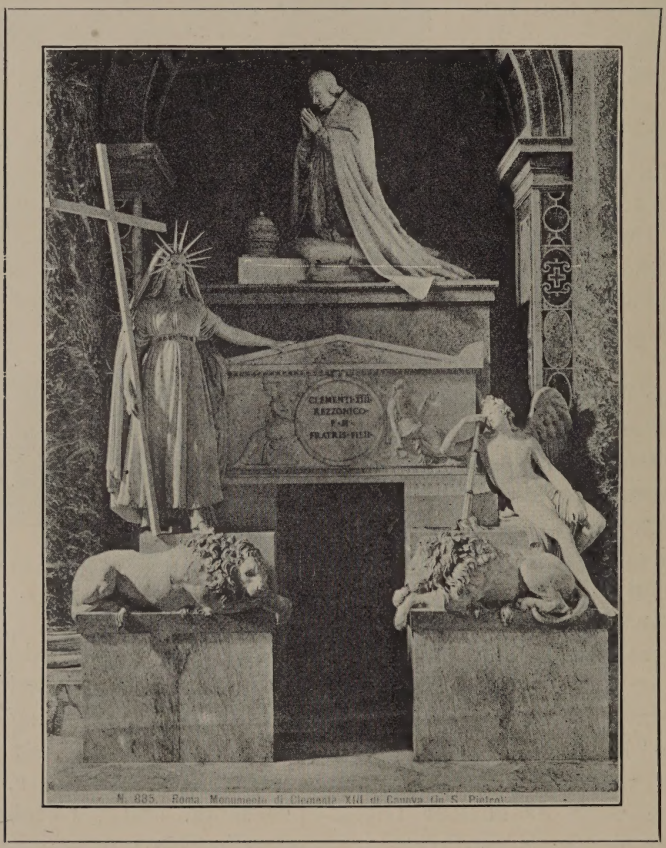
THE SACRIFICE OF MITHRAS, IN PARIAN MARBLE, HALL OF THE ANIMALS.

Without delaying for examination, we pass into the "Hall of Animals," where the finest known collection of animal sculpture, the work of ancient Greek and Roman workmen, is preserved.

Rosso, antico, alabaster, pavonzetto, white, green, grey, brown and black marbles, and porphyry of many colors, are here in profusion, showing the marvelous skill with which the ancient sculptors used the chisel. Hundreds of figures of quadrupeds, birds, fishes and vegetables, beautifully carved in the different species of marble, only too well show that one other secret is all but dead with the sculptors of bygone ages. Now we have portrayed an animal sacrificed; now hounds tearing their prey; again Hercules dragging after him the Nemean lion. Bulls, stags, rams, cows, sows with litter, hares, goats, swans, pheasants, crabs, tortoises,—all find a place in this unique collection.

Going through the "Gallery of Statues,"—formerly used as a summer-house by Innocent VIII.,—we enter the "Hall of Busts," which building once served that Pontiff as a private chapel. Here one is constrained to pause and examine the more interesting of the figures, as those of the more notable emperors interest us from a religious as well as from an artistic standpoint. The hard, cruel countenance of Nero, whose voluptuous

face so strongly reminds one of Henry VIII. of England; the intellectual power of Augustus, admirably brought out in marble; the features of the magnanimous Trajan, the remembrance of whose deeds is said to have moved even Pope Gregory the Great to pray for his soul;* meet



CANOVA'S GREATEST WORK. TOMB OF CLEMENT XIII., ST. PETER'S.

one here, after lying buried for so many centuries in and about old Rome.† Stern and strong are yet the features of Julius Cæsar, for even from the cold marble the

Great Dictator almost seems master of life and death.

There is one bust which calls up a memorable incident in the history of Imperial Rome when the throne of the Cæsars was auctioned off by the Pretorian Guards and knocked down to the highest bidder. This incident is worth quoting in the words of Burn, as an aid to an examination of the figure:

"The camp was enclosed by a wall at least as early as the time of Pertinax and Julian, for here occurred that memorable and melancholy scene in Roman history, when the Pretorian Guards shut themselves within their camp, after the murder of the reforming emperor, Pertinax, and put up the throne to auction. Julian and Sulpicianus were the bidders. The soldiers let down

* This beautiful legend is mentioned by Dante in Purgatorio, Canto X, 73–93.

† It must be remembered that the greater number of ancient statues now in Rome have been discovered in vineyards or among the debris of ruined palaces, baths, and temples.

a ladder and allowed Julian to get up upon the wall, says Herodian, for they would not open the gates before they heard how much would be offered. Sulpicianus was not allowed to mount the wall. They then bid one against the other, and at last they ran up the price little by little to five thousand drachmes to each soldier. Julian then impatiently outbid his rival by offering at once six thousand two hundred and fifty and the empire was knocked down to him."

On a scrutiny of the features of Julianus one can discern a reckless and gambling expression that fully justifies even the bidding for an empire.

The "Cabinet of Masks" claims our next attention. Of this Professor Massi says:—

"Of all the graceful or splendid accessories that have been lavished with such profusion on the adornment of the Vatican Museums, those of this portion are the most richly and harmoniously elegant. The vault is supported by columns of Monte Circes alabaster. Four red porphyry tables, supported by feet of gilt, answer the purpose of seats. The ceiling contains oil paintings by Cav. De Angelis representing mythological subjects allusive to Diana, Adonis, Venus and the Apple of Discord, as Paris refusing it to Minerva and giving it in the opposite picture to Venus."*

Passing over all these treasures so jealously preserved here we now enter what has been aptly termed "the inner sanctuary of the world of Art" where a few, and these the most glorious objects in existence, are to be seen.

THE INNER SANCTUARY OF THE WORLD OF ART.

Here at last we rest. Millions have tarried on this spot. Some of the keenest critics, the princes of every science, have loitered here to view what skilful hands of other days have chiselled, and the generous efforts of the Popes have conserved for our pleasure.

*Description of Museums of Ancient Sculpture in the Vatican Palace.

THE LAOCOON.

One day, in the January of 1506, while Felice de Fredis was digging with others in a vineyard on the Esquiline Hill, a group of marble figures was unearthed. In all haste messengers were despatched to the Vatican to acquaint the Pope, Julius II., of the discovery; and Michael Angelo, who was then working in the Pontifical Palace, was sent with Da Sangello to examine the group, and see how far the wondrous rumors were correct. No sooner did Michael Angelo behold the figures than he recognized the long lost treasure; and clapping his hands he joyfully cried, *"Questo 'e il Laocoonte di cui discorre Plinio!"** And surely enough there it was,—"the Laocoon of which Pliny spoke,"—coming to light on the very place which it had graced in the baths of Titus, twelve hundred years before; and now, with the exception of a few breakages, almost as fresh-looking as the day Agesander and his two sons gave it to the world.

The Warrior Pope—famous both in peace and war—purchased the masterpiece on the spot, and set Michael Angelo to examine it.

Pliny had described the Laocoon as standing "in the palace of the Emperor Titus, a work which may be considered superior to all others both in painting and statuary."† On one point alone Michael Angelo found Pliny in error—that the entire group of four figures was formed out of a single block. The extreme delicacy of the work had deceived the Roman historian; for after a diligent scrutiny Michael Angelo found it to consist of three.

*Storia della Citta di Roma del Medio Evo Gregorovius. Vol. IV.

†Plinius, Lib. XXXVI., c. IV.

"This miracle of art," as the prince of modern sculpture termed the group, portrays a terrible and tragic scene. Laocoon, priest of Neptune, while offering sacrifice at the altar is suddenly entwined in the folds of a huge serpent, sent as punishment by one of the gods. His two sons, who run to their father's aid, are also caught in the deadly coil, and thus the struggle of agony and terror begins.

"The subject of the Laocoon",* says Shelley, "is a disagreeable one, but whether we consider the grouping or the execution, nothing that remains to us of antiquity can surpass it . . . Bryon thinks that Laocoon's anguish is absorbed in that of his children, that a mortal's agony is blending with an immortal's patience. Not so. Intense physical suffering, against which he pleads with an upraised countenance of despair, and appeals with a sense of its injustice, seems the predominant and overwhelming emotion, and yet, there is nobleness in the expression and a majesty that dignifies torture.

"We now come to his children. Their features and attitudes indicate the excess of filial love and emotion that animates them, and swallows up all other feelings. In the elder of the two this is particularly observable. His eyes are fixedly bent on the Laocoon—his whole soul is with, is part of that of his father. In the younger child surprise, pain and grief seem to contend for the mastery. He is not yet arrived at an age when his mind has sufficient self-possession for fixedness of reason to analyze the calamity that was overwhelming himself and all that is dear to him. He is sick with pain and horror. We can almost hear his shrieks. His left hand is on the head of the snake that is burying its fangs in his side, and the vain and fruitless attempt he is making to disengage it increases the effect."

Those of our readers who have had the pleasure of personally examining the Laocoon will, we think, bear out Shelley's criticism.

"THE APOLLO OF THE VATICAN."

"What a great idea it gives one of God to think that He has created a human being capable of fashioning so divine a form,"† said a great woman on first seeing "the Apollo of the Vatican," and the expression was not exaggerated. Discovered amid the ruins of the Imperial Palace at Anzis*, about five centuries ago, the Apollo has been described as "the most perfect piece of Greek antique sculpture in existence."

Ideal grace, perfect symmetry of form, of proud and manly bearing, this representation of Apollo combines all the majesty of the divine with the beauty of the human exterior. In an age when Art was at a low ebb in Rome, it was brought to light after its long sleep under the debris at Anzis, and was bought from the finders by Cardinal Ginliano, who placed it in his gardens near *San Pietro in Vincoli*, and afterwards, on becoming Pope, had it transferred to the Vatican.†

It is difficult to form any adequate idea of all this warrior Pontiff, Julius II., though continually harassed by the enemies of his temporal power, did for Art.

"At the beginning of the sixteenth century", says Pasteur, "Rome, representing as she did the art of Antiquity, the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, was already the most beautiful and interesting city in the world. But it is to the patron of Bramante, Michael Angelo and Raphael, to the Pope, who, even as a cardinal, was such a generous friend of artists, that she owes the proud position that she now holds of being the ideal centre of æsthetic beauty for all devotees throughout the world. It was under his rule that the foundations were laid for most of those magnificent creations of architecture, sculpture and painting which constitute by no means the smallest part of the magic charm of the Eternal City, and are a source of never-ending delight to both thinkers and poets."‡

CANOVA'S CABINET.

Though the small room known as "Canova's Cabinet " contains but three

*Quoted in Hare's Walks in Rome.

†Life of Mrs. Siddons. Campbell.

*A watering place some sixteen miles from Rome, where remains of the once magnificent palace of the Ceasar's are still to be seen.

†Storia della Citta di Roma del Medio Evo, Greg. V., C. VI.

‡Pasteur:—History of the Popes, Vol. V I, Chap. VIII.

figures, it may well claim a foremost place in the minds of artists. Beauty, strength, grace, courage, treachery and ferocity, are all so well delineated by the chisel of the great master of modern sculptors, that, with the exception of Michael Angelo's works, no recent productions are held in so much admiration in Rome.

The central figure, Perseus, represents the young hero as holding up the head of Medusa which he has just severed with his curved sword. Refinement and delicacy, rendered more striking by consciousness of dormant power and strength of muscle, are evident in every line.

In strong contrast stands out the statues of the boxers. Damopenus and Creugas are sculptured as being in the midst of a pugilistic contest. Dissatisfied by the result of their encounter up to this, they agree to discard the *cestus** and continue the contest with naked fists. The younger, trusting to the good faith of the other, promptly throws aside his instrument of the ring only to be attacked by his treacherous antagonist who had retained his, and now proceeded to disable him with it. Darting at the unarmed boxer Damopenus thrust his fingers and *cestus* into the younger man's side and, tearing it open, placed him *hors de combat.* For this act of treachery the Sicilians—whose vivacious temperament has always made them quick to speak and act—banish the elder boxer, and after awarding the palm of victory to Creugas, order the erection of a statue to his honor in the Temple of Apollo.

These few figures would of themselves have been sufficient to give the great sculptor of the eighteenth century a lofty niche in the Temple of Fame. He was, however, destined to achieve a greater triumph.*

THE "BRACCIO NUOVO."

We now proceed to the "Braccio Nuovo" or "New Wing," extending a length of two hundred and five feet, which Pius VII. built at a cost of no less than 2,499,-375 lire† for the accommodation of one hundred and forty pieces of ancient sculpture representing emperors of ancient Rome, goddesses, symbolical subjects, and celebrities of the empire. We can mention but two of these masterpieces. One is the statue of Augustus Cæsar in the act of delivering an address to his army. When he mounted the imperial throne at the age of eighteen men spoke of him as "that beardless boy."

But the "beardless boy," after defeating his enemies in the Eternal City herself, consolidated his shaky throne, had the universe in his hands, and the whole world at peace in the year our Divine Lord was born.

In this year the great Emperor—great both in peace and war, and equally in his element whether amid the clang of arms or the sweets of repose—erected the Altar of Peace, a fitting symbol of the reign of the Meekest of Men.‡

The second statue is that symbolizing the river Nile. It is a huge recumbent figure of the old river god over

*This formidable instrument used in the ring of those days consisted of a stout strap of bull's hide with leaden or iron balls sewed into it.

*This was the execution of the tomb of Clement XIII. (1758–69) for St. Peter's. In presence of the Roman populace this magnificent work was unveiled in 1795. We are told that Canova disguised as a monk mingled among the concourse to hear their criticisms of his labor.

†At first sight this sum is surprising, but on an examination of the Corinthian marble sustaining the dome and roof of the wing; the columns of Oriental alabaster and black marble, the marble floor, inlaid with mosaics, and the bas-reliefs in stucco work, surprise ceases.

‡An altar believed to be the identical *Ara Pacis* erected by Augustus is shown in Rome yet.

whom some dozen figures of little children swarm. The mild, benevolent features are suggestive of the benefits the river annually bestows upon Egypt, and the fruits that cover the venerable head indicate the abundance that follows in the wake of old Father Nile.

THE GALLERY OF INSCRIPTIONS.

Adjoining the Braccio Nuovo is the Gallery of Inscriptions, or Galleria Lapideria, so called from the number of slabs covering the walls. The whole is a vast storehouse of information, to be gathered from the pagan and Christian inscriptions concerning ancient Rome and the primitive Church. Of the total number of slabs—4,100—3,000 concern the Empire and 1,100 deal with Christian affairs.

Our readers may conceive some idea of the historic value of these slabs on learning that it took Mgr. Marini, one of the most learned men in Rome under Pius VII., no less than forty years to classify and comment upon the different subjects.

Space does not allow us to dwell at any length on those interesting relics of Rome's greatness and darkness; of her moral elevation and enlightenment by the sturdy Fisherman who came in by the Appian Way.

THE "TORSO BELVEDERE."

Many other parts of this little art world within the Vatican, such as the Chiarimonti Museum, the Egyptian Museum, and a number of other halls, call for special attention; however, we shall content ourselves with an examination of one object preserved in the *Atrio Quadrato*. It has now neither beauty nor grace, and yet, by reason of its world of associations with ancient and modern periods of Art, it is always attractive. This is the famous "Torso Belvedere," which to-day without head, legs, or arms, and seemingly only a shapeless mass of *Grechetto* marble, yet is declared by experts to be superior to any other masterpiece of ancient or modern sculpture.

The ancients were never tired of portraying Hercules. Now we meet him in the *Sala Rotunda* of the Vatican, a colossal statue of gilded bronze, with the lion's skin thrown over his arm, the five Golden Apples in his left hand, and his great club grasped in his right. Again we meet him as a man in the prime of life, in the act of dashing out his antagonist's brains. At another time as a boy, or as a young man,—always gentle and well-built and brave as the king of the forest.

Here, however, he is in his old age, reposing calmly after his elevation among the gods. Shapeless as this, the most famous representation of Hercules now is, it has been the school at which many master minds studied for the sake of accurate knowledge of delineating the muscles of the human body. Michael Angelo, Raphael, and a host of others, owe to it much of their success, and when the first-named reached a hoary, blind old age, bowed down by the weight of nearly ninety winters, he loved to be led up to the sitting Hercules of the Vatican, to pass his fingers over the muscles, to study it anew, and thus enjoy once more by sense of touch its almost perfect muscular development.

Such are a few of the sculptured treasures of the Vatican—few, because to give a complete idea of the number and beauty, would require volumes.

The Pope in past ages was the main prop of Art in Italy, as he is to-day its preserver. He might be renowned either

as writer, preacher, reformer, or warrior —for in the turbulent old days when might meant right and the sword had to be borne by the Sovereign Pontiff, as well as the cross—as is shown by the fact that one or more canonized popes did not hesitate to betake themselves to the camp—he was on the whole a lover of art. And if perchance a particular Pontiff did not give the support expected from him, Art languished, and its disciples starved. Of this fact no better proof can be adduced than that of the different tastes of Leo X. and Adrian VI.; the one, a Medici, was a lover of the arts; the other held them of little moment.

Sculpture and painting flourished under the Florentine Pope; artists grew in fame and brilliancy and the number increased. "But," says Lanzi, "in 1521 followed the death of Leo X., and the election in his stead of Adrian VI., a sworn foe to the fine arts, who suffered the public works contemplated and already commenced by his predecessor to remain in an unfinished state; in so much that owing to this circumstance, and partly to the plague of 1523, a great number of artists were almost ready to die of want."

Adrian, however, dying after a reign of twenty-three months, and Giulio de Medici being, under the name of Clement VII., elected as his successor, the arts began to revive.

Raphael himself had begun to paint the great saloon of the Vatican, having already finished one or two of the figures, and left designs for the completion of the remainder.

From this brief sketch we may gather that neither time, expense or labor has been spared by the Head of the Catholic Church to foster the fine arts; and if on visiting Rome the æsthetic world has its tastes gratified all thanks are due to the white-robed figure of the Apostolic Palace.

*History of Painting, Lanzi. Vol. I., Roman School.

THE LAST DANCE

BY KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON

The Hon. Ellen Carew had had scores of lovers. She had said "no" to all of them, and after they had torn their hair and sworn that their hearts were broken they went away and married girls without any pretentions to her beauty and wit and vivacity and charms, and, most of them, lived happily ever afterwards.

She had been a beauty from her babyhood, when she had been a round, dimpled, adorable child, dazzlingly rose and white, golden-haired, blue-eyed, wielding an imperious sceptre in her fat baby fist, for no one could resist her.

She was well dowered too as the late Lord Donabate's only daughter. She had superb health. She laughed so much that the ill-natured prophesied wrinkles while she was yet in her glorious youth. She was frank and honest, and kind except to her lovers. Yet here she was at the verge of middle age still unwed.

Of all the long train of lovers,—who never bore her any ill-will for her refusals,—there remained now only Sir Harvey Vernon, and he had seemed the least likely of them all twenty golden years ago. He had been a plain-looking young man, his plainness increased by the pitting of small-pox which had also coarsened his features. But he had beautiful eyes, as kind and faithful as the eyes of a dog, and his expression was honest and manly. His looks too improved as he grew older, and occasionly a woman seeing him for the first time had found a certain distinction in his ugly looks.

Miss Carew, by the way, would always stand up for Sir Harvey, which was but natural, seeing what old friends they were. "Stuff and nonsense," she would say, when some one called him ugly: "he has shoulders and a chin. What more does a man want? Let alone that his eyes are like Ruby's."

Ruby was her special favorite, an Irish setter as beautiful as her mistress.

By this time people gave great latitude to the old lovers. Opinion was divided as to whether they would ever marry or not. But at least they were old enough to have the privileges of friendship; and so, one was never invited without the other; they rode and hunted together; danced and walked together; there wasn't a day that Sir Harvey wasn't at Donabate, transacting this or that business for Miss Carew. To be sure that was all right since Miss Carew had taken into her house and her warm heart a certain starved, pinched elderly cousin whom she had discovered in genteel poverty in Dublin, who had served as chaperone when Ellen Carew would have been too young in the eyes of the county to entertain gentlemen alone.

Miss Carew used to say that her cousin Letitia kept her from doing all kinds of wild things, and used to pretend an awe of her opinions which set many a table in a roar. The county was very good-natured to Nell Carew, as it still called her. Yet there was some truth in the jest after all. Many and many a time Nell Carew had refrained from doing something or other which would have shocked the timid little spinster out of pure love and compassion for her.

Harvey Vernon's chin which his lady had praised did not belie his character. He had a dogged determination that con-

sorted oddly with the rest of his thoroughly amiable character. Quite fifteen years ago when Nell Carew had first refused him he had said to her: "I shall go on asking you till you say yes."

At the time it had excited her mirth, although she had not laughed in the face of the tall fair square lad because it was not in her to hurt people; but it had also won her respect. As years went on and the other lovers consoled themselves her respect grew for this masterful, patient lover. He had said he would not worry her and he did not. Only, about once in six months he would remind her that he was yet waiting. Time and time again she had bidden him not to wait. She had pointed out to him the attractiveness and desirability of this and that damsel. He had heard her as one who listens to folly, and had gone on with his patient siege of her heart.

Her cousin Letitia used to shake her head over it.

"How you can be so hard-hearted to that fine loyal fellow," she would say, "is beyond me."

"But I don't want to marry," Miss Carew would reply, "and I shan't marry unless I want to. Look at all the good I get out of life. I'm busy from morning till night. I can hunt all day and dance all night. I can enjoy my life to the full. If I married I should settle down to the duties of looking after my house and my husband and my children, supposing I had any. The prospect doesn't allure me. It might be better for me if my heart would get old but it won't. My toes go tapping like any girl's at the thought of the officers' dance at Ballycashel to-night. I'm surrounded by beaux wherever I appear although I'll never see thirty-six again. My programme is filled the minute I enter a ball-room. Look how the men crowd around me at the races and in the hunting field. I could have fifty leads if Harvey Vernon didn't frighten them off with his air of owning me."

"Ah, my dear," Miss Letitia would say, "the time will come when you'll want the husband and children like other women. I don't believe that even Harvey Vernon will wait forever."

"There you're wrong," Nell Carew said with a kindling of her face. "I believe in him more than you do."

"And if it is so," went on the old cousin making an easy *volte face* as is the way of her sex, "think how you are treating that kind faithful fellow. What comfort has he in that big old ruinous barrack of his? He is at the mercy of his servants. I don't like that housekeeper of his. Her eye is furtive; and she is too honeyed to be wholesome. There is dirt everywhere. I'm sure he has never anything fit to eat. I wonder he's not poisoned in that place. I'm sure the drains are all wrong. The rats are all over the place."

"Harvey is so much at Donabate," said Miss Carew calmly, "that he can't take much harm. He lunches and dines here most days of the year."

"You are keeping him out of his home, my dear," Cousin Letitia went on. "If he had never known you he would have had a wife and children long before this. He is a domesticated man, and he loves children. You saw him with that little girl of Flora Bruce's the other day."

A delicate color fluttered in Miss Carew's cheeks. It was one of the charming things about her that she could still blush like a girl, and that her color would come and go for joy or surprise or sympathy or any other emotion. It must have been her young heart that kept her

young, for although she was travelling towards the forties she would have passed for ten years younger any day. Her complexion was, well, almost as brilliant as ever. It was the delicate sort one would have said likely to suffer from the hunting and driving and riding, but it had not suffered. It was a marvellous complexion for a woman of Miss Carew's age. But then it was a cruelty to talk of her age seeing how Time had forgotten her. And she would be fresher after a long day's run or a night's dancing than the young girls. It was wonderful how she kept her youth, but then, as one of the very few who did not like her had been heard to say, everyone knew that it was just those people like Nell Carew, who were so wonderfully well preserved, that became old almost in a night.

A few days after this conversation there was a grand ball at Dublin Castle, to which Nell, who had danced through the reigns of many viceroys, had been invited. So had half the country-side. Of course, as usual, Harvey Vernon was to squire her and her cousin, and they were all three to stay in Dublin for the night, at the Shelbourne in Stephen's Green.

The morning of that day,—it was the 28th of January,—the two ladies sat over the breakfast table talking.

"Poor Cousin Letty!" Miss Carew said. "What a tiresome night you will have while I shall be enjoying myself so tremendously."

Miss Letitia protested that she should be enjoying herself very well too, but the younger lady would not listen to her.

"You will be half asleep for the next week," she said. "Isn't your little weary face a perpetual reproach to me even while I am dancing? I have a great mind to defy the conventions and leave you at home. Aren't Harvey Vernon and I old enough to go about by ourselves?"

"My dear!" the old lady protested in horror. "My dear, I would rather die than that such a thing should happen. You may defy *les convenances* when you are withered and old like me. But, with that face!"

"I felt for the first time the other night at the Feltrim's dance," Miss Carew said, and there was a new tired sound in her voice, "that I had begun to wither."

"Wither! With that face! Why, you are as fresh as the morning."

"Thank you, Cousin Letty. It is as your loving eyes see me. But I am within appreciable distance of forty. And now, shall I tell you what made me feel withered?"

"If you like, my dear. Although I shall never acknowledge that you are."

"No, nor you won't ten years hence. Nor will Harvey Vernon. He will go on thinking me beautiful." There was an odd tender note in her voice. "Well, dear Cousin Letty," she went on more briskly, "the thing occurred like this. I happened to sit out a dance—only because I was engaged for it and my partner was late in claiming me for it. And I had a sudden strange feeling. I remembered all the men I used to dance with who are dead and gone, and the room seemed full of ghosts. I won't say exactly that the lights burnt blue, but I felt almost as if they did. I seemed to see all those old partners of mine,—Jack Gibson, who was killed in Africa; Harry Leyne who died of the cholera in India; Dick Vandaluer, who broke his neck at the double fence at Punchestown, and many and many another. Then I asked myself why I should be there when they

were all dead and gone. I assure you, dear Cousin Letty, even after the feeling had passed by, I felt as though I were dancing with the dead instead of the quick."

"My dear, what a ghostly idea! It sounds like a nightmare."

"It was like one, for a few seconds. Then Harvey came up to me. He was watching me as usual from a distance, as he will do instead of going to the card-room with the other men who do not dance. I was glad to look into his kind face and realize that, at least, he was left."

After breakfast they started for Dublin. They wanted to rest in the afternoon so as to be fresh for the ball, Nell Carew suggesting with a mockery of herself which was a new thing in her that she must take care of her roses.

At Kingsbridge a pink and white dapper young gentleman, who was just driving off on an outside car, took off his hat to the two ladies with an air of *empressement.*

"Now, who can that sleek youth be?" Miss Carew asked.

"I don't believe I've ever seen him before," Miss Letitia Moore answered.

Sir Harvey Vernon was seeing after the luggage. One or two neighbors who had also travelled up for the ball came and spoke to them. The pink and white young gentleman was forgotten for the moment. Yet in the afternoon, while Miss Moore slept—it was an absolute impossibility for Nell Carew to sleep in the daytime—the thought of the youth came back to her mind with annoying persistence. He was like somebody,—who was it? She was positive she had had never laid eyes on him before. Yet he was tantalizingly like somebody she had known once upon a time.

The hairdresser came after a time to dress her hair, and the pink and white youth was forgotten.

She had a new dress for the ball, a wonderful thing of white velvet which was a joy to look upon. When she was dressed and looked at herself in the mirrors in the long room she thought to herself that she was not a whit less radiant than she had been when she was twenty. Why, if anything she was more beautiful in her maturity.

She had a sudden desire to see her thought ratified in the faithful eyes of the man who had loved her so long, to whom she would always be beautiful even when she was old and gray,—a time not so very far distant now.

She took her cloak from the maid and went down to the private sitting-room where they were to dine. At the door she took off her cloak and went towards Sir Harvey Vernon where he stood by the fireplace. The full brilliancy of the electric light was upon her piled-up golden hair, on her beautiful shoulders and arms, for which the white velvet made so lovely a setting. There were emeralds around her throat and a band of emeralds and diamonds in her hair.

"By Jove!" the man said under his breath; "By Jove!"

There was ardor in his eyes, and the ready color bloomed in her cheeks. She had to remind herself that they had been friends—lovers, on his side, for twenty years, and that she had never been conscious of the slightest desire to marry him. Marriage was hum-drum: and she had always enjoyed herself so amazingly. Why her contemporaries who were married were faded and thin where they had not a thirty-six inch waist.

"And what have you been doing all the afternoon?" she asked lightly, to conceal a certain trepidation on her part.

Why what had come to her? Imagine her feeling positively nervous with Harvey Vernon, dear old Harvey; and for the first time in her life her pulses had gone fast in her enjoyment of life, but no man had ever made them gallop.

"I went to see Nina,"—Nina was Sir Harvey's married sister—"I had tea with the kiddies and romped with them till they went to bed. I tucked Robin before I left. He absolutely refused to sleep unless I tucked him in."

She was conscious of a sudden pang. Why what was coming to her? She had never had nerves in her life. Was this nerves? Was she still affected by that odd vision of hers the other night of all the dead partners bowing and smiling in the places of the new generation?

Sir Harvey protested against driving with them to the ball lest he should be in the way of their fine clothes, but she would not listen to him. So he took the front seat in the brougham, and sat with the white velvet train laid across his knees, looking happy as he always did when he was with Nell.

Presently their carriage was stopped in a long queue and they had to wait patiently while the crowd in the street pressed their faces against the glass to see the ladies in their finery.

One or two good-humored remarks on the part of the crowd reached them and brought the color to Nell's cheek.

"Sure, aren't you a lucky gintleman to call that beauty your own?" asked a voice in the crowd.

"Very lucky, indeed," Sir Harvey answered seriously.

They moved on into the Castle yard out of sight of the crowd. Again they were stopped. There was a lamp close by them, and as Sir Harvey leant forward with his head in its light Nell Carew noticed for the first time that his dark hair showed some silver in it. She bent down and smelt the great bouquet of lilies-of-the-valley which had come to her from him that afternoon. He had sent her all her bouquets this many a year. Again the nerves,—or something,—took possession of her. Supposing they did really belong to each other! Supposing there was a home to which they should both return, with,—well the things that other people had. There was little Robin whom his uncle adored. Someone had told her lately with a spice of malice, that Nina had said,—she had never liked Nina,—that now it seemed less and less likely that Harvey would ever marry and that of course he would make Robin his heir.

On their way up the great staircase Miss Carew caught sight, a little ahead, of the pink and white youth.

"Who is that baby?" she asked. "I seem to have known him some time or other."

Sir Harvey glanced indifferently in the youth's direction. He did not know him or failed to recognize him; to be sure he had only the sleek litttle head with its back parting to guess him by. And immediately Nell was surrounded by would-be partners. In an incredibly short space of time her programme was full for the night.

Sir Harvey yielded her up to a partner and went off with Miss Moore to establish that lady comfortably by some dowagers of her acquaintance. Presently he came back and took up his usual position by the door to watch Nell dancing, to be ready to go to her if she were left for a minute or needed anything.

It was good to look at Nell dancing. There was the secret of her unfailing youth in the joy with which she danced. With

her long train over her arm she went by him and he said to himself that there was not a woman in the room like her. He wished that he had not been a non-dancing man. Why should those other men have their arms about her? It was a privilege which had never been his. He had an absurd impulse to get up and take her from the dragoon with whom she was dancing. Was his endless patience coming to an end after all?

The dance was over. Before he could go to her he saw the pink and white youth approach her before him. Something passed between them. Then the pink and white youth went off, walking on his toes. Nell looked across and made him a little imperious sign.

He was by her side in a second. The next dance was forming and her partner was coming to claim her. She put her hand in Sir Harvey's arm.

"I am going home at once," she said. "Let us find Cousin Letty."

Then to the disappointed partner with great sweetness: "I am so sorry. I am not very well and am going home."

Sir Harvey looked at her with the lover's alarm. Not well! Why she had never looked more brilliant. Her color was high. There was a new light in her eyes. She carried her fine head loftily.

"Don't ask me any questions," she said, before they had found Miss Moore, "but come to breakfast to-morrow morning at nine o'clock. I will tell you then why this shall be my last dance."

He was not the one to press her till her own moment came. They drove back to the Shelbourne in silence, Miss Moore at once mystified and delighted at not having to sit up till the small hours. "I got tired of it," Nell had said. It was not like Nell to be tired of a dance; but then perhaps the thought of those dead partners had visited her again and taken the joyousness out of the occasion. Miss Moore was too sleepy and too glad to get to bed to puzzle over the reason of her reprieve.

Sir Harvey Vernon was punctual at the breakfast hour next morning. There was a brilliant sun in the room, and spring-like air came through the open window, while a bright fire leaped and sparkled in the grate. There were wall-flowers and violets on the table, and the lilies-of-the-valley were in a green bowl. Nell was waiting for him. She was wearing a morning gown of some white stuff, sprinkled over with little bouquets of flowers. She looked as fresh as a flower as she stood by the table smiling at him, despite that her years were turning round to middle-age.

"Cousin Letty is having her breakfast in bed," she said. "She hoped you would excuse her."

There was something new in her manner, something soft, almost shy, almost conscious. It stirred the sleeping depths in him, and he might have done something rash if a waiter had not come in with the breakfast.

They sat at opposite sides of the table, and she poured out the tea, and he helped her to bacon and eggs and kidneys and toast. He had a feeling that this tete-a-tete breakfast was like the first morning of a honey-moon. There was none of the usual easy unembarrassed talk, the talk of good friends. Nell was plainly nervous: her usual excellent appetite had deserted her. He felt the something in the air. His fifteen years of patience was almost at an end. He was about to get up and go round and tell her so when she spoke.

"I want to tell you, Harvey," she said, —"that ridiculous pink and white boy,— I asked you who he was and you didn't know. Well, I was right in thinking I had seen him before, only I don't know how I remembered it for the last time I saw him he was in petticoats. His name is Gervase Napier. Do you remember the Napiers of the Abbey? They went to live at Bath some time in the Middle Ages. This is their youngest boy. He is staying with the Rochforts, and he must have learnt from them who I was, for he couldn't possibly have remembered me. Harvey, the last time I saw Gervase Napier he was five years old. He sat in my lap and fell asleep there. Last night he asked me to dance with him!"

"And?" Sir Harvey made a perceptible advance round the table.

Miss Carew's face was humorous and ashamed and troubled and merry all at once.

"He sat in my lap when he was five years old and I a young woman! And there he was asking me to dance with him. 'Good Lord!' I said, when I found out who he was, 'good Lord, Ellen Carew, it's time you gave up your dancing and settled down to respectable ways, when little Jerry Napier steps up to you like a cock-robin and asks the pleasure of your hand for the next dance! Well, an old . . . . .'"

She paused and looked at him bewilderingly. She winced at what she had been about to say to the man she loved, who loved her romantically.

"An old lover's the best after all," he said, taking her in his arms. It was not the way she had meant to finish it, but it sufficed.

WHAT TOM DOLAN SAID.

BY GRACE KEON.

It was pretty cold, but Tom Dolan didn't mind that. He sat inside the open door of his shop, smoking a short, stubby black pipe.

He was a lean man. His worn gray trousers, his patched and faded shirt, open at a knotted throat, argued that he was a poor man. His dusty shoes, with soles almost an inch thick, suggested the idea that it had been long since the footgear was purchased—and then rather for utility than elegance—and as long since it had seen blacking. But, Tom Dolan would tell you, the rag business wasn't a very lucrative one, and it might spoil trade if a ragman polished his everyday shoes.

Tom Dolan, for all his leanness and spareness, filled a big chair comfortably, and the veil of smoke that surrounded him from his fat little "dhudeen" was in itself a very cloud of wisdom, out of which spoke an oracle. Tom Dolan was indeed the Solon of his circle, who looked not upon gray shoes or worn trousers or washed-out shirt, who saw none of these. One's nakedness must be covered—what mattered the material? That's what Tom Dolan would have said.

He wasn't a man for "style." On Sunday morning he took from a hook in the carefully closed and musty closet a worn suit of black, and from the topmost and only shelf a cardboard box—and was transformed, some moments later, into a respectable if somewhat old-fashioned

personage, conspicuously occupying a seat in one of the front pews of the church of Our Lady of the Angels. These were Tom Dolan's "best"—the suit he had been married in—the suit, "plaze God,' he meant to be buried in. It had done service for forty years—careful service—and Tom Dolan, hale, hearty, able-bodied at sixty-five, didn't intend to be buried for a score of years to come. So we can see what was expected of a man's "best" suit in Tom Dolan's day and estimation. They didn't make such clothes any more. It was all shoddy stuff, with "the poor fellows in the sweat-shops stitchin' their blood into 'em. No wonder a man's clothes wore out every year—no luck went wid the clothes they made nowadays."

So Tom Dolan said.

And that Tom Dolan had "opinions" was easily gathered, looking at the weather-beaten face surmounting that knotted throat. The hair above his lined forehead was iron-gray, the eyes under the overhanging brows a bluish gray, while the long and straggling moustache matched his hair. His mouth was the thin-lipped one set above a square jaw which we see in many Irishmen, but this indication of obstinacy was redeemed by his honest eyes and the twinkling light that crept into them.

He lived alone. Wife and children had preceded him into Eternity, and Tom Dolan was faithful. He put no woman in Mollie's place, and for the dead children's sake he was the friend of every boy and girl in the neighborhood. His heart was too big to remain altogether empty.

He numbered few among his friends like the handsome, well-dressed young fellow who bore down upon him this November evening about nine o'clock, and gave him "good-day" in such a bright and cheerful manner. Tom Dolan stretched his long legs, puffed at his pipe, and nodded toward a substantial three-legged stool on the other side of the entrance.

"Squat," said he. It was a trifle inelegant, but denoted hospitality. Dick Sartoris pulled out the stool and "squatted."

"I guess I'm no stranger," he said, easily.

"Oh, I know you," said Tom Dolan, briefly. "Holy Name."

"That's right," assented Dick. "Only one of the boys, though."

Tom Dolan shook his head several times in approval. He believed that the rising generation should have something to say—but not all. In his opinion the great majority of "these young Americans" thought they knew more than their fathers. To have this handsome chap so modestly acknowledge his inferiority to the older, and, in Tom's opinion, the really important members of Father Lawrence's band of men was a passport to immediate favor.

"How are things at the new club?" he asked, graciously.

"Booming," answered Dick. "But we'd like to add a few names to the list."

"You've got over fifty now, Father Laurence was telling me."

"Yes—nearly sixty. Still—we have to have more. And soon—before Christmas."

Tom Dolan puffed vigorously, his eyes twinkling.

"I'll join," said he.

"You're younger than some of us," declared Dick. "Wish you'd consider it—it would simplify things."

Tom Dolan awaited developments.

"We need, principally, Buck Witten, Teddy Clark, and Lefty Stanton."

Tom Dolan swung one leg over the other.

"Faith, now I see you getting them."

"So do I," said Dick, cheerfully.

"How?"

"I want to get in with them. Buck Witten is a little scientific with the gloves, they tell me. I'd like to be sure."

"Oh, get out!" said Tom Dolan. "You haven't any idea how clever Buck Witten is—as clever as any I ever saw. He'll surely amount to something if he keeps on."

"He'll amount to nothing if he keeps on," said Dick, "and you know he won't."

"They're all a bit foolish," acknowledged Tom.

"You like Buck Witten, Mr. Dolan?"

"I do," said Tom. "I like Buck Witten. He's not what some of you might call a gentleman—at least he doesn't carry it where one can see it, but—"

The pause was suggestive; Dickflushed—but he knew the bluntness of such men as these and it could not offend him.

"A gentleman isn't that because he has the appearance of one, Mr. Dolan. His clothes don't matter, or his education. I think all of Father Laurence's band recognize that fact." He spoke very pleasantly. "I don't know your Buck Witten, but I feel that he's good and honest, and the leader of his crowd. We want him and his crowd in the gym—and I'm going to get them there, if I have to lose a leg."

Tom Dolan puffed out another cloud of smoke.

"It may be you're under orders?" he observed, cautiously.

"I am," answered Dick. "And I've been told to go to see Tom Dolan and tell my general what Tom Dolan said."

A look of keen pleasure lighted up the old man's shrewd face.

"You don't mean to tell me that, Father—"

"The general, Mr. Dolan."

"The general, then, Mr.—?"

"Dick—my name's Dick Sartoris."

"The general, then, Mr. Dick Sartoris, has sent you to old Tom Dolan—"

"Yes, sir. The general says Tom Dolan's sons are safe and out of harm's way, and the Lord might make it worth his while if he helped along some other man's."

There was a long silence. Dick—he knew now why Tom Dolan used the word—found "squatting" not an altogether comfortable way of holding a conversation. His limbs were getting cramped.

"He's lively, mighty lively," declared Tom Dolan, thoughtfully, his mind on the pugilist in embryo. "I'd like to to see you get him, though, I would, honest, and I'll do all I can to help. But there's this much to it—"

A masculine figure, thick-set and burly, stood at the door.

"Hello, Witten," said Tom in a quiet tone.

"Hello!" said the newcomer, cordially. "How are things?"

Dick looked up.

"Why, hello!" he exclaimed.

Witten gave a start, glanced at Tom Dolan suspiciously, and then nodded.

"Hello!" he returned, "I guess I'll be moving on."

"No," said the owner of the shop, "the boys are waiting for you. Mr. Sarto—ris here and me have a little business to settle."

The young man, his confidence restored, passed through the shop, and into the back room.

"Slow work," said Tom Dolan. "Mighty, mighty slow. You'll be sick of it."

"The slowness is the easiest part," said Dick.

"Before Christmas, I said, didn't I? But I'll fight it out on these lines if it takes all winter—as well as all summer. I'm under orders."

Tom Dolan laughed.

"I'll do all I can," he said.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

That was the gist of the report which Dick Sartoris made when he saw Father Laurence again He strolled into Tom Dolan's every night, and Tom Dolan invited him to a seat on the three-legged stool, and smoked and discussed politics and church affairs, and once in a while Buck Witten appeared and occasionally he didn't. Tom Dolan said no more on the subject, and neither did Dick. He was biding his time.

Dick made the report as briefly as possible. He might have enlarged it a little, and given Father Laurence full particulars, with the bits of character-sketching here and there that he knew the priest was fond of. But a look of depression, an air of sadness, made the young man lapse into brevity and final silence, his boyish enthusiasm dampened. And when he finished he had to wait a few moments, for the priest, lost in painful thought, sat staring straight before him.

"What do you think of it, Dick? How does it strike you?"

"Well," said Dick, very slowly and determinedly, "you are anxious to break up cliques of fellows in this neighborhood whom you are afraid will go wrong. Phil Bradley is working one crowd—I'm after the other. I am positive Phil Bradley will succeed, and I know I'm going to, if I live. Have you seen Phil, Father?"

"No."

"You remember Darrell Stone—you know the fellow who used to preach that Socialistic rot to the men—equal rights, and all that sort of thing—"

"I know, I know—he died a son of Mother Church. What about him, lad?"

"Oh, nothing about him—only David Rossiter is with Phil."

"David Rossitter—Darrell Stone's old comrade—the young man who married my little Mary Traynor." Father Laurence smiled, but did not seem astonished. "That's good—I knew I'd hear that some time. He's a fine fellow, is David Rossiter. He'll do a lot to help Phil—and Phil's task there is not an easy one."

"It's five times harder than mine," said Dick, ruefully, "and he's doing better."

"Wait, my son. Patience, patience."

"The watchword, Father—oh, I'm learning." He took up his hat, for he knew that Father Laurence was in no mood to prolong the conversation. He went to the door, but turned back impulsively and suddenly.

"What's troubling you, Father?" he asked. "Anything we can help to set right? You'd tell us' wouldn't you, Father, if we could do anything?"

Father Laurence smiled.

"It's only a little worry," he said. "Just a little one. Perhaps I've become lax—or maybe too self-confident of late. Our Lord wanted to show me that I mustn't rely too much on myself. The defection of one among so many! How thankless I am—how ungrateful to God Who has so blessed me, given me such people, such a glorious field, with so many good souls all around me, and so many others to be won. God forgive me, Dick."

Something in his voice brought the moisture to Dick's eyes.

"Rather God has blessed us, Father," he said.

Father Laurence glanced at him.

"It is old age," said he. "The end is approaching—the end cannot be far off, for I really believe I am growing old, and that is a sure sign, lad. I cannot bear to think that one of my children will not be secure when I am gone."

"Don't Father—" began Dick. Other words trembled on his lips, but he could not utter them. He turned abruptly, and without speaking left the room. Father Laurence's tones, their sadness, had cut him to the heart.

He had grown to like and to trust old Tom Dolan in the ten days of their acquaintance. The following night, as they sat together, Tom smoking away as usual, Dick could not refrain from speaking of Father Laurence.

"You haven't heard of any trouble lately?" he asked. "I mean anything that would disturb him very much?"

Tom Dolan lifted his shoulders.

"It would be Jim Lewis," he said, after a pause.

"Jim Lewis?" echoed Dick. The name was unfamiliar.

"I guess you know him by sight—a Holy Name member the last six months. A good fellow, only drink gets the better of him. Stuck it out fine until last Sunday, when Father Laurence found him—where, do you think?"

"I don't know."

"On his own stoop—the priest's stoop, mind you, senseless. The fellow's been like a madman ever since. Had it happened any other way it wouldn't have been so bad, but whatever prompted him to go there, ha'porth a one of me knows. Father Laurence got him in and covered him up in the hall and let him sleep it off—what do you think of that? The priest! Lewis is almost crazy. He's the kind that once he begins has no ending. His wife is distracted, the poor soul. Jim's had the pledge, and you you wouldn't know her, she was that smart since. But now it's broken."

"Doesn't Father Laurence—"

"He can't catch him—perhaps if he could he'd manage to do something."

Dick was silent a moment.

"Do you see much of him?" he asked, then.

"Rarely,—not at all since it's happened. But sure what good are we?"

He puffed reflectively.

"I'm not so well acquainted with the man," he continued. "We've smoked together and met at the club-room and I keep an eye on the children when they're about here and exchange a friendly word with the missus, but that's all."

"I can't bear to think that anything like that can worry Father Laurence," said Dick, impetuously. "Or at least to feel that I can't help. Now this Witten business—I know I'm going to come out on top—I know it, I feel it, I'm sure of it, for I'll never let go until he and the whole lot of his friends are with us. And there's Phil Bradley, working with David Rossiter and the hill crowd—"

"Heard about him," said Tom Dolan. "Him and Darrell Stone—though Rossiter wasn't so bad. He's a Catholic now—that's another sign Father Laurence is a saint, converting *him*. He was as hard as nails. I remember," he looked reflectively at his pipe, "Darrell Stone coming round to see me once—yes, I remember that very well. I told him—But God be good to us, am I talking of the dead, and a man that died like him? Sure his dying was the grandest thing

he ever did—You'd be knowing Darrell Stone?"

"Yes, yes. Father Laurence had us all praying—"

"Sure—I rather thought you were with us that time."

"Only two years ago," said Dick Sartoris in an injured tone. "I'm not such a boy as you think. But let's come back to the Lewis business."

"I'm back," said Tom Dolan.

"I've got a scheme."

"I don't doubt you have."

"If we can push this Witten matter we'll get Lewis in to look on. Just get him in—I'll do the rest."

"You wouldn't be thinking of knocking him over, too, now, would you?" asked Tom Dolan, with twinkling eyes.

"I don't know," said Dick. "I really don't know, Tom. But I'll manage."

He went home racking his brains. He was the young American that Dolan called him in every sense of the word, but in nothing was he more American than his self-confidence. He already saw Buck Witten and his friends, members of the new gymnasium—he couldn't entertain any possibility of their not joining. And now, added to this, he meant to try to do what Father Laurence himself couldn't—bring the erring sinner to his senses. And he meant to do it, and knew he would although he "couldn't see how—not yet."

Just as well he couldn't, perhaps. While he would not have hesitated, still anticipation might have made him nervous.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Father Laurence was busy as usual this Christmas morning, busy and happy, too, for he felt it a duty he owed to himself and his parish to be as happy as the joyous season could make him. The church had been filled at the four o'clock Mass, filled to overflowing. His sodalities had outdone themselves in the matter of decoration, and his heart was raised in a prayer of gratitude as he looked at his beautiful church—in gratitude and thankfulness that he lived among such earnest and ardent members of the faith—never dreaming, good old man, that the joy and simplicity and earnestness and enthusiasm all about him were but the reflections of his own qualities—his gladness in his people overflowing and returning to him again, intensified a hundredfold.

Dick Sartoris and Phil Bradley had helped serve the solemn high Mass just ended, and had received the Blessed Sacrament from his hands. He loved all his young men, but he had a warm and tender spot in his heart for these two who were so manly, and yet so gentle. He was filled with rapture when he saw the number who came to the altar-rail. His girls, among them Ruth Carstairs, the president of the sodality, and Helen Lakewood and Susie Bering; David Rossiter, and his wife, who had been Mary Traynor; Darrell Stone's widow and her children, Mrs. Duncan and her husband, and Mrs. Lewis—all people who had been with him amid joy and sorrow and trial and temptation. His glance lingered a little wistfully on the comely face of Mrs. Lewis—she knelt alone, but her eyes were eloquent. In the reception of her Lord she could forget everything—even the husband for whose conversion she was again pleading with the Sacred Heart.

It was dark still—Mass was over before five o'clock—when Father Laurence, at his thanksgiving in the sacristy, heard the ringing of the steel-shod feet, the clanging of the bell, the rush and excitement that strike such terror into the heart of any dweller in a crowded tenement

district. Even he felt a thrill of concern, the noise and confusion seemed so perilously close. He made the sign of the cross, and rose and went to the house door, suddenly afraid for his people. On these steps—as he had been thinking sorrowfully each time he stood upon them this last month,—he had found the man from whom he had hoped so much.

His concern had not been without foundation. People were rushing past in twos and threes. Mrs. Lewis, urged from the church by fear, looked up at him and paused an instant to exclaim in a voice of anguish:

"Father Laurence, Father Laurence, it's my house!"

Father Laurence, fearing he knew not what heavy ill, hastily donned hat and overcoat. The engines were but a block away, puffing and snorting, with the firemen busily at work. The priest, wondering and a little dazed, the scene seemed so unreal to him, stood just outside the fire line, his old face full of anxiety. The two upper floors of the tenement were in flames—the fire had evidently started under the rooms occupied by Mrs. Lewis, and spread upward. Father Laurence stood watching, his lips moving in prayer. Who were within? The boys and girls he had baptized . . . the man in his sins . . . . . .

"My children, oh, my children!" That surely was Mrs. Lewis close to him—but the horror in her tones pierced his soul.

"They are safe!" cried another voice, and the forms of several little ones were lifted over the heads of the crowd to the mother's waiting arms. One—two—three. . . . Oh, where were the other two? the two youngest, the two dearest now because they were in danger!

For the first time in all his busy and useful life Father Laurence felt helpless. He stood silent, fascinated, conscious that others were speaking.

"There's Lewis now, Dick—that's the fellow." It was Tom Dolan, surely.

"Lewis!" A sudden call, a movement, hurried panting; exclamations of fear and pain in a man's tortured tones—for they were his children, too, his beloved children, unfaithful as he might be to their *trust* in him when temptation seized him.

"Come," the priest heard Dick say, then "come man. Will you risk it? I can get through . . . we'll break and run for it—there's a weak spot. You are coming? I thought you would. And if we get out alive—"

"Dick, in the name of God—" broke in Tom Dolan.

"With His help!" cried Lewis. "And if we get out alive—eh, if we get out alive, 'twill mean that I have some hope of redemption left. The Lord have mercy on me!"

"Amen," breathed Dick Sartoris.

"Dick!" again cried Tom Dolan, but Dick quietly put aside his detaining hand. He went past Father Laurence, unseeing. There was a sudden rush across the intervening space, a quick evasion of the arms held out to detain them, and in another instant the silence that fell upon the crowd proclaimed the fact that they had reached the house and entered it.

The fire chief turned on his heel with a muttered word.

"Fools!" he said. "They are throwing their lives away." He roared out a few directions. Ladders were hastily run up; two firemen darted into the hallway, to emerge a few seconds later reporting that the smoke was too dense

to admit of going beyond the second story, and that the volunteer rescuers had disappeared. The chief shook his head. Streams of water were playing on the upper floors, and he sent the biggest stream of all into the window at which the adventurous twain might reappear if they succeeded in gaining the rooms—rooms which the firemen had already searched diligently.

"Dick!" cried Father Laurence. "It is Dick!" He woke to life and movement, and turned with a commanding gesture, to the men and women nearest him. "To your knees!" he cried. "To your knees for lives in peril. My people, my people, pray! Pray in the name of God!"

They heard him and heeded. Mrs. Lewis threw herself upon the ground, and held her arms to heaven.

"O God, save them! My little ones, pray! Ask God to help your father, to keep him for us! Oh, Blessed Babe of Bethlehem, avert this cross from me! Oh, Jim, my dear, my dear—God be good to you, and forgive, forgive! My little ones, pray, pray, pray!"

The words came panting from her bosom. Father Laurence, every nerve draw tense and rigid, turned his gaze back to the upper windows. There was an awed silence, a remarkable silence, for all seemed to divine the purpose of the twain. They could never reach that window alive, thought the priest . . . those two—that brave boy, that brave boy . . .

He drew his breath sharply. A man standing close by began to mutter:

"They can't reach it. They can't reach it. They can't—reach—"

A woman sobbed aloud. The silence seemed to settle down again more heavily—a tremulous, palpitating silence. a silence that could be felt. Some one had seen a shadow at the upper window. No sound. no breath . . . all eyes were turned upward . . . And then came a rumble and a roar and a shout that seemed to pierce the heavens.

Ready hands, willing hands, joyous and eager hands, were waiting for them. Dick Sartoris appeared first, scorched, blackened, choking, but unharmed, holding close to him a little girl of four years. The father followed—a spectacle as gruesome, but glad with a great gladness, for both children were safe, unconscious, but safe. All pressed about to congratulate and to praise. Dick Sartoris, unheeding, turned to the man with whom he had looked in the face of peril these last few moments.

"I've your promise, Jim?" he asked.

Father Laurence, behind them now, advancing toward them, heard and stepped between.

"My brave fellows!" he exclaimed—and could say no other word. Jim Lewis caught at the hand on his shoulder.

"Fogive me, Father?"

"Forgive you?, I? And what have *I* to forgive?"

That was all—enough. Truly. Dick had not seen his way—but he had made his way, unseeing.

* * * * *

A few days afterward Sartoris took his usual evening jaunt toward Tom Dolan's where, indeed, Tom Dolan waited for him expectantly. "Squatting," by this time, had become a habit, so that Dick found the three-legged stool fairly comfortable. He dropped down on it now with the air of one who held a proprietary interest in it.

"Dick, ' was what Tom Dolan said, "I take off my hat to you."

Dick flushed boyishly.

"On account of *that*?" he asked. "Say, Tom Dolan, that was nothing. Honest, it wasn't anything. Whether it was the excitement, or the people's prayers or Father Laurence's—well, it seemed as though there was a path made for us right through the smoke. Lewis knew the way and I followed him, and Lewis groped around the bedroom floor till he got the two youngsters half-hidden in the corner and handed me one—and that was all. We stood at the window and there were the firemen and down we came. Honestly, Tom Dolan," said Dick, "I'm sick and tired of getting praised for it. It was nothing."

"You're the only one says it," retorted Tom Dolan.

Dick was thoroughly disgusted.

"But I mean it," said he. "What sort of bravery is that? You do a thing on impulse—it's there to be done, and somebody's got to do it."

"Well," said Tom Dolan, "I think you've killed two birds with one stone."

"In what way?"

"Jim Lewis is all right now—"

"Yes."

"And as a great favor I've promised to bring you into that little room yonder and let you show Buck Witten a few tricks."

"Horray!" said Dick. "Say, that's fine! Honest, Tom?"

"Honest—the sooner the better. They're all wanting to meet you now, with Witten and Stanton and Clark, telling how they have met you before. They kind of got to see, don't you know, that the club at Our Lady of the Angels isn't made up of ice cream and cake members. You nearly died young to get there—but you've got."

Dick was exultant, boyishly glad. Tom Dolan looked at him with a twinkle in his eye.

"And now that you have, I suppose poor old Tom Dolan and his shop will cease to be attractions."

"Indeed not," said Dick, warmly. "You've taught me a good many lessons on this three-legged little stool, Tom Dolan."

"None of that, Dick," said Tom Dolan. "None of that. I'd like to know what I could be teaching any young American."

"True—we all know more than our fathers," retorted Dick. "Or at least that's what Tom Dolan says."

"And none of *that*, either," said Tom Dolan. "If you've learned e'er a thing on the three-legged stool, maybe you've been giving a few lessons, too. But here comes Buck Witten now—I told him you'd be down this way, and if you've not been and lost your balance, I'll make bold to get the two of you better acquainted. Of course, these heroes . . . ."

But what else Tom Dolan would have said was cut short by Dick's indignant if laughing remonstrance.

At last reports, many coveted names have been added to Father Laurence's "gym." list, with bright prospects for others as desirable—though some might not regard them in quite that light. But if one is known by the company he keeps, and if his surroundings influence him for good or evil,, these young men will soon be worthy the care and interest which Father Laurence exercises in their behalf.

As for Jim Lewis, the roses are back again in Mrs. Lewis' cheeks, and the children are happy and contented as of old. And this time, as the man himself would tell you, with the help of God he is on the straight path at last.

A Merry Christmas

"Suffer children to come to Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God.'

THE HOLY GRAIL.

"The cup, the cup itself, from which our Lord
Drank at the last sad supper with His own.
This, from the blessed land of Aromat—
After the day of darkness, when the dead
Went wandering o'er Moriah—the good saint
Arimathæan Joseph, journeying brought
To Glastonbury, where the winter thorn
Blossoms at Christmas, mindful of our Lord.
And there awhile it bode; and if a man
Could touch or see it, he was heal'd at once,
By faith, of all his ills. But then the times
Grew to such evil that the holy cup
Was caught away to Heaven, and disappear'd."

—*Tennyson.*

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT.

BY ANNA C. DOYLE.

When we take down
The wreaths of holly,
The bells, and the mistletoe,
When we clear the dear day's traces,
Shall the Christmas spirit go?

Shall the days
Of the year just dawning,
Know naught of the tenderness,
Of the kind good-will towards others
That our Christmas gifts express?

Surely the angels' message
Was meant for more than a day,
Sang they not peace forever,
Good-will forever and aye?

THE DIARY OF AN EXILED NUN.

TRANSLATED BY DANIEL F. DESMOND.

Sunday, May 8.

It is now necessary to arrange groups preparatory to dispersion. Mother has told us that we must be ready to go at a minute's notice; but she promises that up to the last day she will be on the look-out for something.

Some say that according to the law aged and sick religious will be permitted to establish a house of retreat; so some at least will remain together.

And the others? . . . Dispersion! The others are divided in two categories. In the first are those who are without family and fortune and whose character is unfitted for life in the world. These our Mother hopes to place, two by two, in different foreign convents. In Germany there is one house, in Austria two, in Belgium one, promising, in a spirit of fraternal love, to receive two or three of our community. Did I say in a spirit of fraternal love? They will receive those who are sent with a real sister's love. But for all that consider what an exile this will be for our dear Sisters—to be so far from France, so far from their religious family, and to be uncertain of ever returning. How trying will the first days be! In certain convents they will not even understand the language that is spoken, and to hear French no more is in itself a cruel privation. Exile, what a sad chord this word strikes in our hearts!

Sister Ligouri and Sister of the Assumption will go to Austria; Sister Mary Eulalia and Sister Francis Regis will be received in Germany; Sister Mary Michael and Sister Mary Andrew will be placed in Austria; to Belgium, to the dear convent of Bethany, Sister Saint Peter and Sister Saint John will go.

Into exile! Yes; but not without the consolation of religious life.

What of the second category? Be assured, you persecutors, that these, too, will have their share of suffering! Do not worry, honorable senators and deputies, noble speakers of grandiloquent words, whose tune is always fraternity and justice — do not worry! These, too, shall shed their bitter tears.

"Now go, dear Sisters. Yes, for the love and pity of those whom you can help, go. Go to your families, give up your dear habit, your cloister, your life of seclusion; go back to the world. The hour of final rending is now at hand; prepare yourselves!"

And what shall we do? For we must do something,—first because it is our vocation to do good, and second because for many existence will mean a struggle.

Sister Mary Louise, directress of the alumnæ of the academy and free classes, will be greatly aided. Already these ladies have promised her a small apartment from which she can superintend this work, so dear to her. Mother will send with her one of our lay Sisters. Being two, their life, though in the very din of the world, will be bearable.

Sister Saint John of the Cross will give lessons in design and painting. Already several of our children have promised to follow her and procure other pupils.

Sister Mary Elizabeth, ever ready for self-sacrifice and hard work, has tried to institute some kind of a course of teaching among her influential Parisian friends. She is now to be secularized; she is going

far from the monastery, with no purpose save the intense desire to love God and save souls. What a brave devoted heart! "Dear Sister Mary Elizabeth, you will endure suffering out there in the world, without family, without the religious life and without any support."

"Yes," she replies, "but the good God is pleased that it be so."

One can see her soul in these earnest words.

Sister Joseph Mary, the poor little soul, so tender and refined, will go to her father who urgently desires her return. But, alas! this father, who always showed his daughter a hard heart, who never came to see her, now lives in an impious revolt against God. He is ruled by a former maid-servant who was even worse than a cruel stepmother to our dear sweet Sister Joseph Mary. What will become of her? She hopes to do some good; she is determined to do so, and for her that is enough.

Sister Mary Kostka goes to her parents near Dijon. She counts on occupying her time with children and sick people and in taking care of the sacristy. Poor Sister Mary Kostka! How will that scrupulous and ofttimes melancholy soul ever live apart from her Superior and Sisters?

And Sister Mary Bernard?—my beloved elder sister, "my other half" as they say in jest. She will go to her aged and infirm father, who lives a retired life in some small village. What a joy for him! He goes about his little cottage scolding his only servant, James, a man almost as old as himself. James has been tardy in preparing Mademoiselle's room, has neglected to care for the rose bushes, has not trimmed the hedge of honeysuckle and clematis that Mademoiselle loved so much . . And she? She mourns her religious life and her religious family; but her sadness is brightened now and then by a radiant smile; she is going to reclaim her father to the Church, to the good God. With wreaths of love and garlands of joy and peace she is going to encompass this solitary of ninety years.

"And after that, my child, what will you do?"

"Then—then," she replied with trembling voice, "oh! I do not wish to think of that. God will provide."

The good God will provide. This is the thought that bears up all the dear Sisters of the Priory. But Sister Mary Bernard's prospects are very dark. Her father, a former commander, possesses only a retiring pension. The little house, indeed, is his and that is something. So Sister Mary Bernard will at least have a roof to shelter herself and conceal her misery. In the meantime why worry? Can the good God who clothes the lilies of the field in most beautiful finery, who gives the birds their daily food, forget His poor exiled spouses?

Sister Mary Antoinette has also a duty to fulfill. She must go to her paralyzed mother and her two orphaned nieces. With these three, who live together, she can make herself useful. To the infirm she will be a devoted child, and to the orphans she will be a watchful mother. It will be for her a life of self-denial; but this is just the ideal that Sister Mary Antoinette has always followed.

To be continued.

TEMPEST IN A PORRIDGE POT.

A Well-Known Journal Refuses the Advertising for a Well-Known Food Product on the Ground that the Claims Made for It Savor of "Patent Medicine" Advertising.

The publisher of a well-known illustrated journal has stirred up "a tempest in a teapot"—or rather in a porridge pot—in an effort to induce the manufacturer of a well-known food product to change the style of his advertising. It was contended by the publisher that extravagant claims were made as to the curative properties of this food which could not be substantiated.

The claim that certain ailments can be cured by food is not so extravagant as one might suppose. It all depends upon the disease and the food. Of course everyone who possesses accurate scientific knowledge upon the subject knows that real appendicitis cannot be cured by any food. Appendicitis is inflammation and ulceration of the vermiform appendix, which is a little "pocket" or tubular elongation of the caecum. The only cure for it is the knife. It is caused by the retention of undigested food material in the bowel or alimentary tract, causing fermentation and finally inflammation, which communicates itself to the vermiform appendix.

But the prevention of appendicitis is another question. Every doctor knows that appendicitis can be prevented, and, that its prevention is merely a question of eating the right kind of food. The way to avert appendicitis and its dangerous and sometimes fatal consequences is to eat a simple, nourishing food which will stimulate "peristalsis" (bowel exercise) without irritating the intestines, and such a food is Shredded Wheat. A daily dietary of Shredded Wheat insures a complete, natural and regular evacuation of the bowel, and when this occurs, appendicitis is impossible.

Stimulating peristalsis, or natural bowel movement, however, is only one of the incidental virtues of Shredded Wheat. It contains all the muscle-building, bone-making, brain-making material in the whole wheat grain, made digestible by steam-cooking, shredding and baking. Its porous shreds are quickly permeated by the digestive fluids and hence are taken up and assimilated when the stomach rejects all other foods. It is the cleanest, purest, most nutritious food made in the world. It is delicious as a breakfast food with cream or milk, or can be used for any meal, in any season, in combination with fruits or creamed vegetables. Your grocer sells it.

In the Harbour of Hope. By Mary Elizabeth Blake. Little, Brown & Company, Boston. 1907.

Mingled with the regret that this is indeed the last collection of verse from the pen of Mary Elizabeth Blake is the pleasure of seeing in collected form the poems and songs already familiar to many through the pages of various monthlies, Catholic and secular.

It is refreshing to take up a volume of poetry that breathes throughout uplifting thoughts, wholesome philosophy, and that trust in God so characteristic of all this author's work—and so characteristic of her life.

Take, for instance, the idyl of humble life depicting the simple joys that come to the fireside of the lowly, concluding with these words:

"I knew, as now I know it, that the sweetest joy God sends
By the blessing of His goodness, nor on wealth or power depends;
That the spirit is the fountain from which hope and gladness flow;
And the smallest hearth an altar, where the fire of love may glow."

"Belief" tells in verse the story of the Father's care for all created things, and "In the Windy April" is heard the note of resignation, of content because God sees and knows the needs of the lonely heart.

"In the windy April,
Dear is Hope's unrest,
Throbbing in the frozen ground,
In the frozen breast;
Clouds fair as sunshine
Flash and fade away;
Silver is the night time,
Golden is the day;
Best time and blest time
Of the year is nigh,
Still my heart is lonesome,
God knows why!"

The Nature songs reveal a world known intimately only to those who love the things of the fields and woods. "The Golden Crocus" with the heart of spring, and "The Marching of the Grass," are enough in themselves to brighten a leaden day, and to bring rifts of sunlight into the dreariest environment.

In "All Saints" the message of hope and joy rings out gladly to the beggar crying in the night, the serf, the slave,—to every one whose need is great—

"Day of Good Cheer!
To each poor lowly one, with waiting faint,
Who, lifting trusting eyes
To hills of Paradise,
And seeking Him, the Watcher, ever near,
Can look to know the glory of the Saint."

"Of the interpreters of childhood to maturity, of the singers whose voice reaches the child heart always, none in our day has surpassed her," writes Katherine E. Conway, in the preface to her friend's poems. "She had the tenderness and delicious drollery which all true poets of childhood must have and her own distinct indefinable charm, the flowering of her Celtic blood and profound religious faith. She lives in the hearts of her friends by the fragrant memory of her blameless and beneficent life, and by her poetry which was always the expression of fair love and holy hope, and of the heroism of the hearth, the flag and the altar."

The "Harbour of Hope" is a happy title for this collection of poems, coming at Christmastide for the betterment of all whose privilege it may be to read them.

Entre Amis. By Rev. Louis Lalande, S.J. Montreal, Sacred Heart Press, Rachel St. 1907.

"Between Friends" is the title of a work which contains a number of elegant and interesting letters written by Father Lalande to a former school-mate. In a brief preface the author tells us the reason of their publication. His friend, who died at Montreal in November, 1900, returned all his letters with the earnest request that he should publish them. On his death-bed the deceased wrote to Father Lalande: "I make this request of you, and it is my wish. Alas! I have not sufficiently profited by them for right living, and how I regret it. But they have helped me to keep the faith and to prepare for death. Publish them: I return them to you on that condition. They may possibly help others. O, that I could by their publication repair a little of the harm that I have done!"

In spite of these earnest words of the dying man, Father Lalande still hesitated to do what might seem like a breach of confidence, but the parents of the deceased brushed aside all his scruples on the subject, and urged him to the task. We are glad that they succeeded, and any one who reads the book will testify to the wisdom of their advice. These letters are very spiritual both in the English and the French sense of that word. They have been corrected or entirely rewritten for publication, and now they are so perfect that their author deserves to be ranked with the great letter-writers of French literature. Father Lalande was already known as an eminent French preacher; we now know him as a man of letters.

Astronomy for the Man in the Street. By the Rev. E. A. Sealey, O.E.S.A. Dublin: Sealy, Byers & Walker.

The object of this book is to bring the lower heavens down to the man in the street, or rather to lift him up to them. This is a laudable undertaking, and deserves our hearty commendation. Man, unlike the brute, was created erect with his face turned heavenwards. But as advancing years tend to bend the human form, so the growing cares of life tend to drag

man down to the dust even before he moulders in the tomb. Any book, therefore, which aspires to lift him above the sordid cares of life and place him, even in thought, among the planets, which is, as it were, a half-way house between heaven and earth merits the patronage of all reading men, whose motto is excelsior. Father Sealey has done a good work in trying to popularize astronomy by stripping it of technical phraseology, and placing it on a level with the intelligence of the average reader. He disclaims all pretensions to style, and yet there is a labored care apparent in his writing, which often produces harsh combinations and strange phrases. We would recommend the reverend author to be more easy and natural in his forthcoming book on the Sidereal Heavens, and we further hope that the success of the present volume may encourage him in writing many others on kindred subjects.

Conferences for Children's Retreats. By Rev. P. A. Halpin. Joseph F. Wagner. New York. 1907.

While primarily intended for children preparing for their first confession, first Communion, and Confirmation, this manual of instruction will make profitable reading for all children of an age to be instructed. The instructions are interpersed with stories to illustrate the author's point, and the examples of saints are cited to stimulate their desire for spiritual graces. It would be well for the future citizenship of America if all boys, and girls as well, could read and remember and practice the instructions given by Father Halpin in his simple, eloquent, convincing way.

Life of Mother Mary Catherine of St. Augustine. By Rev. L. Hudon, S.J. Montreal: Office of the Canadian Messenger, Rachel St.

The Canadian Church can boast of many heroic sons and daughters, who quit their sunny France for the cold North, and left their kindred for the sake of savages. Some of these were actually martyred, and others longed for martyrdom, and were really bloodless martyrs by the life of constant self-sacrifice which they led in the cloister or the hospital or the sick room. Such was Mother Mary Catherine of St. Augustine, who died at Quebec in 1668. At the early age of sixteen she left her paternal home in France and faced the dangers and hardships of a sea-voyage in order to devote her life to the conversion of those who lived in darkness and the shadow of death. Her life in itself is very interesting, and doubly so when written by such a literary man as the editor of the French-Canadian *Messenger*.

Greece and the Ægean Islands. By Philip Sanford Marden. Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Boston, 1907. $3.00.

This work is rather popular than scientific, and as such it wisely eschews rare spellings of Greek names, Greek quotations and archæological details, which could be of interest only to classical scholars or antiquarians. And yet, for all that, it is far from being superficial. It gives just that information which a tourist of average intelligence would require in order to appreciate the glories of Ancient Greece, of the neighboring islands and of Asia Minor. Though many books have been written on Greece, ancient and modern, it is safe to say that no other work covers precisely the same ground as this. The price may seem rather high at first, but it is quite moderate when one considers the make-up of the book, and the labor and time and expense which it cost the author. He made several visits to the scenes he describes, and took numerous photographs, and these photographs are reproduced in his book. The publishers, too, have spared no expense in bringing out the work: The print and the paper and the binding are all exquisite. Indeed there is nothing that this publishing house touches which it does not beautify.

Lisheen. By the Very Rev. Canon P. A. Sheehan, D.D. Longmans, Green & Company. New York. 1907. $1.50.

This latest work from the pen of Dr. Sheehan shows no lessening of the author's skill in portraying scenes of ideal beauty. Sunset on Caragh Lake in the late summer of 189– is the time chosen to introduce the stalwart figure of Bob Maxwell, the hero of "Lisheen." "He was watching in some unconscious way a salmon rod that stretched out beyond the boat. He was again, unconsciously, smoking tiny cigarettes which he rolled up between his fingers, lighted, and flung away, in some mechanical manner, and he was again, unconsciously, reading from a tiny volume on his knees—a little book of three or four Russian dramas, the first of which was called 'The Tower of Darkness.' The first two dreamy occupations were comparatively harmless, the latter was perilous, for certainly of all dangerous amusements of the present day that of reading is the most dangerous." This sentence will linger in the minds of the thoughtful.

His reading had given to Bob Maxwell socialistic tendencies, and the drama of Russian life did not smooth matters for him. He was urged onward to attempt in Ireland a personal experience of the daily life of the peasantry living as they lived, and sharing their toil in the field.

To carry out his experiment Maxwell disappears from the ken of his friends, and later on in the year comes into the life of Owen McAuliffe as he sits in the door of his little cottage in Lisheen. Dr. Sheehan draws a strong picture of the Irish farmer, not old, but with face furrowed by care and mind intent on the troubles of his lot. The urgent and immediate problem was to meet the demand for the March rent, and in the second place to procure labor to turn up the fields for the spring sowing. Two out of eight children remained with him, the others having gone to America like the ma-

jority of their fellow countrymen. Pierce and Debbie and their mother complete the household group, and at the time when the young Englishman comes among them they are discussing the question of emigrating to a free country only five days journey "across the wather." The young people are earnest, almost passionate, in their desire for change but for the mother there was heart-break in this solution of the problem.

Maxwell secures employment at Lisheen, and presently numerous complications arise through which he is drawn into the turmoil caused by the coercion policy of the government. In the devoted ministrations of Mrs. McAuliffe and Debbie when the young stranger lies ill unto death in their cabin Father Sheehan depicts the finest traits of the Irish character, and one could wish that the development of the story did not make necessary such a radical change in Debbie.

Other characters that enter into the story conspicuously are Hugh Hamberton, his ward, Claire Moulton, Mabel Willoughby and Ralph Outram, the last-named furnishing an element of weirdness and mystery to the tale through the wizard charm which he carried and the untoward fate that was his portion. Like all of Dr. Sheehan's books, "Lisheen" holds the interest of the reader, but when the end is reached many will feel that this latest novel has not the charm of "My New Curate" or "Luke Delmege."

The Holly Tree Inn and a Christmas Tree. By Charles Dickens. Illustrated in Color and Line by George Alfred Williams. Baker & Taylor Company. New York. 1907.

No later writer has surpassed Dickens in bringing good-will and wholesome cheer to the Christmastide. His Christmas books and short stories express our own feelings, being full of life and spirit, humor and pathos, and the charity that would diffuse joy among both rich and poor. Dickens was very fond of the old nursery tales, and in these Christmas writings the virtues, manly and social, which he desired to teach were to him the ghosts and goblins of his childish fancies, goblins that brought to many firesides a sense of the obligations of Christmas and the claims of the season upon our better nature.

"The Holly Tree Inn" was Dickens' Christmas contribution to "Household Words," Christmas, 1855. Writing from Boston he stated "another extraordinary success has been 'Nickleby' and 'Boots at the Holly Tree Inn.' Where in all literature can be found more delightful children than Master Harry Walmers, aged eight, and his little sweetheart in the sky-blue mantle. It was well that Boots observed them so closely, and painted such a "picter" of them. After fifty years they are as charming a pair to look upon as when the slavey tried in vain to get his swollen hand into their tiny shoes.

This latest edition of the "Holly Tree Inn" is a fitting tribute to the story, and to the memory of the man who so loved Christmas that his descriptions of Christmas celebrations have lost none of their interest with the passing of the years. It is beautifully made up with colored plates, marginal lines, and decorations, and little etched-in scenes and groups that will be readily identified by readers of Dickens. It ends with "A Christmas Tree,"—a tree decorated with bright merriment, and song, and dance, and cheerfulness, and there are few indeed who will not join in the wish that, "In every cheerful image and suggestion that the season brings, may the bright star that rested above the poor roof be the star of all the Christian World!"

The Raggedy Man. By James Whitcomb Riley. Illustrations by Ethel Franklin Betts. Bobbs-Merrill Company. Indianapolis, Ind. 1907. $1.50.

Though most lovingly and loyally signed over
"To Lesley and Elizabeth,
And Jim, and Jinks, and Dallas,
And Dory Ann, and Bud, and Seth,
And little Rachel Alice;
Marcellus, Ruth and Silence,—Yea,
And all their little brothers
And sisters in the world to-day–
And all the blessed others,"

the Raggedy Man comes at Christmas time to add to the joy of all. Those who have known him long and loved him in his rags will be delighted to see him in his holiday attire which is handsome enough to satisfy even the most critical public. He has been given a gorgeous setting by the publishers, but is his old, simple, kindly self, whether sitting on the bench between two admiring listeners, accompanying them down the road, telling them wonderful stories in the shadow of the hayrick, or performing simple feats of surgery, such as drawing a splinter, or binding up the bee sting.

"You better not fool with a Bumblebee!
Ef you don't think they can sting—you'll see,"

he advises, but what child would keep away from such gorgeous masses of hollyhocks for fear of possible bees hidden in the flowers.

The illustrations are superb, and the wide leaves have decorations on the margin, each one of which is a carefully thought out bit of the general plan to give the Raggedy Man such an ovation in print as was never before accorded to him.

Morning. By James Whitcomb Riley. Bobbs-Merrill Company. Indianapolis, Ind. 1907. $1.25.

"To smite old hearts with youth's delight," and to bring the crisp balmy freshness of May into the days of autumn and winter is this poet's singularly happy mission. In "Morning" he greets his legion of friends with a plea to go

back to the days and ways of youth. "Let us be as we have been" is his cry as he draws them with him to

"The old days—the far days—
The ever dear and fair!"

and makes them see once more the dew-drench on the flowers, the apple buds in blossom, all the gold of life's spendthrift summer, when honest praise was lavishly given and all things were worthy of it.

At the Longfellow Centennial celebration in Cambridge, last February, one of the speakers gave to Whitcomb Riley the second place in popularity with the American public, but it is an open question if any American poet has a stronger hold on the affections of young America than that which the Hoosier poet has retained during the quarter of a century or more since his poems became household words.

The dialect selections along childish and lighter lines, present such issues as "I Got to Face Mother To-Day," and the thoughts of the little lame boy on the uplifting effect of fair and circus.

An' all the *kids*, high-toned er pore,
Seems better than they wuz before,
An' wants to kindo' "stand
In" with a feller—see him through
The *free* lay-out an' *sideshows*, too,
An' do the bloomin' "grand!"
On 'Scursion-days—an' Shows an' Fairs
They ain't no bad folks anywheres!

The Quiet Hour. By Emily Logue. Peter Reilly, Publisher. Philadelphia. 1907.

"This little book is full of deep thought and vivid feeling translated into musical verse," says the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J. in his preface to "The Quiet Hour." "The matter is meditative rather than descriptive or narrative. The religious tone that pervades the whole is held so skilfully in check by a pure literary taste that it will not repel but attract, even as it did with two women of the last century, Adelaide Procter and Christina Rossetti, whose poems are often prayers. They relate generally to various moods of the soul—memories, regrets, aspirations—sometimes regarding human creatures around, but more frequently mounting higher and echoing the *Dio ed io* of St. Francis of Assisi. External nature seems to be forgotten."

What more can be said, or what farther word is necessary when the editor of the *Irish Monthly* expresses so high an opinion of Miss Logue's poems, which he commends also for their high degree of literary finish and for the evidences of loving care that mark every stanza and line.

The Olive Fairy Book. By Andrew Lang. Illustrated by H. J. Ford. Longmans, Green & Company. New York. 1907. $1.60.

It would not seem like Christmas in the book world if Andrew Lang failed to produce a fairy book. He has had a wide range of colors, and just when his friends were beginning to wonder what he would do this year the Olive Fairy Book made its appearance. As usual the editor has a very pleasant foreword for his large circle of readers, and he gives intending shoppers a wise hint about allowing children to choose their own books. "Some want Shakespeares of their own, and some prefer a volume entitled Buster Brown; a few, alas! how few, are fond of poetry; a still smaller number are fond of history." Mr Lang is only giving the result of his own experience as a child when he read a number of advertisements of books and wept because he could not buy dozens of them. It did not console him that somebody gave him a book on botany "nicely bound in green cloth, but within it was full of all manner of tediousness."

The children will be grateful that when he grew up Mr. Lang turned his attention to fairy tales and hunted the globe for them. The Olive Fairy Book, like its radiant relatives of other years, is gorgeously bound and illustrated. One could not begin to even name all the pictures that are in it, or mention even briefly the stories it contains. And perhaps it is just as well, for when you do not know what is coming your pleasure is all the greater, particularly when you chance on such delightful things as are stored away in this elegant volume of fairy lore.

The Toiler. By William J. Fischer. Illustrated by Alfred M. Wickson. William Briggs, Publisher. Toronto, Canada. 1907.

One of the finest selections in this volume of verse is "The Poet of the Habitant," Dr. Fischer's tribute to the memory of Dr. Henry Drummond, the poet laureate of Canada, who sang of humble things—

"Of birds and flow'rs and children,—whisperings
Of life, that stole through Quebec's open door."

Deploring his death his countryman and brother-poet thus eulogizes his worth:

"His was the poet's soul, white as the morn,
That moves across Lac Grenier's bosom wide.
He sang of home and hope and that strong tide
Of lasting love, which should men's hearts adorn—
In his song-garden God was at his side,
No wonder then his roses had no thorn.

Following the example set him, Dr. Fischer writes of the homely, commonplace things, that yet are so important a part of life—the toiler, the homeland, the signs of spring, the heart of the woods, and many other themes that to the poetic mind teem with suggestion. His prayer for the children, "the little white-souled children," is full of tender sympathy, the sympathy of one who looking into the lives of the poor noted with reverence their heroism.

The literary merit of the numerous selections varies, but throughout the sentiments expressed do honor to the author's high purpose

in making his book a medium for inspiring uplifting thoughts. He practises himself what he advises in these lines from "The Toiler" the title-poem of the collection.

"This world is but a stopping place
And hearts are poor and sad
Then do thy share, and help to grace
And make life's twilights glad."

Irish Songs. A Collection of Airs Old and New. Edited and Arranged by N. Clifford Page. Oliver Ditson Company, Boston, Mass. 1907. Cloth $1.25. Paper, 50 cents.

In the preparation of this volume the editor has sought to satisfy the demand for a goodly representation of the best loved songs of Ireland, and to include also some of the less known but equally beautiful airs. He has supplied accompaniments in keeping with the spirit of each song and has presented authentic verses for both text and music. As a result of this careful editing and arranging a sheaf of songs has been gleaned for the delight of Irish hearts, and other hearts as well, for who can resist the beauty and charm of Irish music and Irish melodies.

Few readers who look for their favorites in the pages of this book will be disappointed. The selection has been made with care and sympathy from the wealth of Irish folk song. Moore, Graves, Lover, Father Prout, P. W. Joyce, Gerald Griffin, Lady Dufferin, Katharine Tynan Hinkson, M. W. Balfe and Lady Morgan are among the song writers listed in the contents.

The holiday edition is a handsome volume with a cover design in white and green and gold, and a cheaper edition comes in heavy paper.

The Miracles of Our Lord. By a Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. 60 cents.

The Friends of Jesus. By a Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. 60 cents.

The Gift of the King. By a Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. 60 cents.

These three books are among the most valuable of the admirable series of books for the young published by Benziger Brothers, New York. The writer, in the simple direct way that appeals to young minds, gives explanations of the doctrines and ceremonies of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in "The Gift of the King." "The Friends of Jesus" tells of the angels, patriarchs, and His friends at Bethlehem, in the Temple, in Egypt, and Nazareth, at Bethany and Jerusalem. "The Miracles of Our Lord" makes a beautiful story for the young, and can not fail to increase their desire for knowing more of the life and times of Our Lord.

The Guild Boys' Play at Ridingdale. By Rev. David Bearne, S.J. 85 cents.

New Boys at Ridingdale. By Rev. David Bearne, S.J. 85 cents. Benziger Brothers, New York.

The Ridingdale boys, under Father Bearne's skillful direction will provide other boys with delightful entertainment for a quiet hour. The adventures, hazardous and otherwise, the achievements and exploits of the Guild boys and the new boys make a tale that will be eagerly read by the younger element and also we venture to say by the seniors of the household who have not forgotten how a boy feels and acts.

Messe Solenelle. By Charles Guonod. Oliver Ditson Company. With organ accompaniment by D. Clough-Leighter. 50 cents.

This edition of Guonod's Mass has been designed to meet the needs of the choir and organist more fully, providing the latter with a beautiful accompaniment for the organ alone. The entire work has been edited with careful attention to the betterment of technical and typographical detail, thus helping towards the making of a more useful edition for organist and choirs.

Church Music. September Number. Dolphin Press, Philadelphia, Pa.

The autumn number of Church Music sets forth a very interesting list of contents, including papers on Gregorian rhythm, a theoretical and practical course by the Very Rev. Dom Andre Mocquereau, "Some Stray Notes for Organists," Liturgical Notes, Accompanying Plain Chant, and Letters to the Editor, with chronicle and comment of varied interest to choirmasters, organists, and members of choirs generally.

The Magnificat is an illustrated monthly magazine published by the Sisters of Mercy, Manchester, N. H. It is intended to take the place of *The Guidon*, which was recently discontinued. The first number of the new publication is very promising indeed, and contains contributions from noted literary men and women, such as Father Russell, S.J., Canon Sheehan, Mother Austin Carrol, Mrs. M. H. Dowd and others. We wish *The Magnificat* every success. May it never have the experience of so many other Catholic publications, which had to drop out of existence for lack of support. Some of our wordly-minded Catholics like to be seen on street-cars with a costly secular magazine in their hands rather than one of their own publications.

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